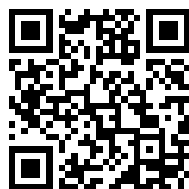


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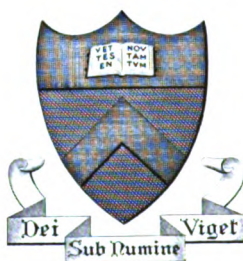
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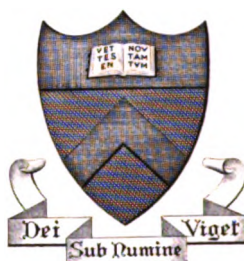






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THE  
**LADY'S BOOK.**



VOL. 12

***PUBLISHED BY LOUIS A. CODEY,***

***PHILADELPHIA.***







PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS.



*Ball Dresses*

*Published for the Ladies Book Jan. 1836.*

# LADY'S BOOK.

AMSTERDAM.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

The first of the blue eyes, that  
looked so sweetly at me  
when I first saw them, and  
which I have since seen  
in many other eyes, but  
never with the same  
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# THE LADY'S BOOK.

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## PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS—BALL DRESSES.

### SITTING FIGURE.

The robe is composed of pale blue *gaze slyphide* over *pou de soie* to correspond. Low *corsage*, plain behind, but draped horizontally before. A row of *tulle blonde*, set in rather full, borders the chemisette, rises above the *corsage*, and delicately shades the bosom. Beret sleeves, traversed obliquely by bands of blue gauze riband, with a rich satin stripe at each edge; knots are placed on the bands at regular distances. The front of the dress is ornamented with two rows of bands and knots, which descend from the ceinture to the bottom of the waist. A bouquet of exotics with their foliage is placed on each knot. The hair is parted *a la Madonna*, in the forehead, arranged in a round knot behind, and ornamented with a full blown rose and foliage, placed two on one side. Blue satin slippers. White kid gloves. Scarf, of white Grenadine gauze, bordered and figured with gold.

### STANDING FIGURE.

White satin or *pou de soie* under dress, a low *corsage*, the front square, and ornamented *en treillage* with narrow rose-leaves of *rose noisette* satin, they are placed perpendicularly; a full quilling of blond lace borders the top of the *corsage*, and stands up round the bust. Open robe of *rose noisette* crape; the *corsage* is plain, and of the same height as the white one behind; it is open before, and descends in longitudinal folds on each side, displaying the trimming of the under dress, it meets at the bottom of the waist, which is encircled by a band of figured *pou de soie* riband, tied in a short bow with long floating ends. Beret sleeves, a bouquet of red moss roses is attached among the folds about the centre of the sleeve, by a knot of rose-coloured satin riband. The skirt, open down the front, is trimmed down the sides and round the border with a triple fold of satin corresponding with the robe, it is laid on in light waves. The hair is arranged at the sides in tresses; the hind hair disposed in platted braids, is wound round the summit of the head in the form of a coronet; two rose-coloured ostrich feathers placed within it, droop to the back of the head; a gold circlet completes the ornaments of the *coiffure*. Rose-coloured *pou de soie* slippers. Black lace gloves.

### DRESS.

For many an age the twisted foliage of trees, and the skins of beasts, were the only garments which clothed our ancestors. Decoration was

unknown, excepting the wild flower, plucked from the luxuriant shrub, the shell from the beach, or the berry off the tree. Nature was then unsophisticated; and the lover needed no other attraction to his bride's embrace, than the peach-bloom on her cheek, or the downcast softness of her eye.

In after times, when avarice ploughed the earth, and ambition bestrode it, the gem and the silken fleece, the various product of the loom and the Tyrian mystery of dyes, all united to give embellishment to beauty, and splendour to majesty of mien. But even at that period, when the east and south laid their decorating riches at the feet of woman, we see, by the sculpture yet remaining to us, that the dames of Greece (the then exemplars of the world) were true to the simple laws of just taste. The amply folding robe, cast round the harmonious form; the modest clasp and zone on the bosom; the braided hair, or the veiled head; these were the fashions alike of the wife of a Phocion and the mistress of an Alcibiades. A chastened taste ruled at their toilets; and from that hour to this, the forms and modes of Greece have been those of the poet, the sculptor, and the painter.

Rome, queen of the world! the proud dictatress to Athenian and Spartan dames, disdained not to array herself in their dignified attire; and the statues of her virgins, her matrons, and her empresses, show, in every portico of her ancient streets, the graceful fashions of her Grecian province.

The irruption of the Goths and Vandals made it needful for women to assume a more repulsive garb. The flowing robe, the easy shape, the soft, unfettered hair, gave place to skirts shortened for flight or contest—to the hardened vest, and head buckled in gold or silver.

Thence, by a natural descent, we have the iron boddice, stiff farthingale, and spiral coiffure of the middle ages. The courts of Charlemagne, of our Edward's, Henry's and Elizabeth, all exhibit the figures of women as if in a state of siege. Such lines of circumvallation and outwork; such impregnable bulwarks of whalebone, wood and steel; such impassable mazes of gold, silver, silk, and furbelows, met a man's view, that, before he had time to guess it was a woman that he saw, she had passed from his sight; and he only formed a vague wish on the subject, by hearing, from an interested father or brother, that the moving castle was one of the softer sex.

These preposterous fashions disappeared in England a short time after the restoration; they had been a little on the wane during the more classic, though distressful reign of Charles I.: and what the beautiful pencil of Vandyke shows

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us, in the graceful dress of Lady Carlisle and Sacharissa, was rendered yet more correspondent to the soft undulations of nature, in the garments of the lovely but frail beauties of the second Charles's court. But, as change too often is carried to extremes, in this case the unzoned taste of the English ladies thought no freedom too free; their vestments were gradually unloosened of the brace, until another touch would have exposed the wearer to no thicker covering than the ambient air.

The matron reign of Anne in some measure corrected this indecency. But it was not till the accession of the House of Brunswick that it was finally exploded, and gave way, by degrees, to the ancient mode of female fortification, by introducing the hideous Parisian fashion of hoops, buckram stays, waist to the hips, screwed to the circumference of a wasp, brocaded silks stiff with gold, shoes with heel so high as to set the wearer on her toes; and heads, for quantity of false hair, either horse or human, and height to outweigh, and perhaps outreach the Tower of Babel! These were the figures which our grandmothers exhibited; nay, such was the appearance I myself made in my early youth; and something like it may yet be seen at a drawing-room, on court-days.

When the arts of sculpture and painting, in their fine specimens from the chisels of Greece and the pencils of Italy, were brought into this country, taste began to mould the dress of our female youth after their most graceful fashion. The health-destroying boddice was laid aside; brocades and whalebone disappeared; and the easy shape and flowing drapery again resumed the rights of nature and of grace. The bright hues of auburn, raven, or golden tresses, adorned the head in native simplicity; putting to shame the few powdered *toupees*, which yet lingered on the brow of prejudice and deformity.

Thus, for a short time, did the Graces indeed preside at the toilet of British beauty. But a strange caprice seems now to have dislodged these gentle handmaids. We see immodesty on one side, unveiling the too redundant bosom; on the other, deformity, once more drawing the steeled boddice upon the bruised ribs. Here stands affectation distorting the form into a thousand unnatural shapes; and there ill taste, loading it with grotesque ornaments, gathered (and mingled confusedly) from Grecian and Roman models, from Egypt, China, Turkey and Hindostan. All nations are ransacked to equip a modern fine lady; and, after all, she may perhaps strike a cotemporary *beau* as a *fine lady*, but no son of nature could, at a glance, possibly find out that she meant to represent an *elegant woman*.

### ●●●●● IDLENESS

Is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, and the chief author of all mischief—one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy.

## THE QUEENS OF EUROPE.

### THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Adelaide, wife of the king of England, William, IV., was born on the thirteenth of August, 1792. She is descended from the German House of Saxe-Meiningen, and was married on the 11th of July, 1818. She has no family, Charlotte Augusta Louisa, born in 1819, and Elizabeth Georgianna Adelaide, born in 1821, died in infancy. Modest and unassuming in her manners, and affable in her demeanour; she still exhibits traces of personal beauty.

The King, formerly the Duke of Clarence, is many years her senior, and went through a long period of service in the British Navy. During the war of the Revolution he was in New York, then a Midshipman. On the death of the King, the Princess Victoria, daughter of the Duchess of Kent, becomes the reigning Queen.

### THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

Maria Amelia, daughter of Ferdinand I., late King of the Two Sicilies, was born on the 26th of April, 1782, and married the Duke of Orleans, of the Orleans branch of the Bourbon family, now Louis Philippe, King of the French, the 25th of November, 1809. She has eight children, consisting of five sons and three daughters; the eldest of whom is the consort of Leopold, King of Belgium. The Queen possesses a well-cultivated mind, and is amiable in her manners. She is devotedly attached to her family, on whom she has bestowed a considerable share of her time, furnishing them with every facility for the most finished education, which we are pleased to say has been met by them with every feeling of filial respect and affection. Louis Philippe, who, during the first French Revolution took refuge in this country, and, it is even said, taught a school for a livelihood, is now one of the richest sovereigns in Europe;—a more striking instance of reverse of fortune cannot, perhaps, be found on the page of history.

### THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

Marianne Caroline, wife of Ferdinand I., Emperor of Austria, King of Bohemia and Hungary, is the daughter of Victor Emanuel, late King of Sardinia. She was born September the 19th, 1803, and married the 12th of February, 1831. She ascended the throne with her husband, on the death of the late Emperor Francis, March 12th, 1835, and has, we believe, no family.

During the late Congress of Sovereigns at Toplitz, she was present, as well as the Empress of Russia and the Queen of Prussia.

On the 9th of September, the corner stone of a Russian monument on the battle-field of Culm was laid. Both the Empress, and the Princess of Lignitz (wife of the King of Prussia) attended by all their courtly dames, took possession of a magnificent pavillion, prepared for the occasion, amidst the sounds of martial music; and the princes, knights, generals, and other officers, ranged themselves around them, while the Em-



# THE QUEENS OF EUROPE.



1. The Queen of England. 2. The Queen of France. 3. The Empress of Austria. 4. The Queen of Belgium. 5. The Queen of Prussia.  
6. The Queen of Naples. 7. Donna Maria Queen of Portugal. 8. The celebrated Queen of Prussia. 9. The Queen of Spain.

Published & Engraved for the Ladies Book.





peror of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Prince Metternich advanced to the platform, where the ceremony of high Mass was performed. After this was concluded, the three sovereigns and Prince Metternich advanced and placed a number of medals and coins in a stone hollowed out for the purpose. The two Emperors then embraced and kissed each other—and both embraced and kissed the King of Prussia—and the two Empresses, advancing from the pavillion, standing by the altar, repeated the same courtesy, when the ceremony of laying the first stone of the monument was concluded by discharges of artillery and musketry. The whole scene is described by an eye witness as having been splendid in the extreme. Each sovereign was attended by a very numerous and brilliant retinue.

#### THE QUEEN OF BELGIUM.

Louisa, eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French, of the ancient house of the Bourbons, was born on the 3d of April, 1812. She received an education suitable to her rank and station in life, and was married on the 9th of August, 1832, to Prince Leopold, of the German house of Saxe-Coburg. His first wife was the Princess Charlotte, the only daughter of the late King George the Fourth of England, to whom he became united on the 2d of May, 1816. She died prematurely during the first year of their marriage, universally lamented by the whole British nation. Perhaps on no previous occasion was real sorrow more generally or more deeply felt than when,

“In the dust

The fair-haired daughter of the Isles was laid.”

On the fourth of June, 1831, on Belgium being separated from Holland and being erected into an independent sovereignty, Leopold was chosen “King of the Belgians.” His union with an amiable and accomplished French Princess, so well calculated to promote the happiness of both parties, was hailed with equal satisfaction by the French and the Belgians: and the return of the King, with his royal consort, to Brussels, the capitol, was celebrated with every demonstration of joy.

The Queen, who is much younger than the King, is not remarkable for any striking traits of character. With a form light and graceful, she possesses a considerable share of personal beauty; she is familiar and easy in her manners, and plain in her dress. Her countenance is open and benevolent; and marked, at times, with great sprightliness and animation. Her whole appearance impressing the beholder with the idea of great kindness and good nature. She has one son, Leopold Maria Victor, *Prince Royal*, born April the 9th, 1835.

In October last, attended by the King, she visited England, landing at Ramsgate, under a royal salute, in the presence of assembled thousands. They were met by the Duchess of Kent, sister to Leopold, and her illustrious daughter, the Princess Victoria, the heiress apparent to the English Throne.

#### THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

Augusta, (the Princess of Lignitz,) formerly the Countess of Hanach, is the *second wife* of Frederick William III., to whom she was privately married, (*marriage-morganatique*) November the 9th, 1824.

She was one of the most beautiful women in Germany, and is still handsome. The King is sincerely and devotedly attached to her, and prefers passing his hours with her at a private mansion near Berlin to spending them in the Palace of the Court. She was present at the grand review at Kalish, in September, where the Russian and Prussian troops were assembled, on which occasion the Emperor of the former is said to have expended a million and a half sterling. During the review, the Empress of Russia rode on horseback at the head of her own regiment of guards. The cavalry regiment of Circassian Kurds, and those of the Musselmén and rival Cossacs, attracted by their costume and extraordinary feats after the parade the greatest attention. They leaped from their horses in full flight, and remounted again; stood upon them; fired at a target with the greatest precision at the top of their speed, and performed various other evolutions which were truly astonishing. The whole affair was one of the greatest brilliancy and splendour.

#### THE QUEEN OF NAPLES.

Maria Christina, daughter of Victor Emanuel, Prince Royal of Sardinia, was born November 14th, 1810, and married Ferdinand II., the present King of the two Sicilies, November 21, 1832. She is partial to dress; and, on Court days especially, makes a most brilliant and imposing appearance.

#### THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

Maria II. Da Gloria, Queen of Portugal and the Algarves, was born on the 4th of April, 1819, and declared Queen, in consequence of the abdication of her father, Don Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil, May 2d, 1826.

The life of the young Queen, who has not yet attained the sixteenth year of her age, has been one marked with considerable vicissitude. Called before she was seven years of age, to preside over the destinies of the Portuguese nation, under a regency, at the head of which was her uncle, Don Miguel, she soon found herself opposed by a formidable party, which he secretly encouraged. He at length threw off the mask, and, declaring himself the legitimate successor to the crown, assumed the government. Compelled to fly, she took refuge in England, was favourably received by the British Court, and resided mostly in London. A sanguinary war ensued,—when Don Pedro, with the assistance of a large volunteer force from England, at length succeeded in expelling the usurper, and placing the crown once more on the head of his daughter. On the 30th of January, 1835, she married the Duke of Leuchtenberg, a son of Eugene Beauharnois, the Viceroy of Italy, during the Empire of Napoleon, and the grandson of the celebrated Empress Josephine. He died

on the 28th of March following, in less than two months after their union. The Portuguese seem happy under her government, with whom, indeed, she is a great favourite. Negotiations have been sometime on foot for promoting a second marriage of Donna Maria, with one of the Princes of Europe.

#### THE CELEBRATED QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

Louisa Augusta Welhelmina Amelia, the celebrated Queen of Prussia, the daughter of Charles, Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was born on the 10th of March, 1776, at Hanover, where her father was commandant. Losing her mother at six years of age, her education devolved on her grandmother, at Darmstadt. The present King of Prussia, then Prince Royal, first saw her in 1793, at Frankfort, when she and her sister were presented to his father. The Prince was immediately struck with her extraordinary beauty, and was soon afterwards betrothed to her. Prince Louis, of Prussia, was betrothed, on the same day, to her sister, the present Duchess of Cumberland.

On the 24th of December, 1793, the Princess Louisa was married to the Crown-Prince, at Berlin; and, when her husband ascended the throne, November the 16th, 1797, she became, in her exalted station, the model of a wife, a mother and a Queen, who alleviated misery wherever she could, and promoted merit. In 1806, when Prussia was suffering severely under the excessive exactions of the French, she became still more popular. Indeed, her beauty and grace, her benevolent and pure character, her sufferings and her fortitude, rendered her almost an object of adoration. She disliked the French; and, by her exhortations and example, succeeded in rousing the spirit of resistance to the domination of Napoleon. A numerous and formidable army was raised, which took the field, and encountered the French under Napoleon, at Jena, in 1806, but were defeated with immense loss. At a very numerous court, after the treaty of Tilsit, at which were the Emperor Alexander, and the King of Prussia, Napoleon, in the spirit of politeness, offered her a rose. She gracefully accepted it, saying, "Certainly, with Magdeburg," which was one of the chief strong holds of Prussia. Napoleon, long afterwards, reverting to the circumstance, observed that "it would be playing the courtier at too dear a price, to give away forts."

Her death, which happened in 1810, was universally lamented by the nation.

#### THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Maria Christina, the Queen Mother of Spain, daughter of Francis, late King of the Two Sicilies, was born April 27th, 1806, and married the late Ferdinand in 1832, on whose death, her daughter, Maria Louisa, was crowned Queen, September 29th, 1833; but being only a child, she fulfils the part of Queen Regent, during the minority of the young Queen. On the death of Ferdinand, a new claimant to the throne appeared in the person of Don Carlos, his brother, who

took the field at the head of a numerous body of followers—and the result now rests on the contingency of arms. During all this period, Maria Christina, has exhibited firmness, discretion and ability. Aided by an enlightened and judicious Ministry, known to be favourable to liberal principles, and her army joined by several thousand English volunteers, it is generally believed she will, in the end, expel Don Carlos from the country. The latter is aided by the clergy, and is bigoted in the extreme. In consequence of the progress of liberal principles the Queen, not long since, issued an order for breaking up the monasteries—ordering fifteen hundred of them to be sold and confiscated for the benefit of the nation. She has the sympathies and good wishes of all the friends of free institutions, both in this country and in Europe.

#### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

I have stood beside the mother when the terrifying intelligence of her infant's death was first announced to her; and, as she bent over its lifeless form and wiped away the cold death damp from its brow, I have noted the deep intensity of her holy affection. As she gazed upon its glassy, motionless eye, sunk beneath its half-closed lid, and its graceful limbs livid and stiffened by the touch of death, I have listened to her stifled shriek, and seen her turn away from this last remnant of mortality, a lone, desolate, and heart-stricken being.

From the first moment of that infant's existence her heart-strings had been twining around it, until every holy feeling that a mother's love ever knows—every fond hope that a mother's love ever forms—every cherished idea of purity and virtue and innocence were centred upon it, so that in its death she heard the knell of all her worldly hopes, of all her bright visions of future. The hope that he was to soothe her sorrow in after years by his filial love, was crushed, the cherished expectation that he would watch by her bed-side at the hour of departure, to close her aching eyes, to whisper her farewell,

"To breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,  
And think on all her love and all her woe,"

was swept away, and she was left, bereft of solace, and sadly convinced that her hopes were 'as the baseless fabric of a vision.' Oh! who can measure the extent of a mother's deep and sacred love for her offspring! It cannot know change! It gushes forth in its holy power as she watches the couch of slumbering innocence; it lives in its freshness and beauty when her child has assumed the stations and duties of manhood; and when time wrinkles the features and palsies the hand it ebbs not! her last prayer is that her child may be blessed; her last look of tenderness is for him alone!

#### FRIENDSHIP.

"Do you know what friendship is?—Yes—it is to be as brother and sister, two souls which touch each other without meeting, like two fingers on the same hand."



## THE FEMALE COSTUME,

From 1087 to 1154, presents us with but one striking novelty, and that by no means an improvement. The rage for lengthening every portion of the dress was not confined to the male sex. The sleeves of the tunics, and the veils or kerchiefs of the ladies, appear to have been so long, in the reigns of Rufus and Henry I., as to be tied up in knots to avoid treading on them, and the trains or skirts of the garments lie in immense rolls at the feet. In a MS. of the close of the eleventh century, the satirical illuminator has introduced the father of all evil in female apparel, with the skirts, as well as the sleeves of the tunic, so knotted. The garment is also laced up the front, a fashion which we hear much of in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In other illuminations of nearly the same date, the cuffs of the sleeves hang from the wrist like pendent canoes, and are doubly curious from having furnished the shape of the old heraldic maunch, or sleeve, first borne by the family of De Hastings. William De Hastings, the founder of the family, was steward of the household to Henry I., in whose reign the illuminations in which we discover this singularly-shaped sleeve, were, it is most probable, executed.

Over the long robe or tunic is occasionally seen a shorter garment of the same fashion, which answers to the description of the *super-tunic*, or *sur-cote*, first mentioned by the Norman writers. In the illuminations we have last mentioned, it is chequered and spotted, most likely to represent embroidery, and terminates a little below the knee with an indented border, the commencement of a fashion against which the first statute was promulgated by Henry II., at the close of this century, but which defied and survived that and all similar enactments. The costume of England, to the close of the tenth century, had "more of the antique Roman than the Dane" in it. But the Normans had adopted the Saracenic and Byzantine fashions they found diffused through the south of Europe; and an English female of the twelfth century could scarcely have been distinguished, by her attire, from a lady of the Lower Empire, or indeed from a modern "maid of Athens."



## THE FEMALE COSTUME,

Of the reign of Edward I., has been severely satirized by cotemporary writers, and we are inclined to think unjustly so; for, in nearly all the illuminations of this reign, it appears elegantly simple, particularly when compared with that of the reign of Rufus, the tasteless and extravagant fashions of which certainly provoked and deserved both ridicule and reprobation.

The authors of the famous "Roman de la Rose," William de Lorris, who died in 1260, and John de Meun, his continuator, who finished the poem about the year 1304, are amongst the most bitter of these satirists, particularly the latter, who, it has been acknowledged, extended his sarcasms beyond the bounds of truth and decency. It is true that they were both Frenchmen, and that their philippic is directed against their own countrywomen; but the same style of costume was generally prevalent at the same period throughout Europe; and England then, as now, adopted the most whimsical fashions of her continental neighbours. A double marriage, in the year 1298, contributed also, not a little, to the introduction of French fashions; Edward I. marrying the sister, and his son, the Prince of Wales, the daughter of Philip IV. of France, surnamed Le Bel. The ladies of the reign of Edward I. appear in the robe or kirtle, made high in the neck, with long tight sleeves, and a train, over which is generally seen another vestment, the surcoat, super-tunic, or cyclas, without sleeves, but as long in the skirt as the gown itself, and sometimes held up by one hand to keep it out of the way of the feet. To these two garments are added, as occasion may require, the mantle, fastened on the shoulders by cords and tassels. The effigy of Eleanor, queen of Edward I., is remarkable for its simplicity, and the absence of any kind of head-tire; her hair streaming naturally upon her shoulders from under the regal diadem. But in illuminations of this period, the hair of married ladies and noble dames is generally gathered up behind into a caul of golden net-work, over which is worn the peplus or veil, and sometimes upon that a round low-crowned cap; while the younger females are depicted with flowing ringlets, bound by a sim-

ple garland, or fillets of gold or silk, or by the still more becoming chaplet of real flowers. The authors of the "*Roman de la Rose*" mention all these articles of apparel, and thereby confirm the authenticity of the illuminations, while they fail in proving their charges of folly and extravagance, except perhaps in two points; the first being the unnecessary length of the trains, in allusion to which the satirist advises the ladies, if their feet be not small and delicate, to wear long robes trailing on the pavement to hide them; those, on the contrary, who have pretty feet, are counselled to elevate their robes, that all who are passing by may see and admire them. And another poet of the thirteenth century compares the ladies of his day to peacocks and magpies; "for the pies," says he, "naturally bear feathers of various colours; so the ladies delight in strange habits and diversity of ornaments. The pies have long tails that trail in the dirt; so that the ladies make their tails a thousand times longer than those of peacocks and pies." The second rational complaint is against a very ugly species of wimple called a *gorget*, which appears about this time. John de Meun describes it as wrapped two or three times round the neck, and then being fastened with a great quantity of pins, it was raised on either side of the face as high as the ears. "*Par Dieu!*" exclaims the poet; "I have often thought in my heart when I have seen a lady so closely tied up, that her neck-cloth was nailed to her chin, or that she had the pins hooked into her flesh; and certainly he is so far correct, as the reader will acknowledge, on referring to the annexed figure from an illumination of this date. But, unless it be to the projections of the gorget on each side that he alludes, we are at a loss to discover what he means by their hoods being thrown back, and their horns advanced as if to wound the men, and propped up by gibbets or brackets. Strutt applies these observations to the horned head-dress, so frequently met with in later illuminations, but there is not the slightest indication of such a fashion prevailing at this time in any MS. we have inspected; and, though many of the head-dresses are far from becoming, they do not, in our eyes, at all bear out the remarks of the satirist. Some evanescent caprice may, however, have provoked the simile, but it has not been handed down to us by the pencil.

## DOMESTIC DUTIES.

The following are the introductory remarks to a work recently published, entitled "*Domestic Duties, or Instructions to Young Married Ladies*," by Mrs. Parker.

"How great is the change which is instantly effected in the situation of a woman by a few solemn words pronounced at the altar!—She, who a few moments before was without authority, or responsibility, a happy, perhaps a careless member of one family, finds herself, as if by magic, at the head of another, involved in duties of highest importance. If she possesses good sense, the earnest wish will be to act properly in her new sphere. Many, no doubt, by previous instruction, assisted by their own observations, are well

prepared to sustain their part with judgment and temper; but some there are whose situations or whose dispositions, have led them into other pursuits; and who, consequently find themselves, as soon as they are married, without any information and those principles of action by which their future conduct ought to be governed. For the guidance of those, the following pages are intended.

"The married and single state equally demands the exercise and improvement of the best qualities of the heart and mind. Sincerity, discretion a well-governed temper, forgetfulness of self, charitable allowance for the frailty of human nature, are all requisite in both conditions. But the single woman, being responsible for her own conduct solely, is chiefly required to cultivate the passive qualities. To fall easily into the domestic current of regulations and habits; to assist, rather than to take the lead, in all family arrangements, are among her duties; while the married woman, in whose hands are the welfare of others, is called upon to lead, to regulate and take the command. She has to examine every point in the new situation to which she is transplanted, to cultivate in herself, and to encourage in her husband, rational and domestic tastes, which may prove sources of amusement in every stage of their lives, and particularly in the latter period, when other resources shall have lost their power to charm. She has to proportion, not as in the single state, her own personal expenses merely, but the whole expenditure of her household, to the income which she is now to command; and in this part of her duty there is often exercise for self-denial as well as for judgment. The condition of her husband may require her not only to abandon habits of expense; but even those of generosity. It may demand from her a rigid adherence to economy, neither easy or pleasant, when contrary habits and tastes have, under more liberal circumstances, been fixed and cultivated. Such alterations in habit may at first be regarded as sacrifices, but in the end they will meet their compensation in the satisfaction which always results from the consciousness of acting with propriety and consistency. Sometimes, however, the means of indulging liberal and generous propensities are extended by marriage. Where this is the case, that extreme attention to economy which circumscribes the expenditure very much within the boundaries of the income, would betray a mean spirit, and would have the effect to abridge the blessings which, by affluence, may be dispensed around.

"No woman should place herself at the head of a family without feeling the importance of the part she has to sustain. Her examples, alone, may afford better instruction than either precept or admonitions, both to her children and servants. By a 'daily beauty' in her life, she may present a model, by which all around her will sensibly mould themselves. 'Knowledge is power' only when it fits us for the station in which we find ourselves placed; and every varying circumstance of life is met with calmness; for the principle to act upon is at hand; then we are prepared either to add our share to the amusement and interest of general society, or to lend our strength, on the demand of our nearest ties, to support, comfort, or instruct. Duty will not be an appalling word to those whose minds are properly framed. Indeed,

those who have made it the rule of their lives, have found it also the source of their happiness; while in others the consciousness of having neglected its precepts has corroded every power of enjoyment.

### ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER.

There is one more point involved in the general subject of this letter which is too important to be omitted—I refer to the deportment which it becomes you to maintain toward the other sex. The importance of this, both as it respects yourself and others, you can scarcely estimate too highly. On the one hand, it has much to do in forming your own character, and I need not say that any lack of prudence in this respect, even for a single hour, may expose you to evils which no subsequent caution could enable you effectually to repair. On the other hand, the conduct of every female who is of the least consideration, may be expected to exert an influence on the character of every gentleman with whom she associates; and that influence will be for good or evil, as she exhibits or fails to exhibit, a deportment that becomes her. Indeed, so commanding is the influence, that it is safe to calculate upon the character of any community, from knowing the prevailing standard of female character; and that can scarcely be regarded as an exaggerated maxim, which declares “that women rule the world.”

Let me counsel you never to utter an expression or do an act that even looks like soliciting any gentleman's attention. Remember that every expression of civility, to be of any value, must be perfectly voluntary; and any wish on your part, whether directly or indirectly expressed, to make yourself a favourite, will be certain to awaken the disgust of all who know it. I would not recommend to you any thing like a prudish or affected reserve; but even this were not so unfortunate an extreme as an excessive forwardness. While you modestly accept any attentions which propriety warrants, let there be no attempt at artful insinuation on one hand, or taking a man's heart by storm on the other.

Be not ambitious to be considered a belle. Indeed I had rather you would be almost any thing else that does not involve gross moral obliquity, than this. It is the fate of most belles that they become foolishly vain; think of nothing beyond personal display; and not unfrequently sacrifice themselves in a mad bargain, which involves their destinies for life. The more of solid and enduring esteem you enjoy, the better; and you ought to gain whatever of this you can by honourable means; but to be admired and caressed, and flattered, for mere accidental qualities, which involve nothing of intellectual or moral worth, ought to render any girl, who is the subject of it, an object of pity. You are at liberty to desire the good opinion of every gentleman of your acquaintance; but it would be worse than folly in you to be ambitious of a blind admiration.

I will only add, that you ought to be on your guard against the influence of flattery. Rely on it, the man who flatters you, whatever he may profess, is not your friend. It were a much

kinder office, and a real mark of friendship, to admonish you tenderly, yet honestly, of your faults. If you yield a little to flattery, you have placed yourself on a dangerous ground—if you continue to yield, you are probably undone. Adieu!

### *The Folly of Anticipating Troubles.*

Afflictions seen in prospective are more appalling than when they actually arrive. For there are few but are attended by some alleviating circumstance, that deaden their force. Why, then, should we sour the cup of happiness by anticipating trouble that may never reach us, and in probabilities dependant on a thousand contingent circumstances, never likely to occur at once? The folly of doing so, will be placed in a stronger light, by the following anecdote:

A country woman set her daughter, a girl of fifteen, to bake while she went to a neighbour's. After some stay, she returned, and found the oven sparkling hot, and her daughter in another apartment in the greatest agony and tears. A sight so unexpected, excited the most tender sympathy in the maternal bosom, and solicitude for the cause. After much entreaty, the daughter complied. “I was thinking,” said she, “if I was *married*, and should have a dear little child, and it should live to run about, and I should be baking, as I now am, and I should go out for fuel, and should leave it alone, and it should take a chair, and it should get up to the mouth of the oven, and it should crawl in, and should burn itself to death all to a crisp, what a terrible thing it would be. Oh! oh! oh! dear what should I do?”

Let us not smile at the imaginary trouble of the girl, while half the ills we feel are equally imaginary, but meet those that really exist with fortitude, and they will become less formidable, in proportion as they are met with firmness.

### WORDS.

“How much our destiny hangs upon a few words; words—how brief, how mysterious, yet how powerful their influence! The instruments of our own will, the directors of worlds, the arbiters of fate—and its controllers—brief words—that stamp an impress on the memory which time cannot efface. Oh, if words were but accurately weighed, how much misery might be spared—how much evil might be prevented.”

### LOVE.

“Love is like a tree, it shoots of itself, it strikes its roots deeply into our whole being, and frequently continues to be green over a heart in ruins;—and there is this unaccountable circumstance attending it, that the blinder that passion, the more tenacious it is. Never is it stronger than when it is most unreasonable.”

## THE ANTHOLOGIA OF SELECTED POETRY.

## NUMBER VIII.

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"Collecta revirescunt."

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## BEAUTY.

KIND Nature, with unsparing hand,  
 Hath strew'd her blessings o'er the land;  
 To every beast that roams the plain,  
 To every fish that swims the main,  
 To every bird that wings the wind,  
 Her bounty has been unconfin'd.  
 Arm'd for defence, or wing'd for flight,  
 True is their scent, and keen their sight;  
 And unto man she gave a soul  
 To rule and moderate the whole.  
 Woman alone defenceless lies,  
 No friendly hand her need supplies!  
 But yet that elegance of face,  
 That god-like mien, that winning grace,  
 Those thousand soul-subduing charms,  
 Are less resistible than arms;  
 For this must conquer all distress—  
 The might of woman's loveliness.

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 ANTIPATHIES.

Let him who hates dancing, ne'er go to a ball,  
 Nor him to the ocean, whom dangers appal;  
 Nor him to a feast, who already has dined;  
 Nor him to a Court, who will speak out his mind.

---

 THE PERILOUS RACE.

"What! though your wages are not paid,  
 Don't fear they still run on;"  
 "Ah! said the man, "they run so fast,  
 They never will have done."

---

 LOVERS MISTAKEN.

"I swore I lov'd and you believ'd,  
 Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd,  
 Though all I swore was true:  
 I lov'd one gen'rous, good, and kind,  
 A form created in my mind—  
 And thought that form was you."

---

 TRUE WIT.

True wit is like the brilliant stone,  
 Dug from Golconda's mine,  
 Which boasts two various powers in one,  
 To cut, as well as shine.  
 Genius, like that, if polish'd right,  
 With the same gifts abounds;  
 Appears at once both keen and bright,  
 And sparkles while it wounds.

---

*A Lady's description of herself and the man she would choose for a husband.*

A lady who believes she can,  
 A treasure be to any man;  
 Now weary of a single life,  
 Is much inclined to be a wife.  
 This state we should prefer, and why—  
 The scripture bids us multiply:  
 And where the scripture can decide,  
 'Tis proper it should be our guide.  
 I'm handsome—innocent withal;  
 Neither too fat, nor yet too small  
 Neither too high, nor yet too low;  
 Nor yet puffed up with pride or show;  
 My cheeks are blooming as the rose,  
 My eyes are black as common sloes.  
 To try my sense, in me you'll find  
 All virtue in its purest kind,  
 I do not say I'm very wise,  
 For gentlemen would me despise,  
 But can declare, without disgrace,  
 I have as much as suits my race.  
 Th' aforesaid beauties I possess,  
 You may find *more*, but not see less.  
 Now, of the husband I propose,  
 My sentiments I shall disclose:  
 To me, no widower need apply,  
 Nor shall I tell the reason why.  
 I could not choose a fop or beaux,  
 Or fribble, who delights in show;  
 No rake shall e'er me infest,  
 A clown, I certainly detest.  
 Beauty and wealth I don't require,  
 Such things were never my desire;  
 Let him have virtue, that alone—  
 I've a snug portion of my own.

---

 THE HAPPY FAMILY.

*Addressed to my dear children, in my seventy-third year, when in declining health, and my sight nearly lost.*

With girls and boys, a baker's dozen,  
 With many a friend, and many a cousin,  
 The happy father sees them all  
 Attentive to his slightest call;  
 Their time, their talents, and their skill,  
 Are guided by his sovereign will,  
 And e'en their wishes take their measure  
 From what they think the patriarch's pleasure.  
 "How does he rule them, by what arts?"  
 He knows the way to touch their hearts.

R. C. EDGEWORTH.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE MELMOTH FAMILY.

It was on a pleasant evening towards the last of winter, that a crowd of carriages before a mansion in one of our fashionable streets, announced to the passer-by that there was on that evening a gathering of the beau-monde at the house of Mr. Melmoth. This party had been the subject of conversation for the last week in the fashionable world, and the hearts of the young and gay, and of those who wished to be still thought so, were full of excitement from the anticipation of the pleasure they were to receive and the conquests they were to make. The wished-for evening had now arrived;—and as the guests were ushered into the splendid drawing rooms, and took a furtive glance at their own sweet persons in one of the mirrors, they felt as if their hopes were already more than half-realized. “There is quite an array of beauty here to-night,” said a gentleman, addressing a cidevant belle. “Do you think so?” said she, at the same time trying to look very modest at the compliment that she imagined was meant to include herself. “There are many very pretty girls, to be sure,” said she, “but there is scarcely any one here that I know; there is always such a mixture at Mrs. Melmoth’s parties;—how differently society is managed in Europe,—but here we can scarcely accept an invitation, without the risk of meeting with persons whose acquaintance we could not acknowledge in public.” “Very true,”—replied the gentleman, in a tone whose irony was so delicate as to escape the apprehension of the one to whom it was addressed,—“and strange it is that Americans have not yet learned the art of forming good society,—that delicate tact of discrimination which enables us at once to reject those whose parents have been degraded by following some mechanical employment, and to receive only those who can number at least two generations free from such a stain. Strange, indeed, that merit, refinement or education should be a passport to society, when the only lawful one is to show a parentage whose honour has been thus immaculate.” “It is indeed to be lamented,” said the lady, “that Americans have not profited more by their intercourse with Europe; some, however, are so thoroughly home-bred, that even a long residence in Europe has no power to refine their ideas of what good society should be. Would you believe it, that at a dinner party at Mr. Hartwell’s,—who you know is among the élite of society, and who has spent several years in England,—I actually met with the son of a shoemaker, and what was worse, whose father then followed his trade. He was, indeed, a young man of refined manners and highly cultivated mind, and had been abroad; yet to think that Mr. Hartwell could have countenanced him, by introducing him to his family and friends!—I do not know when I was more astonished and indignant.” The gentleman’s gallantry prevented a pointed reply, and he only smiled as he recollected that the

lady could boast of but one remove from an honest hatter. As the gentleman bowed and left her, Miss Phelps (for that was the lady’s name,) felt no small degree of self-complacency as she thought that she had been not only very agreeable, but given him a just idea of her own standing in society, by decrying the present assembly as being too great a mixture; and it was with gratified feelings that she turned to enter into conversation with a lady who stood by her, and whom she had not before deigned to notice. “What an absence of taste there is in the decorations, but one cannot expect better from one who has so lately been admitted into good society,—it is really quite amusing to see what efforts some people make to push themselves into the ranks above them!” Before the lady she addressed had time to make any reply to the opinion just expressed, they both perceived Mrs. Melmoth advancing towards them. “My dear Mrs. Melmoth,” said Miss Phelps, “I am happy to see you look so well. I was very fearful that your cold would have prevented your friends from having the pleasure of meeting you this evening. The regret would have been universal:—your parties are so charming,—every thing about them so delightful. The display of taste—the society we meet with—the éclat that always attends them!—I assure you, that it is considered in the beau-monde quite a treat to see one of your invitation-cards.” Mrs. Melmoth bowed, with evident gratification, and, taking the hand of a young lady who was near, said,—“Permit me to present my daughter Mary to you; and I want your excellent aid, my dear Miss Phelps, in endeavouring to make her a fashionable lady. She is so attached to retirement, and so deeply imbued with romantic notions, that I almost despair of making her one of us,—but, with your assistance, we may do wonders. Do try if you can persuade her to waltz; Mr. Trenville has been quite anxious to secure her for his partner, but she will not be persuaded.” “Really, my dear Mrs. Melmoth”—but, before she had an opportunity to exert her influence and her powers of persuasion, the music commenced, and Mr. Trenville advanced, in the hope that the number of couples that were already on the floor would induce Mary to follow their example. “I have again come,” said he, in his softest manner, “to solicit the honour of waltzing with you; you surely will not refuse me now that you see how universal the custom has become. It is sanctioned by all the young and the old,—the grave and the gay. The waltz and the mazurker have triumphed in Europe, and they have almost gained the victory in our own happy country. You look as if you intend to deny me—do not be so cruel;—but, if you will not favour me this evening, I will indulge the hope of having that honour before the season is over, for I know that you cannot withstand the influence of fashion and custom.” “I trust, sir,” replied

Mary, with a gentle smile, "that the close of the season will find no change in my present opinions. Did my scruples arise from not being accustomed to see the waltz, fashion and custom would soon banish them; but, as they have a different origin, it is not likely they will be so easily removed." "Spoken like the daughter of my old friend," said an old gentleman near her. "Come, my dear little Mary, since you refuse to join these whirligigs, we will take a little stroll together through the rooms, as I have many questions to ask you about your good aunt, who is one of my old friends." So saying, Mr. Montfort drew her arm through his, and, after taking a tour through the apartments, he led her to one of the front seats that are permitted to remain at such a time, and continued his conversation. "Yes, my dear Mary, you have been fortunate, to have been educated by such a woman. I trembled for you, when I heard your mother say, she intended to send for you to spend the winter in town; but I have now no fears, since I perceive that your conduct is regulated by principle, and not custom. But it was needless to fear; for a character moulded by one like your aunt, will retain its form and purity, even amidst the corruption of times like these." Mary's eyes filled at this testimony to the worth of her beloved aunt, and she said, "I am indeed indebted to her, more than I can ever, ever repay. When I look at some of the young ladies I have met since I came to the city, I think how different they would have been, had they lived with my aunt; and I could not help wishing that they too had an aunt like mine." "Yes, Mary, they would have been different; and had we more mothers and aunts like Miss Melmoth, American women would then be, what the daughters of a republic should be. Look at that bery of young girls, the only ambition of most of them is, to emulate the opera dancer and the public singer; for this the waltz, the galopade and the mazurka are practised, evening after evening; and the piano, the harp, the guitar and the human voice are sounding, day after day. Are these the women who are to be the mothers of our future statesmen, our citizens, our rulers? Did a Washington or a Franklin owe their birth to such as these? Could they have sprung from women whose sole occupation was to sing, to dance, to dress, that they might entrap some one who could give them a fine establishment and a dashing equipage—by whom a solid and useful education was deemed unnecessary, and domestic employments a degradation? No, no, it never was, and it cannot be; an eagle never yet was cradled in a wren's nest. Look at our young men, too, how many of them live to no higher purpose than to drive a tandem, wear large whiskers and keep a greyhound, to whom a livery stable is both exchange and court-house, and who anxiously seek for and treasure up the opinions of a horse-jockey, while those of the learned and the wise are not thought worth a hearing. Many of them have been to Europe—what was the object of most of them in going? It is the fashion—the pleasure of saying they had been there. What have they brought home with them? a receipt for a new dish—a head full of notions respecting European refinement, such as eating with silver forks, etc.—a tongue

eloquent with praises on the style, the equipages, and the palaces of the nobility. What have they learned; to contrast the effects of republicanism with those of European despotism, and to be proud of their own blessed country? No, they have not learned this; they have found that it is scarcely possible to exist in their native land—there is so much plebeianism, so little refinement—they cannot be at an opera every night—they cannot look on lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses. They have learned to say, when they look on a public building, 'this is pretty, when compared with some edifice in London or Paris;' and, when they are at a theatre, to say loud enough to be overheard, 'I can scarcely endure this, when I think of the manner in which this was performed at Drury Lane or Covent Garden,' or 'this singing is barbarous to one who has listened to a Sontag or a Pasta.' You will think me a strange and splenetic old man, Mary,—but can I hold my peace when I perceive the inroads which European customs and fashions are making upon us. In my younger days, my country and my countrymen were my pride and boast,—but can it continue the happy land, the land of freedom, when its sons are thus becoming enslaved by the follies of Europe? And they call it refinement!—Such refinement as this was the downfall of Greece and Rome, and may it not be ours? Will not extravagance and luxury ruin our country, as they have done so many of our citizens? and the work is still going on. Look at those young ladies whose dress vies with that of the most wealthy in the room. Their father is on the verge of bankruptcy; he has been striving to keep up appearances, in his house, his equipage, and his entertainments—he has given mortgage after mortgage upon his property—he has made loan upon loan, until his credit is gone, and yet he goes on! But this cannot be kept up much longer, a downfall must come, every thing will be seized upon by his creditors, and what then will become of his family? They are 'too proud to beg'—to work for their own subsistence would be thought too degrading, even if they were capable of doing so. Their fashionable education and luxurious habits have unfitted them for exertion,—what will become of them? Would that this were a solitary instance; I could point out many more whose situation at present is not much better. Pardon, my dear Mary, the freedom of an old friend of your father's, when I tell you there is need of retrenchment here; and I call upon you to use your influence to check the extravagance of your mother and sisters. Though your father's situation is far from being as desperate as the one I have spoken of, yet he is very much embarrassed; his losses as well as his expenses have been very great, and it is necessary for him to alter his present style of living, and adopt that of strict economy. You have a steadiness beyond your years, and I have taken the liberty of thus speaking to you, that I might enlist you on your father's side. He cannot bear contention; he has been accustomed to yield to the wishes of his wife and daughters; if he has one to take his part, it will give him more resolution in making the changes he has contemplated." The tears started in Mary's eyes, and



she said that "she was sure her mother would not hesitate to make any sacrifice, were she but acquainted with her father's situation." Mr. Montfort shook his head incredulously, and said: "Do not think me unkind in speaking to you of the faults of those so near to you. I am a rough old man,—but it was meant in kindness, and I know that you will take it as such. I must now leave you, my dear Mary, as it is already past my usual hour for retiring." When Mr. Montfort had left her, she cast a troubled glance around the splendid room and on the gay company, and said to herself, is it possible that my mother can be aware of my dear father's situation? it cannot be! She called to mind the melancholy under which her father's last letters to her were written, and this accounted for it. She thought it was owing to declining health, as her mother had spoken of his becoming hypochondriacal; she little then dreamed of the true cause. She also recollected how frequently her aunt had spoken to her of late respecting the uncertainty of mercantile operations, and the necessity of being prepared to meet reverses of fortune. But why, thought she, did not my aunt tell me all? Mary did not know that it was her aunt's wish to do so, but her father had requested her not to permit Mary to know it, lest it should depress her, just at her outset in life. Mistaken tenderness! better, far better would it be for a parent to make known his situation to his family, than to keep it from them until the knowledge is forced upon them in its most distressing form. But it was not Mr. Melmoth's fault,—he wished to speak of it to his wife, but she refused to listen; she said she did not want to hear it, nor would she let her children become conscious of it,—it would be cruel to mortify them,—it would break their spirits, and sink them in their own estimation. She would teach her daughters, whatever their prospects might be, to think themselves on an equality with any one in wealth and standing,—for this was the only way to make them respect themselves, and to make people respect them. Poor Mr. Melmoth was a kind father; he was not willing to make his children unhappy, and as he thought Mrs. Melmoth knew what was best, in whatever related to the management of his house and family, he had written of his affairs to his sister, but requested her to keep Mary wholly ignorant of them. Mr. Montfort had remonstrated with him on the course he had pursued, in still permitting his family to continue their extravagance,—and convinced by his friend, of the advantage as well as necessity of immediate retrenchment, he had requested him to make this known to Mary, as he had not the heart to do it, and to ask her to exert her influence in convincing her mother of this necessity.

Poor Mary! how her heart sickened as she looked on the gay crowd before her!—She had not, it is true, seen much of the world, but she had reflected, and reflection had done the work of experience. As she saw the company departing, one after another,—thus, thought she, will they all leave us when we have parted with the appendages of wealth. Yes, said she, as she looked on the deserted room, as the last party left it, it is thus that we will be deserted by our summer friends; but there is *one* who will never

leave or forsake those who trust in Him. May He be our stay in adversity:—and, when she retired to her own apartment, she knelt and breathed a fervent prayer to that Being, that she might be strengthened to perform the duty which had devolved upon her.

Mr. Melmoth had long been a successful merchant. He was named among the wealthiest in the city where he resided. He had been brought up in the counting-house, and he thought of little beyond it. His wife was a fashionable woman, and had courted and married him for his wealth. He had been accustomed to a passive compliance to her will, and she had established a style of living equal to her wishes; she had a fine house, a dashing equipage—gave splendid entertainments,—and two of her daughters were as fashionable as she could desire. Her husband was only looked upon as her treasurer, and she considered her children as those who were to fix her firmly in the first circles, by forming alliances with the wealthy and fashionable; they had been taught to look out for what are now called "good matches." Her eldest daughter, Caroline, was on the eve of marriage with Mr. Warnham, a man twice her age, but who had been considered as quite a speculation among the belles of the city. Her second daughter, Emily, had as yet sported her smiles and graces in vain; one of the causes which had induced her to send for her youngest daughter, was a letter from her sister-in-law, in which she had spoken of a worthy and talented young lawyer, but without fortune, who had given evidences of an attachment to Mary. The high terms in which Miss Melmoth had spoken of him, his affection and devotedness to his mother, the esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, were nothing: he had not wealth or fashion, and this comprised every objection. She sent immediately for her daughter, determined to save her from throwing herself away, as she considered it. Mrs. Melmoth was extremely gratified by the admiration that Mary had evidently excited in young Trenville,—he had just returned from France—was one of the first families, and had a large fortune independent of his father. She set her heart on bringing about this match, and as she thought the gentle Mary had her father's disposition, she anticipated no obstacles, could the gentleman only be secured.

Such was the situation of affairs in Mr. Melmoth's family; and as they met at breakfast, Mrs. Melmoth was in high spirits at the idea of Mary's "conquest," as she termed it,—for, from an expression of Mr. Trenville to her, respecting Mary, she felt as if he were already her son-in-law; and she said to Mary, as she entered the room, "Good morning, my dear daughter, I wish Mr. Trenville could see you now,—he would find that you are not like many of our city ladies, only a 'belle de la nuit;' your roses and lilies can bear the sun's searching light, and, like these flowers in nature, they are even more lovely at dewy morn." Mary blushed at her mother's flattery, for such language was new to her,—but the flush quickly faded away, and gave place to an expression of painful thought, and she said to her mother, "You are, I hope, rather premature in thinking Mr. Trenville's attention proceeded from any other feeling than

that which a new face excites; I should be extremely sorry, were it any thing more." "Sorry, my dear Mary, what do you mean? you cannot surely regret what would be a subject of self-gratulation to the greatest belle in the city. It is no mean conquest, I assure you, however slightly you may be disposed to think of it." "I do not wish to underrate Mr. Trenville," said Mary, "yet surely, my dear mother, you could not wish me to take pleasure in the thought of having gained the affections of a man whom it is impossible I can ever love or esteem." "Impossible you could ever love or esteem!—ridiculous, sentimental nonsense! who ever heard now of such reasons for declining an advantageous offer! I thought you a girl of sense and prudence, Mary; such language and sentiments may suit the old maid who instilled them, but no young lady of any sense of propriety would think of adopting them. Love and esteem! such ideas may suit the rustic villagers of Ellwood, but they will not do here; they may suit a novel-reading Miss of the last century, but, in these days, a young lady considers only the advantages of a match, and justly thinks that love and esteem will follow as matters of course—for she well knows that neither of these will support her in the style in which she wishes to move; but I see how it is, you are attached to that young man of whom your aunt spoke so warmly; if you are, it is your duty to tell me, but the confession will be needless, for I assure you no daughter of mine shall ever disgrace her family by an union with a poor pettifogger. I wish your father was here, and he would then be convinced of what I have so often told him, that your aunt would ruin your prospects." Poor Mary felt as if her heart was crushed,—to hear her sacred, treasured affections thus rudely unveiled,—to hear her aunt, her good aunt thus spoken of, and by her mother too. She could not speak,—her heart was full, and her cheek fevered by the effort to restrain her feelings. When she had hastily finished her scarcely tasted meal, she hastily withdrew to her own little room, to gain that composure she so much needed, and to pray for that aid which can speak peace to the troubled heart, and bid its waves be still.

Mary was naturally of a reserved disposition, and inclined to keep her own feelings within the sanctuary of her own bosom; this, her aunt had endeavoured to counteract, by gently drawing them from her,—for she knew the evils that might arise from indulgence in such habits, by one so fond of solitude and so imaginative as Mary. She had succeeded to a greater degree than she at first hoped; but when it was a delicate and difficult task to one so judicious and gentle as her aunt, how could it be forced out so rudely as her mother had attempted! No, it could not be done;—the chords might be broken, but the soft music of treasured thoughts and affections, could not be drawn forth by so harsh a hand.

How responsible is the situation of a mother, when her daughters are about to repose their all upon one adventure which may determine the happiness or misery of their future lives!—How much judicious watchfulness,—how much delicacy is required to read all the youthful

heart shrinks from disclosing, to induce them to rest their trembling hopes and fears upon a mother's breast, that safest and best repository, when a mother is all she ought to be—the friend, companion, and sole confidant of her daughters. But Mrs. Melmoth was not calculated to be either of these; and Mary felt she was not—at least to one who had been brought up as she had been. She knew that the sentiments which had been nurtured in her bosom would be ridiculed by one like her mother,—and how lonely did she feel, as she acknowledged to herself that she was indeed a stranger in her own household; that she had scarcely a feeling in common with those with whom every feeling ought to have been shared. Yet she felt it was her duty to tell her mother the state of her affections, and to request her not to encourage the attentions of one whose love she could not return. Mary had tried to escape these attentions, by discouraging as much as it was possible to do, without rudeness,—but every means that she took was counteracted by her mother, or explained so as to give him hopes of success. Until this morning, Mrs. Melmoth had been guarded in expressing her wishes openly to her daughter, respecting Mr. Trenville; and now Mary felt she ought to put an end to her mother's hope of ever seeing her united to him, by confessing to her that she loved Frederick Norwood. It was a hard task, and she shrank from it: to tell another that she loved, when she had scarcely ever dared before to confess it to her own heart,—to say, too, that she loved one who had already been stigmatized on account of his poverty! And how could she speak of *his* affection?—She knew that he loved her, and yet she could recal no declaration, sufficiently explicit, to repeat to her mother. He had several times attempted to say something to her,—but he had evidently struggled to repress it, by suddenly turning the conversation. Would she not have reason to upbraid her with having given her heart unasked for?—How could she bear this thought!—Every feeling of woman's bosom rose against the possibility of incurring such a charge! When such thoughts as these came over her, how did she long to throw herself on the maternal bosom of her aunt, tell her of all her fears, and ask for advice and direction. All that Mr. Montfort had told her then came to her mind, and she blamed herself for suffering her own troubles to banish for a time the remembrance of her father's situation. She felt for his embarrassments but only as they *afflicted* him;—to be obliged to give up the pomp and splendour of wealth seemed to her but a trifling sacrifice, for she had never taken pleasure in it; she did not even know how much the happiness of her mother and sisters was centered in it, yet she felt the difficulty in fulfilling Mr. Montfort's request, without giving offence to her mother. It seemed to Mary that she had a hard task to perform, to tell of her affection, and to interfere with her mother's arrangements,—but she felt that these were her duties, and she would strive to perform them; and when she had succeeded in gaining composure and resolution, she left her chamber to join her mother and sisters. The sound of their voices directed her steps to the room where they were assembled to receive their morning visitors. She

hesitated a moment, as she perceived the presence of several ladies and gentlemen,—but as she had been perceived, and could not recede, she advanced towards them with that modest ease which speaks a mind free from thoughts of self. As soon as she had taken her seat and entered into conversation with a lady next her, another came up and congratulated her on gaining a heart which all the belles in town had been besieging in vain. She *good-naturedly* expatiated on this subject, as she saw the chagrin depicted in the face of the lady near Mary, and who she knew had been manœuvring to get Mr. Trenville for her daughter, and they both had even some hopes of success before Mary's arrival. Much to Mary's relief, she was interrupted by Mrs. Werrel, who had just entered,—and having spoken to Mary, turned to Mrs. Melmoth and said, "I quite envy you ladies, my dear Mrs. Melmoth, who have daughters in society,—mine are too young to bring out, and I am quite impatient for the time when I can introduce them into the gay world. They will create quite a sensation;—I assure you they waltz divinely,—and, at my musical soirees, they will sing the most difficult Italian airs, and perform the most scientific pieces without the least bashfulness. Nothing would mortify me more than to see them diffident or embarrassed in company,—it makes them insufferably awkward, and is so vulgar. I have made it a point to bring them forward on every occasion,—and the dear creatures are as anxious as I am for the period when they will escape the thralldom of teachers, and take their places in the beau-monde; they have already quite a taste in dress, and it is amusing to hear them disputing about colours, and consulting me about the prettiest dress for the next ball. Although the eldest is scarcely fourteen, yet they already begin to talk of establishments, and their resolution never to marry a man who has not a large fortune. Children are as far advanced now at twelve, as they were at eighteen, when I was a girl; their opinions are like those of women who have mingled in society, instead of not having any ideas above their books or their dolls, as they then had not. The advantages of education, at the present day, are indeed very great."

"Speaking of waltzing," said a gentleman in another part of the room, "reminds me of your performance last night, Miss Emily,—I never saw any one able to continue so long on the floor; really, Mrs. Melmoth, your daughter deserves to be immortalized." Emily smiled and bowed, as is usual on such occasions, and said "that she used so little exertion, that it did not fatigue her. Did you hear by what name Mr. Montfort dignified the circle of waltzers, last night?—he called us whirligigs! that old man ought not really be admitted into society,—he is so rude in his speech, and so obsolete in his notions, that he is scarcely bearable." "He is both *able* and willing to be a *bear*," said a would-be-wit, who tortured every thing into a pun, however miserable a one it might be. "Pardon me, gentlemen," said an elderly lady, who had hitherto been silent, "I cannot hear Mr. Montfort thus spoken of, without defending him. He is a little eccentric I allow,—and it appears singular to some, that a man of his age should take pleasure in frequenting fashionable assemblies,

but to those who know his peculiarities, it ceases to be a matter of surprise,—he is an old bachelor, and almost alone in the world,—he has but few pleasures, but it is one of them to study human nature and society in all its grades, and it is not for mere amusement,—it is with the benevolent intention of endeavouring to benefit those whose faults he tries to discover. As a philanthropist, he laments over the luxury and extravagance which he sees overwhelming the country, and, like most old men, he takes pleasure in contrasting the degeneracy of the present day with the 'good old times' of his youth. There is, however, no bad feeling in this pleasure—for he is a true patriot, and is anxious to exhibit to his fellow citizens the dangers of the course they are pursuing. But, unfortunately, he is like Cassandra—his predictions, though true, meet with nothing but ridicule and inattention." Before the lady had ceased speaking, several of the company had left the room;—but, to Mary, this exhibition of Mr. Montfort's character was listened to with pleased attention, and she longed to thank the old lady for defending him so warmly. When she had gone, Mary asked Emily "who that kind old lady was." Emily, with a languid drawl, said "she believed she was the widow of a clergyman who had come on a begging expedition for a charity school." "How much I should like to become acquainted with her!" said Mary. "La, sister Mary, you have such strange notions! I am sure she is the last person in the room whose acquaintance I would desire." This conversation was interrupted by Mrs. Melmoth, who had just laid down some prints of fancy ball dresses which she received that morning. "A thought has just struck me, my dear girls, which I am resolved to put in execution. Would it not be delightful to have a fancy ball on May day, at Roseville—a kind of fete-champetre, and to have characters suited to a festival of Flora? What do you think of it?" Caroline and Emily were delighted with it.—Mary said, timidly, "ought we, my dear mother, to plan a party of this kind, when there is such an uncertainty in my father's affairs?—I have been told that he has met with many losses, and that it is necessary for us to curtail our expenses;—ought we, then, to indulge hopes unsuited to our present situation. Let us do what is in our power to relieve him from this embarrassment which bows him down." Mary trembled, when she raised her eyes to her mother, as she finished speaking, and saw the anger expressed on her countenance. "Who has taken the liberty of speaking to you of your father's concerns, Miss Mary, and what right have you to interfere with my management? Merchants are proverbially complainers of 'hard times'; and I will not retrench until I see the necessity of doing so, nor will I see it until it is forced upon me. I have been accustomed to obedience from my family, and you are the first that has attempted to oppose me. Scarcely a day has passed since your return, in which I have not been more fully convinced of your father's folly in entrusting you to the care of an old maid, whose ideas are as antiquated as she is, and who, with all the boasted advantages of her training, has neglected one important point—implicit submission to a parent's will. You have

rejected a match chosen by your mother, and now you presume to charge her with extravagance. But I will show you that I am not to be meddled with, or crossed in my wishes by a mere child. It is my will that you marry Mr. Trenville,—and you will find it no easy matter to oppose it.”

Caroline and Emily had left the room, and Mrs. Melmoth rose to follow them, when Mary caught her hand, and would have spoken, but her emotion checked her utterance,—when, making an effort to restrain her feelings, she said—“Stay, and hear me, my mother,—do not think me disobedient or presumptuous, when I tell you why I cannot do as you wish;—my whole life shall prove to you that I am not what you deem me. I love you, my mother, and would willingly obey you in every thing,—but can you ask your daughter to give her hand to one man, when her heart is another’s?—Oh, can you require such a sacrifice as this! I love Frederick Norwood, and how could I marry Mr. Trenville?” Mary could say no more; she wept convulsively. “You love Mr. Norwood, then,” said Mrs. Melmoth, proudly and coldly, at the same time taking away her hand that Mary had pressed to her heart, in the agony of her spirit,—“and you profess to love your mother;—the only proof you can give of this love to me, is to give up this romantic, silly affection, and accept the hand of Mr. Trenville. Young ladies’ attachments are not as irrevocable as they are apt to imagine;—if you have the will to obey me, you can readily find the power. I must now leave you, as I hear the girls calling me,—for I promised to go with them to choose a bridal bonnet for Caroline;—and I hope your own reflections will bring you to your senses, and cause you to act as a girl of prudence should do.” Mary scarcely heard or understood her mother’s parting words, for she had sunk into a seat overwhelmed by all that agony of feeling which is so crushing to the young heart, in its first, bitter trial. Little did Mary think that the happiness she felt in Frederick Norwood’s society, could have been productive of so much misery. Little did she anticipate, when listening to his voice, as it embodied the fine conceptions of his gifted intellect, when roving with him through the beautiful scenes around Ellwood, that these pleasures would become to her painful reminiscences.

When Frederick was on a visit to his mother, who lived in the village near her aunt’s residence, she saw him frequently. His mother was an old friend of Miss Melmoth’s, and Frederick was also a favourite. When Frederick was near her, Mary felt as if she were in a dream; and, when he left her, she was sad and dispirited, yet she knew not how much she had loved him, until she was desired to love another. Frederick Norwood was one calculated to win and retain a heart like Mary’s. Possessing talents and a mind of the highest order, he was all that a woman could be proud of,—and a heart elevated and refined in its feelings, he was all that woman could love. He had lost his father in his infancy, and his mother had been devoted to him. She had expended nearly all she possessed in giving him his education and profession,—and he looked forward with plea-

sure to the time when his success in this profession would enable him to give her a home with him in the city where he had established himself.

It was during his visits to his mother, after he left college, that he first became acquainted with Mary. He admired and esteemed her unobtrusiveness, her cultivated mind, and the calm beauty of her intellectual countenance;—but, when he heard of her benevolence, and listened to his mother, as she spoke of her piety, her affection to her aunt, her kindness to herself, and her quiet perseverance in the discharge of her personal and domestic duties, his heart whispered to him how invaluable would such a companion be to me!—could I but gain such a wife, and my mother such a daughter—how happy, how blest should we be! The more he saw of Mary, the dearer she became, until he loved her with that intensity which can only be felt, when the reason approves what the heart has chosen. Were she but an orphan, and portionless like myself, would he often say to himself, how gladly would I pour out my heart to her,—and ask that, when I have gained a competence, I might hope to claim her as my own, my gentle wife. But how can I hope for this?—she has parents, wealthy and fashionable parents—will they not frown upon me! Poverty clings round me like a curse, and it is a crime the world cannot pardon. Will not even she look down upon me, when surrounded by admirers who have riches and standing to recommend them? Here, all that is around her is favourable to that simplicity and purity of mind and heart, which I have loved to observe in her. But will she be the same when she has mingled with the world? Fool!—dostard that I was, to nurse such a hope!—I, the obscure, the penniless, whose profession is my only dependence,—and how problematical is my success! the field is full of competitors who have friends and family influence, and talents superior to mine. How can I hope to overcome the obstacles that bar my progress?—How could I have madly nursed such a delusion? I love her deeply, devotedly love her, yet she shall never hear it,—I will put a seal upon my lips,—they shall never utter what has been nurtured in my heart. She will shortly leave this peaceful scene,—her mother has requested her return, that she may present her to that society she is formed to ornament,—while I, in another city, and in poverty, must wear out my energies and life in striving for a mere subsistence, for the bread and water of life,—and, if I can gain even this, I must be content. I must give her up,—for reason tells me that here I should yield to despair, and, in its sullenness and torpor, I shall at least find cessation from pain. Henceforward, I will live but for my mother,—for her I will task my strength,—for her I will exert the few talents I possess. Such were the feelings which convulsed his bosom, on his last visit, previous to Mary’s return to her family; and, when he left Ellwood, it was with a heavy heart that he again entered upon the scene of his struggles.

It was but a few weeks after this that he received a letter from his mother, telling him she was not well, and felt as if a visit from him would do her more good than any thing else.

Frederick knew that his mother was subject to depression of spirits, and he ascribed her request to this, yet he did not hesitate—it was enough for him that she wished to see him, and her slightest wish was to him a command.

When he arrived at home, and hastened to the little parlour where he had been accustomed to see her seated in her favourite corner, in the chair which had been his first present to her, he was disappointed in not finding her, and went to the garden, thinking to take her by surprise. As he was going thither he met a servant, and in asking for his mother, she told him that she was in her room, and had been sick for several days. Frederick hurried to his mother's chamber, and the first one he saw was Miss Melmoth, who was sitting by his mother's bedside; but what were his feelings when he saw his dear mother's face resting on her pillow, pale and motionless, with her eyes closed and a wasted cheek, which revealed to him at once the danger and extent of the sickness she had suffered. "She has just fallen asleep," said Miss Melmoth to him in a whisper, as she pressed his hand. "Tell me, my dear Miss Melmoth, how is it that my mother is so sadly changed?" "Come with me, Frederick," said Miss Melmoth, "lest she should waken suddenly and the surprise will be too great for her; let us leave the room, and I will then tell you." Frederick cast one agonized glance on his pale sleeping mother, and followed Miss Melmoth. When he had joined her in the parlour, she took his hand and said, "Compose yourself, my dear Frederick, her situation may not be as bad as we fear; Dr. Belmont has not given up all hope!" Frederick struggled to restrain his feelings and said, "Why was I not sent for sooner? I started immediately on the receipt of her letter!" "It did not reach you as soon as it ought to have done," said Miss Melmoth; "when that was written she felt her health was declining, but was unwilling to alarm you; but it was not until a day or two afterwards that the disease assumed an aspect of immediate danger—the doctor thinks she is ill, very ill, but there is yet hope. Her symptoms this morning are different from what they were yesterday; this change and the sweet sleep into which she has fallen, will, I hope, be favourable. Dr. Belmont will soon be here, and he will then tell us if this hope is well grounded. I hear his step now in the hall; I am glad he has come so early." The servant opened the door and Dr. Belmont entered. After he had spoken to Frederick, his first enquiry was after his patient. "She is sleeping," said Miss Melmoth, "and I hope much better." "Shall we go up," said he to Miss Melmoth. They left the room: and who can describe the feelings of Frederick as he paced up and down the room in all the restless, feverish anxiety, the heart-rending agony of suspense—one moment calmed by hope, the next tortured by fear. None but those, who like him have tremblingly waited to hear the sentence which is to pronounce the fate of some loved one who is hanging between life and death, that decision which is either to bring peace to the heart or to crush it by robbing its last faint hope—none but those can tell all that he then was suffering. His heart throbbed hard and quick, his breath grew short as he heard the doctor de-

scending the stairs. "Tell me, is there any hope?" said Frederick, as he entered; the question was needless, for he read its answer in the saddened expression of Dr. Belmont's countenance. "My dear Frederick," said the kind physician, "look to your mother's God for consolation, it is nearly all over; go to her, she wishes to see you." Frederick rushed to his mother's room, threw himself on his knees beside her bed, and clasping the hand she held out to him, said, "My dear mother, how can I give you up? What will the world be to me when you are gone? Oh, that I could leave it with you!" And his head sunk on the bed in all the utter destitution of despair, that hopeless giving up of one's self to the waves of affliction which are rushing over us, and from which we see no escape. "My son, my dear, dear Frederick," said his mother, "do not thus yield to misery; rouse your sinking powers and look unto that God who upheld your mother when she saw her husband on his bed of death, herself about to become a wretched widow, her infant son a helpless orphan. The widow's God will be the orphan's stay; look unto him, my son, and he will never leave or forsake you. You could not have expected to have me much longer with you. Compose yourself, my son, and join your mother in prayer to God for your support and consolation in this hour of trial." She then tried to raise his hand with hers in supplication, and when her humble, fervent prayer was ended, she relinquished his hand and remained with her eyes closed, as if offering up a mental petition. Frederick rose from his knees, and seated himself at the bedside. His mother then looked at him with a sweet, quiet smile, and held out her hand to him. "There is one request I have to make, my son, and if you promise to fulfil it, it will add to your mother's peace in her dying hour. You love Mary Melmoth; I have watched the struggle which has kept you from making this known to her; you have judged her wrongfully; wealth is no consideration with her; tell her that you love her, and she will willingly wait until your situation allows you to claim her as a wife. She will more than supply my place to you. Oh! how much will it soften the pain of leaving you could I think that you will be blest with a wife like Mary; one who is in every way calculated to make you happy. Promise me to overcome these needless scruples, and go to see her as soon after I have left you as your feelings will permit." Frederick buried his head upon his mother's hand and promised to fulfil her wishes. "Now I can die in peace," said this affectionate mother. "Kiss me, my son; farewell my kind friend," said she to Miss Melmoth; "be a mother to my orphan!" When exhausted by the exertion she had made in speaking, she sunk back upon her pillow and breathed gently, as if falling asleep. A placid and beautiful repose settled on her countenance, and as they gazed on her, they were afraid to move lest they should disturb her quiet rest. She lay so tranquil and motionless that Miss Melmoth bent her ear to listen if she could hear her breathe—but all was still—the spirit had returned to God who gave it.

It was nearly two months after the death of his mother that Frederick was on his way to

visit Miss Melmoth. He could not trust himself to go through Ellwood, but had taken another route. His heart was still crushed under the weight of that affliction which had reft him of his only tie on earth, and it was to fulfil the wishes of his dying mother that he was about to solicit the advice of her friend. He felt that he could not rest until he had granted her request, though he feared its fulfilment would but seal his misery. He told Miss Melmoth all that he had felt and feared, and that he needed her counsel to direct him. She advised him to go to see Mary, and to tell her parents of his affection and of his situation and prospects. She gave him a letter to take to Mary as he was leaving her, and said, "Be patient, Frederick, and Mary may be yours; my brother I know will not oppose you, and Mrs. Melmoth may give her consent, when she finds that Mary will not wed another."

It was with an agitated heart that Frederick arrived in the gay city where Mary resided. The first one he met at the door of the hotel was one of his college friends, who went with him into one of the rooms, and as he had heard of Frederick's loss, he tried to amuse him by summing up the news of the day, and in speaking of the fashionable world, he said, "By the way Fred., there is a young lady here whom you must know, as she spent much of her time near Ellwood—Mr. Melmoth's youngest daughter—she is now quite the envy of all our belles as she has young Trenville at her feet; one of our 'good matches,' as the ladies call them." "I have seen her," replied Frederick, with a strong effort to gain composure. His friend did not notice him, but went on with his usual volubility, thinking that he had taken the true mode of driving away sorrow. Frederick felt relieved when his friend regretted an engagement obliged him to leave him. When he was gone, Frederick said to himself, "It is as I feared! my dear mother and Miss Melmoth knew Mary only in retirement; Mary in society may be a different being. Why should I ever have hoped to win her, admired and courted as I knew she would be? But whatever be the result, my mother's request shall be fulfilled if I ever find that Mary loves another. Oh! my mother, the only one who loved me in this wide world, would that I were sleeping beside thee in the quiet grave!"

The next morning Frederick went to the house of Mr. Melmoth, and when the servant had taken his card, and he had been seated a few minutes in the drawing room, Mrs. Melmoth and Caroline entered. "Good morning, Mr. Norwood," said Mrs. Melmoth, with an air of cold reserve, which the proud and sensitive Frederick felt keenly. "When did you see Miss Melmoth?" "I left her a day or two since," replied he, "she was well, and I have a letter from her to your daughter. Is she at home?" he asked with a forced composure. "Yes," answered Mrs. Melmoth, "but I regret that her being very much engaged will prevent her seeing you this morning." Mrs. Melmoth was interrupted by a servant bringing to her a box, accompanied by a note. "Mr. Trenville's servant, Madam, has just left this." "A set of pearls for Mary," said Mrs. Melmoth, carelessly, addressing herself to Caroline. This fell on Frederick's heart like a death blow; his fears were now confirmed, and

he felt that Mary was lost to him forever. He rose, requested Mrs. Melmoth to deliver the letter to her daughter, desired his respects to her, and bade them good morning. The last ray of hope that shed a fitful gleam across his desert heart was now quenched in darkness, but he was calm, fearfully so; it seemed as though apathy was incrusting and petrifying every emotion.

On his return to the hotel, he found that Mr. Oakland, a friend of his father's, had seen his name in the register, and had been waiting to see him.

"How are you, my dear Frederick," said he, as he warmly shook his hand. "How fortunate am I to have found you here, for I was on my way to Philadelphia for the purpose of asking a favour from you. I have just received an appointment which obliges me to go to Europe, and I am anxious to have you as my secretary and companion. The change will be of service to you. I shall not detain you long, and you can then return to your native land full of health and vigour, and enter with spirit on the arena of your profession." "I will go," replied Frederick, "I have nothing here worth living for and it matters not where I am." "Talk not so, my young friend, it is not the nature of youth to feel thus—but this will soon pass by—it is only the old who cannot rise again when trouble has bowed them down. Come, if you are ready to leave here, we will go on immediately and make preparations for our departure, as we must embark in the next packet." The next week found Frederick a voyager on the dark blue sea.

To return to Mrs. Melmoth.

As soon as Frederick had left the room, Mrs. Melmoth said to Caroline, "What do you think of the success of my scheme, was it not well planned? Mr. Trenville's present arrived very opportunely this morning, and I determined to make use of the set of pearls as an extinguisher upon his hopes. I knew enough of his character from your aunt's letters to tell that it would not take much to banish him from the house, and now the field is clear for Trenville. Mind Caroline, Mary must not know of this visit; she is in her room, reading, and knows nothing of Mr. Norwood's being here. I will keep her aunt's letter, and then all will go on smoothly. Trenville is in high hopes; I have led him to think her reserve proceeds from timidity, and as he supposes Mary has accepted his presents, it is likely the declaration will follow in due form. Thus far, for Mr. Trenville and for Mary; I will convince her that Frederick has forgotten her, or that he never loved her, and then if she have the spirit and pride of a woman she will marry young Trenville, if it be but from pique. I am quite a politician, am I not? Intrigues are laudable, if employed in a good cause; and what can be a better one than to dispel the romantic notions of love from my daughter's brain, and bring about a union which will place her in affluence."

Caroline's marriage drew near, and splendid preparations were made for it. A fortunate speculation had enabled Mr. Melmoth to continue his business, and superceded the immediate necessity of making any change in their style of living. Mrs. Melmoth availed herself of this knowledge to the full extent, and she determined that the wedding of Caroline and her

bridal paraphernalia, should exceed in splendour any thing that had hitherto been seen in the city. Every thing went off with as much éclat as she desired, and Mr. and Mrs. Warnham were settled in their new abode in a style equal to the wishes of both mother and daughter.

Mr. Trenville, shortly after the wedding, found Mary one morning alone in the parlour. Her mother and Emily were not at home, and politeness obliged her to remain. This was an opportunity he had long wished for, and he soon availed himself of it; but what was his surprise and anger, when he heard a mild but firm refusal. He hastily bade her good morning, and left the house, determined never to cross its threshold.

When Mrs. Melmoth found, on her return, that Mr. Trenville had been there, had made an offer of his hand and been refused, her anger was ungovernable; thus to find all her schemes wrecked by Mr. Trenville's having declared himself sooner than she intended he should—that she must give up all hope of an alliance with the Trenville family—it was more than she could bear. She told Mary to leave her, for that she could never look upon her as a daughter. Mary did not venture to reply; but wept in silence. Her father soon after came into the room, and was surprised to find her in tears. "What is the matter, my daughter?" said he. "I have been reproving her," replied Mrs. Melmoth, "for her folly and disobedience in refusing the hand of Mr. Trenville." "Perhaps she did not love him," answered Mr. Melmoth, "that was surely a sufficient reason." Then, turning to Mary, he said, "Come, cheer up my child, your aunt has requested your return to her; you were happy with her. There is an old friend of mine who will leave town to-morrow for Ellwood, in his own carriage; he will take charge of you. Have you any objections?" said Mr. Melmoth to his wife. "She has my permission," replied Mrs. Melmoth; "I can no longer receive any pleasure from the society of a daughter who has thwarted all my endeavours for her own benefit, as Mary has done—and I am surprised, Mr. Melmoth, that you should try to excuse her conduct." The servant then entered to tell them that dinner waited, much to Mr. Melmoth's gratification; for he was anxious to get back to his counting-house and desk.

The afternoon was occupied by Mary in making arrangements for her departure; and, on looking in the drawer of a music-stand for an engraving she had mislaid, she found one of her aunt's letters to her, and wondered how she came to leave it there. She took it with her to her room, to look over it. She was surprised to find she had not seen it before,—and, what were her feelings, as she hurried over its contents!—Mrs. Norwood dead,—Frederick the bearer of the letter,—the struggle in his mind respecting her,—his determination to lay open his heart to her, at the request of his dying mother,—her heart throbbled, her head grew dizzy, and she sunk on the floor. A servant, who was in the next room, heard her fall, and came to her assistance. She had not fainted,—her emotion was too great for this,—she requested the girl to assist her to the bed, and she would soon be better. When she became more composed, it

then struck her, how strange it was that the letter had been opened, and had not been given her. She looked at the address, and found the words—"favoured by Mr. Norwood," which had before escaped her notice. "Has Frederick then been here?—Was he the bearer of this letter?—My head is still confused,—I cannot understand this. How is it that I did not see him, or even hear of his visit?—Why has this letter been kept from me? There seems to be a mystery about it." At length the truth flashed upon her mind, that her mother had concealed the visit, and withheld the letter, to further Mr. Trenville's wishes. She tried to banish such a suspicion, by thinking her mother could not act thus,—and rose to occupy her mind, by arranging her trunk, and put in the letter, hoping that her aunt would enable her to solve what now seemed so inexplicable.

The next morning, before the sun had risen, Mary had taken leave of the family, and was on the road leading to Ellwood. It was near evening when they entered the serpentine road, winding away among venerable oaks, which led to the dwelling. Mary's heart throbbled, and her eye glistened, as she gazed on the sweet spot where she had spent so many days;—she loved it for its beauty, as well as its remembrances—and well she might, for a lovelier or more picturesque spot was seldom found.

When the carriage stopped, Mary caught a glimpse of her aunt, as she passed one of the open windows, in coming out to meet her beloved niece;—she was soon folded to her heart, and Mary felt that she was now at home. The evening passed rapidly away:—Mary had many questions to ask, and her aunt had much to tell of all that had happened since their separation. They wept together, when they spoke of Mrs. Norwood,—but neither of them seemed sufficiently composed to mention Frederick's name. At length, Miss Melmoth said to Mary, "why, my dear, did you never answer my last letter?" "I have never received any from you, my dear aunt, for the last three months, except one I accidentally found the day before I left home." "Which was that?" inquired her aunt;—"the one taken by Frederick?" "It was," said Mary, faintly. "You knew not then of his visit to you?" "They never told me," continued Mary,—“perhaps it was forgotten.” “No, Mary,” said her aunt;—"there is some mystery in all this,—the ambition of your mother has led her to hide this from you. You did not encourage Mr. Trenville's addresses, or receive presents from him!" "Encourage his addresses!—receive presents from him!—Pardon, my dear aunt, the warmth with which I repeat your questions,—but I know not what you mean. I strove with all my power to repulse his attentions,—he never sent me a present,—and, when he offered his hand, I gave him a decided refusal." "You are the same Mary that left me!" exclaimed Miss Melmoth, embracing her niece.—"I knew that Frederick judged you wrongfully, because his fears led him to judge too hastily. But it is too late now; Frederick is gone." "Gone!—where?" said Mary, turning suddenly pale, and in a tone which showed how deeply her heart was interested in the inquiry. "To Enrope," replied



Miss Melmoth, without perceiving the painful effect of her information,—“and here is a letter I received from him the day before he had set sail. Mary took the letter, glanced her eye over its contents, as though she wished to take in all at once,—she there saw how cruelly her mother had deceived them both;—she saw, too, that to her was owing the wreck of their hopes and happiness. “Yes, my aunt, it is too late!—Frederick is lost to me forever!”

Day after day, did Miss Melmoth use every endeavour to rouse her dear niece from the torpor which seemed so painfully to have stolen over her since she read Frederick's letter,—nothing seemed to interest her. She would steal away to the solitude of her room, and there sit with her head bowed—her eyes fixed on the floor—her hands lying crossed and relaxed upon her lap. To rouse her from this state, required no little effort on the part of her aunt. She endeavoured to excite her attention by a new book, a beautiful flower, or by a thousand other little means which the ingenuity of affection alone can devise or perform. She would often read to her different passages from the Scriptures;—some, calculated to soothe her mind—others, to convince her of the sinfulness of despair, and the duty of resignation. These efforts, so kindly intended, and so soothingly and unwearingly continued, were not altogether unsuccessful,—and she soon had the pleasure to find that Mary became restored, if not to happiness, at least to tranquillity and resignation.

Mary and her aunt were sitting one morning at the breakfast-table, when a letter was handed to Miss Melmoth, by the servant, who had just returned from the Ellwood post-office. It was from her brother. She read it, and then handed it to Mary, as she found it addressed to both;—the contents were as follows: “Come to me, my sister and daughter; I am a ruined man,—my credit is gone. My wife is shut up in her room,—Emily is with Caroline, and I have none to comfort me,—no, not one. Come, then, and cheer my heart—for it is almost broken.” “My poor—poor father!” said Mary. “Come, Mary, we must not give up to our feelings,—there is necessity for immediate action,—we must prepare to go to him directly.” Having made a few hasty preparations, they took their seats in the stage, and, before many hours, they reached the city. When they entered the house, the first person they met was Mr. Melmoth, who was pacing the hall with hurried steps. He hastened to meet them,—took a hand of each in both of his—and wildly, and with an agonized expression of countenance, exclaimed,—“My credit is gone!—my credit is gone!” They saw, from his haggard cheeks and sunken eye, that his affliction had wrought fearfully upon him. Mary felt the necessity of exertion;—she knew that, to give way to her grief, would only increase his grief,—and she, therefore, stifled her feelings, and assisted her aunt in her endeavours to cheer and console him. They led him to a sofa, sat by him, and tried every means to calm his mind. Sometimes he would rave almost incoherently,—and then he would sit the fixed, motionless image of despair. Miss Melmoth prepared a composing draught, persuaded him to take it, and induced him to lie down. They

watched for a few minutes,—he then lay so quiet, that they left the room, fearful of disturbing him. They then sought Mrs. Melmoth,—they came to her room, but were denied admittance. She was lying on her bed, with the windows darkened, and her maid sitting by her, alternately chafing her temples, and administering lavender-water, for she had been in violent hysteric convulsions. With the selfishness of a character like hers, when she heard of her husband's failure, she had upbraided him with having brought poverty upon her and his family,—and had shut herself in her room, which she had not since left. Emily had made her escape from this scene of her father's misfortunes, and of her mother's mortified pride, and was residing with her sister Caroline,—while the latter, true to her education, had kept aloof from this mansion of distress, as though its atmosphere were infectious. Strange commentary on the boasted dignity of human nature!—but more strange that it is but a sketch;—and that a finished picture of many such every-day occurrences, would make us blush for the paltry selfishness of a vain ambition, whose only aim is fashion and gaudy display.

Soon after Miss Melmoth and Mary had entered the parlour, a friend of Mr. Melmoth's called to have an interview with him. Miss Melmoth spoke to him of her brother's affairs, and she found that the failure of a mercantile house, with which he was involved to a heavy amount, had put a finishing stroke to his fallen fortunes. While they were conversing, they heard a heavy fall on the floor of the room above them, where Mr. Melmoth was left under the quieting influence of the draught prepared for him by his sister. “My Father!” exclaimed the affrighted Mary. They rushed up stairs, and found Mr. Melmoth fallen and insensible. The gentleman, who was at once aware of the danger, ran for a physician;—he soon returned with one, who felt the pulse—placed his hand over the heart, but found no sign of life. All was over! We will not attempt to describe the scene that followed.

When the creditors had settled Mr. Melmoth's affairs, they found there would be a small sum left for the widow. With this she rented a small house in the country, for she could not bear to live in the scene of her former affluence. Miss Melmoth and Mary assisted in arranging the new residence, and Emily joined her mother after a few days, for Mr. and Mrs. Warnham had gone to the North a week or two after Mr. Melmoth's death, on a pretext of business on the husband's part, but really with a view of escaping from the mortification they endured from Mr. Melmoth's failure.

Miss Melmoth's domestic affairs obliged her to return home, but Mary remained with her mother. When Mrs. Melmoth was restored to herself again, her daughter developed to her a plan which she had had for some time in contemplation. “Your situation is such, my dear mother, that I cannot consent to be a burden to you. My aunt has offered me a home, but as from her limited means she has but little to spare, I, therefore, cannot accept of her kind and too generous invitation. A week or two since I saw



an advertisement for a governess; with the advice of my aunt, I applied for the situation, and it is now at my option to secure it. The salary is liberal, and I shall have it in my power to assist you, as I shall have occasion but for very little for my individual use." "You become a governess?" said the weak mother;—"the daughter of Mrs. Melmoth apply for so degrading a situation!—it cannot be! even *you* would not stoop so low." Mary firmly but respectfully assured her mother that not only had her mind been made up to accept the situation, but that every thing was prepared for her departure the next day, personally to secure it. She had now come to communicate this intention and to ask a mother's blessing. We have seen how that communication was received, and may well imagine the result of the last request. "Go, you are no longer my daughter; you have always been to me a source of mortification since your refusal of Mr. Trenville. Go to your *honourable* task—but remember that I will never receive the visits of one who has so far degraded her family."

A few weeks found Mary established as a governess in a family of wealth and refinement, who resided in the country, and she had already become interested in the two delicate and affectionate little girls entrusted to her care. Some months had passed, when, one evening, as she was walking with her little pupils, a gentleman was discovered approaching on horseback. He alighted and came towards her. "Mr. Montfort!" said Mary. "My dear girl," was his only reply, as he affectionately clasped the hand which was held out to him. "When did you return from the West Indies?" enquired Mary. "Oh! that you had been with us in our hour of trial!" And she wept bitterly as she recalled the suffering she had endured when she lost her father. "Compose yourself, my dear girl, happiness is yet in store for you. I have come to rob your little pupils of their teacher. I have much to tell you;—take my arm, and let me support you to a seat." The little girls ran in tears to inform their mother that they were to loose their dear Miss Mary; and Mr. Montfort mentioned that he had visited her aunt directly upon his arrival,—that he had heard all from her,—that she had told him of Frederick Norwood, and the means that were taken to separate them,—that he had immediately written to Frederick, who was in Paris, and had received his answer, which enclosed a letter for her. "I had not the heart to visit you," said the generous old gentleman, "until I could be the bearer of good news. Here is his letter, which will explain all." Mary took it, and (as with instinctive delicacy he walked aside, apparently to examine a beautiful flower) tearing away the seal, tremblingly opened it, and read as follows:

"*My dear, my injured Mary* :—Will you ever forgive your Frederick for having acted so hastily—so foolishly—so like a madman! But when I breathe to your ear, the feelings which tortured me,—the contending struggles which harrowed my bosom, I will hope that all will be forgotten. I am preparing for my departure; a legacy, lately left me, now enables me to claim your hand—a claim which I shall more warmly urge when I shall have reached my native home. I will then resume my profession, and its career *must* be suc-

cessful, with my Mary's happiness in view as an incentive to exertion—and her smiles—my sweetest reward. I can write no more. My heart is too full,—my pen cannot express its tumultuous feelings. Farewell, my dearest; in a few weeks I shall find you at your aunt's, and fold you to that heart which has been so cruelly separated from you."

The next week found Mary at her aunt's, whither Mr. Montfort had accompanied her. We need not say how anxiously she was waiting for the period of Frederick's arrival. Time, at length, brought that arrival;—the consequences, our readers must have already anticipated.

Frederick and Mary were married, after a short interval, and settled in Philadelphia. Her industry, economy and good management, added to her husband's exertions in the arduous and honourable profession of a lawyer, soon shewed their effects in their increasing prosperity. As soon as her husband's circumstances permitted, they offered Mrs. Melmoth and Emily a home; but when they refused to accept it, as Mary did not live as they wished to live in a city,—she forwarded to them, from time to time, such pecuniary assistance as her husband's means enabled her to do.

This happy couple were blessed with several children, who were educated so judiciously under Mary's tuition, that, should we at some future period be tempted to write the "HISTORY OF THE NORWOOD FAMILY," our readers would, no doubt, coincide with our good old friend, Mr. Montfort, whose frequent visits enabled him to judge correctly of what he used to affirm as his opinion. "Mary," said he, "is truly an American wife and mother, and had we more like her and her children, my happy country would always be the land of virtuous and independent institutions; the land of honest exertion, laudable enterprise, and solid acquisitions; the land of stern honour and noble grandeur. Her females would exalt her to a throne of glory among nations, and her men would indeed be *freemen*—proud of their rights—jealous of aggression—and devoted to her physical and intellectual improvement."



## THE TOMB STONE.

Moss covered stone! in this mysterious ground  
I greet thee—sacred to God's hallowed dead—  
While Evening's peaceful glories, streaming round  
On thee are shed.

Beside thee hath not sounded, for long years,  
The mourning voice of friends now mouldering too.  
O'er thee, no longer, maids with pious tears,  
Springs first flowers strew.

Who shall thy slumbering tenant now make known?  
A sculptured skull remains, his tomb to grace:  
Worn is his epitaph,—by weeds o'ergrown  
The name's faint trace.

To thee I fly from life's tumultuous noise,  
When Evening o'er the woods her splendour flings;  
Altar of hope where hover heavenly joys  
On seraph wings.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## A "LAPSUS LINGUA."

"Swear not at all."

"I would recall a vision which I dream'd."

GENTLE, male-reader, pardon my familiarity—Wert thou ever fettered with the silken chords of deep, impassioned Love!—Hast ever felt thy slumbering nerves vibrate, like a sweet toned lute-string, when the mellow voice of beauty thrilled upon thine ear!—or thine imprisoned heart beat within its too contracted citadel, when the sunlit glance of an azure eye flashed upon thy soul, bearing upon its silver light the winged spirit of Hope!—Didst ever linger near the jewel of thine heart, when her poetic fingers swept smoothly o'er the harp-strings, or touched with expressive softness the ivory keys of the piano-forte, while into the golden melody of her angelic voice thy dreamful soul melted

—"as the Rose  
Blendeth its odour with the Violet!"

Hast thou not, on some gala night, amidst a galaxy of lovely sylphs, whose very shadows reflected the brightness of a moonlit cloud, distinguished with throbbing contemplation thy sweet-souled Viola, with happiness perched upon her brow, and joyous smiles playing on her lips, and

Wish'd for some isle where the flowers ne'er fade,  
And the cold winds the blossoms ne'er stir;  
To bathe in the sunshine of bliss with the maid  
Of thine heart, and to love only her?

If thou art jealously disposed (a disease with which most men are more or less affected,) hast thou not, at some delectable moment, marked a fair-faced youth approach the tender object of thy thoughts with smooth-toned language, which seemed to fall upon her ear with pleasing melody, and felt the warm flush of wavering doubt creep to thy temples, whilst thy ready imagination traced "Inconstancy" on her marble forehead? If so, remember that the course of love is often ruffled, and the mind, before the throne of Cupid, frequently harassed with unpleasant sensations. In cases of that nature, the circumstances should be pondered deliberately, and conclusions formed generously,—but without fawning submission. Humility, when directed by wisdom, is praiseworthy;—but, when it springs from sycophancy, it ceases to be a virtue.

Reader, if thou art still in the green of years, and hast not loved, there is hope for thee of lasting, delicious enjoyment, and of becoming emparadised in the arms of rapturous ecstasy. But if thou standest on that chilled spot, where tremble the gloomy shadows of unmusical five-and-forty, and art a bachelor, I pray thee hang thyself—for time has flapped his ruffled pinions in thy face—dipped their frosted tips in the fountain of thy terrestrial hopes, and hung a wreath of

wrinkles on thy lustreless brow. Thy food is embittered—thy cup is unimbued with its chiefest ingredient—woman's love. Thy pathway is flowerless and thorny; thy dreams are horrid, and sleep to thee is not "nature's sweet restorer." *Post meridian* of apportioned years skirts thy frail existence, and *post mortem* atmosphere eddies around thee, like circles upon a calm river. Never in love! I pray thee chant a dirge, and from a weeping willow swing thy unsusceptible proportion.

When I speak of love, I mean that delightful passion which steals upon the senses, sweet as Cytherea's breath, and, from the shadow of reason's throne, with rosy finger points our thoughts, our words and our actions to that pure and chrysal fount whence it came on the wings of ethereal light. I mean that celestial spirit, which, from its hall of gems, descends in a flood of rainbow hues to bind two hearts together with a ray of bliss, and wrap them in one mantle of unmingled joy in the sight of Him whose seat is in the Heavens.

The boasted preponderance of enjoyment in a state of celibacy, urged by many, is grossly frivolous, and a mere coinage of a disappointed heart; for the very principles of our nature prove the argument unjustifiable. When I see a bachelor partaking with avidity of the mere ordinary pleasures of the world in preference to the comforts held out to him in the blessed state of matrimony, I deem his conduct tantamount to a tacit confession, that he contemns the idea of connubial felicity as only imaginary; and just in the proportion that I suspect him of such sentiments, I count him punishable,

"With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs."

Urged by a strong conviction of the correctness of such punishment, and, also, incited by inclinations arising from causes, the nature of which it requires no depth of philosophy to ascertain—with all due humility I made my genuflexions at the shrine of beauty, and, following the natural path of thousands in such cases, I glided gently into the dreamful Lethe of rapturous love; and soon could "breakfast, dine, sup and sleep upon its very naked name." But, alas! upon what a very slender thread do pend our hopes! and how uncertain are our happiest moments! At a most unpropitious hour, when the clouds of suspense had dispersed, and the bright joys of elysium were fast unfolding to the fancy, a "*Lapsus lingua*" escaped my unsealed lips, and—"thereby hangs a tale."

"What is there in a name!" The one chosen for me by my most unromantic parents, and which, in pronouncing at the christening nearly unthinned the unpractised *faucis* of a village curate, was

Jehoiakim—*Anglia*—*Gee-hoy-o-come*. Thanks for the merciful interposition of an old uncle, whose taste must certainly have been far in advance of that barbarous age, it was changed by a generous request, in his will, to the more harmonious appellation of Edward. True it is, that a hue of indignation mantled in the time-worn cheek of my tenacious father when, from the scroll, he read aloud this strange solicitation. But his tinged features soon resumed their wonted complacency when his eager vision perused—"and in consideration of such alteration I do give and bequeath to the said Jehoiakim the sum of ten thousand dollars, to be paid him as soon as he shall arrive at his majority." This proved irresistible. Thus divested of my original euphonias prænomen, I was re-christened as Edward Carlton; and before the iron finger of time had tread upon my once fair forehead a few deep lines by way of memorandum, I passed among the million for a tolerably handsome fellow—but new alas! the searing breath of years hath sighed across the brow which oft unwrinkled bowed where "fashion sparkled in her halls of light,"—and from this cheerless spot whereon I stand, the vesper star of life is seen already flickering down the darkling welkin.

It was in the summer of the year 1800, when the long looked for termination to my collegiate probation arrived; and, feeling desirous of enjoying some relaxation, before returning home, I accepted an invitation to spend a short time at the residence of my most intimate friend and roommate, George Principle. Poor fellow! fate had marked thee for an early victim! Thy pure spirit in the spring time of existence, as though disgusted with this little scene of things, unfolded its wing of light and flew beyond the stars, where it will continue

"To shine, with living glory bright,  
When time's last midnight long hath rolled away."

In bidding adieu to those scenes of my youth, with which are associated many deep and lasting recollections, where, in the fullness of my untamed nature, many joyous hours were absorbed in the sports and follies of the day, and where the mind, from its budding to the expansion of the blossom, inhaled the nurturing dews of instruction, and was now about ripening into maturity, perhaps to usefulness, it must not be denied that my heart, though ever prone to a vivacious temperament, endured a pang of regret and a throb of sorrow, as the hills and plains which surrounded my Alma Mater, gradually receded in the distance. Long did I linger upon those fading scenes with an eye of melancholy; and when the grey towers of that institution, wherein the happiest days of my youth were passed, and where, e'en now at evening hour, the merry peal of laughter rings along her echoing walls, had melted on the sight, the throbbing heart exclaimed, "Friends of my youth, with whom the cup of pleasure oft was drained—and ye delightful scenes with whom all my fondest recollections are forever blended—farewell! And, also, ye perplexing and oft cursed companions of my studies, by whom the tender mind is often racked to torture—ye soul twisting problems and blackboards, receive from one who ever abhorred ye, a hearty farewell, forever."

At the close of a sultry day in June, in company with my fellow traveller, George Principle, I alighted at the residence of his widowed mother, on the borders of a small, though beautiful river. After a feeling ceremony between the mother and son had passed, I was received with a hearty welcome, and ushered into an elegantly furnished apartment, which overlooked the placid stream, upon whose breast the dying winds were playing softly as the breathings of an infant.

The health of Mrs. Principle, from her feeble appearance, was evidently in the decline; and though she seemed conscious that her sands were fast exhausting, there beamed upon her intelligent features an expression of complacency, which told that her thoughts were directed to other than the unsubstantial mockeries of this lower sphere, for ease and consolation. I had often heard this lady spoken of as a female of a most exemplary character—a scrupulous adherent to the tenets of religious virtue, and ever desirous to render those around her contented and happy, by endeavouring to inculcate and firmly establish in the mind a conviction of the truth and importance of those principles, through the medium of which the soul triumphs over the ills and infirmities of life; and, after death, speeds beyond the realms of space, to flourish and expand in regions of eternal sunshine. In conversation, she was plain and interesting, and, in address, graceful without affectation; giving a tone to her language, which at once commanded the highest respect, and served to cheek, in the heart, all thoughts of vivacity.

Such an unwonted transit, from 'gay to grave,' proved too uncongenial to a temperament just removed from scenes where hilarity swayed the sceptre, and where thoughtless pleasures, like uncurled waters, flowed on unbroken in their sparkling course. This dolorous change soon, however, terminated. Our conversation flagged, and my replies, which at best were short, tapered down to monosyllables; and, whilst indulging in an ardent hope that some kind genius would interpose to arouse from slumber-accustomed thought, the door gently opened, and, with sunny smiles, the fair Miss Principle made her appearance. All moody reflection now dispersed, and my dampened spirit again assumed its natural buoyancy.

To give a faithful portrait of the beautiful Louisa, (such was her name) would baffle the skill of the most exquisite pencil. Language is totally inadequate to paint with correctness the voluptuous charms presented in her classical figure, and even in an abstract comparison with the finest Parian chisellings, the mind would fall far short of a fair idea of the transcendent loveliness embodied in this superior specimen of nature's handiwork.

Educated in all the refined studies and accomplishments of the day, she displayed a mind and taste equally lovely with her person. In disposition, she proved amiable and sociable, and her conversation and manners were unattuned with that odious affectation with which so many of her cotemporaries clothed their common-place address. The evening of course passed away with rapid pace; and, when we at last separated for the night, a thought struck me that a few

moral reflections from the mother, would not, thereafter, be received with quite so much disrelish, provided they were to meet with so desirable an interruption.

Would it not imply in me the possession of a cold, inflexible sensibility, walled in by a fixed and immovable predetermination, to rock down the tide of time to the end of life's chapter, unloved, unmarried and unheired, were I to assert that I retired to my pillow, from the presence of one in whom were centered youth, beauty and intelligence, unaffected with other than ordinary feelings? Did one ray of recollection of her transcendent charms beam unextinguished in the mind? I looked out from the open casement upon the cloudless moon, now climbing far above the shadowy hills, and as she cleaved the pathless heavens, amidst the burning stars, methought she ne'er had appeared so lovely. Before me spread a flowery mead, spangled o'er with sparkling dews, and bounded by a smiling river, whose placid bosom gave back one broad, unbroken sheet of golden light—the pure breath of night sighed across my throbbing temples with unusual softness, and the far swept tones of the nightingale stole through the solitude with a sweeter melody. As I gazed and contemplated the thousand beauties of the surrounding prospect, past scenes and events dwindled into forgetfulness, while the present and the future glowed joyfully in the imagination. How often does the vivid hopes of our youth result in airy delusion!—Was I in love? I sought my pillow, and soon the wearied mind sank away into a delicious languor. Through the thin veil of sleep I looked upon the fair fields of Elysium—in the foreground stood a female figure of a symmetry too exquisitely beautiful for the gaze of man—her brow majestic, yet expression of modesty and gentleness of character—her dark blue eye beamed like an orient star in an azure sky—her cheeks, round, rosy and transparent, and her soft brown hair flowed in graceful ringlets down her swan-like bosom, while the playful smile upon her ruby lips indicated an unsorrowed heart. Enraptured with her loveliness, I essayed to approach her, but she raised her fair white hand, in token of forbiddance; and then, as if in fear, slowly retreated—the very spirit of poetry breathed in every step. I entreated her to remain, but she silently receded and vanished in the distance, as melts the morning star in heaven's deep. While straining the eager gaze to catch another glimpse of her chaste figure, with which all the glories of the scene seemed to have departed, a sudden ray of light flashed around, and o'er the trembling stillness gently floated a strain of sweetest music, and died upon the ear. Again a brilliant ray swept across my sight so brightly, the seal of slumber fell from my lids, and I awoke to behold the golden sun rolling swiftly up the cloudless east, and to hear the red-breast chant his matin song. "Twas but phantasy," said I, on recurring to my dream, "and how very like in features did she seem to—but, hark! again that voice rises on the air, and how melodiously!

Slowly o'er the sunlit mountains,  
Spreads the morning's misty light;  
From the valley's bubbling fountains,  
Steals the darksome veil of night.

On the violet blue,  
Glitters the crystal dew,  
Like tears in eyes of beauty bright.

Hark! the wood-lark's note—how sweetly  
Floats its echo on the breeze!  
A thousand songs are up to meet me,  
Springing from yon whisp'ring trees.  
Now from shady bowers,  
O'er fresh blooming flowers,  
The humbird lingers, sweets to seize.

In the progression of the song, the music gradually wasted away into a dreamlike indistinctness, until, like the melody of flowers, it dissolved in its own delectable sweetness.

A sudden rap now sounded at the door, followed by the usual unceremonious entrance of George, a practice particularly observed among college intimates, when the reply of "busy" is not simultaneous with the knuckled "are you in;" and even then, as with a conscience stricken officious professor, it is generally disregarded.

"Halloo, Ned," he exclaimed, "what the dence has unsealed your lethargy, at this early hour?"

"I know not," I replied, "except it be that delicious slumber is too valuable to last long, or that the Momus of the country, unlike that of the city, shys before the rich gaze of such a morning. But I say, George, who is the fair spirit that just now favoured the rosy dawn with her melody?"

"Come, and you shall learn. Louisa and myself are for a canter before breakfast, and you must accompany us, the nags are ready—come arouse, sluggard, and taste the early breeze; in addition to the benefits of exercise you may enjoy, you will have an opportunity for once, in your life, of boasting that you had abandoned your pillow at sunrise."

Now this arrangement, by which a morning nap was threatened with a cruel curtailment, went far to interfere with the uniformity of a most comfortable practice, which, as I deemed, was founded in a just and salutary philosophy—namely, that man's nature calls for at least six hours sleep. No matter when his slumber commences, whether at the end of a late debauch, or at two in the matin, after saturating the soul with steady draughts of moonlight, my principles ever justified the full compliment of six hours dozing thereafter. But now, though the languid senses still floating wakefully in recent luxurious dreams opposed a participation in the canter, yet the fact of a female being associated, and one too whose loveliness still sparkled in my thoughts, allured me, for the first time within my recollection, from the delicious habit of napping after sunrise.

All things ready, our route was chosen along the river. The morning was indeed heavenly, and all creation seemed filled with the wild melody of its feathered songsters. Before the glorious sunbeams, the fleecy mists were slowly curling, like a white scroll, up the opposite hills; while around us the chrystal dews, pendant from the blooming flowerets, glittered like stars mirrored in a tranquil lake. Here and there, throughout the richly cultivated fields, appeared the industrious farmer, with steady sweep swinging his scythe through the golden wheat, while the happy cow-boy, as he measured his oft-trod path,

spoke the contentment of his heart in a merry whistle.

To say that Louisa looked charmingly, conversed sociably, and displayed a mind rich with accomplishment, is information not unexpected; and that this early excursion proved in every respect delightful, is a matter of inference, from the fact of a determination on my part to repeat it as frequently, during the remainder of my visit, as circumstances and the lady's convenience would admit. How powerful is that love which succeeds in persuading one from the glorious indulgence of a morning nap.

It may, at the first glance, appear rather singular that the passions should, upon so slight an acquaintance, have bended so devotedly at the altar of love; but reflection will teach that it was not unnatural. Life, with me, was then in its mellow hey-day—in that sunny season when the mind looks upon the past free from a regret, and when the moments, as they flit by on their gossamer wings, leave the bosom untouched with sorrow. In the rilling of the brook, as it danced on its sparkling way, and in the mountain torrent, as it thundered down the shelving steep, there was music which the soul could then contemplate without a melancholy thought; and the imagination, chainless as the summer wave, and as yet unseared by the fires of speculative anxieties, could then picture

"A glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower."

Time stepped along with delightful pace, and each succeeding day brought with it some new and pleasing incident, to swell the catalogue of enjoyment. When not engaged in hunting through the pathless woods, or angling in the tranquil river, I lingered beside the charming Louisa, now reading, now listening to the richness of her voice, until thought could find no resting place, and existence no fascination beyond the limits of her society. The once engrossing charms of the city, with all the happy friendships there contracted, were absorbed and forgotten in the deep and ardent affection which enveloped my heart. Weeks passed away, swift as the sportive winds; and it seemed as if a ligament had then enchained me, which, to separate, would blight my richest joys, and make the world a leafless desert.

But the stream of bliss, alas! could not forever glide on in its laughing course, cloudless and calm! Above its silver bosom, the mists of disappointment suddenly floated, like a spirit of destruction, over the cheering brow of Hope, and soon assumed the threatening features of a tempest.

Owing to an ardent desire in my boyhood to be considered the leader among my schoolmates, and finding it difficult to effect my purpose, I adopted, for example, such means as seemed most advantageous for rendering them conscious of their remote inferiority—namely, the frequent use of a complete set of fashionable oaths. These were gracefully rounded off at such times as was advisable, and operated most effectually. Imagine, for a moment, dear reader, a youth before you, whose leisure hours are passed in the juvenile sports of the cellar door, and marble shooting, with his dark hair stealing from be-

neath a braided cap, down a well-turned neck, and falling in playful curls upon a neatly plaited ruff, whose symmetrical proportions are carefully encased in a blue roundabout, amply dotted with bright bell-buttons, and in white pantaloons, whose lower extremities are concealed in a pair of shining auwarrows, with silken tassels—imagine such a figure, at the tender age of twelve, strutting among his fellow urchins, like Chanticleer in the midst of his barn-yard subjects, and giving force and finish to his loquacity, by setting off a string of oaths, that would add a polish to the literary conversation of any race-course gentleman of the age, and you will then obtain an idea of the budding propensities of your humble servant.

This *genteel* mode of commanding the respect of my fellows, from its encouraging success, grew into a familiar habit, which was frequently unfortunately exercised in the hearing of those whose supreme authority not only controlled my moral pursuits, but extended to the chastisement of my person, if necessary for the correction of viciousness; nevertheless, the propensity strengthened as my years increased, and, though it soon became in a great measure divested of its harshness, sometime elapsed before it was entirely shaken off.

It is unnecessary to repeat the many pathetic speeches, the vows and protestations of never dying love, which were poured into the ear of Louisa, to sound the depths of her affection; and it is also unnecessary to spread out here her trembling replies and observations; suffice it to say, that the morning sun, previous to the day of my contemplated departure, looked down upon as happy a pair as e'er, in their roving, brushed the early dew from the blooming floweret. Often, in moments of silent retirement, do I now glance down the broad vista—the retrospect; and, from among the rubbish of buried recollections, call up with melancholy pleasure the happiness that paved the steps of that early wander. Alas! that those joys should now only exist upon the tablets of a seared memory, and beyond the possibility of repetition! Far—far down the darkling waters of oblivion, with all the freckled days of youth, are they swiftly floating towards the surges of eternity; and, though it affords pleasure to recall them to recollection with the many sweets of my greener existence, yet there is a degree of sadness in the thought, that they never again can fling around the soul that golden halo which once encircled it—

"The flower that blooms beneath the sea,  
Too deep for sunbeams, doth lie  
Hid in more chaste obscurity."

With what bright expectation did I gild the prospect, and what thoughts of rapture crowded my fancy, as I ascended the stairs immediately after breakfast, to adopt the most advisable plan of obtaining the mother's consent to our union. While meditating, as I slowly proceeded, I unfortunately stumbled over a purring cat, and suffered a bruise, for the which, poor civet took a sudden downward flight on the wings of a smart kick, escorted in her whirling course by a round volley of fashionable curses, by way of allaying

my furious indignation. Just at that moment a female figure passed through the hall; and on I heedlessly proceeded to my room, concluding to address a note to Mrs. P. upon my affair of the heart. After various attempts, I succeeded in penning a suitable one; and the servant entering with a letter, I despatched him with the billet. "From Frank Melville!" I exclaimed, as I broke the neat seal upon which his initials were stamped. Though his communication contained sufficient that was pleasing, there was that in the concluding paragraph, which produced rather disagreeable sensations—thus he closed:

"It is currently reported here, that the charm which binds the susceptible Ned Carlton to the noiseless solitude of the wilderness, is nothing more nor less than the beautiful Miss Principle. If so, a little admonition from an experienced suitor may be of service to him, if he hopes to hear the rapturous notes of the Epithalmium chanted with the mother's approbation. Guard well your language, and exclude from your mind all profane thought, lest, in a moment of unconsciousness, it finds its way to the moral ear of the old lady, for it was an unclipped oath that favoured her feelings, and froze up the channel of favour towards your sincere friend,

"FRANK."

Although previously informed of Melville's dismissal, yet the cause, till now, had remained to me a perfect secret. I was aware of the extensive influence and controul possessed by the mother over her obedient daughter, whose inclinations, of whatever nature or importance, had never induced her to overstep the rules of filial respect, to accomplish them; and consequently, it was evident, that ere I could obtain the latter, it was essentially requisite to establish a fair footing with the former. To effect this, an unexceptionable moral reputation was indispensable. If, I inwardly meditated, the violent imprecations used in stumbling were overheard by the parent, and the admonitory letter be true, then my interests are indeed in a precarious condition, and probably my fate already sealed. But, if I have thus far escaped, then may I indulge in hopes of success, and no future misconduct shall endanger them.

This latter hypothesis was consoling for the moment, but the very possibility of having been detected, and the ruinous consequences staring me full in the face, produced, as may be supposed, extremely unpleasant sensations; and it was, therefore, with thrilling suspense, that I soon after encountered Mrs. P. alone in the parlour.

After a few common place remarks, spoken in a noticeable change of voice, she introduced the subject of my note, while my blood chilled at the idea that my suspicions were about to be verified.

"You have addressed me a note," she commenced, "in which you make a very important request, and it becomes me now to reply to it verbally. I never have doubted your love for Louisa, nor did it displease me, for I looked upon you as a person calculated to make her happy. It was with much satisfaction I contemplated your character as pure and spotless, free from the possibility of so heinous an offence as that of violating the laws of heaven, by mouthing blasphemous oaths—but I have been grievously

deceived." I essayed to speak; but she interrupted me, by rising to depart. I begged her to listen to my vindication, but she seemed inflexible, and retired, saying, "that she valued the future welfare of Louisa too dear to wed her to any individual, be he who he may, whose habits encroach with glaring offence upon the sacred laws of virtue and religion; and that he who indulged in profane language, could not be free from other equally vicious practices." With this she disappeared, and a cloud of despair swept across my gilded hopes, and hurled every joyous thought into chaotic gloom. "What's to be done?" exclaimed I, "is there no hope left? Her word, nay, her very glance, imperiously controuls the confiding Louisa, and therefore to propose a secret marriage would be unadvisable." While thus musing, amid the racks of suspense, the door opened, and the amiable object of my ill-starred love appeared.

"I am undone, my dear Louisa," I exclaimed, "and all my choicest expectations blasted; my request is refused, and—"

"Oh no, dear Edward," she hastily replied, "mother has just told me all, and I came to say she regrets her precipitancy, and will suspend her final answer for the present."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks for this unexpected relief—hope revives, and whispers that all may yet be well, and the time soon arrive when our happiness will be consummated."

No one can fully imagine the felicitous change in my feelings; I determined to obtain an immediate interview with the mother, if possible, and make every acknowledgment for my offence, and assure her that, although I had imbibed the pernicious custom of profane swearing, I could at once divest myself of the evil, and walk strictly within the rules of moral rectitude.

An opportunity soon offered, which resulted in a favourable reception of my humble concessions—an elaborate lecture, and a consent to our union, when evidence should be adduced of an entire abandonment of all profanity. Now, though this probation, in which to test the purity of suspended morality, sounded rather indefinite, yet feeling conscious that, by care and uprightness, the mother's good opinion would soon be acquired, and the important period soon be designated, I bowed in humble submission. Again, all was joy; and the same hopes that formerly hung around me, now assumed a brighter hue.

"Are you sure," asked Louisa, after I had related all to her in the garden, where she awaited me—"are you sure that you will not violate the restriction at some careless moment?"

"Sure! As sure as that I love thee and that all my earthly peace depends upon the issue."

"But when you return to the city," said she, earnestly, "and again mingle with those from whom you imbibed the evil, you may unreflectingly forget your resolution and, at some unpropitious moment, become unconsciously guilty of the same offence."

"Such an occurrence would indeed be unfortunate," I replied; "but there is a mode of avoiding it. The allurements of the city to one so fond of pleasure, it is true, are not easy to resist; and the companions with whom I have constantly associated, many of whom are also prone to the same propensity, it may be unplea-

sant to abandon; but should it so prove, that their society will endanger the accomplishment of that which I deem requisite for the security of my future happiness, they must be avoided."

It is not generally the case, that a man, prone to a censurable practice, which in his tender years, through vicious associations, was inculcated, reflects upon the error until he becomes aroused by the occurrence of some event which springs from it, and threatens his tranquillity with serious results. Thus it was with myself,—the habit of swearing had grown upon me from an early age, and though there were moments when the heart acknowledged it as immoral, yet, until now, no circumstance had originated from its practice that elicited the slightest serious consideration. And now, awakened to reflection and conviction, I determined to reform.

In the afternoon, feeling mentally and bodily fatigued, from the restless anxieties of the morning, I retired to the parlour, to muse upon the past scene, and adopt the most salutary rules for future observance. Lounging upon a delightful sofa near an opened window, from which the melting sunbeams were repelled by the sheltering branches of a forest tree, the past, present, and future, were severally filtered through the imagination, until busy thought gradually folded its wings, and all the energies of the mind relaxed into a profound reverie.

I stood with the lovely Louisa beside her mother's couch, watching the dark shadows of eternity gather o'er her sunken features. Her feeble vision rested upon the western sky, where the beams of expiring day were fast fading into night, while on her half-closed lips, faintly quivered a languid smile. Clasping our united hands within her withered palm, she turned her glazed eyes to heaven, as if in prayer, and then with sudden glance towards my saddened brow, in hollow voice exclaimed, "Swear not at all!" when her immortal spirit from its decayed prison, snatched the attenuated thread, and took its upward flight. Though the blow seemed to fall with agonizing effect upon the now parentless Louisa, no tear appeared upon her cheek, nor sigh escaped her trembling lips, until when the rattling cords sent up their sepulchral tones from the new made grave wherein the object of all her filial affections was forever enshrined, then the keen pang of deep despair seemed to pierce her very soul, and the fountain of untold sorrows swelling high in her depressed bosom, burst apart its seal, and as the big drops gushed forth and fell upon her mother's coffin, methought a mournful voice whispered in my ear, "Cherish her, and swear not!"

The scene changed.—I moved alone at midnight, within the shadow of an ancient church; the place was solemn as the rayless caverns of the mighty deep; the pale moon swung in her azure dome, clear and beautiful, and her soft yellow light, as it fell upon the silent gloom, imparted a languid cast to the surrounding scenery, and added imposing grandeur to the frowning turrets. Through the gray shade, the twinkling fire-flies floated in myriads, and the viewless breeze, as if loth to break the deathlike stillness, faintly sighed over the high grass, and gently kissed into ripples a neighbouring rivulet. The far West soon gave tokens of a coming storm. Slowly up

the hushed hills a dark cloud lifted its threatening form, and from its dense embattled folds the swift lightnings wanly gleamed along the ethereal waste, while the low thunder, like the mutterings of a distant cataract, rolled lightly along the air and died away in gentle cadences. The harp of the winds, waking from its childlike slumber, now breathed its indistinct notes through the voiceless solitude, like the rising of far-swept music, until, in its gradual approach through the moaning forest, it broke forth into a rushing tempest.

Startled by the noise of many feet, I hid within the vestibule, and soon a hurrying crowd passed me with gleaming torches. The massy doors swung back with hollow harshness, and with quickened pace the multitude move along the dusty aisles towards the lighted altar, while the vaulted ceilings gave back, with solemn sound, the heavy footfall. Along the cobweb walls shadows floated darkly, as though the forms of the mouldered dead were aroused from the dust of ages and become spectators of the scene; and the "carved angels" from the pulpit's canopy seemed to stare with dilated vision.

With cautious step, I approached the chancel, and, in concealment, stood behind a fluted pillar. Suddenly, from out the crowd, advanced a being of lofty mien, and on his brow were stamped the lines of age. At his side, appeared a lovely sylph-like girl, of youthful caste, bending like a fresh blown lily in an April shower, and on her bloodless cheek,—scarce seen beneath a half drawn veil,—a crystal tear glittered like a diamond on a bed of snow. Before them, rose a man in robes, who with an opened book, commenced the marriage rites. The ceremony was proceeding towards the closing enunciation, when, suddenly, a faintness overcame the tender maid, and as she slowly drooped into the arms of the careful groom, the bridal veil fell across her shoulder, and—oh, ye wondrous powers!—before me appeared my own Louisa. My limbs tottered, and a confused dimness rushed across my sight, as if the hand of death had seared me with its blighting touch. I tried to speak, but could not; she had been deceived,—her previous solemn engagement, the time, place, and every circumstance attending the scene, told that force and not submission, had brought her there;—she revived, and the rites proceeded. To rescue her, was my quick determination; but, alas! in attempting to move, my nerves "refused their office," and just as the concluding "I pronounce thee man and wife," was about to go forth, a vivid flash of lightning gleamed across the altar, and the priest fell to the floor, speechless! A rattling peal of thunder, quickly followed, breaking with tremendous crash, above the vaulted roof, as if the sapphire walls of heaven, from sudden contraction, had burst asunder their gigantic fetters, and swept to the earth. Gathering strength amid the awful roar, with elastic bound, I sprang forward, exclaiming, "Hold! hold! d—d villain!" and tumbling headlong at the feet of the affrighted pair, my ears rang loudly with the cautioning words, "Swear not at all!"

The shock awoke me from my slumber, and I found myself in a horizontal posture upon the carpet, before my intended mother-in-law.

The late immoral epithet was fresh in my recollection, and the immediate exit of the lady, with a frown upon her features, was sufficient evidence that she had been a witness to its utterance. Again all was frustrated;—again by a slip of the tongue, the cup of joy was dashed from my lips, and the chalice of despair substituted. Prospects of success seemed now entirely hopeless, and, rising hastily from my humble position, I rushed from the house, and ere the night had run, was far on my homeward course.

\* \* \* \* \*

A year from that day passed over my head and I was *not* a swearer. Disappointment had effected an essential reformation in my moral nature, and I could now contemplate my situation with the eye of one who has totally divested himself of a propensity which proved not only a vulgar possession, but a dangerous foe to mental tranquillity.

The sun had just sunk down the cloudless West, and earth was unfolding her twilight attire, as I walked out upon the piazza of a much frequented hotel, that overlooked the ocean. I had arrived during the afternoon, somewhat clouded in temperament, and though crowds were there enjoying the purity of the climate and the magnificence of the scenery, I was now left alone to commune with my feelings. Leaning negligently against a vine-wreathed pillar, with a gaze of admiration I watched the foam-crested billows as they rolled in beautiful succession towards the murmuring beach, and eagerly listened to their wild music as it rose upon the spray, until the retrospect became a point and the soul disrobed of its clouds of depression. Alas! this soothing interval was but the sparkling of long departed day-dreams, now darting through the thickening mists of withered hope, just to blaze and expire. The object of my ill-starred affection floated back upon my fancy, and the sting of disappointment again resumed its ranklings at the heart. "What an infatuated being is man!" I exclaimed, in the overflowing of despondency. "How feeble beneath the arm of despair! Wherefore will he so tenaciously cling to the seeming pleasures of a world made up of falsity and deception, while the moral precepts implanted in his very nature furnish palpable proof of their frivolity, and while the still, small voice of reason whispers—how vain and unsubstantial is that enjoyment which is thoughtlessly derived from the ephemeral visions of the imagination—mere airy bubbles that sparkle for the moment upon the surface of life's stream, and then sink into its bosom!" I know not how much longer this moralizing would have continued, but for the approaching footsteps. My name was called—I started, unaware of an acquaintance being near, and turning about, with sudden exclamation, grasped the offered hand of my old friend, George Melville, and clasped my loved Louisa with a warm embrace. "Your mother, Louisa"—alas! the starting tear and the "weeds of woe" told me that she had taken her departure for the City of Silence, admonishing her daughter, with her last breath, as I afterwards learned, to avoid every individual whose character bore the contaminating propensity of swearing.

Our stories, whose relation must here be dispensed with, were exchanged; and retributive

justice, for an unclipped *oath*, being now satisfied, joy resumed her seat of smiles. Though time had long separated us, and other scenes than those in which we roved, when first we met, had attracted our attention and detached our thoughts at times from our mutual attachments, yet our affection remained unaltered; and the hand that I once forfeited, through a "*Lapsus Lingua*," was now instrumental in consummating our earthly happiness.

The following Sabbath found us at church, listening to an able sermon, whose text consisted in these admonitory words, "SWEAR NOT AT ALL!"

Male reader! refrain from profane swearing! It is a habit which puts at defiance all rules of decency and morality, and tends to deteriorate the reputation of those who foolishly indulge in it. I do not mean to confine myself to those who move in the middle and lower walks of life, but also to individuals who bask in the sunshine of fashionable circles, where it is most erroneously supposed, by many, that a well turned oath gives a laudable polish to their common-place conversation, while it only serves to expose a gross want of reflection, and a pitiable imbecility.

## W O M A N .

The good government of families leads to the comfort of communities, and the welfare of States. Of every domestic circle, woman is the centre. Home, that scene of purest and dearest joy, home is the empire of woman. There she plans, directs performs; the acknowledged source of dignity and felicity. Where female virtue is most pure, female sense most improved, female deportment most correct, there is most propriety of social manners. The early years of childhood, those most precious years of life and opening reason, are confined to woman's superintendence. She, therefore, may be presumed to lay the foundation of all the virtue and all the wisdom that enrich the world.

## F E M A L E P I E T Y .

If piety is lovely, it is eminently so in the female; if it is kind, the woman who is a sincere christian is a striking exemplification of it; if it is a deep and abiding feeling, look at her who was "last at the cross, and earliest at the grave," and you see it in all its strength. In short, if such a thing as true piety exists on earth, we may look to her who has been denominated "Heaven's last, best gift to man," and behold it in all its grandeur and native excellency.

## S O U N D L O G I C .

That mechanic, or professional man, editor or publisher, who cannot sustain himself without assailing those of his neighbours engaged in similar business, may always be considered a *small creature*. He who goes about slandering a competitor, will always be despised by noble minds.



Original.

## THE FAIR ORPHAN.

INSCRIBED TO VIRGINIA.

Has childhood then its sorrows? When the step  
 Life's thornless roses presses, when the skies  
 Smile with a rainbow brightness, and the streams  
 Of feeling from affection's crystal fountains,  
 Baptize the soul with Hermon's holy dews,  
 Oh! then does care upon the smiling brow  
 Spread sombre shadows; the oppressive sigh  
 Convulse the bosom, and the eyes distil  
 From their unsullied lids, the untimely tear  
 Paling the roses of the youthful cheek?

With me, life's dream is o'er: the gossamer web  
 Which fancy wove, that in a haze of gold  
 Enwrapped the joys and promises of youth,  
 Has parted, and, in vanishing, reveals  
 The cold realities of a heartless world.  
 Its hopes are vain, corrosive are its cares,  
 Its friendships specious counterfeits exchanged  
 For pure affection's gold,—ruthless its hate,  
 Its envy cankerous, and its slander dark  
 And deadly as the poison-laden tongue,  
 Lanced from the adder's den, the sensitive soul  
 Stinging to madness; and, with burning lips,  
 Life's cup of gall and wormwood I have quaffed,  
 Until the fountains of existence turn  
 To bitterness; and I would gladly wrap  
 The mantle of forgetfulness around  
 This weary form, and sink to sweet repose,  
 Far from the world, where no obtrusive eye  
 Would mark my lowly slumber, save the stars;  
 And when the tears of sympathy, that drip  
 From the soft eyelids of the starry night,  
 Alone bedew the pillow of my rest.

But thou, fair child! art very young in years  
 And in the greenness of the heart, when life  
 Is all a pageant, and the joyous hours  
 Trip lightsome o'er its rose beds. Yet thy brow  
 Wearth a seriousness that 's not of youth;  
 And in the accents of thy dulcet voice  
 Is heard the low vibration of a chord  
 Touched by the hand of secret sorrow.  
 Whence is thy melancholy? I have looked  
 Into thy soft blue eyes, and seen the cloud  
 Roll darkly o'er thy vision, like the shade  
 Of joy departed, and a languor cast  
 A pensive sadness on thy pallid cheek.  
 And as your fair thin hand unconscious played  
 With your unbraided tresses, and a smile  
 Arching your lips, like a faint rainbow, shone  
 In momentary brilliance o'er the gloom,  
 I've wondered that a shadow e'er should dim  
 The brow of one so innocent and young,  
 And scanning oft the fancies that have passed  
 Across thy eloquent countenance, have thought  
 That in thy orphan heart, were feelings stirred  
 Too holy far for utterance, and that there,  
 Touched by the wand of sorrow, ceaseless flowed  
 The waters of affection, and enshrined  
 Her memory in chrystal, whose kind hand  
 Had led thy early footsteps.

Calm thy griefs,  
 Let joy illumine thy cheek, and chase the tear

That dews thy midnight pillow, and go forth  
 Beneath th' Almighty's smile, with quiet heart  
 Endued with every virtue, in the path  
 Thy sainted mother trod; and when thy course  
 Is ended, and the sun of life declines,  
 The shades of death shall like a mantle fall  
 Around thy sinless spirit, and thy head  
 Beside the form that pillowed it in youth,  
 Shall sink to slumber, and your souls in heaven  
 Renew the blissful union death dissolved.

Brookerville, Md.

N. C. B.

## THE BETRAYED,

BY MRS. LEMAN GRIMSTONE.

THE hectic of an anxious mind  
 Was burning on her cheek;  
 And fever'd was her feeble hand,  
 Her pulse was wild and weak.  
 The fount of hope which fed her heart,  
 Afar—afar had stray'd;  
 And branded by the bold and base  
 She stood bereft—betray'd!

Oh, when the soul has learn'd to lean  
 With all confiding trust  
 Upon some cherish'd, chosen thing,  
 It cannot deem it dust.  
 It is immortal to her love  
 Immaculate—divine!  
 And when the desolator comes,  
 How does she shield the shrine!

She cannot think the lov'd will die;  
 She doubts e'en when the mace  
 Of dark petrific death has touch'd  
 The once expressive face!  
 Alas, there is a foe more dire  
 That love still less dare meet—  
 That kills e'en that which death will spare—  
 That foe—is dark deceit!

Oh, curses, cankers, crimes there are  
 That spot the world with woe;  
 But TREACHERY is the master fiend—  
 Most black of all below.  
 There's power to heal each other's hurt,  
 But that which he has made;  
 For careless is the wound of one  
 Whose trust has been betray'd.

No lights of memory cast their glow  
 On her departed days;  
 And o'er the onward future not  
 One beam of promise plays.  
 The gems of soul all cast away  
 Upon a worthless one,  
 But mock the pillaged prodigal  
 So easily undone:—

The mourner may be soothed—she looks  
 To hopes in Heaven array'd;  
 But the grave—the grave alone can give  
 Repose to the betrayed!  
 The grave—wherein the fondest dream  
 That ever fired the breast  
 Is lost—forgotten—and the heart—  
 The cheated heart hath rest.

Original.

## MADELINE,

A SKETCH,

BY MARC SMETON.

IN the beginning of May, 18—, I left the din and bustle of a crowded mart, and went some three or four miles from the city, to enjoy the quiet of a country seat, and devote a more continuous attention to my law studies. On the morning, on which the principal incidents of this narrative occurred, I had, contrary to a most laudable custom, risen rather earlier than my wont; and, establishing an equilibrium with my feet against the window-sill, I gave myself up to the glorious mysteries of the Roman law, contained in a heavy volume of Justinian's Code, made four-fold so by the deep scholia of learned Dutch and German commentators. Pandects and novels—edicts and rescripts—each, in its turn, passed before my mind's eye, and claimed the closest scrutiny—when the solemn toll of a bell broke upon my ear, and momentarily interrupted my legal meditations. I attempted, but vainly, to connect again the broken train of reflection; the same dull, measured, and monotonous sound of the bell—now loud on the morning wind—now lost in the foliage of the trees—still came to me, and compelled me to listen. What can be the meaning of this? Some festival—some Saint's day, perhaps, thought I; for my home is still the dwelling place of the Catholic creed, with its hoary solemnities and poetic poms. I went to the calendar; but it pointed out a saint of but little note in the hierarchy—one whose self-devotion had barely entitled him to a place in the martyrology. I asked the old housekeeper the reason of the bell's tolling.

"Please, sir, they're tolling for Madeline's burial—the young dairy-girl."

"What!" I exclaimed, "that pretty milk-girl, whom I saw every morning pass by the door?"

"Just as you say, sir, the very one—and you'll see her pass again, for the last time—laid all along in her coffin. Poor, dear child, she wa'n't seventeen yet! Is it natural, sir! Had'n't it been better some old body, like myself, had died, instead of that young thing?"

"Not seventeen, and dead!—And I, who thought the bell was tolling for a holiday!"

"It is a holiday," added the old woman—"a holiday for the dead creature; for there be some folks say she wa'n't so happy neither in this world."—

The tolling went on.—As monotonous for a burial as for a bridal—for a day of merriment as a day of mourning. It is still the same empty noise of clanging brass:—our fancies alone translate it into merry notes of funeral sounds. There is no real difference—unless the vulgar had to toll the knell of his own child. Oh! then, perhaps—

That a young creature should die, when there is sunshine abroad—in the first bright days of the year!—Die, when every thing springs afresh, and laughs and revels with the new birth of May!—Die, when the merry bird-notes are

waking the earth—when leaves are dancing on the branch—when not a flower is faded,—while the first, that shall wither, are those enwoven in the chaplets on her grave!

Such were the thoughts that ran through my mind, as the pastor of the neighbouring convent of the Ursulines passed on his way to the house of death. It was early yet; but the hour had been selected on account of another burial, which was to follow Madeline's: that one was more just, as the housekeeper would have said. The deceased was an old school-master, cumbered with years, whom death had summoned away from his seat, before his door, as he sat warming his shrivelled limbs in the genial rays of a May-day sun. The foliage was gently stirred by the morning breeze, which came and went, like the breath of the living world;—and the pure harmonies of nature spoke of freshness and beauty and peace to all around. It was one of those mornings, when the thought of death comes into none—not even into old, time-worn men;—for then it is that the young and the vivacious riot in the joyances of the present—and the old and broken brood over their full hoards, and fashion their endless hopes, until death comes to them, in the midst of their illusive schemes, and touches them on the threshold of their dwellings,—and all is silence and lifelessness. Witness the old school-master, who was that day to follow Madeline to the grave: she before, and he behind—against all nature and justice. He—whose measure of days was full—it was right that he should have died: an old man's life is like a spent lamp;—as soon as the morning-beams strike its flame, it flickers and dies away. But she—who had not yet taken her share of life, of hope, of love—she, the young and the gentle, to have died 'midst the breath of perfumes—the tide of sunshine, and the promises of spring! It was sad—unnatural—horrible!

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The funeral filed off slowly before me. At the head stalked the sacristan, bearing aloft the silver cross;—then came the almoner of the Ursulines, an austere old man, hardened by the frequent sights of death's doings, but who seemed evidently moved on the present occasion;—then the chaunters, with their white surplices, and the choir-boys, with their scarlet stoles. Next came the coffin, borne by four lads, with four others to relieve them on the way from the house to the chapel, and from the chapel to the grave-yard, which was at a considerable distance from both. Close to the coffin, walked two rows of young girls dressed in white, and ranked according to size. Four of the eldest had been chosen to act as pall-bearers, each holding in her hand a strip of ribband, which hung from the head and foot, on each side of the coffin. Over the bier was thrown a white satin sheet, on which were sewn small wreaths of

showy life-everlasting flowers—an eloquent and a two-fold emblem;—the flowers, a pledge of the imperishable joys of future life;—and their colour, a token of the purity of her that was no more.

He, who has not witnessed a burial in a village, has missed a grand and poetic sight. In cities, the funeral rites generally bear too much of the vanities of life: but, in the country, and on the occasion which we are describing, this bevy of young girls, with their rosy cheeks and mild countenances, on which could be traced the pleasure of being decked out, rather than the sense of mourning, seemed to me like a group of angels, missioned to urge away a kindred spirit from the land of exile. Every thing was pure and soul-speaking, in this last companionship of those who lived with her who had lived. The solemn cross, rising above the procession—the banderols, borne by the young mourners—the spotless pall, strewn with flowers, mocking the idea of corruption;—every object aptly disguised the trappings of death, and turned the spirit of even the incredulous to the hopes of another world. There, especially, the religious illusion was perfect—the coffin almost entirely concealed by the four bearers, and the girls walking at their side; and, save where the ruggedness of the way would now and then break the line of escort, and reveal the presence of death beneath the flaunting pall, there was but one white mass of living forms and gorgeous flowers to be seen.

Behind the corpse came the friends, relatives and neighbours, who had attended, through mere courtesy, perhaps;—and, in this assemblage of some thirty or forty persons, but a few wore the semblance of mourning,—while the rest moved on, in heartless indifference, whispering, laughing, and chatting of the lying hopes and sordid interests of this world, within a few feet of a coffin—the mute, but impressive monitor of the vanity of life's dreams. Two individuals were distinguished from the other attendants, by the manner in which they seemed affected by Madeline's death. The former was a sternly-looking man, about fifty years of age, with a swarthy countenance, of the most iron expression. He now and then wiped away a tear—sometimes, as I thought, before it had actually come to his eye. Even his grief had a cast of harshness; and, so forced and rebellious did it seem, that one might have deemed that he struggled to force it from his bosom. Yet it was not hypocrisy;—that man was really sad, and the measurable capacity of good, native feeling, was powerfully stirred up;—but his sorrow seemed connected with so many after-thoughts, that it hardly looked natural—and yet his was no affectation of sorrow. The second was a youth, of an open and manly countenance, with a seeming of greater moral power, and more external dignity, than could have been expected from one of his order;—for both belonged to that class of small land-holders, who spend their life over a patch of ground, fertilizing it with their laborious sweat, and compelling it to yield a hard-earned living. The youth wept not. It seemed that he felt more of aversion from the presence of his neighbour, than of sorrow from the sight of the coffin. His lips

were compressed and quivering—his right hand crumpled a handkerchief, which repeatedly wiped away a slight foam from his mouth. I watched him long and well. Once or twice he softened in his mood, shook his head, as if by some convulsive action, and then a large, silent tear would roll from his dark eye—yet this lasted but a moment,—he would again resume the sullen look, in which indignation seemed to master agony.

"Only see!" whispered a woman close to me, "if Madeline isn't grown since her death!"

I turned round, and saw one of those mean-featured, prying faces, which are sometimes met with at funerals. She seemed to be telling, in thought, the number of inches which the relaxing hand of death had added to the stature of the young girl, and gazed earnestly on the coffin, with the wish of fixing this absorbing idea on her mind.

"I'll tell you what, though," added another, "it is a splendid burial:—old Martial has 'nt stuck to nothing,—and it will cost him a handsome penny. They've got the almoner, in the bargain, instead of the vicar,—and the satin pall instead of the white sheet:—they're as proud as their betters!"

"There goes another customer," said the shoemaker to the village *factotum*, who centered in his own person the dignity of magistrate, grocer and apothecary, and, on this occasion, stood at his door, eyeing the pageant with that degree of decent emotion, which was expected from one exercising the most liberal professions of the place.

"Yes,—but I would cheerfully give five dollars, out of my own pocket, that she were not dead—for she was a good and an upright girl," answered the honest druggist, in a sincerely compassionate tone.

"You had better have given her a good dose of your physic, and have cured her the nat'ral way," said the fellow, with a coarse laugh of vulgar self-satisfaction.

"No, no;—there's no physic for the disease of which she died," rejoined the village Figaro, rather pleased with the wit of his expression, than touched by the bitterness of its truth.

Have you ever listened to all that is said at a burial, concerning the senseless, lifeless object, whose lips are stamped with the seal of death—whose ears are closed to the voices of earth? If so, you must have an accurate idea of that which the world has dubbed with the precious name of sympathy. Hard by the coffin, there is a little grief;—ten feet farther, you hardly find sorrow—even assumed sorrow;—and, ten feet again, it is all heartless indifference, if not churlish jokes. As to the curious, who leave their lap-stone, or their pestle, to look on the passing dead,—the sympathy of the most feeling does not extend beyond the offering of five dollars, to rescue the life of a good, and young and lovely creature. But, for the herd, it is an exhibition—quite as much so as the travelling mountebank, with his monkey sweeping the street, or holding out his hat to the beholder, while his leader grinds music from his hand-organ. The funeral reached the chapel; but it is time that I should tell you what I knew or learned concerning the object of these last and melancholy obsequies.

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She was about seventeen, as I have already said. Her features were harmonized into an expression of subdued sternness, with a certain immobility of countenance, which could not controul the flashings of a finely wrought eye. That eye, now veiled in dreamy thoughtfulness—now darkling with a fierce brilliance, was the only feature that spoke in her face. No smooth and snowy brow crowned that face; her's was a low, projecting forehead, richly bronzed by the sun of her southern clime,—and, here and there, sprinkled with freckles; but, on that forehead, curls of raven hair, wild and unconfined, sported with the breeze. On the whole, she was any thing but beautiful—one of those gifted creatures, who justify long descriptions, in a style of sentimental anatomy—half Willis and half Bell. She was in the habit of passing, every morning, by the window of my secluded *studio*, together with half a dozen other milk-girls—wild, laughter-loving things, who, by their mimicry of the various cries of hucksters, would call forth all the cooks and house-keepers, for the mere pleasure of laughing at them afterwards. But Madeline never joined her companions in their tricks, nor would she loiter on her way, like the other gypsies;—this, with other circumstances, first attracted my attention. One day I overheard one of her mates whisper something about a *beau*;—and she hung down her head, and smiled a sorrowful smile, as if that word had been the epitome of all her sorrows and her joys; and, when they urged her too closely, she became impatient—begged them to let her alone, telling them that she did not feel disposed either to laugh or to joke, and that she was sick at heart.

That word *beau*, gave me a clue to a tale of thwarted love, buried in the heart of that girl;—and I began to understand the frequent sigh, the slow gait, and the pensive eye. That face, which seemed impassive, but because it had received the impress of deep, hopeless, unchanging sorrow;—the smile, blending pleasure and modesty, when they spoke of her love—the long and wishful look, which appeared to seek out some remote, unseen object,—and the strangeness of that look, which I deemed listless, before I learned that it mirrored the agonies of a fatal passion,—these, and more too, I now fully understood.

An unforeseen circumstance, I have said, gave me a clue to the secret of this mysterious and suffering life;—another, which occurred a few days before the death of the girl, left no room for conjecture. I had gone in quest of silence and shade, in a grove of magnolias, not far from the public road;—the air was intensely hot. The wearied birds fluttered about the rank grass of an adjoining savannah, in the attempt to screen themselves from the rude fierceness of the noon-day sun. Seated, or rather lying, at the foot of one of the largest trees, bowered by an immense wild grape-vine, I began to think of all the aspirations and miseries of a scholar's life:—of glory, and its worse than vain illusions:—of fame—a bubble, unrewarding the trouble which it costs:—of popularity—the guerdon, most frequently, of chance:—of self-abasement, sometimes, but seldom of merit;—and then I thought of nothing—for the spirit flags quickly, when

the frame gives way. What had been at first a clear and defined thought, became a dream—and the dream a half-sleep, full of sweet voluptuousness, in which the soul kept on its subdued activity, though without volition or consciousness. I had been buried for sometime in that half-sleep, when, changing my position, I saw Madeline a few yards before me, seated on the edge of the road, with a youth, whom I immediately conceived to be the beau, about whom her friends had so often teased her. They did not speak;—the exchange of feeling was carried on by links between them. They rose to depart—not that they had seen me;—they would not have noticed an angel, at that moment—but because the hour of parting had come. The youth pointed to the road, pressed her hand with fearful energy, and bade her a silent and shuddering farewell.

I will not pretend, at this period, to rehearse the emotions stirred up within me by the witnessing of that scene: it was one of pervading anguish, of which books do not give us either the secret or the key. A deep and intense passion, in the soul of a country-girl, cut off, by her situation, from the thousand and one solaces, which ease and comfort the harrowings of feeling, is a smouldering fire, which breaks forth only where it consumes the heart, in which it was pent. I may mistake, but it seems to me that this unspoken and almost animal passion—with barely a tinge of fancy, without the flow of commune—without the relief of the voice—towering in the heart of an uneducated, yet feeling woman, is a fatality infinitely more deadly than the civilized and refined loves, with their countless chances of diversion and distraction, arising from the gaities and restlessness of a city life.

Madeline had parted from her lover, yet she would still turn back to gaze on the young fellow, who, leaning on a fence, which ran along the path, kept his eye on her receding form. Thus did they keep on, exchanging looks; and she would falter a few steps—then stop, again to look—and again resume her way. At those places, where the windings of the path concealed her lover, I saw her rise on tip-toe, with an artlessness and grace, which, under other circumstances, I would have admired. At last, placing a basket, which she carried along, at the foot of a tree, she ascended this frail platform, and clung for some time to the tree, with her left hand, while the right was pressed against her heart: I passed her at that moment. Her face was of an ashen paleness. There were no tears in her eyes;—and they were fast riveted on what was to me a mere black spot, but to her more than the world. She turned not—heard not the noise of my step; the very sense of life was crushed in her heart—and that heart was with the man whom she had left:—she looked like a thing scathed by the lightning, that would have crumbled into dust by the veriest touch.

A week passed on, and I missed the young milk-girl. Though she had produced a lively impression upon me, her recollection had gradually faded from my mind. It was during that week, that the sacrifice of the victim had been consummated. She was scolded, on her return home; indiscreet neighbours went so far as to say, that they heard something like blows and suppressed shrieks. This ill treatment sent her

to her bed. Her father was opposed to the beau,—he wished to marry Madeline to a few more acres of ground than the beau possessed. His attentions had, at first, been accepted and allowed; and, on that gleam of hope, the young folks had loved on, till avarice, with its gaunt finger, snapped the heart-tie asunder. Not in cities alone do fathers speculate on the youth and beauty of their daughters. Opposition acted as a spur on the lovers, and their affections increased with the obstacles. Parents may frown on growing loves, or retract their pledged words, but they cannot destroy the bond of plighted truth, while they are measuring acres of ground, and counting sums of gold—hearts and souls and feelings will have their way. And such things end in crime or in suicide, or in the silent breakings of the heart, or the slow wastings of the frame, on a bed of sullen, voiceless sufferings, in which fathers and mothers deem themselves justified, when they have not stinted the doctor's visits and the druggist's bills.

On the very morrow, the evil had progressed so far, and the fever raged so fearfully, that the presence of the physician was required. When he called to see the patient, he found her utterly prostrated. What was the matter? And she answered: "nothing." What pained her? She had no pains.

"This is spring-time; she is ailing of her seventeen years," whispered the doctor to her father, with a gracious smile, "a husband, old gentleman,—a husband would be the best remedy."

I faith! the Esculapius was not far from the truth. But he recommended a husband, as he would have prescribed a dose of calomel. He saw the prosaic side of the disease, but not its poetry, and, above all, its catastrophe;—and he mounted his little dun pony, saying, "*Irritatio hysterica*.—I'll bleed her to-morrow."

But things went on so rapidly, that, after the doctor, they had to send for the clergyman, who, independently of being respected and beloved by his parishioners, was Madeline's ghostly adviser. For fear of alarming the devoted sufferer, he told her that he came to see her, not as a minister, but as a friend;—that God had not yet pleased to call her away from the world, that she would soon be restored to health, and that she must pray for patience and resignation."

"But tell me, my dear child," said he, "your father complained of your conduct; speak to me freely—what have you against him?"

"I loved young Richards, sir; my father allowed it at first, and then forbade my seeing him—after the tall overseer came to our house. And that's the reason why I am dying away."

"But, my child, the hearts of all dutiful daughters should belong to their relatives," said the clergyman, who had but this single and vague argument to oppose to the plain and firm declaration of the patient.

"I thought, father, that my honour only belonged to my parents," resumed the girl, with some quickness; "and that, thank God, I shall bear unsullied to my grave; but my love and its pledge belong to him who has won them—and his they shall be, while I live."

"Well, well, be calm, child—trust in God. There is no evil without its own remedy. I'll

speak to your father, and reason the matter with him. I may succeed in removing his scruples, or doing away with his prejudices."

"Oh! sir, it is too late now!" exclaimed Madeline. "I feel it here, in my heart—it is too late!"

The worthy minister felt how delicate a turn the conference was assuming. His character would not justify him in siding with the girl: first plighted and then deceived by a hard-hearted and griping father. He endeavoured to draw the conversation into another channel: recommended submission to the will of heaven: and above all, hope in the boundless wisdom of the Creator. Then he passed on to a thousand little details, which, in the mouth of the good and the pious, soothe the rackings of disease, and solace the unrest of the mind; and left her, with the assurance that he would soon return, and find her better—for God had told him so.

These consolations of the pastor had some effect upon her; yet it was evident, that she was gradually sinking. There was, indeed, a placid calmness spread over her countenance; but it was the forerunner of death. The doctor informed the parents that they would soon have no daughter. The minister was again sent for. But he came that time with all the solemn pomps of religion. The hour of kind deceptions had gone by;—he must now prepare the spirit for its passage to another world. The tinkle of the bell, which announced the presence of the priest, with the last sacrament, aroused her from her lethargy. Her eye sparkled with a flash of returning animation; she smiled on the clergyman—a smile of acknowledgment, tinged with the majesty of death. She attempted to speak; but there came no words with the quick-heaving breath. The old priest brought his ears to her lips, to catch the last confession of a dying Christian.

"Father!" she faintly murmured, "I am dying fast. I knew it must come;—but do—do—let me not die without seeing him. I can't think of Heaven now. If it be a sin, He will forgive me. I have but two thoughts—one for him—the other for God. Let him not have my last thought."

It was necessary to obtain the assent of the father, who had already refused his dying child this last favour. The pastor deemed it a charitable deed to intervene, and manage this final interview between the living and the dying. He knew that death would soon leave nothing to his mission of forgiveness. He wrung a reluctant consent from the parent, and the youth was introduced: he was melting into tears. But what are the tears of a man? What woe, ever, so deep, can compensate the life of woman, dying with the excess of her own undying love? She did not see him; her eyes were already closed, never to open again, and her spirit was hovering in that deepest of darkness, which, to the christian, is the harbinger of eternal light. She heard—she felt him; but none knew whether her last thought had been one of regret or of joy;—for her features, already stiffening in the grasp of death, remained calm and unmoved: it was a secret, lost to earth—borne to heaven, on the wings of a passing spirit. Yet her right hand quivered, with a faint, imperceptible motion; her lover clung to it and glued his lips in her clammy embrace. It

was the hand which he had wrung a few days previous, at their parting. The hand which was pressed to the heart, when I saw her clinging to the tree, with her eye straining after her lover in the distance. Ten minutes passed on thus—the priest standing at the foot of the bed, whispered the last prayers over the agonizing; while the lover, kneeling by the bed-side, covered with his shrill sobs, the murmurs of the minister's voice. He felt, at last, that hand, which ere-while was yet warm, grow cold against his cheek. Raising his eye, he saw that all was over, and rushed from the chamber, with a long, fearful, heart-rending shriek.

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I joined in the escort, and followed in the intermediate space, between the afflicted and the indifferent. We soon reached the burying-ground—the gift of an individual to the sisterhood:—it had been a garden, before it was turned into a catacomb. Here and there were a few crumbling bushes, but none came to sit on them. The flower-plats are still to be seen, with their borders of creeping-box; but it is a rank, luxurious garden, flattened with human bones, and bearing graves, instead of flowers. The inclosure is, in some places, broken down; but none, save the stray and innocent cattle, trespass on the ground—the dead are their own keepers. In the centre of the garden is still to be seen the dilapidated summer-house of the first owner—an airy fabric of the octagon shape, and of tasty architecture: there, with a few of the chosen, he used formerly to talk or drink away the hours. And now, it is but a sentry-box, from which death keeps his watch over his own slumbering domain; and, with his untiring voice, calls the wearied traveller of earth to the rest of the grave. No gloomy chance—no rude severings of affections, perhaps, have ever brought you to a graveyard in the palmy days of spring! If they have, you may have noticed the conflict between life and death. Save the dull grave-stone, every object is mantled with green. Next to dried up and forgotten chaplets, fresh flowers entwine the tombs, and laugh in the sunshine. Here and there violets and pansies, outliving the regrets of those that planted them, and blooming even after remembrance, has passed away. Wild periwinkles, which the winds bear on their pinions, humble flowerets, which, like heart-felt sorrow, shunning the gaze of the thoughtless and the gay, hide themselves behind the solemn grave. The springing foliage of the trees, blends its tender tints with the darker green of the cypress, which defied the frostings of winter,—the pine branches wave their sombre verdure, dyed deeper by the breath of spring; the rich turf, marrow-fed, creeps over the moss-clad stones, which time sinks lower and lower, with that merciless hand of his, which scoops the grave of all created things. Every thing grows, blossoms, and blooms: there, as well as in the neighbouring park, whence we heard the joyous shout of children ringing on the early morning breeze. And yet no birds flutter in the *città d'iente*, unless you so call the bat, which nestles under the eaves of the ruinous summer-house. The bird of sunshine—the bird of music—the bird that woos and warbles in the merry air—that bird shuns that grave-yard, like that fatal spot, which draws

from the skies the passing cleaver of the clouds. To lure them on, we build marble cities of the dead, with splendid walks for the living; and shady trees, beneath whose shadow fair forms and living beaux come to dream of hope and life, amid the memorials of death and the stillness of the tomb.—Civilization!

The coffin was laid in one of the most conspicuous parts of the yard; for, whatever we may say about the equality of all, beyond the last bourne death is the inheritor of the prejudices and distinctions of life; and the poor and the rich still keep their respectful distances under the surface of the earth. Grave-yards are like theatres; there are places where you are sure of being seen, and others, where you are lost in the crowd: the only difference lies between a box and a tomb—Not much! At the upper end of the ground are the gorgeous mausoleums, which concern you and me; and, in the corners, the plain grave-stones, which we pass unheeded, or the undistinguished mound, which we tread under foot!—When the prayers of the dead were spoken, and the first shovelful of clay thrown on the coffin, the younger of the individuals, who had walked next to the corpse, seized the other by the arm, and dragged him to the edge of the grave:—

"I have but little to say;"—came hissingly between his teeth—"but I must say it: you, George Martial, her father, are the cause of her lying there in a cold early grave."

"Better there, than yours, Richards"—answered the old man; "for sure as she had married you, boy, so sure she would have starved!"

"Rather say at once, it was for a few pitiful acres of ground that you killed her;—ay! killed her—because she was too noble a thing to be sold. But mind me,"—and the youth shook his finger threateningly at him.

The father drew back, and, with that motion, loosened a few clods, which fell upon the coffin. The hollow noise which it returned, put an end to this disgraceful scene. The faces around blanched, as the sudden fall of earth on the coffin sounded like a groan, as if the dweller within would burst its lid, to part her lover and her sire. Both left the burying-ground with dark and silent souls of hate.

Years have passed since the close of this homely tragedy. The father died of apoplexy, on hearing the flight of a debtor, to whom he had loaned a large sum on usury. The lover removed to the city, and married there. There are no flowers on the poor victim's grave; but a sprig of willow, stuck at its head, has grown into a goodly tree, protecting, with its mournful shade, the last dwelling of Madeline of the broken-heart!



## HOW TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.

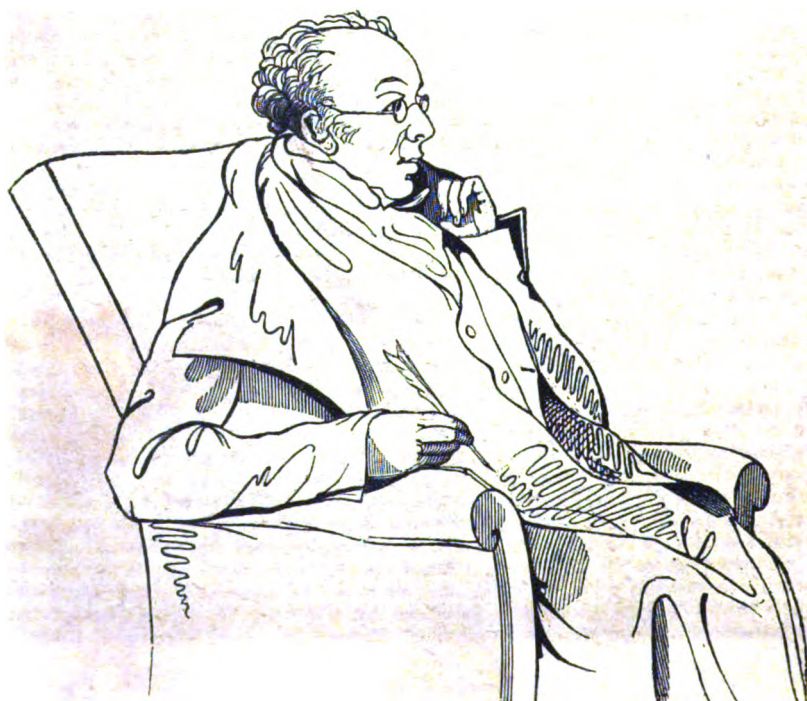
Set about doing good to somebody—put on your hat and go and visit the sick and the poor—inquire into their wants, and minister to them—seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolation of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—Howard.



GALLERY OF PORTRAITS.



HENRY NEELE.





## HENRY NEELE.

The late Henry Neele was the second son of a highly respectable map and heraldic engraver in the Strand, where he was born January 29th; 1798; and upon his father removing to Kentish Town, was there sent to school, as a daily boarder, and continued at the same seminary until his education was completed. At this academy, though he became an excellent French scholar, yet he acquired "little Latin, and less Greek;" and, in fact, displayed no very devoted application to, or even talent for, study of any sort: with the exception of Poetry; for which he thus early evinced his decided inclination, and produced several specimens of extraordinary beauty, for so juvenile a writer. Henry Neele's inattention at school was, however, amply redeemed by his unassisted exertions when he better knew the value of those attainments which he had neglected; and he subsequently added a general knowledge of German and Italian, to the other languages in which he became a proficient. Having made choice of the profession of the law, he was, upon leaving school, articled to a respectable attorney; and, after the usual period of probationary experience, was admitted to practice, and commenced business as a Solicitor.

It was during the progress of his clerkship, in January, 1817, that Henry Neele made his first appearance as an author, by publishing a volume of poems; the expenses of which were kindly defrayed by his father: who had the judgment to perceive, and the good taste to appreciate and encourage, the dawning genius of his son. Though this work displayed evident marks of youth and inexperience, yet it was still more decidedly characterized by a depth of thought and feeling, and an elegance and fluency of versification, which gave the surest promises of future excellence. Its contents were principally Lyrical, and the ill-fated Collins was, avowedly, his chief model. The publication of this volume introduced the young poet to Dr. Nathan Drake, author of "Literary Hours," &c., who, though acquainted with him "only through the medium of his writings," devoted a chapter of his "Winter Nights," to a critical examination and eulogy of these poems; "of which," says the Doctor, "the merit strikes me as being so considerable, as to justify the notice and the praise which I feel gratified in having an opportunity of bestowing upon them." And in a subsequent paragraph, he observes, that, "when beheld as the very firstlings of his earliest years, they cannot but be deemed very extraordinary efforts indeed, both of taste and genius; and as conferring no slight celebrity on the author, as the name next to be pronounced, perhaps, after those of Chatterton and Kirk White."

Ardent and enthusiastic in all his undertakings, Mr. Neele's literary industry was now amply evinced by his frequent contributions to the "Monthly Magazine," and other periodicals; as well as to the "Forget-Me-Not," and several of its contemporary Annuals. Having been long engaged in studying the Poets of the olden time, particularly the great masters of the Drama of the age of Queen Elizabeth, for all of whom, but more especially for Shakspeare, he felt the most enthusiastic veneration, he was well quali-

fied for the composition of a series of "Lectures on English Poetry," from the days of Chaucer down to those of Cowper, which he completed in the Winter of 1826; and delivered, first at the Russell, and subsequently at the Western Literary Institution, in the Spring of 1827. These Lectures were most decidedly successful; and both public and private opinion coincided in describing them as "displaying a high tone of poetical feeling in the lecturer, and an intimate acquaintance with the beauties and blemishes of the great subjects of his criticism."

In the early part of 1827 Mr. Neele published a new edition of his Poems, collected into two volumes; and in the course of the same year produced his last and greatest work, the "Romance of English History," which was dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty; and though extending to three volumes, and, from its very nature, requiring much antiquarian research, was completed in little more than six months. Flattering as was the very general eulogium which attended this publication, yet the voice of praise was mingled with the warnings of approaching evil; and, like the lightning which melts the sword within its scabbard, it is but too certain that the incessant labour and anxiety of mind attending its completion, were the chief sources of that fearful malady which so speedily destroyed him.

In person, Mr. Neele was considerably below the middle stature; but his features were singularly expressive, and his brilliant eyes betokened ardent feeling and vivid imagination. Happily, as it has now proved, though his disposition was in the highest degree kind, sociable, and affectionate, he was not married. His short life passed, indeed, almost without events; it was one of those obscure and humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of existence, and which the traveller passes by without inquiring either its source or its direction. His retiring manners kept him comparatively unnoticed and unknown, excepting by those with whom he was most intimate; and from their grateful recollection his memory will never be effaced. He was an excellent son; a tender brother; and a sincere friend. He was beloved most by those who knew him best; and at his death, left not one enemy in the world.

The following story is a happy illustration of Mr. Neele's humorous style:

## A YOUNG FAMILY.

BY HENRY NEELE.

You must know, most dear and courteous reader, that I am a Bachelor: not an old one, Heaven forbid! but one of whom the ladies say, "What a pity it is that Mr. Wiggins does not marry!" The fact is, I am sole lord of my hours, and of my limbs. If I stay out late, I need neither lie, nor look sulky, when I get home. I need not say, "My dear Peggy, I really was the first to come away;" nor run the fearful alternative of either losing good company, or enduring a curtain-lecture. Besides all this, I am not surrounded by a sweet young family; but of that "anon, anon, Sir."

Having thus introduced myself to your notice, allow me to perform the same kind office for one of my friends. George Cheviot and I were schoolfellows. He was neither very wise nor very rich; but he was merry, and good tempered: qualities which I could then better appreciate than the others, and which I am still heretical enough to think the most valuable of the quartette. He was, moreover, "a tall fellow of his hands," and as brave as a lion; and I, I don't blush to own it, was a weak, puny chitling, and, as it is called in school phraseology, wanted somebody to take my part. George, accordingly, fought my battles, while I wrote his exercises; and thus we became sworn associates. We played, and romped, and rioted together; and, like the Vicar of Wakefield's parties, what we wanted in wit we made up in laughter; which, after all, I still consider the better thing of the two.

After leaving school, we both settled in the great city, until George, who had a touch of the sentimental in his character, fell in love with, and married, a journey-woman; the consequence of which was that all his friends cut him, and none of his family would go within a mile of his residence. For my own part, I make it a rule to cut all my friends as soon as they get married: I do not like the transformation of a merry, frank, sociable companion, into an important family man. Neither do I like their invariable practice of laying every fault upon the shoulders of their bachelor acquaintances; for I have known more than one man, who, when rated by his amiable helpmate for his late hours, has excused himself by saying, "My dear, Mr. Wiggins would not let me come away." Notwithstanding the tenacity with which I usually adhere to this rule, I determined to make an exception in favour of poor George. His grandfather had been a butcher, and his father a master carpenter, and therefore it is not surprising that his mother should be shocked at his demeaning himself so vastly. I, however, who have always been of opinion that, in a free country like ours, a man has a right to make a fool of himself, if he chooses, looked at the affair with different eyes, and we continued as warm and friendly as ever. Although I did not call at his house, we met at our usual places of resort, and I found less difference in George than in most of my married acquaintances. He was, nevertheless, constantly expatiating on the joys of a married life, and especially of seeing a young family growing up about you; of "teaching the young idea how to shoot;" and of watching the archness, the vivacity, and the simplicity, of the pretty prattlers. One day when he was particularly eloquent upon these topics, and I was as acquiescent and as insincere as a man ought to be on such occasions, he extorted from me a promise to dine with him, that I might have the satisfaction of seeing him surrounded with his young family.

The appointed day arrived, and I was ushered into the presence of my friend, and his lady. She was dressed very finely, had a mincing air of gentility, and I should have thought her rather pretty, if no one had said any thing about her. In one corner of the room stood a cradle, and close by it—no matter what; socks, and caps, and ribands, were thrown about the room in "most admired disorder;" the chimney smoked;

several panes of the window were broken; and three or four squalid, dirty-faced children were sprawling on the ground, and roaring very lustily. "That is a sweet little fellow, Madam," said I;—Heaven forgive me for the lie!—pointing to a blear-eyed, bloated-cheeked cupid in her arms.

"It's a girl, Sir," said she, bursting into a horse laugh; "yes!" she added, patting the bloated cheek aforesaid, "and it is a girl, though he thought it was a boy, my pretty!"

This was the commencement of my bacala-rean blunders, and the lady for some time regarded me with a contempt, which, had I mistaken her own sex, could hardly have been surpassed.

To recover myself from my confusion, I took a pinch of snuff; my friend and his wife begged to participate in the contents of my box, which they had no sooner done, than every obstreperous urchin in the room roared out to be allowed to do the same. This petition was followed by a half-angry altercation between husband and wife, the former saying, "Oh let them, pretty dears!" and the latter, "Indeed they shall not." The cause of indulgence, however, triumphed; and every dirty pug-nose in the room, was speedily made dirtier, at the expense of my black rappees. The consequences may easily be guessed: a round of sneezing, snivelling, coughing, crying, and scolding, commenced, until the adventure was closed by a general wiping of eyes, and blowing of noses, throughout the apartment. For myself I did nothing but commit blunders all the while I was in the house. Now my foot was on the nose of one, and now my elbow in the eye of another; and I could not stir an inch without being in danger of dislocating a boy's neck, or fracturing a girl's cranium. I am afraid that I shall be thought a sad barbarian, for not being rapturously fond of children: but give me a cat, say I; I can play with that as long as I please, and kick it out of the room when I'm tired of it.

The announcement that dinner was ready relieved me, at least for a time, from my many miseries. While descending the stairs, George whispered in my ear, asking me, if I did not think him the happiest fellow in the world; to which I replied, "My dear boy, I quite envy you." We sat down to table, and, after many apologies from the lady, who hoped that I should find something to my liking, but who feared that her fare would be found but homely, as her time was so much occupied by her young family, the dishes were uncovered. Whatever the dinner might be in fact, I found that it was intended to be considered a very good, and even a handsome one. The lady, who before her marriage, had lived at the west end of the town, where she made shifts,—in more senses than one,—petticoats, and mantuas, in a garret, wished to pass for a person of some taste and fashion. Accordingly, the table, instead of the ordinary viands which the Englishman delighteth to masticate, exhibited a profusion of would-be French and Italian dishes. Of these I merely counterfeited to eat, excepting one or two: among which was a fricassee, for so my hostess styled a blue-looking leg of a fowl, floating in a sea of dirty lard and salt butter, and a plate of macaroni, so called, which tasted exceedingly like melted tallow. The best thing which I could get hold of, was a bottle of their Champagne, which was really very tolerable Perry.

Our dinner did not, however, pass over without the usual accompaniment of much uproariousness from the room above, which the sweet young family continued to occupy, and Betty was every five minutes despatched from the dining-room to still "the dreadful pother o'er our heads."

Lord Byron says—

"—a fine family 's a fine thing,  
Provided they don't come in after dinner,"

and I agree with him; especially in the proviso. At my friend George's, however, the young family was introduced with the dessert. The eldest, a wide-mouthed, round-shouldered girl, took possession of the better half of my chair; where she amused herself the greater part of the evening by picking cherries out of my plate, and spitting the stones into it. The sweet innocent whose sex I had aspersed, filled, and well filled, the arms of mamma; and two greedy, greasy boys stood one on each side of my worthy host. These contrived to entertain themselves in a variety of ways: putting their fingers into the preserves; drinking out of their father's wine-glass; eating till their stomachs were crammed to satiety, and bellowing out bravely for more. As a variety, we were occasionally treated with crying, scolding, and threats of a whipping, which operation I at one time positively expected to see performed in my presence. At length the lady and the "family" retired, and amidst boasting of his happiness on George's part, and felicitations on mine, we continued to ply the bottle. Rather to my surprise, I found that the port-wine was admirable, but poor George, as I afterwards learned, had sent for two or three bottles from a neighbouring tavern, for which he had paid an admirable price. After emptying the decanters on the table, I found that I had had enough, and proposed joining the interesting domestic group up stairs. In consequence, however, of my friend being very pressing, and of my being "nothing loath," I consented that another bottle should be broached. The order to that effect being speedily communicated to Betty, she met it with the astounding reply, "There is no more, Sir." Although I told my friend that I was glad of it, and that I had drunk quite sufficient, his chagrin was manifest. He assured me that although his wine-cellar was exhausted, he had plenty of spirits and cigars, of which he proposed that we should immediately avail ourselves. To this, however, I positively objected, especially as I knew that the *ci-devant* journey-woman milliner, considered smoking ungenteel.

I have but little more to tell you; we adjourned to the tea-table, were nothing passed worth recording. The family was again introduced, for the purpose of kissing all around, previous to their retirement to bed. "Kiss the gentleman, Amy," said the lady; "and, Betty, wipe her face first; how can you take her to the gentleman in such a state?" Betty having performed this very requisite operation, I underwent the required penance from one and all, with the heroism of a martyr. Shortly afterwards I took leave of my worthy host and hostess, and experienced a heart-felt delight when I heard the door close behind me. I am not in the habit, like Sterne, of falling down on my knees in the streets, or clasping my hands with delight, in a crowded highway. Still

I could not help feeling, that few as were my positive causes of rejoicing, I was not devoid of some negative ones; and, above all, I felicitated myself, that I was *not* the happiest fellow in the world; that I had *not* married a journey-woman; and that I was *not* blessed with a sweet young family: as my recent experience of the latter comfort had induced me to think that king Herod was really not quite so cruel as I had hitherto considered him.

## D'ISRAELI.

The following is from the pen of Bulwer. It is a compliment justly deserved by D'Israeli:

"In miscellaneous literature, or what is commonly termed the *belles lettres*, we have not very remarkably enriched the collection bequeathed to us by the Johnsonian era. The name of one writer I cannot, however, help singling from the rest, as that of the most elegant gossip upon the learned letters, not only of his time, but, perhaps, his country; and I select it the more gladly, because popular as he is, I do not think he has ever obtained from criticism a fair acknowledgment of the eminent station he is entitled to claim. The reader has already discovered that I speak of yourself, the author of *The Curiosities of Literature*, *The Calamities of Authors*, and, above all, the *Essay upon the Literary Character*. In the two first of these works you have seemed to me to be to literature what Horace Walpole was to a court;—drawing from minutiae, which you are too wise to deem frivolities, the most novel deductions, and the most graceful truths; and seeming to gossip, where in reality you philosophise. But you have that which Horace Walpole never possessed—that which is necessary to the court of Letters, but forbidden to the court of Kings: a deep and tender vein of sentiment runs, at no unfrequent times, through your charming lucubrations; and I might instance, as one of the most touching, yet unexaggerated conceptions of human character, that even a novelist ever formed, the beautiful *Essay upon Shenstone*. That, indeed, which particularly distinguishes your writings, is your marvellous and keen sympathy with the literary character in all its intricate mazes and multiplied varieties of colour. You identify yourself wholly with the persons on whom you speculate; you enter into their heart, their mind, their caprices, their habits, and their eccentricities; and this quality, so rare even in a dramatist, is entirely new in an essayist. I know of no other lucublator who possesses it; with a subtle versatility you glide from one character to another, and by examination re-create;—drawing from research all those new views and bold deductions which the poet borrows from imagination. The gallant and crafty Raleigh, the melancholy Shenstone, the antiquarian Oldys—each how different, each how profoundly analyzed, each how peculiarly the author's own! Even of the least and lowest, you say something new. Your art is like that which La Fontaine would attribute to a more vulgar mastery:

—Un roi, prudent et sage,  
De ses moindres sujets sait tirer quelque usage.

But the finest of all your works, to my mind, is the *Essay on the Literary Character*; a book, which he who has once read, ever recurs to with delight: it is one of those rare works, in which every part is adorned, yet subordinate to the whole—in which every page displays a beauty, and none an impertinence.”

## FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

As early as the age of twenty, every one should consider the importance of having a good moral character; and should endeavour to form and acquire it. At that age, there is usually maturity of intellect enough to distinguish between good and evil, and to decide on the course to be pursued. Conscience and the moral sense have full power to discriminate and to choose. The right and wrong of actions are clearly perceived and understood: and the different results of each, as to our present being, at least, if we were to extend our views no further, may be justly apprehended.

It has been often and justly said, that we are creatures of habits; and habits of a moral character are early formed. We have passions, and we are liable to temptations;—if we yield to evil desires for a time, they become stronger; if we are overcome by early temptations, we shall have less power to resist afterwards. The course began and pursued for a season, will, except by an uncommon effort, or some remarkable occurrence, most probably be pursued. It will be *natural* to continue it. And hence the necessity of setting out right, and of entering the right path early. It is a common error, but a great and dangerous one, that a moral reformation, or change of moral character can, at any time, easily be effected. It is far otherwise. Besides, if there be a right course, and a proper course, (both as our duty and happiness are concerned,) the sooner we enter upon it the better.—We shall thus show our wisdom, and provide for our interest.—Not to do so will be acting on a principle, which, in other, and the common affairs of life, every one condemns.

We venture to say to the young then,—See to your moral character—“Get knowledge and wisdom;—with all thy getting, get understanding.” Seek for useful knowledge; and let this knowledge guide you.—If a man knows how to pilot a ship, or to manage a farm, and yet sleep, or haunts the tavern, when he should be watching and working at his post—what should we think of him? The light of conscience must guide; the moral sense must be the criterion; evil desires, and selfish, irregular passions must be suppressed.—Resolutely conform to duty; and habit will soon make duty pleasant. And the middle and close of life will not be filled up with *vain* regrets and *painful* self-denials.

## HYPOCRISY.

Many persons make a wonderful display of good will when you call on them; urge you to visit them often, and chide you for a long absence; when, at the same time, they are wishing you off, and will indulge in personal remarks as soon as you are gone. There are many more of this class than superficial observers dream of.

## Original.

### LINES ON A YOUNG LADY

#### *Reposing in Death.*

BY T. A. WORRALL.

Oh, think not the spirit,  
Which lately was there—  
In that image so beautiful,  
In that bosom so fair!—

Can pass like a dream,  
In the cold earth decay'd—  
The mind cannot perish,  
Of so lovely a maid!

Those eyes in their glance,  
Were more bright than the gem—  
And my heart beat more wildly,  
As I gaz'd upon them.

Those lips, now so cold,  
And which told me her love,  
Seem so like what they once were,  
That I still think they move.

There's a brightness that lingers,  
Like the last star of night;  
Still shining—reluctant  
To pass from the sight.

Oh, such are the beautiful,  
When hush'd is the breath;  
And the purest in feeling,  
Look loveliest in death!

The calmness—the sweetness,  
Which cling round the face,  
When the life-spark retires,  
The mourner may trace!

Oh, could that bright spirit,  
All lovely and fair,  
Appear as it now is,  
What beauty were there!

I weep not—for sweeter  
'Tis thus to depart,  
Than to live on, and linger  
With grief round the heart!

Where the good are at rest  
In the day without night;  
There her pure soul now breathes  
In the spirit of light!

## A BITE.

Alfonso Lombardi, a celebrated sculptor of the Emperor Charles V. was a great coxcomb. He got punished one day by a lady of Bologna, to whom he took it into his head to make love in a foppish manner. She was his partner at a ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and heaving a profound sigh, said, as he looked her in the face with what he thought ineffable sweetness in his eyes, and we may suppose some fantastic and writhing gesture, “If 'tis not love I feel, pray what is it!” “Perhaps,” said the young lady “something bites you.”

Original.

## STRAY REMINISCENCES.

I HAVE been looking over an old note-book. Follow me, reader, if you will; I know not where I shall lead you; we will sit together briefly among varied recollections. There is a something that pervades West Point, that invigorates and brightens the fancy of every stranger. To him whose travels call up his country's history, the musings of patriotism are awakened by Fort Putnam, whose grey walls and "nodding arches now feel the stroke of mouldering time." To him who would review the elements of the future military glory of the nation, here is a band of young men from every section, destined to its defence, forming the habits and friendships and acquiring the knowledge which are essential to the officers of the army of a proud republic. To the soul which delights in scenery rude and grand, a plain lies open, scooped by nature out of the mountains. On their sides is a forest, where the wild birds live, and the cold, clear Hudson rolls round the Point, in a splendid serpentine. To the maiden who invests the future with every glittering reality, whose opening age disposes her to paint impression in the gay colour of romance, West Point with its recollections of young Andre; with its handsome cadets, so generous in attention; with its moonlight music; with the deep solitude, bowers, and fountains of its Kosciusco's garden, suiting so peculiarly the soft whispers of poetry and love, opens to her an existence purely happy. How abiding the interest of the young student, when, living on this enchanting spot, he is mixed up with the friendships, intense yet noble rivalships, and all the gay military circumstance which belongs to the Academy. Truly is it great! Often do we hear of the delighted memory, with which those who stand in the maturity of life, dwell upon the place where, as Dryden describes it, "bred together in one school they grew." But, with those who emerge from the walls of this institution, affectionate regard for the scenes and companions of early studies, is invested with a special interest and depth of kind association. There is a natural reason for this fact. Man's pursuits and predilections are formed by circumstance. There are sympathies in the human bosom, that always seek for exercise: and impressions which flow from, are ever moulded by objects which address them. Of no principle is it more true than of the social, that, when confined in one way, it will seek its usual and healthful freedom in another; this it is, which explains the deep hold taken on the cadets by the West Point academic life. All of them enter the ranks of the institution, in early age and acquirement. They come from the diversified walks of civil education, are immediately abstracted, by an inexorable discipline, from all further participation with them, and, for four years, throw their feelings into the same peculiar channel of daily study, restraint, and ultimate hope. They feel that theirs is a united destiny; their

emulations, their recreations, centre within themselves. Of general society at the Point, for the greater part of the year, there is but the shadow; and, were there more, the rules of this institution wisely prohibit a participation in it by the cadets. Hence they raise a little world within themselves, which seems to be more peculiarly their own, from the mountains that enfold and the river that rolls round them. In their leisure hours, they are thrown on their own resources, of conversation and character; they become familiar with, and united to each others' interests; this binds them closely and delightfully, while students, together, and gives a grateful play to the memory, when far separated on different branches of the public service. There are moments of the past, in the years of all of us, upon which we are prone to dwell, as specially delightful, in their every association. We invest with an interest that is real, the recollection of opening honours and successful enterprise, but perhaps no period with a regard more original, than that which marks the first formation of youthful friendships, amid the hourly developments of maturing education. Such is the feeling that pervades me, when I call up from time gone by, a year spent at the Military Academy. Let me record, from the loose sheets of a journal, one or two of its scenes, as they rose and passed!

"The carriage is ready, master Oliver," said an old grey headed family-negro, as he doffed his hat, and appeared before the door of the summer-house, where I was sitting with my cousins. The morning was one of the loveliest of May—the dew was on the grass, and the birds sang sweetly in the trees. We had strolled from the breakfast-table to the new-born verdure of a patrimonial avenue, and, taking a winding path, entered a summer-house rudely beautiful, in the embellishment nature had bestowed on it, but welcome to me in the happy memory of the past. There is something captivating in the sorrow of youth, when called upon, in the course of education, to leave the scenes of home—scenes endeared by the recollections of childhood, and companions with which it has been passed. The feeling loses its peculiarity, as we advance, but who does not at some period recall its existence? It is the voice of nature, speaking in purity, when the imagination is full of forms of freshness, and home the centre of the heart's dearest delights. It was at the residence of my Uncle V—. I had passed there many happy hours; and, about for a long time to be separated from it, had ridden the evening before, to bid adieu to all its delightful intercourse. The summer-house was in a lonely part of the garden; the waves of the Potomac washed the bank on which it stood; an old apple-tree shaded its roof, and sweet briar and wild roses peeped through the lattice-work. It had been there for many years, and was full

of old names and poetic inscriptions. Is it not agreeable to linger in these spots; to sit in them alone, the elements around and above, and listen to time as it passes, drop by drop, into eternity? I like them, for all about proclaims that they have engaged the lighter hours and romantic hopes of those who have gone before.—The appearance of old Isaac was an intimation that all was ready for my departure; he was an aged family-servant, faithful in affection to a master whom he loved, and was to drive me to my own home, whence, the next day, I departed for the Point. And whom did I leave in that “*ancient bower?*” Years have since rolled by, but this moment I have not forgotten. There were three—three whose soft hands I clasped in friendship, and whose bright eyes gave me the sympathy of a kind interest. One was my cousin Anna; the arch, the dark-eyed Anna; kind in her temper and merry in her thoughts. It cost me a tender pang to leave her. I tried to feign her sweet indifference. Impossible! Emotion, peeping through a crimson sorrow, scorned the imposture. Who that has changed the chin of down into the ripened beard, cannot fix upon a period memorable among his retrospects for hearty devotion to a coy, bright cousin, and the unpaid misery and hope which that devotion cost him? I take it to be incident to the human condition, that every man falls in love with his cousin before he completes his fourth lustrium. Is she the elder!—the greater the certainty and hardship of captivity!” “Had you ever a cousin, Tom?” is an admirable touch. If truth can ensure the approbation of posterity, it will be classic! Be this as it may, I fell in love with my cousin, and I’m glad that I did. She was nearly three years my senior, yet my happy imaginings were ever near her. Always alarmed in her presence, I was never easy when out of it; afraid to hint my youthful passion; like a martyr, I suffered in silent anguish. I assert it—let none venture contradiction—she was beautiful. The rose bloomed upon her cheek, and her eye was one of clear and mild intelligence, her brow delicately penciled; her skin very fair; her person light; she was always dressed in taste and beauty; her manners had an original playfulness; her countenance, the index of her soul, was tranquil and lovely. And what has become of her? Ah! must I write it! Can I? Once, the attempt would have turned my ink pale,—my pen would have become stiff! But I will try—yes, let me try. She has passed into the “calm of states;” my pretty coz is married! As to me, I have become ambitious; a prosing philosopher, a critic on the sex, forsooth; but, even yet, I can turn from Tully, where the May-sun shines, and think of her with an enthusiasm which it is quite refreshing to recall. And who were the other two? Sisters, companions of Anna’s childhood; one of them grown up among the charming and accomplished women of the day, but the other is dead. When I left her, hope encircled her brow, her cheek was blooming, and her promise bright. From the first developments of infancy, she had possessed the most amiable virtue; was of a small delicate shape; cherished benignity of thought and conduct towards all; loved her friends, and by them was most tenderly be-

loved. Called to watch over the last and lingering sickness of a brother, she *too* was touched by the finger of consumption. How lovely she looked! how melancholy her loveliness! Her cheek grew pale; her eye had a lustre of startling brightness; but it yet sweetly beamed, and her soft brown hair still curled in beauty. After an absence of some years, I first saw her in this state of health, playing on her guitar. Heavens, what a change! She sat upon a sofa, and was joined by her sister, in the sweet tones of the second. ’Twas a touching scene! The smile of eternity was upon her! I felt that those hearts united, must soon be severed; the lyre now breathing so softly, must soon be mute! So it was; in a few months she fell into the grave, and there she peacefully sleeps! Death ever creates a deep chasm in living affection; but there is poetry of melancholy in the case of one cut off in the beauty and dignity of the budding woman—in the bloom of her hopes, her temper and her age.

It was a damp, dull morning, suiting my feelings, when I set off for West Point. In the evening, I found myself at the town of W—; thence to the steam-boat, for the North, was a ride of three hours; I was in no mood to linger on my road, and took conveyance to reach it for a passage, the next morning. Lingered in a tavern, which was smoky and uncomfortable, where politics, segars, and jolaps circulated freely, in a few moments I found myself in a gig, baggage strapped behind, a good bay horse before, and a negro, black as the shades of Erebus, beside me. I gave my companion the reins, and myself to a comfortable nap; but he interrupted it, to detail an account of a fox chase, in which he had acted a conspicuous part the day before. There was point in his story, and I heard him through; but, presuming on my patience, he thought to venture something more. I had no desire for further colloquial fellowship, and ordered him to be silent. Crossing a ferry, the boatmen said that we were going to have a blow from the “*Westerd,*” or “*Nothe-Nothe-West, like a jumper worth six hundred.*” This was the strong language of nautical prophecy. The clouds were black and angry. I made my Sancho prepare the vehicle for the coming storm, and, throwing myself back into its darkness, mused and dozed, until we reached B—. By ten the next morning, I found myself on the Chesapeake, ploughing its waves in a noble boat. What a solitary grandeur reigns on the bosom of the waters! How they tumble in angry obedience to the laws of their creation, unfettered by the conquering spirit of man! True, he has learned to stem their torrent, but he only scratches their surface, and they lash the sides of his mightiest ship, as they revel in their power to deride his strength. Before resorting to the companionship of my book, I took a chair on the deck, and looked around, to form some idea of the company into which I had fallen. A young female, who sat quietly by herself, fell first upon my eye. Her general aspect bespoke one whose circumstances were humble, but about her were the remnants of beauty and of better days; she seemed to be travelling alone, a neat but sad-looking little girl was by her side, and at her breast a sleeping infant. What an



eloquent sight this is! How it tells of our original nothingness, and the depths of a mother's affection! In another direction was one in green, her appearance giving evidence of affluence and birth. Her eye was a very pale brown, two golden bracelets were on her wrists; her face, rather lovely than intelligent, was lit up by a smile too perpetual; a young gallant was by her side. The play of his features, which were handsome, sprung obviously from an absorbing impulse. He talked, she listened, but with a countenance of more than usual interest. I like to watch the expression of a lover. Its careless absence, its rivetted attention, its sparkling hope, its happy embarrassment! You may always mark him as the child of the passion. The passengers were few; some had defiance in their looks; others conciliation and social fellowship; I forwarded no attempt towards acquaintance, and avoided, as far as I might, any when made. An intimate makes travelling delightful; beyond this, give me my own reflections. The boat was travelling fast over the dark-blue waves of the bay; nothing greeted my sight, but the level and verdant banks of the two shores, which, like sisters, have been thus gazing on each other from creation's dawn; the sea-gull, floating on its feathered oars above us, and the wild duck of the water dancing on its surface. These scenes of solitude are welcome to me, they suit the loneliness which sometimes spreads itself over the sunshine of the feelings, they show nature, unchanged by the revolutions of human passion, as she sprung from chaos. We reached Frenchtown, took the stages, which then, in place of the magic steam-cars, furnished conveyance across the peninsula, for four hours jolted sleepless over heavy roads, and, arriving at the Delaware, skimmed its waters. "*Oceanum interea surgens aurora reliquit.*" I remember well that morning's sun-rise; I gazed on it from the upper deck; it was one of beauty and of glory. On we went, ten miles an hour; and, by eight o'clock, were walking up the clean and quiet streets of Philadelphia. The rectangular order of this city is often censured; the most that may be said of it is, perhaps, that it produces a convenience suited to a city of business. The old streets are much too narrow. Its Quaker progenitor seems to have had Babylon in his eye—Babylon, that glory of kingdoms—that city of sixty miles circumference, and of six hundred and seventy-six spacious squares. Herodotus tells us, that each one of these squares occupied a space of two miles and a quarter, lined with high houses, not contiguous, but in the midst of open and beautiful grounds. It will be long before this may be recorded of an American city. We have not yet a sufficient appreciation of the simple truths of Hesiod, or of Virgil, to place our large city houses in the midst of ornamented gardens.

Went in the evening with T—, to visit a "*belle*." A belle! what a term of generalization it is! Miss E— was quite a pretty girl, had been carefully educated, possessed much good sense, with a great deal of naïveté. A little affectation peeped out, but with so much grace, you could'n't censure her. She was asked to sing, and sat down to the piano with an easy

polished air—played and sang with taste and sweetness—had a voice full of melody. The greatest charm of her music, was her expression of countenance, its beautiful obedience to the feeling of her song. A pretty girl should'n't sing with her eyes cast down, and features motionless. She becomes too like a singing statue. Her mouth seems to open by machinery, and words to fall like dead weights. Let expression be the mirror of the soul, reflecting its hopes and sorrows. Miss E— succeeded well. She had a fine eye, beaming with intelligence, "now brightly bold;" and used it with a charming modesty. "Alice Grey," and "Yes, I will leave my father's halls," suited her winning manner.

Left Philadelphia—reached New York, and sailed up the Hudson for West Point. The moon was bright upon the water; the highlands reared themselves in dark sublimity above us; our boat dashed on with furious velocity. A passenger seated himself in a quiet corner, and breathed out in the softest tone of the clarinet, the air of the "*Star-Spangled Banner*." I listened with infinite pleasure, and could fancy it the voice of freedom, as she sailed with watchful guardianship in her silver boat over the quiet bosom of this mighty American river, once disturbed by agitations, and lighted by the glitter of tyranny. It was two in the morning, when we reached our destination; the steam-boat landed its West Point passengers, the tie between us was severed, the bell sounded, away she plunged for Albany. Two pieces of ordnance were mounted on the wharf, and a sentry paced before it, in a regular creaking tread. Several were with me, youths like myself, arrived for entrance into the new class of the year; our names were entered on a book, and all together, some joking, others silent, we ascended the high hill on the top of which was Cozzen's hotel; reaching its summit, the Military Academy lay before us, in the grey moonlight of morning. The light passed in silver waves over the plain; a profound and awful stillness reigned; the air was cool and fresh. Ascending the portico, a sleepy servant answered our knock; we got possession of an unfinished room, and betaking to our beds rested after a fatiguing journey. One by one the voices of my companions died away. They were lost in their meditations or in slumber. But I could not sleep, the new circumstances around me acted on my fancies. Here I was at a public institution of my country; at the first hour of a four years absence from a home, in which, up to this period I had been a constant member; and that too at West Point—West Point, the Gibraltar of America! and of which I had read as the seat of the romance and treachery of the revolution. I thought that the spirit of the gallant Andre might perchance be hovering in the moonlight scene with that of his beloved Delia, while Arnold's was tormented eternally by the gnomes of the mountains. There is poetry, deep and mournful, in the story of Andre. Accomplished, young, generous and brave, nature made him to rank among the great of the earth. How beautiful are those lines written by or about him not long before his execution!

Return enraptured hours, when Delia's heart was mine,

When she with wreaths of flowers my temples would  
entwine;

No jealousy or care corroded then my breast,  
But visions light as air presided o'er my rest.

It is said that he was engaged to one of the most lovely of the daughters of his native island; the stanzas give with simple pathos his feelings in captivity. In these reveries I lay plunged until the "dappled morn" peeped upon the horizon; when sleep gradually stole over my faculties. I awoke to the sound of a martial band; hastening to the window and putting aside the shutter, I beheld the corps of cadets marching over the plain in a brilliant sunshine. 'Twas their morning drill. Calling upon Col. Thayer—the exquisite disciplinarian and highly formed officer then at the head of this institution—I was transferred as a cadet, from the hotel on the hill to the barracks of the academy. In the evening, a brother left me. We were children, and had grown together; he was a youth,—I will say it of him,—of high ambition and of noble virtue. What is there like a brother's friendship?

The Military Academy was originally founded by the government with a special view to the corps of engineers. The number of students was therefore no larger than the appointments in that corps, which were few, rendered necessary. But the sphere of the school was afterwards made to embrace the whole line of the army; one of its classes graduating annually, and entering according to the particular merit of each individual into such corps as his diploma may authorize. The new cadets are ordered to report themselves to the Superintendent between the first and twentieth of June, and are, for the first few weeks objects of attention and merriment to those who precede them. The absence of uniform occasioning a grotesque variety of appearance; the awkwardness of military movement; the general ignorance of custom and etiquette—all combined, have conspired to name them *par excellence*, the "*plebes*." True enough! *Plebes* they are; *plebes* we were; Some in green; some in brown; all the colours of Iris were seen in the raw front of our line, as we drew up for the first time to answer the *roll call*. A hopeful youth from Arkansas, six feet high, had a scarlet coat and liver coloured pantaloons. His small eyes were cat grey; his hair a bewitching red; his *tout ensemble* very queer. A knowing one near me whispered: there's the d—l come to join us. Orders soon issued to divide our class into squads for drilling. *Il faut nous voir*; six hours every day scattered over the plain, blundering with perseverance through the school of the soldier. My drill master—one of the older cadets—had marched his squad within close proximity to that in which red coat, was striving to acquire prompt graces of movement. We stood at "rest;" I had an opportunity of observing his progress. He seemed to be full of intelligence, but stiff and inapt to an extreme. His neck was in a stock too high for him; his little fingers obeying orders were literally on the seams of his pantaloons; his shoulders so far back that they formed with his spine a complete funnel; and at each command "*eyes right, eyes left*," you saw his fierce luminaries rolling in a grey streak to and fro, while perspiration shone on his face. "*Left foot forward*,

*left foot rear*;" he tried to balance himself, but lost his gravity, and fell with it into the awkward squad. Let it be added that in his intellectual and moral qualities he was compensated for an ungracious exterior; he laughed at his ugliness and was liked by all.

On the fifth of June the cadets marched into camp, and on the fourth of July the "*plebes*" in full uniform joined the battalion. An officer must know how to obey before he can command. This is the principle which pervades the military atmosphere of the academy. Agesilaus, advising Xenophon to send his children to Sparta, speaks of this knowledge as the first of human acquisitions—the greatest and noblest of sciences. The cadet during the two months of encampment, is subjected to all the military duties of a regular private, even those of camp police; all are such as fall under the eye of an officer in active command. His arms, accoutrements and tent are kept in order by himself; he brings his own water and makes his bed. To the *police guard* I think much objection may be made; the play is not worth the candle; wheel-barrows and shovels are rough externals with which to associate the early training of the plant of honour. But the general system is admirable. It develops a hardihood of self-reliance very salutary; it is the school which formed a Cyrus, a Hannibal and a Scipio; it is the Spartan system divested of barbarity. The duties of the encampment are exclusively military. Field exercises, the duty of the sentinel and officer, artillery practice, the principles of gunnery, the duties of the laboratory all go to form the thorough soldier. These ended by the shades of evening, the cadets, except those assigned to the lonely duty of the guard tent, spend their time until the lively "*tatoo*," in social fellowship as delightful as it is peculiar. Quoits and dances; the flute; the merry laugh; the absorbing tale; the friendly chat are seen or heard around. There is no room for selfishness; all are together, excited by example to unrestrained and friendly intercourse. The encampment lasts from July till September, and to the new cadet especially is a life of original interest and pleasure; the discipline and energy of its arrangements give him from the first, just convictions of obedience; the liberality and chivalry of his associates cultivate all his generosity and honour.

The corps of cadets, for military instruction, is divided into four companies, officered by appointments from its own ranks by the superintendent of the academy, above which are the officers of the army stationed on that duty. The tents are in eight rows; each two occupied by one company; and between each two a street of spacious width. Every tent is from nine to ten feet square, and contains four cadets. Their mattresses, rolled out, entirely cover the floor, and rolled up, are seats during the day. A rack for musquets and accoutrements; a trunk as possession in common; a wash basin, looking-glass bucket and dipper, to which the same interest attaches, with a few small et ceteras, constitute the furniture. In front of the streets are the tents of cadet officers; and in front of all, that of the commandant of the corps. I was awake one night, with my three companions, all stretched on the floor beside me, by a tremendous tempest.

The thunder roared among the mountains, and the lightning was ghastly on the plain; the rain fell in torrents, and flowed in streams about us. One of the sides of our tent had been torn from its fastening, and blowing over the top, exposed us to the fury of the storm. What was to be done? We were wet to the skin; seizing our fire arms to preserve them from damage and ensure appearance in the morning guard on which we were detailed, we succeeded in securing the broken wall of the tent. This done, we wrung out the clothes soaked by the rain, quietly composed ourselves in our cloaks and listened. How the rain fell! The sound was dismal. Through a crack I looked upon the encampment in view. 'Twas like the first stratum of a deluge; rejoicing in the adversity of my friends, I was glad to find that we had not been the only sufferers. By the gleams of the lightning I saw in some of the tents a ludicrous confusion; and at their several posts, the sentinels, walking with "arms reversed," their weary round. In half an hour nature was exhausted; the camp was quiet and the morning sun rose cool. *Guard mounting* is at eight o'clock in the morning; the arms and appearance of every cadet are inspected, and a *report* made, if a glove be soiled, a string untied, a buckle or bayonet tarnished. The band plays at this time, and cadets not on duty, linger in little companies around. The inspection over, the new guard relieves the old, drawn up in order before the guard-tent, and speaking, from its deranged appearance, the fatigues of service. Each guard consists of three reliefs, among which, the twenty-four hours are distributed. How many moments of lonely thought have I passed upon the posts of that encampment! I stood, on a night in July, leaning on my musket. 'Twas midnight; the *grand rounds* had just passed. The moon was not out, but the stars were "blinking." I looked upon the firmament. How immense was its immensity!—how overwhelming its quiet!—how gorgeous its splendour! Millions of stars rose upon my vision, where first was blackness. Beautiful deceivers, they were almost lost in their eternal distance! What sublimated purity, what ever-changing and instructive delight is there in the society of nature! I do not wonder that her children have been poets and painters, and orators and Christians. My attention was arrested by an approaching form. *Stand! Who goes there?* A light voice answered, *friend. Advance, friend, and give the countersign.* A female approached. 'Twas the wife of a sick musician under arrest for misbehaviour on parade. She had obtained permission of the officer of the guard to visit her husband in confinement with some offering of her affection to minister to his comforts. I called the corporal, who passed her thro' the camp. So it is! Ever the same! Woman thou art a compound of contrasts! In the midst of all thy accumulated frailties there is yet a loveliness of thought and feeling to entrance the judgment and to mark the mould of thy formation.

Chateaubriand, in some of his reflections, says that contemplation does not dwell upon the mountain. Perhaps he is right; but is not her voice heard in the halls of the ancient ruin? Fort Putnam is visited by all; and it may be frequent-

ed by him who is apt to muse. The moss is dark and thick upon its tottering battlements; the wind as it passes thro' is mournful; ever-greens grow about them in solitude; some of the caverns are damp and dark, among others play the beams of the sun-shine, and the bat and the owl are there. After a permit to leave the boundaries, I had wandered here on a Saturday afternoon, the last of the period of encampment. As I drew near, a large grey hawk rose slowly from its resting; he had watched me for some minutes and now quietly soared above, exulting in the buoyant power of his wing. From the perfection of the day, an unusual interest was in the appearance of the old ruin. I sat upon a stone, listening to the silence and calling up the historic thoughts which naturally grew out of the scene. A cadet approached at a distance. It was L—. I had never spoken to him; we were in the same class, though in different companies. I had marked him in the battalion; he was tall and slender; graceful in his step, erect and lofty in his port; had an eye of deep blue, and a countenance of thoughtful, pensive genius. We fell into conversation; there was an originality, a talent, and a tinge of melancholy about him which interested me exceedingly. The drum rolled for a dress parade; we heard it in the distance, and hurrying off, reached the camp in time to save a *report*. On the 29th of August the tents were struck to the beat of the *general*; the companies in close order marched over the plain—the full band playing—stacked their arms in front of the barracks, and, '*breaking*,' repaired to the several rooms to which they were assigned. In two days all was composed, and, on the morning of the third day, at eight o'clock, the bugle sounded for the commencement of studies. I would not dwell much longer upon these reminiscences; for I cannot flatter myself, but that I have already tired my reader. I took up the pen over the evening fire and have followed the impulse of memory as she has been disposed to linger on the hours of this period, now that they are marshalled among those of the distant past. Let me add that the interest with which I invest recollection is not peculiar. My room-mate of that winter—now an officer of the army, whose talents are as solid as his temper is amiable and spirit brave—thus gives his feelings in a letter to me. "*I am happy to think that you speak of the Point with so much affection. To me, it is the happy valley of Rasselas where my youth was spent. The world is full of beauty. But where, other than in the precincts of that little plain, can you find such lofty generosity, such a touching disregard of self? The cascade, tumbling in its silver and pearly foam; the notes of Willis as they floated on the breeze to heaven; the evening song; the heart of friendship; the perpetual and honourable rivalry for excellence—I think of all these, here in this lonely Fort, and sometimes am disposed to be sad.*" Thoughts as neat, as they are natural and true. This same officer, as cadet Y—, stood first in the graduating class. Placed at its head on the first examination, he had held the post of honor up to the day of receiving his diploma. The appointment of assistant professor by the rules of the academy is given at the discretion of the Superintendent to those who thus distinguish them-

selves; it is an honourable distinction, accompanied by many privileges and extra pay. Cadet Y——, had held it for two years; was exempt from the detail of military duty; our room was free from inspection, and had a light after "taps;" at which signal, all not privileged, are obliged to remain in darkness. As high in conduct as in scholarship, he possessed the confidence of the Superintendent, the affection of his intimates, and the universal respect of the corps. An invitation reached him and one of his classmates, on a Saturday afternoon, to dine with a friend residing a mile from the academy. This class-mate was the first captain—an admirable officer, and uniformly attentive cadet. Together, they sought the Superintendent to obtain a permit of absence. He was not on the Point; they went to him next in command. Not an officer in authority to grant the permit was at hand; he, exercising actual command, declining for want of sufficient powers. After these honest attempts they stood on the equity of their case; and Saturday bringing a relaxation of duty, and averse to disappointment, accepted the invitation. On the following morning cadet Y—— repaired to the receiving room of the Superintendent, mentioning the fact with its attending circumstance. It passed in silence for a while. On the evening of the next day the adjutant appeared upon parade in his sword and sash. Calling, battalion, attention! he read the following order: "*Cadet Y—— and Cadet A—— are hereby reduced to the ranks.*" The corps was thunder-struck. Its two first officers *broken!* What had happened! But the order was given; and the two reduced officers as privates in the ranks shouldered their muskets, the one, among those he had been in the daily habit of instructing, and the other of commanding. "Twas a strict discipline exerted over them. I cite the incident as illustrative of the government of the young men of that school; a government well calculated to make them officers confident and energetic in command, because teaching unqualified obedience.

L——, whom I had first met at the old Fort at the close of the encampment, and myself, formed a close and lasting intimacy. I have said that the melancholy and talent of his conversation interested me much. During the winter we were much together, for I cultivated his acquaintance. His genius was unusually rich; he had improved it by patient study, yet at times there was an exuberance about it that would almost startle. He was familiar and open with me on all topics, himself excepted. Reserve marked his agreeable manner whenever his history was approached; but it was not the reserve of pride or cold feeling, 'twas rather that of sorrow. I could not invade it. We sat in friendly chat upon Christmas eve. The duties of the school were remitted for the following day, and we felt the less reluctance in devoting its hours to friendship. His room had not the privilege of a light, but the gleam of the fire was cheerful. I well remember him. His finely formed face and forehead, fresh in a youthful manhood; his mildness of temper, chivalry of nature and intelligence of mind, seemed peculiarly to fit him for that hour when, free from the restraint of superior age and authority, he threw himself in

native openness among his companions. This evening he was more than usually thoughtful. We were going over the incidents of our "*plebe*" encampment, when the deep stillness of the halls of the barracks was broken. We listened;—flutes, a violin, and well known voices fell upon our ears. 'Twas the "*Goddess Diana*" in a serenade to the sleeping cadets on this Christmas eve. 'Twas managed well, for it rose upon the air without previous noise. I caught the echo of a larch and whispers from some distant room, whose occupants had risen under the first grateful excitements of the strain; but all was again quiet. "Soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony," exclaimed I——, "but like the young and hoping Jessica, 'I am never merry when I hear sweet music.' It fills me with sad recollections of the past, and—I confess it—gloom for the future." 'Twas the most personal sentiment I had heard from him. But why should it make you so melancholly I answered. It is natural to a soul of sensibility to sympathize with melody. Recall that pretty thought of Beattie,

Is there a heart that music can not melt?  
Alas, how is that rugged heart forlorn!

Come—let us fill our glasses, and call in the serenaders. No, he resumed, I am not in a mood to be social. I must meet you by your own poet. Does not the minstrel say,

What is mirth but turbulence unholy,  
When with the charms compared of heavenly melancholy?

Ah! Oliver, we are intimate; but you know not my history. I have often appeared reserved to you; excuse me. You know my friendship, and I appreciate yours. But I feel this moment under the hand of fate; I feel as if some event were before me; hope glistens on the brow, love rejoices the heart, glory fires the ambition of youth; but I seem to see the future, and in it the path of *my* life is one deep blackness. I looked at him, and his blue eye fell upon me. It was more than usually brilliant. I thought him in a partial phrenzy. You must banish this vein, I said to him. 'Tis a rude visiter. Let us have a full bowl of *egg-nog*, with a jolly set among us, and we'll soon replace you on your balance. My badinage did not succeed, and I adopted his humour. Yes, Oliver, he resumed more calmly, you know not whom I am. I must tell you. It is only in chance to say how long we shall remain together. I sit beside you with a heart full of mournful recollections, and a soul of desperate ambition. In but my twentieth year, hope is barren, my fancy sick, and reality a vision. Sophia Dresden! Ah, that lovely form; that temper of perfect sweetness! Why can I not obliterate memory, that I am here to think of her; why can I not dive into the deep gulph of the past, and recall the golden hours that we've shared together! I knew her first in childhood, adorned by all the juvenile graces. She lived in Carolina, and our homes were not far distant. We spent a month in each other's society; and, on leaving her, she furnished a subject for the play of a youthful imagination. Who is there, that has not in boyhood indulged these idle reveries. Though vain, they

are agreeable; as necessary and natural to early happiness, as older and more selfish speculation to maturer life. When I recall the feeling that would arise within me about her; her picture, which would float through my fancy, I admit, that I preferred her. But I did not love her. She had not touched the living fountain of my affection. Perhaps in boyhood it is never touched. At this period, the whole moral and physical nature is in the cradle. Reason is weak; feeling is the creature of impulse; impression made is readily effaced; the child soon forgets the loss of the kindest parent; its affection seems barely an instinct. Is not the deepest attachment, that which arises in the heart with the consent of the understanding? Does it not then become a love deep and abiding, rather than a momentary impression? Does it not spring from beauties of a permanent nature—those of person, mingled with considerations of the mind and temper? I did not love Sophia. But we met again. Six years had intervened; I thought myself forgotten, and had almost forgot. It was at the residence of her father; I visited it amid the vernal charms of April; and saw her, as, over a “velvet lawn,” she approached the mansion. Her step was not the quick one of childhood. She was tall and symmetrical; dressed in pure white; a blue belt was round her waist and a moss rose-bud in her raven hair. Col. Hutchinson, of Owthorp, in his twenty-second year, fell deeply in love with the lady whom he afterwards married, before he had seen her; and when Miss Lucy Apsley appeared first before him, he says that he “*turned pale as ashes and felt a faintness to seize his spirits.*” Thus was it in my case; Sophia’s presence overcame me; the recollection of my boyhood’s preference rushed into my memory with all that strengthened force which time and ripening thought can impart to a pure passion. I was agitated, and she received me, oh! how sweetly! I was absolutely ill; and withdrawing from the parlour sought my chamber. You are disposed to ask whence sprung within me this morbid sensibility? Why have I not, in these scenes which occur to all of us, been able to bear myself with composed and quiet manliness. Hear me; I am an orphan. Of my infant history I know but little. I was a very fractious child; I am told that I was generous; I remember that I was often gloomy. My mother died at my birth; my father soon after. Committed with an elder brother, to the care of a benevolent guardian, we were placed as year boarders at school, his engagements of business carrying him across the sea. Here I remained from my sixth until my twelfth year; during the interval my brother died, and I was left alone. My guardian had confidence in the instructor; but harshness marked his system, to this I trace my peculiar cast of character. Some natures will flourish and expand under culture, however hardy; mine, was a delicate, sickly plant; it required training by the hand of care, and pruning by discreet affection. I burned with ambition, but my faculties opened not with the rapidity usual to my years. The lessons were long and difficult; I could not understand them; kind explanation would have made their principles familiar to me; but I was whipped for idleness. Unable to head my class, I became habitually melancholy, and with-

drew from the pleasant pastimes of my companions. When will preceptors learn to accommodate their systems to the peculiar bent of the young intellect or feelings! Often have I wandered alone among the fields, and sitting by the brook, or standing over the waterfall—have wept. I know not at what—perhaps ’twas the tear of nature. Had other influences been placed before me; had the glitter of boyhood’s buoyant hope; the cheerfulness and hourly guardianship of home been mine, I had grown up a different being; a “silken chord had led me.” At twelve my instructor died; and the school was broken up. Through his narrow and rigorous government would often steal the traces of generosity and goodness. He liked, he desired to protect me. He saw my peculiarities, and striving to correct, rivetted them the more firmly upon me. Let him rest. It was at this time, that, invited by an early friend of my mother to visit her, I first became acquainted with Sophia, her daughter. There was a kindness here, in all that concerned me, an interest in my welfare that awoke my gratitude. This happy visit terminated, my guardian sent me to the north to complete my education at college. I remained in a preparatory school at N— until sixteen; when entering the University, I went through the Sophomore year. My health was delicate, and feeling lonely, I strove for distinction; was fond of the reveries of Heraclitus, and would sit whole nights over the morose philosophy of Young. I formed few friendships, though I had no enmities. A rebellion happened; I was one of its leaders, and with my comrades, was expelled. At eighteen, with a faint experience in men, and some knowledge of books, I returned to Weston Rest, and met Sophia. ’Twas her father’s patrimonial, a retired ancient residence. I had grown up very much in the world of fancy, and she broke upon me at this period, in spirituality and commanding womanhood. Yes, yes, I was enchained; spell-bound. The morning after my arrival, we rode together on horseback. I have never seen such manners; such fascinating playfulness; such a fund of happy thought. Born and brought up in the content of the country, amid the peaceful scenes of home, she bloomed a lovely flower. Nature spoke in her accents; truth reigned in her bosom. She rallied me on my gravity; we spoke of our earlier acquaintance. Day stole upon day with varied pleasure, to me with a deepening interest. When disposed to cherish gloom of the heart she had ever some cheerful sentiment, or would combat and vanquish me by holding up the amiable realities of life. Let me be candid—I loved her to distraction. I loved the comeliness of her gentle person; and adored the ornaments of her lovely soul. If she had faults, at least they were not discernible through the veil of goodness that covered them. My passion was intense, yet not idolatrous; it sprung from fate, and revelled in the happiness of its choice. Can I recur without emotion to those sweet hours of evening, when leaning on my arm we walked in the twilight under the tall trees of W—! Can I dwell without a mournful memory upon that enraptured moment, when as we strolled along the margin of a beautiful stream that skirted her father’s estate, I told, and she listened to my love! The deep blush of maiden timidity kissed her

cheek; I gently pressed her snow white hand; she slowly raised the lashes of her tender eye, in smiles upon me. There is a joy in the heart of him engaged in youthful affection, pure, original and lively. Sophia was now my daily companion. Sometimes at the residence of her parents who opposed not our wishes, sometimes at that of a kind uncle, I lingered four months in transport near her. She was my counsellor; my nature changed; I knew not a melancholy moment. I sought the glories of life, for I wished to bring honor to my love. We talked of the career before us. With her approval, I determined to go to the Bar, and she promised me "her hand with her heart in it," when I received my legal diploma. "*Speed the going guest.*" I tore myself from her presence, and plunged into the study of my profession that I might prepare to introduce her to the standing which her birth and virtue had a right to claim.

It was four in the morning when I left her home. The stars were bright. I had bade adieu the night before. What an effort it cost me! True, I possessed her love, but I could not call her mine; the chords of my heart were strung only to respond to her's. The carriage waited at the door, I stepped into the garden: I cut a small branch of geranium, and stopped for a moment to gaze on her window, the window of the chamber where she slept in quietness and beauty. The morning star fell brightly on the glass; it seemed to shine with a softer light than on other things around. Throwing myself into the carriage, I strove to banish sorrow, and in a few days, was enrolled among the law students of the Academy at N—. I come to the sequel of my tedious story. Sophia wrote to me; what charming letters! they were full of refined intelligence and love. I approached the end of my first year, and was contemplating a visit to her happy home. The day for her weekly letter passed, I was disappointed; another week passed, I was miserable. A letter came from her cousin, to tell me she was ill. Another told me she was dead! Good God! I almost lost my reason; I could not believe it! I would not. I could not finish the letter! I was in the mail that night, and in three days on the gravel walk of Weston Rest. I had been ten months away; 'twas now November; I saw at a window, the cage of two canaries I had given her, with crape upon it, and the family servant opened the door in mourning livery. It staggered me, I fainted; recovering recollection, I was surrounded by the family. 'Twas too true, alas! Sophia was dead. She had been thrown from a mettlesome horse, and lingering for two days, had died of a fever which seized her. I wanted no particulars, I have never heard them, I only asked the privilege of mourning alone. My grief was fed by a line she left me in her own hand, "I have not forgotten, do not forget your Sophia; adieu, adieu, forever!" A settled melancholy has since reigned in my aching heart. My happiness, in anticipation so serene and lasting, is buried with her. I visited her tomb; it was the family vault. It stands secluded. The leaves rustle sadly on the ancient elms that surround it, and the birds chirp among their branches. I turned the heavy lock of the door, it creaked on its hinges, 'twas the complaint of the grave at intrusion by a child of

earth. The smell of the dead was around; the light of the sun entered, but I welcomed the darkness, and standing over her coffin, wept. By her's was that of an infant sister. Death thou hast wronged, thou hast deeply wronged me! But stop! I recall those words. Dear girl! her spirit was pure and kind;—she was greeted, I am sure, by the sister seraphs, and borne, a new comer, in joy, to the mercy seat, as one of the happy throng that live in its heavenly radiance! Such, Oliver, is my story;—it is now upwards of a twelvemonth since I left her father's residence, whose kindness towards me has been as towards a son, and up to the period of joining this academy, I have longed to enter the military service of my country. As to the law, I have no intellect to study; I have no power for the silent and profound abstraction which that master science demands. My soul has been racked, my nerves are shattered, I am diseased;—would that I could enter the navy! the ocean would harmonize with my broken spirit. But a cadetship was offered me, and here I am; my future has been swallowed in the past. I am now resolved to go where the tempests of ambition rage. I will laugh upon the fate that has mocked me. I will seek my pleasures in the hot vortex of dissipation. I will steer for a niche in "fame's temple,"—my course shall be sullen and onward. He paused, rose from his chair, and covered his face with his handkerchief.

I heard him with inexpressible interest. There was romantic poetry in his fate, and he told it in a voice of fluent, touching eloquence, but I saw the infatuation of his feelings. His mind wanted the wholesome medicine of a strong opposing influence, which might reanimate, without over-coming. The blow upon your early happiness has been very severe, I said to him; few can narrate a destiny of more lively sorrow; but my dear L., why these visions of cheerless despondence? I had been unworthy to hear you, could I not sympathize in the profundity of your grief, in the reality of your loss. Your Sophia is gone; swept from your ardent affection by a blast from Heaven, you have mourned, and are mourning her death. There is consolation in grief, when the heart bleeds, but temper it with moderation. Rouse from lethargy, cherish recollections of the past, and cheer them with hope. Let me reason with you; have you not read enough, have you not reflected enough upon the constitution of human feeling and nature of happiness, to feel sure that where the mind is cultivated and engaged, it can seldom become the victim of one passion? Bacon, in his thoughts upon love, analyzed this feeling like a philosopher, and declares that its effect is not disastrous upon an enlightened mind; and why? let me ask. Is it not because the end of mental culture is to equalize emotion in the balance of reality. Nature is buoyant; you have lost deeply, sadly, but remember how much is before you. You may yet in the future meet with one as fascinating as Sophia, one with whom you may form associations as delightful. Impossible, impossible! he answered with violence. Admit it, I resumed, but tell me, is love the only passion of the bosom? Have you not a mind? are you not in a profession of honour? Are there not such realities as the glories of intellect, the splen-



dours of fortune? The virtues that centre in, and pleasures that spring from patriotism, philanthropy, and friendship? You have talents; exert them in the wide regions of philosophy, let them play amid the beautiful vales of literature; plunge them into the conflicts of science, resolve to make your power felt in the legislative halls of your country, or to stand first on the roll of its martial defenders. Banish this intensity of sorrow. 'Tis unmanly. How have an Alexander, a Napoleon, a Nelson, a Washington, earned greatness? By putting an iron 'fetter upon any principles of power to absorb the principle of glory. Your gloomy ambition is a loose vision of despair. Be practical, be cheerful. The world in all its honours, is open to the young; it is the birthright of the strong, the vigilant and the brave. Tell me not, he said, in a low whisper, that I shall meet another Sophia. He raised his voice—remember, sir, (his manner was angry,) I hold you responsible, if you dare to say that I shall ever meet with my Sophia's equal. He stared at me with an air that awoke all my fears for him. Pardon me, I answered, let me offer you consolation. Away! he exclaimed; you are my enemy. And then more quietly: Oliver, I was very happy last night, as I stood post before the guard tent. Poor fellow! the encampment had been for four months over. I saw Sophia in the Elysian fields; the canaries of which she was so fond, were feeding from her lips; she wandered through a verdant grove, the leaves of the trees were of gold, and gently glistened in the fragrant breeze. She beckoned me to come; I called the corporal of the guard, but on his appearance, she vanished. He was delicious! I begged him to go to bed, and unstrapping his mattress, rolled it on the floor. It was nearly morning; I dozed by his fire until the reveille; he slept soundly through the hollow roll of the drum, and until mid-day. His room-mate, an amiable youth, but his inferior in acquirement and age, was not awake during our conversation, and I did not repeat it.

In the morning, I reported L——, as on the sick-list, he was therefore exempt from duty. Awaking, he was unconscious of that momentary aberration of reason. A candidate for the first place in his class, his mind was quick to intuition; his manner at the black board had the ardour and impetuosity of genius; he was always melancholy. I must have the honours of this school, he one day said to me. They are worth a struggle, I answered; the studies call for a vigorous intellect, and elastic hope. They will not baffle you. But L——'s health grew very weak; he was prohibited study, had a furlough of a year granted him to recruit his strength, and we left the Point together, in the following June. I had tendered my resignation, to enter a civil profession. The course of the Academy, though admirably calculated to educate to the science and practice of arms, is not as well adapted as the university of the muses to train for a learned profession. The mathematics are pushed to a point to which it is hazardous to provoke a mind destined to enter the world of moral, political, or legal truth. May it not be said, that they induce a severity of demonstration in their ultimate grasp, a habit of mental detail,

which, however salutary in the abstract, is rather opposed to the power for broad generality. Gibbon, that master of perfect learning, consents that he, who is not a man of science, should be in them a sciolist. Dugald Stewart asserts that moral and metaphysical is more difficult than mathematical study; and that, hence, we seldom find men truly distinguished in the former. Be this as it may, I do not here design to go into an examination of this academic course; ten hours a day are devoted by regulation to its study; and, with some objection, not now to be dwelled upon, it is, in attaining the end for which it was instituted by the government, the system of a school not equalled in the country, and of which we may be proud. But the history of legal eminence attests, that the law demands various preparation, studies, accomplished, practical, and profound. L—— hoped to recover, and return to West Point, but I always feared for him. He remained some months in the town where I was pursuing my studies, but became no better. He grew impatient and petulant; I sat with him one evening in October, a musical box which, at his request, I bought him, was playing on his table; he gazed on the fire, and listened in silence. Presently he spoke of Sophia, but with much composure; he said he had determined, at last, to cease to think of her, that if she could know how he had sunk under grief, she would almost cease to love him; and then, he continued, when I am rid of the disease upon me, I will return to the Academy, and enter a career of honour. I took his hand. Joy to you, I said, now you are yourself; you will soon recover, and the world will be bright as ever. A shudder crept over him. I left him in half an hour, rejoiced that he was so much better, but his cheek was still fevered, and I thought as I approached the door, that his eye roved after me, with a strange wildness. I met Dr. S—— on the steps. We talked of him. The report of a pistol burst upon us. Great Heavens! The deed flashed across me. We rushed up stairs. L——'s door was locked. We forced it open. He lay upon the floor—a corpse. His body was examined; anticipation was realized,—his liver was dreadfully diseased.

Such, reader, are the reminiscences I give you. Have you followed me thus far? You are entitled to my acknowledgments. I wish I had been able better to entertain you. Some of them have been pleasant to me, the last full of the melancholy of mourning friendship.

OLIVER.

#### *A Striking and Beautiful Emblem of Immortality.*

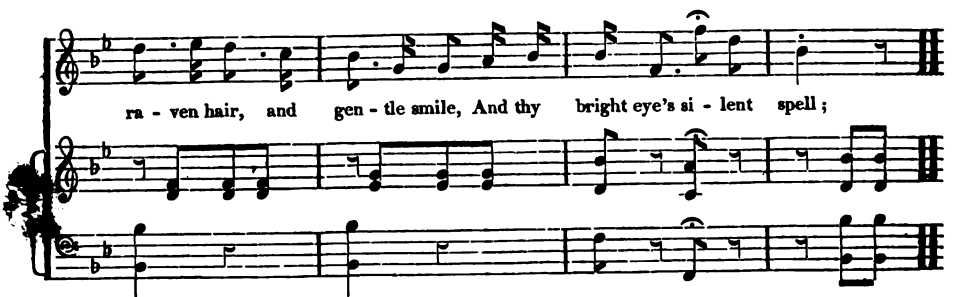
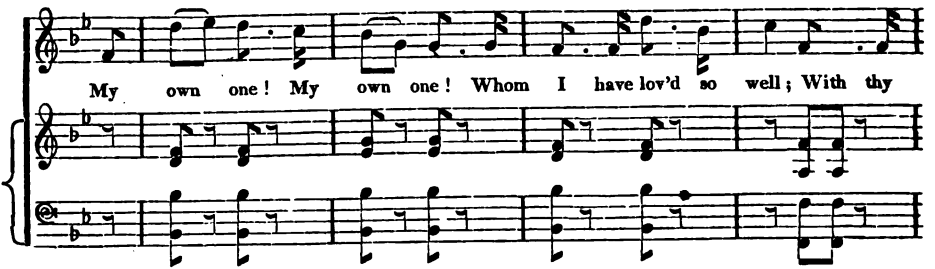
The Greeks sculptured the butterfly upon their tombstones—the poetical and philosophical genius of the people seeing in its transformations, a type of that futurity which they believed but did not understand. They placed it there as a representative of the soul. The image is beautiful and touching; and Sharon Turner, taking up the same idea, has expressed a belief that the Creator appointed insect transformations to excite the sentiment in the human heart, of death being only one step in the path of life.

**MY OWN ONE!**

A FAVOURITE SCOTCH MELODY,

*Adapted and arranged for the Piano Forte,*

BY DAVID LEE.





My own one ! my own one !  
 When I woo'd with song and vow,  
 Though thy beauty woke my spirit's pride,  
 Thou wert not so dear as now.  
 I lov'd thee then, that others prais'd  
 The charms which I had won ;  
 But now, when they forget to gaze,  
 'Tis for thyself alone !

My own one ! my own one !  
 Though thy beauty may decay,  
 Still the flowery fetters round my heart,  
 Can ne'er be torn away ;  
 Thine eye may lose its look of light,  
 Less lure the world may see,  
 But thou wilt still be fair and dear  
 My own one ! unto me.

RECEIPTS.

*Coffee Cream and Coffee Jelly.*

Boil an ounce of coffee berries, twenty-five coriander seeds, half a stick of cinnamon, a bit of orange peel, and a little loaf sugar, in a pint of good cream, for nearly a quarter of an hour. In the meantime, having beat up the whites of four or five eggs, strain to them the warm liquid, put all over the fire, keep whisking it till it thickens, and then pour it into a dish or separate cups or glasses, and serve it up cold with any favourite biscuits. Some prepare an agreeable coffee cream, by making a gill of very strong and clear coffee, and a pint of rich calf's-foot jelly; which they mix together while both are hot, adding a pint of good cream with loaf or Lisbon sugar to suit the palate. As this will jelly, though it should not be stiff, it is as much entitled to be called coffee jelly as coffee cream.

*Tea Cream.*

This cream, which is also taken cold, commonly with ratafia biscuits, is prepared in a similar

manner to the coffee cream: by boiling, in a pint of cream, the same quantity of coriander seeds, cinnamon, orange or lemon peel, and sugar; then, adding a gill and a half of strong gunpowder, hyson, or Pekoa tea, straining the liquid into the beaten whites of eggs; and, lastly, whisking it together over the fire till it sufficiently thickens. This, too, may be served up in cups or glasses.

*Chocolate Cream.*

Boil an ounce of the best scraped chocolate in a pint of rich cream and a pint of good milk, with a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar. When milled quite smooth, take it off the fire; and, while it cools, whisk up the whites of six or eight eggs, pour it into glasses, take up the froth of the eggs with a spoon, lay it on sieves, then put it in the glasses, so as for some of it to rise above the cream, and thus serve it up.

*Almonds covered with Icing.*

Make an icing with fine sifted loaf-sugar, orange-flower water, and whisked white of eggs; then, having blanched the almonds, roll them well in the icing, and dry them in a cool oven.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

It will be seen that our January number appears in a new dress. It is now printed by Messrs. Seyfert & Phillips, who have provided an entire new fount of types and a new press. The type is of a larger size than that formerly used, and will no doubt give more satisfaction, as it is easier to be read. We can, with confidence, call attention to the typographical appearance and embellishments of this number.

We have again exhausted our edition, and had to refuse many applications for the volume from July. We have, commencing with Vol. XII., printed an additional number of copies, but still would advise early application.

A writer in the Saturday Courier has been imitating Marryatt's style of writing so effectually, that we were for a moment deceived into the impression that it was a stray chapter that the editors of that paper had, through some means procured, in advance of the regular publication. If the author has as much invention as imitativeness, we would recommend the writing of a work of fiction.

The Marryatt Novels will positively be published at the extremely low price of thirty-seven and a half cents each. The publication does not depend upon contingencies; if it did, the edition already subscribed for, would warrant it. But we again repeat, that the publication does not depend upon circumstances; *they will positively be commenced and concluded*, agreeably to the original prospectus published in the December number of the Lady's Book,—see cover for a specimen page;—the paper will be of the finest kind used for book-work, and the publication in every respect creditable to the American Press. It will be remembered that the store-price of these works is one dollar and twenty-five cents, for what is now charged at thirty-seven and a half cents. The English price is one guinea.

Agents will please remember that it is now the close of the year, and accounts and remittances are expected from them.

Will our brethren of the exchange, give now and then, our list of contents and embellishments? We, of course, do not ask it for every number.

"Stray Reminiscences," in this number, is by an author whom we are happy to say, gives our work the preference for the emanations of his splendid talent. We are sure that our readers must be pleased with it. His style is beautiful and varied, and his incidents very far from common-place.

Marc Smeton's beautiful story of "Made-line" will also be found in this number. Marc is the author of "The Prima Donna," published by us some short time since, and which was so generally copied. We have several other

original articles in this number:—"The Queens of Europe;" "The Melmoth Family;" "A Lapsus Lingue;" and a beautiful piece of poetry by our friend Dr. Worrall, which needs no commendation from our pen. The Doctor's poetic talent and worth are too well known to our citizens.

We have received two letters from the post master, at some certain Carthage; but, whether it is in Ohio, Kentucky, Maine, New York, North Carolina, Tennessee or Alabama, as there is a Carthage in each of these States, we know not—but wish to. We are unable to answer his letter, not knowing his location. His name appears to be Gideon Powers. If any of our subscribers live in the same town with him, will they please inform him of our dilemma.

*A Piece of Plesantry.*—The following was received per mail, written on half a cover of The Lady's Book, without post-mark, date or names. "I wish you would not send those books to this office any more, as both the subscribers *has* removed from here, and they are not taken out. The post-master is not liable for the money, as he has told you to discontinue them; now pay the postage of those two, and say no more about them, and send them no more." This is no doubt a bit of fun,—but now for our *remarks*. This is written on the half sheet of the Lady's Book, that contains no subscriber's name, not even the writer's name; when called on, the worthy gentleman that sent it, will be able to swear that he has given notice to discontinue, and will receive the work until our travelling agent detects his villainy,—upon which detection, we shall report him to the Postmaster General, and hold up his name to an admiring world,—this will be our plesantry; his article, or notice, is well worth reading, for the beauty of its diction. When a notice is received from a Postmaster to stop a book, we do it *instantly*, and never wait for a second; but from the concluding letter which *contrives* to reach us after the work has been laying a year or so in the Post-office, one would suppose that half our letters must miscarry, they generally run thus: "We have written you several times to stop the Book addressed to Mr. —, he has been gone from this place for more than a year." Now, be it known to our generous patrons, that not three letters in a year miscarry, excepting from those that so intend it. We have received, in two instances, through the instrumentality of the Postmaster General, money for books that were wilfully allowed to remain in the office without notice having been given, and we shall try it in every instance.

We will give in our next an extract from the able report of the Post Master General, by which it will be seen that he has been making great efforts to promote the better carriage of newspapers and periodicals throughout the Union. This, it will be perceived, will be a great advantage to our subscribers. It has been a just cause of complaint, the great neglect that publishers have experienced in the transportation of their publications. We sincerely hope and will feel thankful if the remedy will be effectual.





THE GALLERY OF THE MUSEUM OF THE  
MUSEUM OF THE MUSEUM OF THE MUSEUM

Printed for the Trustees of the British Museum, by J. M. D.



# THE LADY'S BOOK.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

the sun rose  
the North, a succession of mountains  
country with azure zones;—while nearer, the  
hills descended gradually towards the plain, till  
they terminated in a circular ridge, covered with

selves unworthy of knight-hood. . . . the  
music struck up again, and the gates of the lists,  
at the eastern and western extremities, were



# THE LADY'S BOOK.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

## THE HUNGARIAN PRINCESS.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

THE fifth crusade was ended, and, throughout Europe, the religious spirit that had animated thousands to gird on the sword of battle for the succour of the Christians of Palestine, had, in a great measure, become extinct. Shortly after, however, influenced by the exertions of two monks, a number of young children, of both sexes, assumed the pilgrim's habit;—and, with scrip and staff, set out for the Holy Land. This circumstance reached the ears of Pope Innocent III., and quickened the pious feelings of that enthusiastic Pontiff, and caused him to exclaim: "While the aged and powerful slumber, babes and sucklings are awake to the glories of Christ's kingdom." An encyclical letter was sent around, calling for Christian aid against the Infidels, and a Council of the Lateran called, in which the Pope announced himself as leader of the Crusaders. Cardinal De Courcon, as an itinerant prelate, preached, with great pomp and power, the new enterprise in favour of the Cross, and induced Andreas, King of Hungary, the Dukes of Austria and Bavaria, and many distinguished German bishops and nobles, to arm in the holy cause. The Teutonic knights and the whole chivalry of Germany and middle Europe became warmly interested, and signified their eagerness to second the efforts of the Cross against the Crescent of Mahomet.

The affairs of Hungary were in an unsettled state; Andreas, the King, was a weak prince, entirely under the controul of Count Rhetian, a dissolute and wicked courtier, who often instigated him to acts of injustice and oppression, against which the martial spirit of the nobles, infused by former crusades and feudal strifes, disposed them to rebel. As a means, therefore, of removing from the kingdom the agitators of internal disquietudes, he readily adopted the expedient which the crusade held out, and, while he determined upon taking with him all the wild and refractory nobles, he wisely resolved, before setting out, by the exhibition of military games, to gratify the commons, that they might remain tranquil during his absence. A great tournament was therefore proclaimed in the neighbourhood of the palace.

Never, from the unclouded sky of Spring, did the sun look abroad on a lovelier scene! Far to the North, a succession of mountains belted the country with azure zones;—while nearer, the hills descended gradually towards the plain, till they terminated in a circular ridge, covered with

trees, like a vast amphitheatre erected for a contemplation of the scenery around. This was very beautiful; the winding vale smiling in the loveliness of May; the waves of the river Theis rejoicing in the sunlight; the venerable city of Hermanstadt, with the battlements and towers of the palace of Hungary cresting its temples like a crown upon the brow of age;—and the distant champaign country diversified with cottages, cultivated fields, castles, vineyards, and groves of trees.

But, within the amphitheatre formed by the hand of nature, was another, in the construction of which human art and task had blended all their powers of embellishment. It was built of wood, upon arches handsomely fashioned, and painted in the most tasteful manner. The galleries were richly decorated with silk and cloth of gold hung in festoons; and proud banners and scutcheons flaunted their gorgeous folds in the winds, rich as the clouds of sunset. The inanimate part of the scene was eclipsed by the display of youth and beauty, assembled from different parts of the kingdom, resplendent in all the brilliance of dress and jewels, bending forward from the circular gallery in a rainbow of smiles. But, of all the distinguished ladies that were present, the young Princess Cornelia was the most beautiful; and she sat in the purple pavilion of her royal father, with a mild, placid countenance, as if alike unconscious of her beauty and the increased interest which she herself added to the tournament.

The King's page at length waved a scarf from the top of the royal stand—heralds and pursuivants were seen gliding over the fields in every direction, arrayed in particoloured dresses; and the loud burst of martial music announced the approach of the King-at-arms, and judges of the field, who were to award the prize, a golden lion, to the successful competitor knight. They advanced, accompanied by their retinue, and took their station near a small stand covered with crimson, on which were placed the shields of the challenger knights, four in number: for, by the law of chivalry, the shields of challengers were required to be exposed some weeks in the neighbourhood of the lists, that the pretensions of the knights might be canvassed, and accusations preferred against such as had proved themselves unworthy of knighthood. Presently, the music struck up again, and the gates of the lists, at the eastern and western extremities, were

thrown open for the entrance of the challengers. First, came on a sorrel charger, richly caparisoned, the Count Alleman, a Teutonic knight, in great favour with the King, like Count Rhetian, and like him proud, malevolent, and wicked. He was tall and powerful, with dark swarthy features, and his black piercing eyes scowled haughtily upon the knights, as he glanced hastily around the lists to number the future triumphs of the day. He was clothed in Damascene plate-armour, highly polished and ornamented in arabesques, with a rich inlay of gold; and through the links of the steel net-work that united the planks, appeared the crimson folds of the silk gambeson, that enwrapped his brawny chest. He rode up to the stand, scarcely deigning to lower his lance in obeisance to the king, and received from his squire his massive shield, which bore the device of the sun and an eagle *volant*, with the motto—"Aspicio imperterritus"—"Fearless I behold." He was followed by two knights on bright bay horses, with beautiful trappings—Reinold de Richer, and a low-built, thick Teutonic knight, in a suit of plain armour, and a tall Templar, who had seen service in Palestine, clothed in heavy mail of steel-links, that settled to the graceful proportions of the knight it covered, and reflected in bright flashes the rays of the sun. They rode up to the stand together, and received their shields; that of the Teutonic knight having the device of a battle-axe, with *gulle in gules*, and the motto—"Fit via vi;" that of the Templar, a cross erect upon a *lune in detriment*, with the motto—"Allior." The fourth challenger did not make his appearance; and many were the whispers that passed, and the inquiries made in the galleries. The King-at-arms, Count Rhetian, however, without awaiting the advent of the fourth challenger, proceeded to assign a station to the three who had appeared, and ordered the heralds to proclaim the laws by which the tournament was to be governed."

The usual cry of "*largesse*" followed this announcement, and was answered by a shower of gold and silver from the spectators. The animating cries of "*Sons of Chivalry, stand forth! Glory to the brave! Victory to the generous! Bright eyes behold your deeds!*" arose from the heralds, accompanied by the full swell of the martial bands. Scarfs were seen waving from many a fair hand, as the knights hastened over the field to the area which was thrown open to receive them. The three challengers took their stand at small intervals from each other, and awaited the approach of combatants to oppose them. There was a considerable delay, perhaps less owing to fear, than a desire of giving place to the older and more honourable knights, who might wish to take part in the *passage of arms*. A short time after, three knights, of gallant bearing and acknowledged bravery, advanced,—and, touching the challengers' shields with the reverse of their lances, determined the contest to be with arms of courtesy, viz. with blunted weapons, and lances bearing a piece of thick board upon the point.

The knights retired from each other in opposite directions, and rode to the extreme lists, while the spectators encouraged them with animating cries. There was then an universal

silence, as they rushed against each other with a shock that threatened the dashing to pieces of horses and riders. The advantage was on the side of the challengers—for the two Teutonic knights hurled their antagonists with violence from their steeds; and the Templar, aiming at the helmet of the knight whom he encountered, made him reel in his saddle, while he himself remained firmly seated, though he received on his cuirass the lance aimed by his adversary. Loud acclamation attested the satisfaction of the spectators, and the burst of music sounded the triumph of the victors.

The Templar and his antagonist received fresh lances, and, retiring from each other with the encouragement of the heralds, rushed to the encounter with redoubled energy. The Templar's horse was borne down by the weight of his adversary's; and the Templar himself receiving the lance in the lower net-work of his breast-plate, was borne from the saddle far beyond his steed. The Templar's lance struck against the bosses of his opposer's shield, and was splintered to atoms. The knight, however, firmly retained his seat in the saddle, and was greeted by the universal voice of the multitude, as if of one man. Two of the challengers still remained masters of the field, but the discomfiture of the Templar gave encouragement to the knights who had remained spectators, and their shields readily met the reverse lances of champions accepting their challenge. Five courses were run by each, and five several knights unhorsed or otherwise vanquished; and the calls of the heralds, "*Splintering of lances! Love of Beauty! Honour to the Chivalrous!*" failed to bring forward new champions against the successful challengers of the field. The King-at-arms, Count Rhetian, assembled the judges of the field and marshals, and, after a short consultation, ordered the heralds to sound—"The Count Alexin de Alleman, first in arms, according to the laws of chivalry, conqueror of the field, and entitled by award to receive the golden lion at the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty, the peerless Princess of the House of Hungary."

Ere the herald sounded, the shrill notes of a clarion were heard at the western gate of the lists, and the order for a moment stayed. The eyes of the multitude were turned in the direction of the sound, and above the tops of the low larch trees, was observed the nodding of a solitary sable plume. It appeared like a thing of life, with regular undulating motion, to move along in the air, wholly unconnected with any other body, until a bright star-like blaze was distinguished, which appeared to support the plume without consuming it. Anon, the head of a horseman was visible, whose helmet bore the plume and its fiery appendage. He was tall, and of a slight graceful figure, to appearance fitted rather for the *ballet* than the battle-field. He rode a powerful coal-black charger, with curb saddle and horse furniture of the same colour. His armour was highly polished, and of a glossy jet, his coat of mail partly of plates wrought in scales, and partly of links, covered a thick gambeson of black velvet, over the collar of which his dark hair fell in beautiful shining ringlets. His helmet was black also, with the exception



of the enormous star, formed of brilliants, that bore his tall plume, and his dark eyes flashing from his closed vizor a light that electrified the soul, gave evidence of a spirit fierce and indomitable in fight. The multitude sat gazing on the advancing knight with a mixture of awe and admiration, while they scanned narrowly every part of his dress and armour with increasing wonder, at finding all black, even to his gauntlets and spurs.

The trumpets of the heralds, braying out defiance in a blast of death, arrested the attention of the spectators, and their eyes were turned from the knight in black, to what was passing within the arena. The King-at-arms raised his *baton* with a threatening gesture, and waving it to the marshals, they advanced two and two, to meet the knight, with crossed truncheons, to impede his approach to the arena, while, in the meantime, the harsh notes of the herald's trumpets, waxed more awfully loud. The herald that accompanied the stranger knight, still kept his trumpet to his mouth, and the blast, though less loud, was unremitting as the swell of defiance which assailed his master.

Accompanied by his squire, the knight in black continued on towards the centre of the lists. His closed vizor prevented his features being seen, but the fixed unmoved position of the head, the fiercer light that flamed from his eyes, burning in their sockets like liquid jet; the tension of the sinews of the arms and legs, the swelling and enlargement of the chest, and the proud straightening up, and heightening of his body, attested undaunted courage, kindled by indignation into fury. His steed appeared to participate in the spirit of the rider. The prickings of his master's spur, and the brazen clash of the trumpets had given him the enthusiasm of the battle-field. His mouth was whitened with foam, the muscles of his breast swollen, and his neck proudly arched, as, fiercely champing the curb, he spurned the earth beneath him with the loud angry stamping of his feet.

Approaching the crossed staves of the two marshals foremost in advance, he received a blow across the head. The ears of the generous animal were bent back upon his neck, in rage, the fiery breath rolled from his nostrils; with a loud snort he sprang forward, and with his feet struck to the earth the truncheons from the hands of the marshals. Stunned by the violence, they gave way, and falling back, formed a line in opposition, with the King-at-arms in the centre. Arriving here, the knight checked his charger, and came to a stand. Every eye of the multitude was rivetted upon the arena, and with a painful impatience, awaited an explanation of the strange occurrences of the day.

Count Rhetian motioned to a herald—the following was sounded: "Hear! Knight of the Sable Plume! fourth challenger of the *pass d'armes* of the Abbey of Hermanstadt, hear! I, Godolph Rhetian, King-at-arms, upon the accusation of the redoubted knight, Alexin Alleman, well and truly made, do charge thee with cowardice and treachery, and proclaim thee here, before these witnesses from the four winds, perjured knight! false traitor! discourteous gentleman! and coward! and order thee to quit these lists of the brave and honourable, or thy armour

shall be broken in shivers before thy face; thy shield, with its arms effaced, trailed reversed through the dirt, and thou, disgraceful knight, covered with the pall in the Abbey of Hermanstadt *alive*, hear the funeral service that attests thy death to knighthood, to honour, and to fame!" This scene accounted for the long absence of a challenger, and the studied concealment of his features. The trumpets again brayed in dissonance, and the hissings of the multitude assailed the dishonoured knight.

He sat motionless upon his steed, with head bowed beneath the reproaches that fell upon him, then leaping to the ground, knelt before the King-at-arms and the Abbot of Hermanstadt, beneath whose cloisters accusation had been laid against his shield. This act further increased the estimation of cowardice in which he was held, and King Andreas, whose impetuous spirit refused controul, demanded that the tournament be not disgraced by his presence, and that he should be hurled over the palisades of the lists. Presently the knight unloosened the lacings of his corselet, and produced a morocco wallet, from which he took a small oblong reliquary of gold, and presented it to the Abbot. The reverend father took from it a small parchment scroll, over which his eye ran hastily, then looking into the reliquary, pious tears flowed down his cheek, he seized his crosier, and motioning to the King-at-arms and Marshals, fell upon his knees, repeating a "*pater noster*," in which religious exercise he was followed by all those in the arena, with the exception of Alleman, who appeared to regard the ceremony with scorn and contempt.

A circle was formed by the Marshals around the Abbot and King-at-arms; and a low, yet most earnest conference, that appeared to be going on, left the spectators perfectly at a loss to comprehend the import of what *had* passed, or *was* passing. Count de Alleman sat upon his steed, evidently deeply interested in what was being transcribed. When about to receive the prize of the day, vanity had led him to bare his head, that all the multitude might enjoy a contemplation of his features, and in his countenance the traces of concern and anxiety were evident, and occasionally that paleness of the cheek which argues fear, and a slight quiver of the lip, notwithstanding the haughty curl which pride endeavoured to maintain. The conference ended, and the Abbot and King-at-arms approaching the knight, who still remained upon his knees, assisted him to arise; and, that especial honour might be paid to one whose character had been unjustly traduced, while one held the stirrups, that he might mount his steed, the other bore from the stand his shield, having a cross, supported by a lion rampant, with a sword in one *gamb*, and an olive branch in the other, for a device, and a short motto in characters unknown. His shield, also, was black, and the motto formed of gems similar to that of the helmet.

The knight in black, with lance in rest, rode to his false accuser, and in a voice that echoed through all the amphitheatre, addressed him: "Liar! Forsworn Knight! Traitor! Coward and Felon! proven so to be, before those assembled knights, just and true, I do further engage to prove upon thy body. I scorn thy recreant baseness, and though combat with thee as a knight

be infamy, it will be a merit to rid the world of a miscreant!" So saying, he struck the shield of Alleman with the sharp point of his spear, and determined the combat to be *at outrance*; that is, with sharp weapons. With a look of bitter scorn, the Teutonic knight returned: "Back on thy head, I hurl thy charges, and defy thee, Coward! I spare thee words, thy proper weapons; blows are the answers of the brave. Shrive thee thy soul! Look on the heavens thy last, this day thou diest!" They having spoken, he laced on his helmet, mounted a fresh steed, and prepared for the onset. In the meantime, the heralds in prospect of a recommencement of the tournament, ventured a second time the cry of "*Largesse! largesse! brave and fair!*" And the golden harvest which they reaped, far exceeded the first, a proof of the high interest awakened by the expected combat.

The arrangements of the parties having been completed, the King-at-arms raised his *baton* to the heralds, and the flourish of a thousand trumps sounded the attack, as the champions retired to the extremities of the lists, amid the encouragement of the vast multitude. The contrast was striking; Alleman armed cap-a-pie in bright armour, with a white plume, and mounted on a milk-white steed. His adversary in black, on an ebony-coloured charger. The stretch of fancy was not great, to imagine the contest between a spirit of light and a spirit of darkness. A breathless silence prevailed, the knights spurred their steeds towards each other, and met in the centre with a force that stunned, for the moment, both horses, while their riders remained unharmed, each having splintered his lance against the shield of his antagonist. The address and equality of the knights elicited the most enthusiastic admiration.

Having received fresh lances, they again retired, and rushed against each other even with greater impetuosity than before. The Teutonic knight unhurt, received upon his shield, the lance of his adversary, which went to shivers, while he directed his lance against the helmet of the knight in black, and striking the star in the centre, shook from it the disintegrated particles of the jewel in a shower of light, and caused the knight to fall back in his saddle, till his head nearly touched the trappings of his horse. The exultation here was no less than before, and discovered to the haughty Teutonic, that, notwithstanding his good fortune, he was less in favour with the multitude than the object of his unjust accusation.

They received a third lance from their squires, and again retiring, rushed together with a violence that hurled to the earth both horses, and enveloped them in dust, from the view of the spectators. The riders retained their seats, though violently injured by the concussion; the Teutonic knight receiving on his helmet a deep indentation from his antagonist's spear, while a part of his own spear splintered against the shield of the knight in black, and glancing off, broke through the links of his cuirass, inflicting a wound from which the blood trickled down in great heavy drops. Plumes, scarfs, and gloves, showered down from the ladies in profusion, to animate the combatants; and a rich cashmere scarf and bracelet, from the Princess Cornelia,

while it flattered the pride of the stranger knight, incited him to redoubled valour—though he staunchly not, as bidden, with the precious token, the flowings of his wound.

Ere their horses arose, each unsheathed his sword, and steel clashed against steel;—blow followed blow, in quick succession, till the whole place echoed with the din of their arms. The interest of the multitude was increased, and scarfs, plumes, and bracelets, again showered down, as the spectators bent forward from the galleries to behold the combat, and shouted and cheered the combatants. The blood still continued to flow from the knight in black, who had made upon the Teutonic but little impression, when in his endeavour, by a sudden wrench, to disengage his sword, which had become fastened between the plates and links of Alleman's armour, the blade was snapped in twain near the hilt, and he left, in a measure, unarmed, to bear the fury of his foe. Seizing, however, the battle-axe from his saddle-bow, he sprang on his feet (as his horse still lay apparently lifeless on the ground), while at the same time, the horse of his adversary arose. The Teutonic knight taking an advantage of his situation, ungenerous, and contrary to the laws of the tournament, spurred his steed towards the stranger knight, intending to ride him down; and ere the marshals could interpose, the knight in black sunk beneath Alleman's charger, which at the same time fell to the earth.

As the steed fell, however, by a quick evolution of the body, the knight escaped from beneath him uninjured, and rising, dealt a blow upon his adversary's helmet, as he descended, that made him fall back from his horse. Notwithstanding the urgent cries of the spectators, to follow up by blows his advantage, with a generosity of soul, noble as it was unmerited, he rested his battle-axe till his antagonist arose, and then the contest was resumed with quickened ardour. In strength, the Teutonic knight was superior, owing to the loss of blood which his antagonist had suffered; while in rapidity of motion and address, he was greatly inferior. The cries of the spectators had ceased, for absorbing interest enchained every faculty, until they forbore to breathe, in intensity of feeling. The blows of the combatants were unremitting, and apparently with equal advantage.

A wound, at length received in the fleshy part of the back, appeared to enkindle the fury of the knight in black to the uttermost; like a wounded tiger, he sprang forward, and his battle-axe assailed the helmet of his adversary with repeated strokes, till the solid brass gave way, and the weapon crashing through metal and bone, extended at full length upon the sand the blood-stained quivering body of the giant Teutonic. There was a short pause, and then clarion, trumpet, herald, and people, lifted up their voices in one simultaneous swell, and mountain, forest, city, hill and valley, echoed back the sound.

The knight in black now mounted his horse, which at length recovered from the stunning shock he received, had risen up, apparently little injured, and riding to his herald, bid him sound a challenge to the field. No one appearing to answer the challenge, the King-at-arms, and judges, awarded the prize of the day to the

stranger knight, and escorted him, amid the plaudits of the people, to the royal pavilion, that he might receive the prize at the hands of the Princess Cornelia. Richly habited in a violet coloured robe, confined by a clasp of brilliants, and wearing her laurel crown with bandelets of gold, she extended the prize, and while her fair delicate hand shook with a slight tremor, placed the golden lion over the plume of the helmet where she had the gratification of beholding her own bracelet buckled as a gage. Receiving the prize with lowered lance and graceful inclination of the body, the knight threw around the shoulders of the Princess her cashmere scarf, and, turning to the King of Hungary and knights around, said: "Sire, and ye gallant knights! we meet in Palestine with mace and spear against the Infidel, to bear the banner of the cross." Then declining the Princess' invitation to a banquet, he inclined his head again to the King and the multitude, and reining up his charger, rode from the lists, accompanied by his squire and herald.

As he turned from the royal pavilion, the device of his shield caught the eye of a spectator in one of the lower seats—a female shriek arose, and a young maiden in the bloom of youth and beauty, fell down in a swoon, arresting the attention of the multitude, and especially of the King-at-arms, who recognized in her habit and appearance a Jewess, that, contrary to an edict published before the tournament, had the presumption to attend. She was therefore seized, and brought trembling before the King-at-arms, who ordered her, as guilty of a serious offence, to be carried to his chateau, and there kept in custody during his pleasure. The full horror that o'erspread the cheek of the beautiful girl, the wildness of her dark lustrous eye, her tears and entreaties, and the entreaties of the young princess in her behalf, were unavailing,—and she was hurried away to endure the insults of a wicked and licentious man.

Oppressed by the heat, and the emotions that had been excited in her bosom, Cornelia threw back the scarf that was wrapped closely around her, and, perceiving something weighty in one of the corners, unloosing, discovered a golden plate in which was wrought, in enamel, the miniature of a Jewess, that appeared to bear a striking resemblance to the virgin removed from the lists. On the reverse was the likeness of the identical knight in black, divested of his helmet, and with features so noble and commanding, that a crown could have added nothing of dignity thereto. While motives of delicacy disposed the princess to keep the matter of the miniature profoundly secret from her royal father, the strange adventure prompted her to use all her influence with him to rescind the order of the Count Rhetian, but his reply was firm and final: "Andreas is King of Hungary—Count Rhetian, King-at-arms;" and the lovely and innocent Jewess was left to her fate. The tournament for the day thus ended, the vast cavalcade moved away, followed by the people on foot;—and the lists were deserted, till the morrow's sun should bring again the season of amusement.

Ezra Emmanuel and Jabez his son, had visited Belgrade, on matters relating to money, and,

being detained beyond the time appointed for their return, travelled night and day, scarcely allowing themselves time for refreshment and repose, that they might reach home ere the show of the tournament, in order to protect their daughter and sister against the insults which the Jews of Hungary had at all times to suffer, but especially at such times as the minds of the people were awakened in a lively manner against all the enemies of the Cross of Christ. They reached their mountain residence a few hours before the break of day, and, unwilling to disturb the repose of Miriam, quietly loosened the secret fastening, and entered.

Jabez, overcome by weariness, sank down into a seat; but the old man, full of affection for his beloved child, lighted a lamp, and proceeded to her apartment. Perceiving her couch vacant, he gazed around the room in a stupor of astonishment, and, wringing his hands in agony, by his groanings awakened his son. As they searched the house together, narrowly examining every part, a knocking was heard at the door, which, being opened, Miriam rushed in, bathed in tears, with countenance pale with sorrow, and garments rent in pieces, and fell into her father's arms in an agony of woe. The tears of the father flowed down the channels of his time-furrowed face, and, kissing the pale cold cheek of his child, he called her by every tender epithet, and conjured her to make known the cause of her grief and distressful appearance.

Amid sobs, that rendered her articulation incomprehensible, she attempted a recital, but the only words she could utter were, "Count Rhetian—Count Rhetian;" then, turning to her brother, she shrieked, in a frantic voice, loud as the blast of a war-trump, "Avenge your sister's dishonour!" then, seizing a small *stillette* which lay upon a table, buried it to the hilt in her bosom. The old man tore his beard in agony, and attempted to staunch the wound, but Jabez plucked the steel from her breast, and pressing the reeking blade to his lips, called on the God of Abraham for vengeance; and, catching up his bow and broadsword, rushed from the dwelling. The sun was high up in heaven; and his rays, through the waving branches of a lime-tree, entered the window, and fell tremulously upon the long blood-stained tresses of the maid—the light advancing and then receding, as if by an instinctive dread of blood. The heavy stupor at length passed off; Father Ezra raised his gray head from the bosom of his child, and, carefully covering up the corpse, abandoned the dead, in anxious concern for the living.

Knowing that the Count Rhetian, from his office, must necessarily be present at the tournament, Jabez, like a tiger thirsting for blood, under the cover of a tree, awaited his coming at a narrow pass; and as the knight, accompanied by his train, rode proudly along, unconscious of impending fate, a well-directed arrow entered his vizor, and striking the right eye, pierced through brain and bone, till the iron point infringed against the back of the helmet. A faint cry was uttered, and the Count fell heavily to the earth, ere his companions had notice of the winging of the deadly shot.

The lists were filled with champions. The



king and *cortege* had arrived; and all awaited with impatience the arrival of the King-at-arms, that the games might commence. The sound of trumpets at length diffused animation among the galleries, but it was succeeded by the slow mournful notes of a military band. The folds of a black banner were seen floating in the air, and, as it was borne along, appeared the body of Count Rhetian, supported by four marshals, and followed by pages, carrying his armour in mourning,—his war-horse caparisoned in black; and a long train of retainers and vassals, with a man in chains, bringing up the rear. The body of the dead Count was laid at the feet of the king; and, when his murderer was discovered to be a Jew, the whole multitude, with one accord, demanded his destruction with a violence of uproar that made the earth tremble, as with the throes of an earthquake.

A short conference passed between the king and his principal knights, and the Jew beheld beside him the fagots' blaze that were to reduce his body to ashes; yet in his countenance there was nothing of fear. Not a murmur escaped him—not a limb—not a muscle betrayed emotion; but with proud look of scorn and defiance, he returned the wrathful glances of the eyes that glared upon him.

Fanned by the wind, the fire went briskly up, and the work of torture began. Confined to large cylinders of wood by the hands and feet, with iron staples, he was branded and burnt with red hot bars of iron in the arms and thighs, till the odour that arose from the fried and crisping flesh, darkened and scented the air—yet not a groan escaped him—not a petition was offered up for mercy to his cruel tormentors. As the heated irons burnt their way, and descended through the skin to the more quick and sensitive parts of the flesh, his body was moved with painful contortions; and, in the agony of suffering nature, his limbs raised up, and let fall the mazy timbers to which they were attached, so that the bystanders were compelled, by sitting upon them, to confine them to the earth.

The first irons were removed, and others, glowing hot, applied to the deep cavities that had been burnt into the limbs—also to the more vital parts—the head, the stomach, and the heart. Nature, nerved up to the greatest endurance, could not sustain the suffering; the cries of the tortured Jew went up in appalling shrillness, outswelling even the fiendish exultations of the vast multitude around him; his whole body was convulsed and quivering; the tensely drawn eye-lids were entirely removed from the eyes; and the huge dark eye-balls, straining from their sockets, glared round in awful glances, more lurid than the lightning.

The Abbot of Hermanstadt, who had stood by, perceiving his groans to become weaker and less frequent, approached the dying man, and, standing the crucifix before him, desired the Jew to abjure his religion in his extremity, and win heaven through his sufferings on earth. Pain and rage endued the tormented with supernatural strength; he started forward with a violence that burst one of his eyes, and made it trickle in blood and water down his cheek, and tearing through the iron staple his hand, seized

the cross, and with a violent blow levelled to the earth the priest who bent over him.

This act of impiety exasperated the people more,—and though his torture afforded satisfaction, yet, in their eagerness for his destruction, they called out for more violent torment. His arm was accordingly fastened down; and the former plates being removed, a great red iron cross was taken from the fire, and laid upon him, stretching from his head down the body; and across his arms. His cries were redoubled as it burnt its way, but became fainter and fainter, as oppressed nature seemed to sink into insensibility. The smoking flame went up, exhaling its strong fleshy odour, and the dying Jew appeared unconscious of suffering. The iron at length made its way to the brain;—all the sensibilities were quickened and centered into one shock of agony, and his dying cry cleft the air with a piercing shrillness that struck horror to the hearts of all that heard it.

Although the Jews, as the early enemies of Christ, were hateful to all crusaders, many of whom contended that they, as the rejectors of the Saviour, ought to be subjected to indiscriminate slaughter,—and, although the crime of Jabez Emmanuel appeared heinous in their eyes, yet, such was the awful nature of the punishment, and such the feeling, half resembling awe, that the dead body of an enemy will excite, that few shouts followed the last dying agony of the tortured Jew. The eyes of the multitude remained fixed upon the corse, but their attention was suddenly arrested by a cry of appalling terror, and, on turning, they beheld a Jew—the miserable father of the dead man, standing upon the velvet-coloured platform, that had supported the shields of the knights. His head was without covering; and the long silver tresses, floating in the air, gave to his features a wild yet venerable expression, as he rent his garments and tore his beard, in an agony bordering upon madness. Raising his eyes and hands to heaven, with a distinctness that rendered every syllable audible, he cried:—"Vengeance, Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob!—Vengeance upon the heads of this prince and people! Thou unjust, wicked, and inhuman King! Believest thou in the punishment of that hell thou preachest up, and yet dost sanction robbery, violation, and murder? Thou hast filled thy coffers with my gold!—With the blood of a violated daughter, these gray locks have been reddened, and my eyes and ears have attested the dying miseries of my tortured son! Are these the inculcations of your 'Prince of Peace,' in whom you profess faith? Did Jesus (himself a Jew,) enjoin the robbery, violence, and murder of the Jews? You have made my house desolate! The pillars of my age are broken down—two are lying low in their blood; and, alas! alas! agony insupportable! the third, corrupted by your priesthood, and imbued with your hypocrisy, has apostatized from the house and religion of his fathers! Yet there is justice in heaven;—vengeance will come. The God of Abraham will be to you a whirlwind and a storm. Pestilence and famine shall devour you, and fire and sword consume your house, your family, and your people. Tremble

and fear!—for, as the Lord God liveth, so shall it be done unto you.”

Awed by the terrible denunciations of the Jew, and his wild prophetic manner, they permitted him unmolested to retire, the king himself evidently affected by the occurrences of the day, announced that the tournament was ended; and the multitude, issuing in one living mass through the gates, divided into innumerable bands and companies, moving to their respective habitations. The King of Hungary having arranged his affairs, left the administration of his kingdom in the care of some of the most trusty nobles, and set out for Palestine, accompanied by the Princess Cornelia, his barons, the Teutonic knights, and many German, Austrian, and Bavarian bishops and nobles, with their retinues.

Ezra Emmanuel, with that instinctive love of money, peculiar to his race, determined upon raising, by a levy on the subjects, the amount of which the king had despoiled him; and the natural acerbity of his disposition towards the Christians having been increased by the wrongs which he had suffered, he seldom failed to glut his love of vengeance, as well as money, by coupling robbery with murder. All the different passes, for many leagues around, were infested by the Jew and his marauders, and every attempt to entrap him, proved utterly abortive. Apparently possessing ubiquity, while closely pursued by the soldiery in one place, like a spirit of darkness, his presence was suddenly made known in another, many leagues distant, by the mangled throat, and cleft skull of the peasant or traveller. Such was his terrible power, and exerted in a manner so ruthless and deadly, that he was believed to be in league with the prince of darkness, or even to be the arch-fiend himself; and the council of regency accordingly implored the assistance and denunciations of the church against the fearful deeds of the blood-stained robber.

The sun had sunk behind the hills of the west, and the gray shades of twilight began to fall softly o'er the plain, bringing on that Sabbath season of the day to the brown sons of toil and the pious worshipper. The bell of the abbey had told the hour of vespers, a large multitude was assembled, and a number of tapers forming a cross around the relics of several departed saints, brightly burning. After the ceremonies had proceeded some time, the Abbot took up the relics, and holding them in his hands as the people bowed down their heads in adoration, repeated in a loud impressive tone, the following execration: “*Nomine patris, filii, sancti spiritusque. Execratus sis in meritis accorpori, in membris ac spiritu. Obtenebrescant oculi tui qui concupiverunt, arescant manibus quæ rapuerunt, debilitentur omnia membra quæ adjuverunt. Semper labores nec requiem invenias, fructu tui laboris priveris. Formides ac paveas a facie persecutis et non persecutis hastis ut tabescendo deficias. Sit portio tua cum Juda traditore domini in terra mortis ac tenebrarum donec cor tuum ad satisfactionem pleman convertatur. Ne cessant atre træ maledictionis scelerum persecutrices quamdiu perurneas in peccato pervasionis. Amen! fiat! fiat!*”

The last *fiat* was scarcely uttered, when the tremendous voice of the robber himself, was

heard in the chapel. “You that murder with the cross, perish by the cross!” and as the awe-struck multitude lifted their heads, the severed head of the Abbot fell upon the pavement. A fiendish laugh of exultation followed; the Jew swept his sword around, carrying before it the rows of lighted candles, and with a slow measured tread, retired from the church.

Roused to the highest indignation, the whole neighbourhood joined in pursuit, but the Jew was nowhere to be found, and was not heard of after. Lest my readers complain, that in my story there is too much incident, and too little feeling, and that in the descriptions of the deeds of knights and robbers, I have lost sight of my fair heroine, and the love-making part of the story, I will inform them that the Princess was deeply interested in the knight in black, and that although a certain writer having a good knowledge of mankind and womankind also, has said that “love passes to the heart of a lady, through the ears; and from the heart, through the eyes,” yet in this case it was different, for it entered through the eyes, and passed out in sighings through the lips. The military bearing of the stranger, his generosity and courage, had excited in her bosom emotions strong, yet undefined, to which the marked preference of the miniature gave the definitiveness and warmth of love, and, hoarding the secret in her own breast, Cornelia welcomed the winds that wafted her to Palestine, and the din of the battle-field, where she hoped again to behold the starry crest of her knight lighting the path of victory.

Ere the expedition set out, Pope Innocent III. died, and Andreas, in his stead, conducted the crusades to Cypress, and thence to Acre, where the infidels, who had heard little of this crusade, and were, consequently, unprepared to meet them, fell in myriads beneath the Christians’ swords. Concentrating all his strength with a large reinforcement from France and Italy, the King lead them from Acre to the siege of the fort, built by the Saracens on Mount Tabor, commanding a difficult and important pass.

Having arrived at the foot of the Mount, they encamped, and began making the necessary preparations for storming the fortress. The King having possession of a strong building, whose thick stone walls had evidently been constructed as a protection against violence, had given all necessary orders for the night, and retired to repose. The Princess had entered a small chamber, which was fitted up as a chapel, and bending before the holy emblem of the Christian’s faith, her petitions arose from the altar, of a meek heart, pure and holy as the breath of incense. The triumph of the cross, was the burthen of her prayer, but her low sweet voice was heard in behalf of her father, and of one who was in her affections as purely and tenderly enshrined. Rising from her knees with a brow like a rainbow, all peace and beauty, she approached the window, and loosening her robes, and throwing off the thin figured *seminare* that covered her swan-like neck and shoulders, sat recumbent, resting her cheek upon her richly rounded arm. As she contemplated the mild beauty of the deep-blue sky, and enjoyed the balmy wind which appeared to wanton with the rich clustering tresses that escaped from her

golden-banded *tiara*, a slight motion of the *arras* and the noise of a spring broke her reverie, and, turning, she beheld the long grizzled beard, and terrific features of the robber Jew. With rusty scull-cap, corselet, and baleful staring eyes, he looked a demon of the waste, rather than a man, and advancing with drawn sword, and a scowl that froze the very blood of the Princess, and thrusting a cloth into her mouth, hurried her from the apartment through the secret passage.

Entering the wood with his burden, the Jew hastened on until he came to a large rock, which had been cleft asunder by the earthquake, leaving a chasm dark, dismal, and deep. Throwing a leathern thong around a point of the rock, he caught hold, and sunk into the frightful chasm with a rapidity and smothering sensation that took away all consciousness from his victim. When she opened her eyes, she was in a great rocky cave, in the centre of which a fire was fiercely blazing. Her inhuman tormentor was intent upon inflicting upon her the same punishment which her father had inflicted on his son; and assisted by a Saracen, of appearance equally as hideous, was busily engaged in forming a pile beside her of the most combustible wood. Tearing the gag from her mouth, the doomed Princess uttered loud lamentations, which reverberated in awful echoes through the cavern. With a demoniacal laugh at her fears and misery, the Jew seized the unhappy maid, and binding her upon the pile, put the flame beneath, which readily caught, and began to burn. In this extremity, the thought of the miniature and Jewess, darted across her mind, and hope brightened in a last struggle for life; she threw the miniature to the Jew, but the crackling flame rose fiercely, and she sunk into insensibility. When she awoke to consciousness, the companion of the Jew, and the Jew himself, with cleft skull, lay before her; she herself supported in the arms of his son and slayer, the knight of the sable plume.

Hillel Emmanuel, the stranger knight, was the eldest son of Ezra Emmanuel, who was descended in a direct line from the last king of the Jews. Early in life, when from home, he had suffered an attack of the plague, and being kindly attended by a Christian pilgrim, when every one else forsook him, he listened meekly and gratefully to the teachings of his pious benefactor, and became a happy convert to the Christian faith. Warm and enthusiastic in temperament, he entered into the service of the crusaders with ardour, and from his prowess in many conflicts, had conferred upon him the order of knighthood. His father Ezra, hated and oppressed by the Saracens, and indignant at his son, who had renounced the Jewish religion, had quitted Palestine in disgust, and, travelling over Europe, had at length settled in Hungary. The horrid calamities which he had suffered there in the persons of his daughter and son, had affected his mind with madness, and, burning with revenge, he had steeped his hands in blood, and after the murder of the priest, had fled again to Palestine, either contemplating deeper vengeance against the king, or actuated by the desire of again beholding his country, the land of promise, endeared to the Jew by a thousand delightful associations. It

so happened that the very house which the king and suite occupied, had been the former residence of Ezra, before abandoning his country. His son was acquainted with the cavern into which the Princess was conveyed, and attracted by her shrieks, rushing in, smote down the Jew and Saracen, and freed the victim at the time when the fire was about enveloping her body.

I will not here attempt describing the feelings of Hillel, when he snatched up the plate containing his own and sister's miniature from the hands that clasped it, and in the strongly-marked features of the dead, discovered the person of his own father: nor will I attempt to express the joy that filled the breast of the king at the rescue of his child, and of the whole army, who had been suddenly aroused from their slumbers, and were engaged in the search. The father, in the overflowings of a grateful heart, after learning the horrid death from which his daughter had escaped, tendered her hand to the knight in black, who had won her, both by the preservation of her, and by former services in favour of the Cross.

Hillel Emmanuel, afflicted with horror at the thoughts of slaying his father, and endued with a certain divine fury, tendered his services to the King, in leading a night assault against the fort on Mount Thabor. The whole of the forces were soon in motion, and, after encountering innumerable difficulties in the ascent of the mountain, they arrived before the fort. The outer embankment was soon carried by the victorious crusaders—the arrows fell in hail of death—sword clashed with sabre, and Christian and Saracen grappled in deadly conflict; and, while the wild fire of the Infidels streamed wildly through the darkness, falling in deluge of torture among the Christian ranks—the shouts of besiegers and besieged went in echoes down the vallies, like the blast of a tornado. Rallying the forces that recoiled from the liquid flame, the knight in black, o'er heaps of dead and dying, that his right arm had borne down, urged forward his steed, and planting his standard upon the *bastion*, sunk oppressed by the weapons of the thick ranks that closed around him.

The descendant of the last Prince of Judah was no more, and with him had perished all the hopes he had entertained of the moral renovation of his race, mingled with the thoughts of personal aggrandisement, and his airy dreams of the diadem and sceptre. Disconcerted by the wild fire, and panic-struck at the death of their leader, the troops gave way, and the crescent continued to wave in triumph from the fort of Mount Thabor.

The young Princess did not long survive her lover. The oil was wanting, and the lamp of life grew pale, flickered, and all was dark. Wasted by sorrow, she fell an easy prey to the diseases of the climate, and reposed with her lover-knight beneath a beauteous mausoleum bearing his arms, where oft in after-times, the eye of love brightened, and the pious orisons of the young aspirant in arms rose upon the dewy wing of morning.

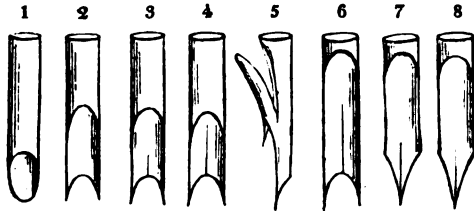
*Brookeville, Md.*

## ON LETTER WRITING.

VARIOUS kinds of pens have been invented within the last few years; but whatever may be the merit of the greater part of them, for the use of a lady who is seldom employed at her Escrutoire, except to write a few short notes, and occasionally two or three letters, none of them are superior to the pen made from the grey goose quill. The silver and steel pens have always appeared to us to be hard and unpleasant, and I have rarely found them capable of producing such fine marks as a good common pen. Boxes of quills cut from the feather, and also points only, are to be obtained at the stationers'; these are convenient, because they are more portable than pens in bundles.

The complaint of having wretched pens, ink, and paper, as an excuse for careless or unintelligible writing, is a plea that ought never to be accepted from a young lady; for, as every one must be aware, she can but rarely, if ever, in the

ordinary course of events, be placed in situations where she cannot obtain paper and ink of proper quality: quills are also easily obtained, and she ought to be able to make or mend a pen herself. If she have not already acquired the mode of performing this very useful operation, the following directions will, perhaps, be of considerable assistance to her in making the attempt. It is, of course, necessary that the Escrutoire should be furnished with a good pen-knife: it generally is so: but the blade is more frequently had recourse to for the purpose of erasing mistakes, than for its more legitimate use,—making or mending a pen. I will take leave to observe, *en passant*, that in nine cases out of ten, it is better to run the pen lightly through a word inserted by mistake, and to write the correction above it, than to deface the letter by scratching it out, and inserting the correction in its place.



The handle of the knife should be held low in the hand, so that a full command may be obtained of about half an inch of the top of the blade, which is sufficient to operate with in shaping the pen. A quarter of an inch is to be first cut off the back of the quill (fig. 1), and about twice as much in front (fig. 2); a short slit is then to be made, as nearly as possible in the centre of the back of the quill (fig. 3); the slit is to be increased (fig. 4),—not in the ordinary way of filling it with the thumb nail, which frequently makes it ragged, irregular, or too long,—but by using the end of the handle of the knife, if a proper desk knife, or in default of that, another quill, so as to act as a lever against it. To prevent the slit being carried too far, the left thumb should be pressed firmly on the back of the quill. The knife is now to be applied to the front part again, and what is called the cradle-piece (figs 5 and 6) cut away; a point is then to be obtained, by cutting gradually from the sides of the quill towards the end; this is technically termed sloping the shoulders, and is varied according to the maker's style of writing. For a free running-hand, such as is usually adopted by ladies, the shoulders should be considerably sloped, as fig. 6; which shows the pen with the cradle-piece removed, the shoulders properly sloped, and the point ready to be nibbed. When the pen is in this state, it is proper to ascertain by looking at its back as well as front, that an equal quantity has been removed from each side, that the slit is neither too long, nor that too much of it has been cut away: in the former case, the pen will be either too soft, or splutter; in the latter, it will be too hard, except it be for such as bear heavily on the paper when writing. The slit, if too long, may of

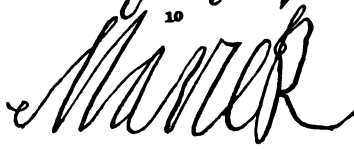

course be easily decreased, by cutting more away from the sides; if it be too hard, the slit may be increased, by carefully applying the end of the knife-handle, or another quill, and breaking it up in the manner directed for making it in the first instance. At this stage of the operation, it is also advisable to see that the points, as well as the sides on each side of the slit, are nearly even, and neatly tapered. They are to be lightly closed, and the back of the pen, from the points of the shoulders downward, gently rounded by a trifling pressure of the ball of the left thumb. The pen-nibber, or the end of another quill, is now to be introduced to the barrel of the pen; with the knife held sloping, its edge being forward, a fine piece is to be cut from the top of the points; the pen is then to be cross-nibbed, by cutting a small portion of the ends of the points with the knife held in a perpendicular position. That part of the pen called the scoop, from which the cradle-piece has been removed, should, finally, be cut out and finished, so as to bear a proper proportion to the shoulders (fig. 8, the perfect pen). A pen may be mended several times without increasing the length of the slit; for if two or three thin strips or shavings be cut away from each side, and the ends nibbed, a fresh point is obtained. When the slit becomes too short, it may, of course, be lengthened by the point of the handle, in the way we have described in the formation of the pen. The shoulders and scoop should be cut away as the slit is made to advance up the barrel, so that the pen may preserve its proper shape, however often it be mended. The pen should never be nibbed on the thumb-nail; nor should its point be pressed against the ball of the right thumb when cutting

out the shoulders: the edge of the quill should rather be held against the side of the thumb, so that the knife may pass clear off from the point; thus all danger of cutting the thumb is obviated. In charity to those who either will not, or cannot learn how to make or mend a pen, I think it right to observe, that a little instrument, called a pen-maker, may now be obtained at the cutlers', by which, either operation may be performed with very little experience or manual dexterity.

The systems of teaching ladies to write a neat regular running-hand, which have been generally adopted for some years past, destroy that individuality of character which was formerly very much noticed, and somewhat admired;—all those who have been taught by the same master forming their letters so much in the same style, that it is almost impossible to discover any difference in their writing; females of the same class in life, now write, as they dress, nearly alike; but whatever may be the objections made to modern methods of tuition, by those who have founded a system on Cowley's expression:—"I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand-writing, in order that I may know her temper,"—it appears to us, that much benefit has been produced by the inventors and professors of the new modes of forming the hand-writing; for the letters of almost every lady of these days, are neat, elegant, and legible; whereas, although a few of the ladies of past times wrote in characters which were truly beautiful, the greater number of them perpetrated rude and scarcely intelligible scrawls. The destruction of individual character, by the adoption of one general type or form in manu-

script, is really but a trifling loss; for any peculiarity in the characters, indicative of the mind, temper, or situation in life of the writer, could but rarely occur. Irritable persons frequently write with great neatness and precision; while many of an opposite temperament scribble in the most hurried, and apparently nervous, manner imaginable. The signatures of several who have been remarkable for their firmness, are weak and vacillating; and those of others, who were possessed of but a moderate portion of resolution, appear firm and decided. One of the most beautiful, elegant, and delicate penmen of the present day, is strong, coarse, and powerful, both in mind and person. It is almost a misery to look upon the manuscript of some of the greatest artists; and a positive pleasure to behold the neat, harmonious, and beautiful characters of men who scarcely possess a single idea of the beautiful in form. A person now living, who is much admired for the careful steady manner in which he applies himself to the difficulties of a profession that are only to be conquered by calm, patient, and laborious application, is almost unintelligible on paper: we see the signature of a sage, but it looks like the scrawl of an idiot. The hand-writing may, in some cases, lay the writer open to a suspicion of being deficient in taste; but, with submission to those who have had more experience, and thought more deeply on the subject than myself, it appears to me that the language is a much better criterion of the writer's mental and moral qualities, than the characters in which it is clothed.

9

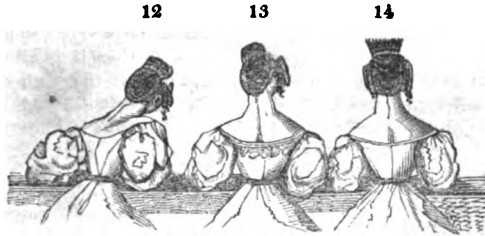
Marye the quene  
  


The reader may very properly judge for herself on this point, by referring to the fac-similes of the autographs of three females, with whose names, I trust, my young friends are sufficiently versed in English history to be acquainted: without reading beyond the close of the present sentence, let them select, from the three figures, that which approaches nearest to the ideal signature which they have conceived of Queen Mary, of persecuting notoriety.

It has probably occurred to the reader, that we often form a mental picture of the features and deportment of a person whom we know by reputation, which, upon a subsequent sight of the individual, we find to be altogether, or in the main, points, decidedly incorrect: this is often exactly

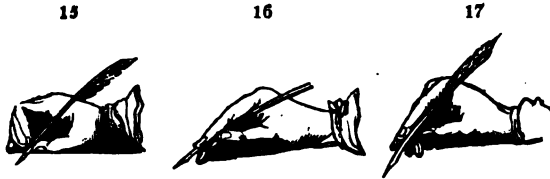
the case as to signatures. In numerous instances we fancy the autograph of a person to be very different from what we find it; and, on the other hand, we often discover, that all our notions of a correspondent's personal appearance are destroyed at the first interview, (fig. 9, the autograph of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry the Eighth; fig. 10, of Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles the First; and fig. 11, of Mary, consort of William the Third.)

Before concluding our remarks, we feel in some measure bound to warn our readers against suffering themselves to fall into bad positions when writing; they are not merely ungraceful, but are calculated to produce a permanent contortion of the shape.



The injurious effect produced upon the figure by leaning in the manner indicated by fig. 12, must be evident to any one, who will compare the position of fig. 12 with that of fig. 14, or even fig. 13. Mr. Shaw, a gentleman who has written very learnedly upon this subject, recom-

mends, in cases where the body has a decided inclination to the left when writing, to equalize the shoulders, by placing a book under the left elbow; and, if this should not be found sufficient, to balance a book on the head.



The manner of holding a pen is another subject that merits consideration. Although, perhaps, mal-position, in this respect, is not likely to produce any ultimate deformity, unless the hand be more than usually occupied in writing; yet, as the best method of holding the pen is the most graceful, and affords the writer greater facility of execution than any other, that mode should be acquired and persevered in. A glance at the above sketches will, doubtless, convince the reader, that, if it were only on the score of grace, it is well to hold the pen in a proper manner. Many ladies, who have not been sufficiently

instructed at the period of their commencing to write, when the hand is small and weak, acquire the crabbed and ungraceful mode of holding the pen designated by fig. 15: others, either from the same cause, or through inattention, after they have been emancipated from the thralldom of the writing-master, place the pen between the fore and middle finger, as represented by fig. 16. The proper mode of holding the pen is intended to be shown by fig. 17; which, however, can be much better acquired by a little attention to the instructions of an intelligent writing-master, than from any engraving or printed instructions.

## PERSONAL BEAUTY.

A recent writer concludes his observations on the means to be adopted to procure beauty in the person, in these words:

"Let then the ladies observe the following rules:—In the morning use pure water as a preparatory ablution: after which they must abstain from all sudden gusts of passion, particularly envy, as that gives the skin a sallow paleness. It may seem trifling to talk of temperance, yet must this be attended to, both in eating and drinking, if they would avoid those pimples for which the advertised washes are a cure. Instead of rouge, let them use moderate exercise, which will raise a natural bloom in their cheeks, inimitable by art. Ingenuous candour, and unaffected good humour, will make them universally agreeable. A desire of pleasing will add fire to their eyes, and breathing the morning air at sunrise will give them a vermilion hue. That amiable vivacity which they now possess may be happily heightened and preserved, if they avoid late hours and card-playing as well as novel reading by candle light, but not otherwise; for the first gives a drowsy, disagreeable aspect to the face; the second is the mother of wrinkles; and the third is a fruitful source of weak eyes and sallow complexion."

## EARLY MARRIAGES.

As a general rule, early marriages are advisable. The man who becomes a good husband at thirty, would not have made a bad one at twenty two—and the woman who at five and twenty is qualified to make an excellent wife, would not have been incapable of discharging the duties incumbent on a wedded life, at eighteen. We have mingled a good deal with mankind in different parts of the world, and have long since come to the conclusion, that that community is the happiest of civilized life, where the men and women marry at an early age; and where there are fewest bachelors and old maids. If our readers are unwilling to rely on our simple opinion, unsupported by arguments or facts, we beg leave to refer them to the celebrated letter from Dr. Franklin to John Alleyne.

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common: for jealousy can feed on that which is bitter, no less than on that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride, as often as by affection.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### ODE.

YOUR readers will probably recollect the incident on which the following Ode is founded, and the well turned remark of the Mother of Washington on the trying occasion—"I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth."

Lo, on Mount Vernon's airy height,  
Fair morning strews her purple light,  
Young trees wave o'er the lawn;  
While far beneath rich pastures lay,  
And, sparkling to each living ray,  
Potomac wanders on.

And, hark! the shout that breaks her tide,  
Where, sporting on her margin wide,  
A youthful group doth stand:  
Old Homer's fabled gods ne'er stood  
In nobler mould, in grander mood,  
Than stood that gallant band.

But look at him, the loftiest one,  
Who first the shore, the race hath won,  
He pauses not, but on  
Thro' woods, where starts the timid fawn,  
O'er pastures green, and velvet lawn,  
He gains the mountain's throne.

And, "bring him forth," he quickly said,  
"The noble steed my mother bred,  
Unconquered and untried;  
Young Sorrel, whose free might disdains  
Aught but to range these goodly plains,  
Or breast yon restless tide."

With swelling chest and flaming eye,  
That glared on every hero by,  
And streaming mane, he came;  
His hoof reluctant spurned the ground,  
His voice, the wild war's trumpet sound,  
Breathed forth his ire and shame.

A moment stood young Washington,  
Perchance he wished the feat were done,  
Tho' "none but me," he cried,  
"Thy ardent blood shall ever slake,  
Or teach thy valiant limbs to quake,  
Beneath a master's pride."

Ah, then, entreaties, quick and long,  
Burst sudden from the gazing throng,  
But nought his purpose stay'd:  
With steady hand, and heart as true,  
O'er that proud neck the reins he threw,  
And one bold leap he made;

And on the fiery creature's brow,  
Big drops of rage have gathered now,  
Uprear'd, erect he seems;  
Rider and horse bound high in air,  
And Sorrel, frantic with despair,  
Poured madness' bloody streams.

'Tis done! 'tis o'er! one wildering shock  
With anguish torn, the spirit broke,  
Down sinks he on the plain;  
'Mid loud applause he falls, he dies,  
And tears from generous bosoms rise,  
For mighty Sorrel slain!

But, looked the conqueror up, when near  
His noble mother's steps they hear;  
And "how is this," said she;  
'Mongst all the steeds that coure my ground,  
My favourite Sorrel is not found—  
And, tell me, where is he?"

None spoke, till he, whose ready word,  
The thought, the deed, the death averred,  
With mien that showed his mind;  
And she, when thus he told the deed,  
Paused, made brief mention of the steed,  
Then gave to spotless Truth the meed,  
To valour first assigned.

'Twas thus, perhaps, when Freedom's sun  
Rose o'er the battle field he won,  
The matchless victor stood:  
With Britain's royal Lion down,  
The jewel falling from her crown,  
And calmly stayed the feud.

ROSALIND.

### THE WITHERED LEAF.

SWEET from thy parent bough,  
Poor withered Leaf! where tendest thou?  
"Forsooth, I cannot say!  
The fickle storm's relentless stroke  
Has overcome the aged oak,  
My sole and only stay.

"Westward and North since morning's dawn,  
The sport alike of every gale,  
I've crossed the forest and the lawn,  
The mountain's summit, and the dale—  
I go where lists the wind!  
Devoid of fear, devoid of grief,  
I seek the common goal—where goes  
Alike, the vermeil of the rose—  
The verdure of the Laurel leaf."

### SONG OF CAPTIVITY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

ONE hour for distant home to weep  
'Midst Afric's burning sands,  
One silent sunset hour was given  
To the slaves of many lands.

They sat beneath a lonely palm,  
In the gardens of their Lord,  
And mingling with the fountain's tune,  
Their songs of exile pour'd.

And strangely, sadly, did those lays  
Of Alp and Ocean sound,  
With Afric's wild red skies above,  
And solemn wastes around.

Broken with tears were oft their tone,  
And most when most they tried  
To breathe of hope and liberty,  
From hearts that inly died.

So met the sons of many lands,  
Parted by mount and main,  
So did they sing in brotherhood,  
Made kindred by the chain.



## LAWRENCE BAYLEY'S TEMPTATION.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

WHAT a secret would that sage discover who could determine wherein lies the power to charm! It is not in beauty, for loveliness which has maddened one man will be viewed with coldness and indifference by another;—it is not in talent, for the weakest and silliest women have controlled the actions and governed the understandings of wise and intellectual men;—it is not even in amiability of disposition, for many and many a time we groan in a species of slavery, the more galling that it diminishes our comfort and our self-respect together. Some strange and unaccountable sympathy draws us towards persons comparatively strangers, while a repugnance, equally incomprehensible, renders the society of others disagreeable or intolerable; and we struggle to explain to our souls, what is, perhaps, after all, dependant on the mechanism of our bodies.

There is a little withered old maid residing at the village of Aldbury, with cold, unwinning manners, and grey, dark eyes, in which sadness and suspicion seem ever striving for mastery. No one ever succeeded in convincing her of the innocence of an accused individual, yet the severity of her opinions does not prevent such acts of kindness as her means will permit; no ill-natured report was ever traced to her, yet the village gossips always ascribe their stories to her authority. She never caresses children, and has a large grey cat constantly with her, besides an old setter-spaniel (blind of one eye,) who engrosses more of her attention than most other objects. On the mantel-piece of her formal little sitting-room are several cups and saucers of old china, and above them hang two small miniatures, in black polished frames: one of these represents a grave-looking young man in the dress of a clergyman, and is as ill-painted as it is possible to conceive; the other is an exquisitely-finished portrait of a beautiful girl, whose face is shaded by a profusion of what poets call "sunny hair," and the richness of whose dress betokens a far higher rank than that of the inmate of the cottage. It is reported (I know not with what accuracy,) that the village postman having occasion to deliver a letter at the cottage, and finding the servant-maid somewhat tardy in answering his summons, looked in at the parlour window to discover if any one were at home, and that he there saw the old maid, with the first of these miniatures in her little withered hand; that she looked at it—wiped away the dust from its frame, and showed it to the dog, who whined piteously, as if partaking her feelings; and that, finally, she dropped on her knees by the sofa, and hiding her face with one hand, while the other rested on the spaniel's neck, she appeared to be convulsively sobbing. The story was heard in the village with little interest (for who ever interested themselves in the sorrows of an old maid?) but to me—to me it brought bitterness, and

mournful thoughts, and yearning for other days; for the spinster's name is Miss Mary Esdale, and I remember Mary Esdale, the sweetest—the loveliest—the most loveable of human creatures. Yes! *hers* was the power to charm (at least so it seemed to me,) beyond all that ever was granted to woman. Her soft grey eyes and broad pencilled brows—her gentle, cheerful voice—her gliding step—her welcome smile, sweeter than any smile I ever saw, coming like the sudden burst of morning light, and dying along those full red lips as slowly as the sunset dies along the sky—all had a separate, an intoxicating charm—and yet—Poor Mary!

Mary Esdale's father died when she was very young, and her mother, thrown without money or friends on the desert world, came back to the place of her youth, and found a shelter beneath the same roof that had fostered her infancy, devoting the remainder of her young days to the education of her little girl, and the society of her own father, the aged minister of M—. Surrounded by blessings, and the idol of a small circle, Mary Esdale grew up in unconscious beauty and undisturbed happiness; and when at length the rosy child was transformed into the meek and gentle girl, Lawrence Bayley (the young curate who had done duty for her grandfather, when his failing health required assistance,) proposed, and was accepted as her future husband. So far her life had glided on like the course of a quiet stream—its sameness had not made her sigh for change:—the excitement of the world's pleasures—the knowledge of the world's vices—all that makes existence a fever, a toil, and a curse, were to her a sealed book and a mystery. The blessed ignorance which alone can give purity of heart—the peaceful rest—the joyous waking of childhood's earliest years were hers even now, as she sate smiling in the glowing light of autumn, her hand clasped in that of her doting grandfather, and her sweet eyes lifted to the face of her betrothed, as he supported her mother to the rustic bench in the rectory garden, where it was their custom to spend the latter hours of the day. A year was to pass before the young couple were to be united, to give Lawrence time to obtain an expected curacy, or perhaps something better; and if ever one year of perfect happiness was allowed to a mortal creature, it was allotted to Mary Esdale. Autumn wore away—the wind whistled through the little valley, and the cold red sunlight gleamed fainter on the bark of the trees, and shone without warmth on the choked streamlet, where their brown and withered leaves drifted. Winter came on—the sheeted snow covered the desolate earth, and the grey smoke from the cottages curled upwards, scarcely distinguishable from the dull sky above. Spring—the green and lovely spring, with its bursting buds and universal warbling, insensibly gave way to the glory of majestic summer.

Seasons in their turn rolled round, and Nature's beautiful face changed beneath their sway, but the same love and the same happiness still blest the inmates of the lowly rectory. The seasons brought no change for *them*—they loved—they were together. Their evening stroll in the rectory garden was exchanged, indeed, for a seat by the rectory fireside, and the winter's day saw Mary's cheek glow with a brighter pink in her close straw bonnet, as she walked quickly through the village on missions of charity, than the summer's sun, which lit the leaves when Lawrence and she first rambled together, and talked of their future home. But the same voices spoke and answered—the same smiles were on every face—the same deep-seated content in every heart.

It was towards the end of the August of this year, that a travelling carriage was seen advancing rapidly along the road that passed the rectory. Mary and Lawrence were walking together, and both stopped—struck with the same instinctive dread; for they plainly perceived that the horses were unmanageable, and were rushing to the brow of the hill, the descent of which was so steep as to threaten destruction to all who were in the vehicle. With arms nerved by love's agony, Lawrence Bayley lifted his terrified companion to the bank above the narrow road, just in time to save her, as with a sudden crash the carriage overturned close to the spot where they had been standing. An oath, vehement and terrible, from a man's voice, and shrill screams from those of women, were the first sounds that broke on Lawrence's ear. Eagerly he sprang forward, and passing with a shudder the body of the postillion, whose head had come in contact with a fragment of stone bedded in the earth, and who lay lifeless beneath the horses' feet, he proceeded to extricate the travellers. A man, apparently about sixty years of age, tall and commanding in appearance, and who was himself uninjured, assisted him to raise his female companions, one of whom, a young girl, had fainted; and the other was apparently only saved from insensibility by the endurance of great torture. She moaned and writhed when Lawrence lifted her, and her white withered lips and glassy eyes contrasted horribly with the paint which the drops of agony had half removed from her cheek, and which streaked the handkerchief her companion passed lightly over her face. Mary Esdale had descended the bank the moment the accident was over, and, kneeling on the road, sprinkled the fair countenance of the younger female from the little spring which ran between the road and the bank. Her care was rewarded in a few minutes by seeing the colour return to her cheeks and lips, and her large blue eyes slowly and wildly open.

"Are you hurt?" said Mary, gently.

"No—oh! no—but what has happened to mamma!—where is my dear, dear father?"

At the sound of her voice, that father turned, and spoke kindly and encouragingly. By this time a crowd of villagers had assembled, and had arranged the carriage cushions in a light cart, to which the suffering lady was removed; and after a few words of hurried and tearful thanks on the part of the young girl, they left

Lawrence to superintend the removal of the broken carriage and unfortunate driver, and proceeded together to the rectory.

"Well, dear Mary, and how is Lady Delamere?" said Lawrence Bayley, in a suppressed voice, as they met on the little terrace beneath the windows of the house, the evening of that eventful day.

"She is better, dearest; the surgeon thinks that she will do very well, (though her leg and arm are both fractured,) if her excessive irritability does not bring on fever. It is strange, is it not, that Providence should have decreed their accident here? The rectory is in Lord Delamere's gift, and he seems so pleased with my grandfather, and so glad to converse with him. And Miss Delamere, Lawrence, is she not beautiful?"

"I scarcely looked at her; I saw she had fair hair, but I was so occupied with Lady Delamere, so absorbed with the pain she was suffering, that——"

"But you must have seen her when she spoke to you, dearest, when she was leaning on me by the cart."

The young man smiled, as he gazed on the gentle face of his companion.

"No, Mary. I saw *you* while she spoke to me; and I thought how sweet and holy was the expression of your countenance in its natural grace, contrasted with the angry torture on the brow of that painted lady of fashion; and I prayed, that if ever pain visited you, I might be with you, to watch over you and soothe you, as you soothed those by whom you stood this day."

Oh, how often, in the silence of night—in the sunshine of day—amid the struggling bitterness of desolate and unpitied sorrow—did the words we have just recorded, come back to the heart of Mary Esdale—fresh in their tone and expression as if spoken but yesterday—though the lips that breathed them might never more smile on her, and the heart that dictated them, was cold in the dust.

There was a pause after Lawrence had spoken, for the same emotion thrilled the souls of the young lovers, and the tears which had gathered in Mary's eyes, were shaken away, as she exclaimed—

"Now then, Lawrence, look—she does not see us—she is at the window with her father—oh! how very, *very* beautiful she is!"

And Lawrence, thus adjured, *did* look, and could not but allow the praise was deserved. Blanche Delamere's beauty was of that order which all allow, and which all perceive, from the child who loves its brightness, to the voluptuary who marvels at its perfectness of form. Her full red lips seemed too short ever completely to close over the glittering and pearl-like teeth below, and separated only to smile; the glowing pink of her cheek, the deep sapphire blue of her glorious eyes, the dazzling clearness of her complexion, and the clustering profusion of golden ringlets with which her small and distinguished head was adorned; all made her appear as if she belonged to a separate order of beings from the usual inhabitants of earth—"created to reflect the sun." She stood for some minutes contemplating the view, leaning her head back on her father's shoulder, as his arm fondly encircled her waist, and gazing on the calm and lovely even-

ing, rich and glowing as the light of August could make it.

"Well, Lawrence," said Mary Esdale timidly, after she had watched his countenance for some time, "what do you think?"

"That there is nothing so beautiful as light—and light never so beautiful as when it falls on a young and lovely face. What a glowing sunset shines out to-night!"—and this time Lawrence Bayley looked not on the face of his betrothed, nor the glory of the summer sky, but on the fair countenance of the stranger, as she stood leaning her young head and white throat back on her father's arm, and lifting her blue eyes to the calm heaven.

Three months had passed away. Lord Delamere had promised to obtain a rectory for our young curate. His proud and fretful lady had amused herself by writing a series of letters to different acquaintances whom she called her friends, to announce her speedy return to the metropolis, and her determination never again to stir from it, in spite of Blanche's love for the pretty place Lord Delamere had taken in the neighbourhood, and where she had in some measure recovered her health, though still much shaken by the effects of "that dreadful fall." The day, the very hour was fixed for their departure: it was to be preceded by a dinner and ball given to the neighbouring gentry at Beech Hollow, the name of the villa occupied by the Delameres. To this dinner the Esdale family were of course invited; and the unknown vanities of life vaguely struck the mind of the gentle Mary, as her mother impressed on her the necessity of dressing with more than usual care for the occasion. From a little casket, whose contents had not for years seen the light, the widow drew a necklace and brooch of pearls, the same which she had worn on her wedding-day, the only jewels she had ever possessed; as she clasped them round her child's neck, tears of mingled sorrow for the past, and triumph in Mary's beauty, fell on the meek brow of the latter, and glistened on her white silk robe.

"Would that your father had seen you to-day, my Mary! The pearls are yours now; I meant to have kept them till your wedding-day, but it is as well you should wear them to-night, and my blessing and prayers for your future life go with them—and may the husband of your youth be spared to you for many a long and happy year to come!"

Mary Esdale stole down to the little sitting room, where she expected to find her grandfather and Lawrence. Neither was there; and she sat down in one of the high-backed, old fashioned chairs to wait their coming. On the table lay the large Bible, out of which the dim and venerable eyes of the rector were accustomed to read the Scriptures; a sealed packet, and one or two drawings, apparently taken from a portfolio which remained half open on a chair. The packet was directed to Blanche Delamere. The drawings were mostly such as were familiar to Mary's eyes, as the work of Lawrence's pencil, and the representations of the scenes of her youth. But there was one which was new to her—one which, as she gazed, sent the blush of pleasure to her cheek, and the sparkle of pleasure to her eye; it was a sketch of herself by the

same beloved hand. She looked at it till the tears which rose in her eyes dimmed her sight, and then timidly and hurriedly, as though it were a forwardness and a sin, she kissed the pencilled cyphers which stood for "the one loved name." The sketch was still in her hand when Lawrence entered. She started, and laid it down, and, with a slight laugh to cover her confusion, said, "I have found you out, Lawrence—you never showed me that drawing, and now I claim it for my own."

Her lover did not answer, and she raised her eyes smilingly to his. They were not directed to her; they remained fixed on the little sealed packet, while he murmured some explanation about his wish to give Miss Delamere some sketches of the neighbouring scenery, and having carelessly left the remaining drawings scattered on the table. He also added (and his voice faltered as he said it) that the sketch in question had been taken long since,—almost immediately after her acceptance of him. There was little in the matter of what he said, but there was something in the manner which made Mary Esdale feel as though she were endowed with a new sense.

"And was this, too, for Blanche Delamere?" said she, in a choked tone.

"No, Mary."

The deep sadness with which these two words were spoken, again directed Mary's glance towards the speaker; his eye shrank from her's, and wandered irresolutely from the drawing to the packet, and from that to the portfolio. A new feeling took possession of Mary Esdale's heart; a feeling as if molten lead had been poured into her veins—burning, heavy, and intolerable. Her brain rang with a confused sound, as of a thousand waterfalls, and a thousand voices trying to make themselves heard above even the water's roar; her heart heaved till she mechanically pressed her hand to still the wild pain of its beatings, and ever and anon through her throbbing brain there passed visions of half-forgotten scenes—tones unheeded at the time—words which had waited till that hour for their meaning—looks which came like lightning flashes across her memory—and the form of Blanche Delamere was in all. A fierce and unquenchable feeling, like the thirst of one who dies in the desert, parched her lips; the gentleness of her whole nature seemed changed and departed for ever—dark shadows fell on the face of all things—wild resolves and wilder prayers—hatred and agony—all that revulsion of feeling which is vainly deemed the work of years of sin and sorrow, fell on her blighted heart in that one hour's jealousy! Peace—purity—hope were gone;—years might roll on, and bring a new calm and a comparative happiness, but never more could the shivered bowl of chrystal which hangs by youth's early fountain be filled with its transparent waters of perfect joy! Life has long years; many pleasures it has to give in return for many which are taken away; and while our ears can receive the sounds of revelry, and our eyes are sensible of pleasant sights, and our bodies are conscious of strength, we deem we live; but there is an hour in the lives of all, when the heart dies: an hour unheeded, but after which we have no real life, whether it perish in the

agony of some conquering passion, or die wearily of sorrow;—an hour which *they* may strive to trace, who say, “Ay, I remember I thought and felt differently then—I was a mere boy—I shall never feel the same again;”—an hour when the chord is snapped and the chain broken on which depended the harmony of existence;—an hour such as Mary Esdale spent in that old fashioned little room in the rectory.

Shout, little children! shout, and clap your hands with sudden joy! send out the sound of ringing laughter over the face of the green bosomed earth! from you the angel nature hath not yet departed—in your hearts linger still the emanations from the Creator; perfect love and perfect joy. Shout, I say, and rejoice! for the dark days are coming when ye shall see no light, and the hours when mirth shall be strange to you, and the time when your voices shall grow so sad that they shall mingle with the wailing of the winds, and not be distinguishable from them, because of the exceeding sorrow of their tones!

During all the struggling emotion she experienced, Mary Esdale had not spoken. One word alone rose to her lips, and that word was but the name of him she loved—but she feared to speak it—she felt as if it would burst with a shriek from her wrung heart; and by degrees a calm stole over her (outwardly at least), and by the time that her mother and grandfather were ready, she rose, and passing her arm through Lawrence Bayley's, they descended the stairs without a word of explanation, and without either knowing the suffering and sorrow which wrung the heart of the other. The only sentence spoken as they got into the carriage, was from Lawrence: “It has been snowing, Mary; look, the ground is quite white;” and her sweet voice answered in its accustomed tone, as she took her place by his side.

During the dinner at Lord Delamere's, Mary sat by her lover as usual, and at intervals her heart grew gay and forgetful, and the sudden smile, so peculiar to her expression, played on her lips, and gladdened her eyes; but the cold sickness of heart returned after that momentary joy, and her gaze fixed wistfully on the careless brow of Blanche, as if to ask wherefore this new misery had risen to crush her from the hand she had loved so innocently and so confidently. On Blanche Delamere's face, however, there was no expression of consciousness, or love, or sadness; the unchanging smile of old sate on her small, full lips—the unchanging rose brightened her beautiful cheek—the very ringlets seemed as though Lady Delamere's French maid had counted and divided them into a like number every succeeding day.

“Well, Mary, I hope you are sorry at our departure?” said she, as they ascended the illuminated staircase together. Mary faltered out an affirmative. “I assure you I am quite sorry to go, though it is very different from my London life. I have not made,” continued she, playfully, “I have not made a single conquest since July, except, indeed, a little, little twinge, which I trust I have given the inexperienced heart of Mr. Lawrence Bayley; but, after all, such a *petit poison* should not be counted. Come and see the ball-room, Mary, before the people arrive; it is so beautifully done up.”

Mary Esdale followed mechanically, as her sylph-like companion fluttered from one room to another, all profusely decorated with real flowers, and lit till the eye ached with gazing. “She does not love him!” It was the only thought of which she was conscious, and she repeated it over and over to her aching heart, as if it *ought* to console her—“*She does not love him!*”

Just then, Blanche raised her head from the clustering geraniums, whose perfume she had been inhaling, and looking at her companion, exclaimed, “How prettily you are dressed! but how pale you are of an evening—very pale; you really ought to wear *rouge*.”

“Wear what?” said Mary, mournfully.

“Wear *rouge*, as mamma does, you know—why, you have seen her put it on—I know many girls in London who do it.”

“And do you wear false colour?” murmured the village girl, as she glanced at the sunny cheek of her aristocratic friend.

“I? Oh! no, my complexion does not want it—I am very vain of it; but I dare say I shall some day, when I get old and faded: no complexion will stand London hours. Do you value?” added Miss Delamere, as she once more glanced round the ball-room.

“Value?”

“Ah; perhaps you think it wrong, you are so strict; but you like dancing, don't you?”

“I cannot dance—I never learnt any dance at all.”

“Never learnt to dance! Goodness, what will you do this evening?”

“Oh, I shall not wish to dance, believe me.”

There was something so mournfully bitter in the tone of this last sentence, that Blanche Delamere turned, almost startled, to look at her companion; their eyes met—and for the first time Mary Esdale thought Miss Delamere's face expressive, and its expression disagreeable.—There was a cold scrutiny in her bright blue eyes, which bespoke curiosity without sympathy; and a slight, very slight shade of contempt round her smiling mouth. Mary's pale cheek crimsoned, and her eyes filled with tears, as she turned silently away, and, after a moment's pause, they returned to the drawing-room.

The hours devoted to the farewell *fete* passed rapidly away—the weary musicians nodded drowsily over their instruments; and the tired country neighbours struggled against the wish to go home and go to bed, under the impression that a great honour and a great favour had been done them in permitting them to get so tired at such a place as Beech Hollow. Mary Esdale could not dance, but it amused her to look on. All was new to her, and she experienced, for the first time, that false excitement which leaves such utter depression of spirits. It was towards the end of the evening that she observed Blanche Delamere address herself, laughingly, to Lawrence Bayley, who reddened and smiled, while he shook his head in denial. She wished him to dance.

“I appeal to you, papa,” said she; “ought we not to part gaily, who met so sadly? Explain to Mr. Bayley that I am not accustomed to be refused, and that he ought to be pleased and flattered.”

“Here is a temptation of St. Anthony?” said

an old general, whose boast it was to be the one 'intimate friend' of Lord Delamere's, at this memorable *fete*; "why, it would not be believed that you chose a partner, and he declined the honour, if it were told in town."

Mary Esdale heard so far, and was left to conjecture the rest, as the music again struck up, and she saw Lawrence—*her* Lawrence—lead the young queen of the evening to her place in the dance. It was with feelings of pure astonishment that she beheld this scene—astonishment which overbore whatever of mortification, or sorrow, or displeasure she might have felt. The idea of its being *wrong* to dance had never entered her mind; but there did seem something strange, indecorous, and startling in seeing the companion, who had so often gravely discussed with her, eternal truths—from whose lips she had heard the service morning and evening in the village church, and whom she had been accustomed to think as nearly perfect as erring man could be, bantered into partaking of an amusement foreign to his habits, and of which, at heart, he disapproved. Her mother—her grandfather, both remarked it, and Lawrence himself, as he caught her eye, coloured, and averted his own.

For the first time, as Mary Esdale laid her head on her pillow that night, she felt distrust and suspicion chill her heart: her respect for Lawrence was lessened—she no longer thought of him as of a superior being—she prayed for him, but her prayer was choked in its utterance—she thought of him, but it was with a bitterness unknown before. She fell asleep, and dreamed that she stole to the little sitting-room, and took from the table some flowers, such as had adorned Beech Hollow, and that Lawrence perceiving it, upbraided and cursed her; and then the countenance of Blanche, full of cold scrutiny and mockery, rose before her, and she awoke sobbing, again to slumber that unquiet sleep, and to dream those restless dreams. The day but one after the ball, was the Sabbath, and on Tuesday, Lord Delamere's family were to leave Beech Hollow. Saturday was a day on which she seldom saw much of Lawrence—he was engaged preparing for the Sunday's discourse. She had, therefore, one day of calm reflection before her, and earnestly she sought to convince herself that all she had thought and felt respecting her affianced lover, and Blanche Delamere, arose from delusion. Even if he had been smitten by the beauty and attractions of the young stranger, she was not attached to him; and when they were gone, and all was again quiet and happy, his heart would return to its allegiance, and they would talk of the past as of a wild dream.

That Sabbath morning, the village church was graced by the presence of the noble family from Beech Hollow; it was as a parting token of respect, and their last visit to the rectory was to be paid afterwards. The text given out by Lawrence was "Lead us not into temptation." Always eloquent, and gifted with a singularly graceful delivery, he this day seemed to surpass himself. Mary Esdale's heart glowed, and her eyes grew tearful as she lifted them to the pulpit; suddenly Lawrence Bayley's voice faltered—the sentence he had begun became stammered

and broken—the allusion he was about to make to the temptation of Jesus, and many of the saints, abruptly concluded; for the space of a minute there was a dead pause. Something during that minute irresistibly recalled to Mary's mind the scene in the ball-room; it might be the subject, or the hesitation and confusion in Lawrence's manner, or something in the words he used, or it might be merely a mysterious sympathy; but so it was, that as the thrilling sensation passed through her heart, she half rose from her place, and beheld Lawrence's eye fixed full and wildly on the face of Blanche Delamere, and on *her* face, upturned as it was, to the gaze of the preacher, a smile, a struggling, but clearly perceptible smile of passionate triumph! Mary Esdale looked round that holy place, sanctified by all the recollections of her life—as the pause was broken, and Lawrence's words again claimed the attention of his congregation; she looked—all was the same as she ever remembered it; the light streamed through the narrow stained glass window on the white aprons of the little village schoolgirls; the old deaf farmer, who for eleven years had leaned in the same position, with his ear-trumpet turned in the direction of the preacher's voice, still leaned and listened in his accustomed place; the aged widow whose children had one by one been taken from her, still sat, a little more bent and a little more weakened, in the corner to which Mary's infant eyes had often turned to pity; the arched windows still gave to view the old tombstones gleaming in a wintry sunlight. All was *real*! Suddenly the church grew dark to Mary Esdale's eyes; the faces round her wavered and became dim; Lawrence's voice came like the distant gurgling of waters on her ear—in another minute she had fainted.

"Here is a letter for you, miss," said the old servant at the rectory.

The person he addressed turned, and silently took it from his hand. She was in the deepest mourning; her face was not the face we knew four years ago, yet it was Mary Esdale, who sat alone and sorrowing in the well-remembered room where so many happy days had been spent. Nothing is more common in novels and romances than to describe the effects of misery of heart as rather adding to the beauty of the sufferer. I never yet saw in real life an instance of this. It has always seemed to me, on the contrary, that sorrow will leave harsh lines in the sweetest face; will bring sharp tones to the softest voice; that the wringing of the heart will wrinkle the brow, and the memory of blighted hope, sow gray hairs in the darkest tresses. Consumption *may* spare the beauty of its victims: it is the body only which wastes and decays; the soul still shines out sunnily from the young eyes that refuse to look upon death; the heart still sends its expression of hope to the hectic cheek and crimson lip: but grief is the canker of the *mind*, and beneath its sway the traces of beauty fade as rapidly as the shadows of evening come down on the earth. Mary Esdale's figure had become thin and angular; her grey eyes had lost their sweetness; her voice had changed its tone. She had voluntarily relinquished the hand of her lover, and left him

free to follow one who scorned to be his wife, when only Blanche Delamere, but thought no shame, as Viscountess Torrington, to count him in her list of lovers. She had knelt by the death-bed of a suffering mother, and watched the spark of life which lingered in her aged grandfather three fretful and impatient years. They were over—the corpse of the old man lay in the upper room, and his desolate child sate endeavouring, through her blinding tears to decipher the letter just put into her hands. It ran as follows:

“DEAR MISS ESDALE,

“I have this moment heard of the decease of your pious and worthy relative. Several applications have been made to me, during his illness, for the living. I had originally intended Mr. Bayley to succeed the late occupant; he has, however, been differently provided for through the interest of Lady Torrington, who has procured him the chaplaincy to her uncle, the Duke of Chiverton; I have, therefore, bestowed the living on the gentleman who lately assisted your grandfather; and feeling, as I ever must, the sincerest respect and gratitude for his memory, I have endeavoured to arrange something to meet your own views. My sister, Lady Eleanor Ord, who is old and infirm, wishes very much to persuade you to become her companion. She is about to journey to Italy, which would do your health and spirits good. Her temper is kind and cheerful, and you would find with her a pleasant home. Let me beg of you to consider this, and to favour me with a speedy reply. Believe me, always,

“Your true well-wisher,

“DELAMERE.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I shall lie down till the carriage is ready to proceed, and try to sleep; so do not fatigue yourself waiting here, dear Mary—you will find books and everything in the room we have just left—pray go.”

“You will send your maid to call me, dear Lady Eleanor, if you should wish to be read to—or if you feel restless and ill: I cannot bear that any one should serve you but myself, my kind benefactress.”

“I promise, my dear child, to send if I want you; but it only pains me to see you looking so fagged, and seated by my bedside—go”—and Mary went. She re-entered the room where they had breakfasted, and sate down. She took up a book—closed it—tried another with the same success—she leaned back in her chair, and gazed on the blue Italian skies which smiled before her. “And this,” thought she, “is only the second year since I left England—only the six-and-twentieth of my life; how slowly that life seems to pass, and yet how old I feel! And this is his birthday—his! Oh, let me pray for him, though he forsook me. The days we used to keep as festivals are the saddest to me now. Perhaps—perhaps they are by this time, sad even to him.” She knelt and prayed, and the sobbing sigh which broke from her lips when she rose, proved how little as yet time had done towards effacing the bitterness of her sorrow. That sigh was echoed by some person in the same room. Startled beyond measure, Miss Esdale gazed round her, and beheld on the sofa,

at the further end of the large room, the half recumbent figure of a man wrapped in a travelling cloak. An exclamation escaped her, and she was about to leave the apartment for the purpose of remonstrating with the owner of the hotel, when her own name, twice repeated, made her pause in trembling agony, and then rush forward. “Lawrence—beloved Lawrence!” It was all she had power to utter, as she took the wasted hand he extended to her, and gazed on the wasted brow, on which death seemed already to have set his seal.

\* \* \* \* \*

“And now, dear Mary, you know all—the sin—the sorrow—the fever of the last six years. There have been *months* during which I have not dared mock God with prayer! there have been days when I have been on the point of putting an end to my existence with my own hand. And oh! if even in the delirium of passion I regretted the quiet and peace of early days, and your low voice haunted me *then*; what must it have been when she to whom I had devoted my ruined soul—my blighted life—grew weary of that very devotion—when I saw others preferred, whose love, like her own, was more an occupation than a feeling—when I knew and saw that but for woman’s shame, she would have sneered away the constancy with which I clung to her? But it is over now, and fallen as I am, Mary, there is hope in heaven and in your gentleness. Deep, deep is my repentance: oh! say that at some future day you will forgive me all I have made you suffer—that you will permit me to devote my existence to you. Speak the word, Mary; say that you forgive me—that you will yet fulfil the vows of your early youth, and all of life that is left me, is yours.”

Mary Esdale knelt by his side, and murmured the desired words. She raised his hand to her lips, and as her arm timidly stole beneath the head that sank on her shoulder, the blood rushed to her cheek and temples, and quivered at her heart with a quick and beating pulse. Vague dreams of happy love melted on her soul, till she feared to meet his gaze. She turned—alas! those dying eyes were taking their last farewell of her’s. They closed beneath her wild and passionate caress—re-opened—closed again—and Lawrence Bayley was no more.

—•••••

In great matters of public moment, where both parties are at a stand, and both are punctilious, slight concessions cost little, but are worth much. He that yields them is wise, inasmuch as he purchases guineas with farthings. A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a tun of vinegar would only corrode the wheels and canker the movements.

—•••••

Labour’d letters, written like those of Pope, yet apparently in all the ease of private confidence, but which the writer meant one day to publish, may be compared to that dishabille in which a beauty would wish you to believe you have surprised her, after spending three hours at her toilette.

For the Lady's Book.

## THE IMPRESSIONS OF AN INVALID IN ROME.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

## I.

Yes, when familiar sense is slow to feel  
 What Truth and Reason vividly reveal;  
 While wayward Fancy fails to revel o'er  
 The scenes her pinions fluttered to explore,  
 And angel Hope e'en hovers at the brink  
 Of the deep waters she had pined to drink,—  
 And fact is all at variance with the feeling,  
 Like the day-dreamer, on whose brain is stealing  
 The silvery mist from Vision's shadowy sea,  
 Blent with the darker shades of stern reality—  
 Conscious in mind, yet half in doubt at heart,  
 I tread the ancient land of Liberty and Art!

## II.

But in those *better moments* which are given  
 Like Love's serial alchemy, from Heaven—  
 As if one rosy Hour—her tardy sisters chiding,  
 And laughingly from out the circle gliding.  
 Gave heed, at length to Spirit's fervent prayer,  
 And fondly poured concentered being there,—  
 Making one span—in such sweet music spent—  
 Of life itself more purely redolent,  
 Than days by-gone, whose only sign shall be  
 The changeless track that marks their memory:—  
 Then, when disease grows weak—her pale fires dim,  
 Before the brighter light that burns within,  
 And her cold heavy mantle seems to rest  
 As lightly o'er the thought-enkindled breast—  
 As the bereaved were wont, in faith, to pray  
 The turf might rest above their lov'd one's clay:—  
 In life's bright hours, when all the powers are blent  
 And merged sublimely in one element—  
 Then, as the rising light illumines the dome,  
 Sweet language from around comes sweetly home  
 Into the bosom whose receptive power  
 Seemed faint as breath of Spring's primeval flower:  
 Anon, more eloquent its accents thrill,  
 And the impassioned trance of Fancy fill.  
 The mellow air of olden-time inspires,  
 And Art lights up Imagination's fires—  
 The soul is bathed in Music's perfect flow,  
 While Nature's incense soothes her fervent glow.

## III.

Many such hours their happy radiance fling  
 Around thy pilgrim in his worshipping:  
 For if one ember of Devotion's fire  
 Lie dormant as the tones of unstruck lyre—  
 Embosomed latently,—the teeming air  
 Of scenes like this will fan it into prayer!  
 Reverence for each surviving element,  
 Fills him whose curious gaze is ere intent  
 Upon earth's mightiest ruins; a new sense  
 Most reverential, of Omnipotence—  
 A love and awe of its co-heralds here  
 Of Nature's Age, and Truth's translucent sphere,  
 Of Character's supremacy on earth,  
 And fruits to which triumphant Art gave birth,—  
 All glowing with the mysteries of Mind,  
 All hallowing what Oblivion cannot bind!

Rome, 1834.

## FRAGMENT.

BY MISS C. GOOCH.

I stood by the corpse, at midnight—alone—  
 Yet fear'd not, I knew that the soul had flown;  
 And why should I shrink from that lump of clay,  
 Whence the vital spirit, had passed away;  
 As I gazed on that noble, that lofty brow—  
 And expressive features, so marbled now—  
 (Which seem'd even yet, a faint smile to wear,  
 That the finger of death, had frozen there)  
 I saw, on the lid of that once bright eye,  
 Busily sipping the death sweet,—a fly!  
 Down, down o'er the face, with its noiseless tread,  
 Fearlessly entering the mouth of the dead!  
 Then through the nostril, pallid, and thin,  
 Revoltingly slow—crawling out and in!  
 Unthinking, I watched for the muscles play,  
 For the corpse to wake, and brush it away—  
 But moveless features, that smile so shrill,  
 That statute like smile, was upon them still,  
 And the arm, lay rigid, and stiff and cold,  
 Enshrouded, by the corpse clothes fold.  
 Then the thought came o'er me, "thus shall I lay,  
 To the worm and insect an helpless prey!"  
 Dim grew the light, and oppressive the air,  
 That silence so awful—I could not bear.  
 My heart scarcely beat, and I held my breath,  
 For I felt thy appalling presence—DEATH.

## PRAYER.

Go, when the morning shineth,  
 Go, when the moon is bright,  
 Go, when the eve declineth,  
 Go in the hush of night;  
 Go, with pure mind and feeling,  
 Fling earthly thoughts away,  
 And, in thy chamber kneeling,  
 Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,  
 All who are loved by thee;  
 Pray for those who hate thee,  
 If any such there be;  
 Then for thyself in meekness,  
 A blessing humbly claim,  
 And link with each petition  
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee  
 In solitude to pray,  
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,  
 When friends are round thy way,  
 E'en then the silent breathing  
 Of thy spirit raised above,  
 Will reach his throne of glory,  
 Who is Mercy, Truth and Love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing,  
 With this can we compare,  
 The power that he hath given us  
 To pour our souls in prayer.  
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
 Before his footstool fall,  
 And remember in thy gladness,  
 His grace who gave thee all.



THE FEMALE COSTUME  
IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD I.



Of ornaments, we have a long list furnished us by the same authors; but unless they were worn by persons who could not afford such splendour, we perceive nothing in the articles themselves to carp at. Jewels, buckles of gold, rings, earrings, and chaplets of fresh flowers, or goldsmith's work in imitation of them, are very natural and elegant ornaments for a female, and to carry the worth of one hundred pounds in gold and silver upon the head is only a reproach where it is incompatible with the circumstances of the wearer. The golden net-caul, termed *crestine*, *crepon*, *crepine*, *crepinette*, was an elegant addition to the female costume of this period, and formed for the two next centuries an important article of a lady's wardrobe.

The injurious practice of tight-lacing we have already discovered in existence during the reign of Rufus or Henry I.; and, in a MS. copy of the "Lay of Sir Launfal," written about the year 1300, we have the following description of two damsels, whom the knight unexpectedly meets in a forest:—

"Their kirtles were of Inde sendel,  
Y-laced small, jolyf, and well,  
There might none gayer go;  
Their mantels were of green velvet,  
Y-bordered with gold right well y-sette,  
Y-pellurce with gris and gros;  
Their heads were dight well withal,  
Everich had on a jolyf coronal,  
With sixty gems and mo.

Their kerchiefs were well achyre,  
Array'd with rich gold wyre."

The second line in the French original is still stronger; they are said to have been *Lacies mouli estreitement* "very straitly or tightly laced." The lady Triamore, in the same romance, is also described as

"Clad in purple pall,  
With gentyll body and middle small."

And, in another poem, we read of a lady with a splendid girdle of beaten gold, embellished with emeralds and rubies, about her middle small."

By the first quotation we perceive also that the kirtle was at this time an exterior garment, like the robe or gown, if not, indeed, another term for the same thing. "Inde sendel," may mean either *Indian* silk or *light blue* silk; the words *Inde* and *Pers* being frequently used to express that colour. *Sarcenet* or *saracennet*, from its Saracenic or oriental origin, was known about this period. The robe of *Largesse* or *Liberality*, in "the Roman de la Rose," is said to have been

"—— bonne et belle,  
D'une coute toute nouvelle,  
D'un pourpre *Sarrazinesche*."

Gauze, latinized *gazzatum*, and thought to have derived its name from being manufactured at Gaza, in Palestine, *Brunetta* or *burnetta* and several other fine and delicate stuffs, are mentioned by writers of this reign. Tartan, in French *tyretaine*, in Latin *tiretanus*, was a fine woollen cloth, much used for ladies' robes, and generally of a scarlet colour.

Repartee is perfect, when it effects its purpose with a double edge. Repartee is the highest order of wit, as it bespeaks the coolest yet quickest exercise of genius, at a moment when the passions are roused. Voltaire, on hearing the name of Haller mentioned to him by an English traveller at Ferney, burst forth into a violent panegyric upon him; his visiter told him that such praise was most disinterested, for that Haller by no means spoke so highly of him. Well, well, "n'importe," replied Voltaire, perhaps we are both mistaken.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## A L I C E .

"THE God of Heaven be with you, Alice; and may He bless and keep *you*, my darling, from all participation in the misery which overwhelms your wretched mother! Oh, thou Holy One, be with my child! when the waves roll and the loud winds howl, as if greedy for their prey, remember *not* the sins of the parents—but, in mercy to this innocent, speak; and even the rude, tumultuous, shall obey. In *Thee* alone do I trust for protection, and to *Thee* alone dare I look for pardon, for thou art infinite alike in power and in goodness, and to Thy hand do I commit my child."

The lady by whom, (in a tone of the most touching softness,) this heart-felt prayer was uttered, was tall and elegantly proportioned, and dressed with a degree of richness, not to say magnificence, which contrasted strangely with the coarse and homely furniture of the cottage in which she stood. Though no longer possessing the bloom of youth, she was still beautiful; and the naturally haughty expression of her features, now softened under the influence of the kindest emotions of the heart, heightened the charm of her appearance. She sat on a low bench—her eyes filled with tears, gazing on a sprightly child who lay smiling in her lap, utterly unconscious of the strife of maternal tenderness, and with the fear of shame, which rent the bosom, and destroyed the peace of the guilty mother. O! how did she curse the ambitious pride which had led her to give her hand to a man whom she despised, merely for the sake of rank and wealth; and far more deeply and bitterly did she deplore the criminal passion which had forever destroyed her self-respect, and which induced her to banish her only child forever, rather than become the scorn and bye-word to that world, for whose admiration she had sacrificed the best feelings of a young and sensitive heart!

Long and dreadful was the struggle!—Could she bear to sink suddenly and irrecoverably from the lofty eminence on which she stood, to the dark and cheerless regions of infamy!—Could she endure to hear that proud and honoured name coupled with shame and guilt! "Never!—sooner rive this heart! Come, death! but come not with dishonour!—Let me perish, but let none know the dreadful cause!"

Pale and exhausted with the excess of her own feelings, the lady rose, and motioning to a woman of decent appearance and a countenance of sincere and honest worth, to approach, consigned the now sleeping infant to her arms, put a purse of gold into her hand, and with many anxious charges to be faithful to her trust, and many a glance of love and sorrow toward her infant daughter, withdrew, bearing with her the commiseration of the simple yet kind-hearted woman to whom she had entrusted her child, who busied herself in preparing for their embarkation; while ever and anon, the tear that stole down her cheek, testified to the sincerity of her sympathy and painful recollections. "Ah! little did I think, when the castle was so gaily lighted, and all the lords and ladies so

finely dressed, feasting and dancing, all night long, at my lady's wedding,—little did I think to see her thus. Ah! what would my poor dear old mistress have said, had she known that the child whom she loved, and reared with so much care, could, when she was gone, forget those precepts, and dishonour that name. Well-a-day, there is nothing to be done now, but to hide it; and then (as I've often told my good man,) America's a long way off, and no one will guess but that the babe is ours by honest marriage; and I am sure I love the little dear quite as much already."

The sun had just risen from behind a high hill, and was pouring his brightest morning ray upon the bosom of the wild and romantic Mohawk. The vines and shrubs which grew among the rocks, that rise almost perpendicularly from the bosom of this beautiful stream, fanned by the morning breeze, waved the branches in the air, and showered down in rich abundance a flood of crystal drops into the smooth and glassy surface beneath. Blythe and joyously, the warbling tribe sent forth their mellow songs, as if in generous strife which should loudest sound their Maker's praise, while the tinkling of the sheep-bells, as the flock strayed over the distant hills in search of food, gave to the whole scene an impress of calm and peaceful repose, which is seldom surpassed. Suddenly, a loud and boisterous shout, accompanied by the gleesome silvery laugh of childhood, burst upon the ear, and a group of merry children appeared, full chase after a rabbit. "There she goes;—I saw her," shouted a boy of about twelve years old, who was a little in advance of the rest; there she is in the hazel-nut bush: I'll have her." And away they flew to seize their trembling prey. A few moments sufficed for this, for the little creature was nearly exhausted; and the victors, with no small share of pride, and with sportsmen-like indifference, prepared to finish their exploit by depriving it of life.

"Nay, William, do not kill it," said a soft and gentle voice; "it will not be fit to eat, and why should you deprive the poor thing of life? I should not like to leave this pleasant sunshine, and pretty world,—and how do we know, but this poor little rabbit thinks so too. Just feel how its heart beats with fright;—do let it go."

"Let it go! Emily. What, when we have had such a chase after it! Why, we've been running at least half an hour, and I'm so tired."

"Dear William, you have had your sport in catching it. Now, do let it go;—and you will have a great deal more pleasure in seeing it enjoy its liberty."

"Oh, yes!" echoed the compassionate little group; and William, subdued by the voice of public opinion, yet reluctant to acknowledge its influence, yielded to this expression of *public opinion*, and released his prisoner, who bounded off most joyfully, right glad to be allowed to sport away a few more days of a harmless existence. The child to whose humanity the rabbit was indebted for its preservation, was a girl of

about fourteen years of age, slight but gracefully formed, with hair of the softest auburn, which hung in natural ringlets, so as entirely to shade a neck of marble whiteness. Her full blue eye was expressive of the deepest feeling, while the small mouth, which changed its character with every varying emotion of the mind, told of a heart too tender and too sensitive for happiness in a world like this. She stood among the little group as a superior being, and yet she called them brothers: and though clad in the same coarse garments, and sharing the same sports, yet there was an undefinable dignity in word and motion, which could not pass unnoticed. Often would she steal away, and with some small but admirably selected library, seat herself in some sequestered spot, to indulge her love of solitude, and amuse herself in building castles, as beautiful and as ethereal as such visions generally are. Her education had consisted in learning to read and write, and the elementary branches of arithmetic, at a country school; yet her thirst for knowledge but increased, as she formed means of gratifying it; and, at the time we speak of, the few choice volumes which from time to time were put into her hands, were eagerly perused, and not a few committed to memory. How such works came into her mother's possession, she never thought of inquiring. Little did she dream of that hand which had, with judicious foresight, seen and made provision for the future wants of that then helpless and unconscious infant; that tender hand now mouldering in the gloomy grave—that welcome resting-place to the heart-broken weary traveller through life's dreary space. Where else can weak and erring woman find a refuge? Shunned by her own sex—despised by the other—bent to the earth with her load of grief and dishonour, she drags on a miserable existence, without a single hand to support, or a smile to encourage her to seek for comfort here or happiness hereafter. Years had now passed since the death of Lady Emily Cortlandt, but the true-hearted woman to whom she had intrusted her child, yet continued to watch and cherish it with as much fondness as she felt for her own. She had been born on the place, as she expressed it, and had waited on Lady Emily in the capacity of a waiting-maid, and had become so firmly attached to her, that she was willing to make any sacrifice to save her good name. To effect this, she had herself proposed to take her mistress' child as her own. Married about this time to a worthy farmer, they had formed the scheme of emigrating to America. As Lady Emily found it impossible to keep up the semblance of indifference, as the child increased in size and beauty, and all those little arts which wind with magic charm round mothers' hearts, she deemed it best to accede to the proposal, although it was nearly certain that she would never more behold her offspring. Such is the strength of human pride. But she had mistaken her powers of endurance. In a short time her health gave way, and she was daily and hourly compelled to endure the kind and affectionate attentions of her confiding husband, who was really alarmed for her safety, and endeavoured, by every means in his power, to win back that gaiety and cheerfulness for

which she had hitherto been remarkable. But, alas! what can restore the cheerfulness of a broken heart? Is there balm for the stricken spirit? She died,—and the secret of her frailty remained undiscovered;—of course all communication ceased, and the good Alice was left in utter darkness as to the fate of her mistress. She continued her unremitting kindness, still concealing from Emily all knowledge of her real parentage. The mild serenity of temper with which she was endowed, made her a favourite with the younger branches; while the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, could not but render her an object of tenderness to her foster-parents. It was the anniversary of that great and glorious day, so revered and honoured in our land of freedom, that Emily, tired of the sight of the village parade, of half-equipped, half-drilled *volunteers*, and sick of the discordant notes of a cracked fife, as it squeaked forth, most patriotically—"Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," without the least regard to time or tune,—stole from the side of her delighted companions, to seek for quiet and retirement in one of her favourite haunts. The spot towards which she directed her footsteps, was a sort of natural bower, about half way up the mountain, formed of a rock projecting on one side, while, on the other, an old vine united its towering branches with a sturdy oak. The river, at the foot, fell with noisy violence over a rocky bed, of gradual descent, presenting a beautiful, though not very imposing cataract. The sweet briar and the wild rose shed forth their perfume to charm the dainty bee, who roams, on untired wing, to sip his ambrosial food from nature's loveliest works. Here, on a mossy turf, sat down our little worshipper of nature. The village at her feet, with all its bustling idleness, seemed to enhance the pleasure of retirement, and of that ideal existence which a strong imagination is so apt to encourage. Her gipsy hat, tied loosely under her chin—her simple dress of the purest white—she looked the picture of happy innocence, without a care beyond the present, or a thought that the God of Heaven might not look upon without displeasure.

The sun was fast sinking behind the mountain, when she rose to return. The path was steep and rough, and somewhat dangerous, but she was familiar with it, and thoughtlessly proceeded without an emotion of fear. She was just turning a short angle of the rock, when accidentally placing her foot upon a loose fragment, it gave way, and she fell with considerable violence, upon the edge of a precipice, and was only saved from immediate destruction by grasping the trunk of a small sapling which stood within her reach. She attempted in vain to recover her feet, and was obliged to remain in this precarious situation for some minutes. It was then with no small degree of pleasure, that she beheld a gentleman approaching in the opposite direction, with the evident design of rendering her some assistance. She was not mistaken,—the stranger had seen and watched her for some time previous, and had hastened to her relief, the moment he saw her fall. His age was about fifty, if his gray hair and furrowed brow, did not belie him, though his firm and active step, might have

indicated greater youth. He raised the tender child with words of pity and encouragement, and finding her severely hurt, proposed to bear her in his arms the remainder of the distance. To this she would not consent, and they proceeded a few steps, till Emily found the pain increased to such a degree, that it would be impossible for her to regain her home, and she was compelled, with bashful reluctance, to accept the stranger's offer. The dews of night had fallen thickly around them, ere they reached the door of her lowly home, where, having safely deposited his lovely burden, and received the thanks of her grateful friends, the gentleman took his leave, promising to return the next morning.

Emily had received a severe bruise, but was not otherwise injured; she was put to bed, and soon was fast asleep, little dreaming what effect this trifling circumstance might have upon her future prospects in life.

"'Tis very strange," said Alice to her husband, "but I am sure I have heard that gentleman's voice before. Didn't you think he looked very hard at me and at Emily? Pray God, there may no evil come out of it."

"You are too suspicious, Alice. Why should you think you have seen this man before? I dare say 'tis only one of those travellers who so often stop a few days to see the falls, and admire the rocks and trees which towns-people are so fond of looking at."

"I have seen a great many such people, but I never yet met with one that made me feel so strange and awful-like, as this man does. It seems as if I saw my poor dear lady, too, whenever I look at him. I hope he may never come here again."

"Nonsense, wife, you are too silly. Put such notions out of your head as fast as you can, that's my advice to you."

Thus warned, Alice knew her husband too well to say anything further on the subject, but she spent the greater part of the night in endeavouring to bring back the chain of associations which his presence inspired. It was nearly fifteen years since she had left her native shores, and the bright and vivid recollections which she at first retained, had lost their distinctness with each succeeding year, and time had familiarized her with new faces, and attached her to different scenes. Having long lost all hope of learning anything of her mistress' fate, she had contented herself with giving Emily every advantage which her slender means would allow, while she preserved, with religious care, every book, map, and even *toy* which had been intrusted to her for her use.

The next morning she repaired early to the bedside of her adopted child, whom she was surprised to find much better, and having assisted her to rise and dress, she busied herself with her usual domestic occupations, still looking with considerable anxiety to the promised visit of the stranger. He soon made his appearance, and easily ingratiated himself with the children, by those thousand little arts which are always felt, and gratefully acknowledged by those acute, and often accurate judges of character. For one, he shaped a boat, for another, a whistle, while to Emily, he presented a richly bound Souvenir, claiming, as he did so, a kiss in return. With

playful familiarity, he stood leaning on her chair, admiring her beautiful hair; now and then raising a curl, and insisting that he must have it as a keepsake. Suddenly, as if struck by some deadly arrow, he dropped the ringlet, turned very pale, and sunk upon a seat. Alarmed, and yet not greatly surprised, Alice ran for water, and having dismissed the young folks, awaited in silence, the issue of this strange demeanour.

"Woman," said the stranger, so soon as he had recovered sufficient composure to speak, "tell me, in pity's name, is this the child of Lady Emily Cortlandt?"

Alice was not prepared for this sudden address, though during the interview of the morning, she had discovered, in spite of the changes of time and sorrow, the features of Sir Henry, and in him had recognized the destroyer of her beloved mistress, and the father of the little Emily. She had scarcely time for thought, but remembering that he would probably be able to impart some information concerning the unfortunate lady, she hesitatingly acknowledged it was. Finding that he made no reply, except by a heavy groan, she in her turn, demanded why he asked, and how he had discovered her.

"Alice," said he, "I see that you recollect me, and therefore there is no need of further introduction. At the death of Lady Emily—"

"Death!" exclaimed Alice, "my dear Lady Emily dead?"

Sir Henry hid his face in his hands, and for some moments mingled his tears with those of the faithful dependant. At length, with a heavy sigh, he resumed. "At her death, which happened ten years since, she left a sealed packet directed to me, for I was then on the continent, and had not seen her for several years. It contained the information that her daughter was living in America, but in what part of it, or under what circumstances, she could not tell, further than that she was under your care, as by some mischance she had never heard from you since the time of your arrival. She earnestly entreated me to seek her out, and gave me a minute description of a singular mole just below the left ear, by which I this morning discovered her. When I returned to England, the package was put into my hands without a suspicion of its contents, by her husband, who fondly loved her, and deeply deplored her loss. Stung to the quick by this proof of confidence, from one whom I had so deeply injured, I hastened from the spot to comply with her request, merely because it was such, for I had not the least idea of succeeding in the search. The only link that bound me to my native land, was now severed, and I set sail for this country without a tear, save to the memory of her whom I had so passionately loved, and so fatally destroyed. When I landed in New York, without a single friend to whom I could apply to advise or assist me, I felt that my task was a hopeless one, and abandoned all hope of accomplishing my object. In the meantime, I met with a party of gentlemen, who persuaded me to join them in a trip to Niagara; I did so, and having reached this place, was taken sick, and detained some weeks. Being much pleased with the wild scenery, and the hospitality of the people, I had resolved to spend a few days longer in this neighbourhood, when ac-

cident conducted me to the spot where I found my child. I was struck with her resemblance to her mother, when I first saw her, but thinking that perhaps it only existed in my heated imagination, I called this morning, little thinking to have my hopes and wishes so completely realized."

Alice listened to this relation with deep interest, though not without some forebodings. She saw that she was expected to yield possession of the child, and as it appeared by the letter of her mistress, which was now handed to her, to have been her wish, she could not object, though, to resign one whom she had so tenderly loved and cared for, she felt to be a bitter task.

"Think not Alice," said Sir Henry, "that your care is unappreciated, or will go unrewarded. No; while there is life and memory in this sad heart, you and yours shall be amply provided for."

"Ah! sir," said Alice, "'twas not of reward or gain that I was thinking, but I have nursed and cherished that little child, and have thought it but little when I have done my best, and now to lose her forever—Oh! it is too hard!" And she hid her face in her apron, and sobbed bitterly.

"Alice, you have other children still dearer. You have a husband, and a peaceful home, while I have but this single tie to bind me to earth. I am rich, but wealth has lost all charms; powerful, but can power fill the dreary void created by the absence of all natural affections? You shall not be separated entirely, Alice; it is my design to leave her in a boarding-school for three years, and she can spend her vacations with you, for I would have her always love and honour the friends of her early youth. But you must be well aware that the means of improvement which she now enjoys are far short of what, as the daughter of Lady Emily Cortlandt, she has a right to demand."

Alice could but yield a reluctant consent to the truth of this observation. She timidly inquired whether it was the intention of Sir Henry to return to England. "Not under a year," was his reply. "I wish to see more of this country ere I make up my determination with regard to my permanent residence. In the meantime, it is my wish that all idea of my real relationship may be kept from Emily. I hope with your co-operation to be able to persuade her to accept of my offer."

This arrangement having been satisfactorily settled, it was put in operation without delay. In a few weeks, Emily found herself at a fashionable school in the midst of a large and populous city, a handsome wardrobe provided for her, and every means of gratifying her ardent desire for improvement within her reach. For some time, the gloom of parting from those she so sincerely loved, hung on her spirits like a dense fog upon a beautiful landscape, obscuring for a time, though not diminishing its real beauties. The griefs of childhood are not of long duration, and Emily was soon entirely engrossed in the pursuits of literature.

Thus did two years of her time pass away, enlivened by letters and occasional visits from her cottage home. Her benefactor, as she called Sir Henry, had twice visited her, and his pleasure at her evident improvement, stimulated

the grateful girl to renewed exertion, in order to equal the expectations he had formed of her talents and industry.

The period when he should return from England, began to draw near, and she felt her heart glow with delight at the thought of meeting him from whom she had received so many favours. The day when she should complete her studies at length arrived, and, at the same time, her father made his appearance. His presence cheered and comforted her, and enabled her to bid adieu to her companions with considerable composure, though there were a chosen few among them to whom she was much attached, and with whom there was little probability she ever could meet again.

While the heart of Emily was filled with emotions of joy, as they journeyed towards her mountain home, that of her father was torn by anxious doubts, as to the safest means of imparting the intelligence that a few short weeks must again separate her from it. He began by stimulating her curiosity with relations of scenes of foreign countries, and gave her eloquent and rich descriptions of the various scenery, costume, manners, and buildings of those he had visited. These were well calculated to inspire a wish to travel, in older and more settled habits than those of our heroine. At all events, they served to beguile the time;—and, when they arrived at the summit of the hill which overlooked her humble dwelling, Emily could not but remark the rapidity with which they travelled.

The little cottage rung with the joyous shouts of welcome, as the travellers descended the hill, and drew up before the vine-covered porch which shaded the entrance. Poor Alice greeted her former charge with tears, which could neither be repressed or concealed, for she but too plainly understood that this was the parting visit. The little ones crowded round Emily to examine her dress, measure, or try to measure her height, which now fast out-topped them all, and with untiring assiduity plied her with question upon question, till she was glad to tell them that she would tell them all they wished to know another day. Worn out with fatigue, she took the earliest opportunity of retiring to bed, while Sir Henry seized this moment of the few that were free from interruption, to consult with Alice on the best means of gaining the consent of Emily to remove to England. With many cautions, he intrusted this delicate mission to her, as he felt altogether unequal to the task.

We pass over the first burst of passion which sprung from that young heart, when it learned the story of its wrongs. We will not paint the anguish, shame, despair, and hatred, that took possession of that hitherto gentle spirit, and with convulsive sobs, rung out the prayer for death, and scarce restrained the curse upon a father's head.

We pass on to that bright and sunny morning, when having bidden adieu to her home, and at the same time to happiness, Emily found herself seated on the deck of a splendid ship, bound for England. Her high polished forehead rested upon her hand, while her blanched cheek, and drooping eye gave to her appearance an air of deep dejection, which, united with her great

youth and beauty, could not fail to excite an interest in the heart of all around her. Her father stood beside her, striving with every art of love and tenderness, to rouse her mind to its native energies. He led her to the prow of the vessel that she might see the silvery waves recede with noisy swiftness from the proud disdainful ship, which passed on, with steady unimpeded course, heedless of the dashing of the spray upon the well-defended sides, or the gambols of the dolphin, which leaped around as if in joyful recognition of an old acquaintance. Emily gazed without perceiving the beauties of a scene which a few weeks before, would have called forth rapturous praises. Her father sighed as he looked upon the change, from the deep enthusiastic love of nature, in all her varied forms, his child scarce looked upon the new and varied succession of scenery; for the light and spirit-stirring laugh which had so often wrung in his ears, warming his heart to sympathy, the deep drawn sigh now met his ear, telling too plainly of the murdered peace within. Day by day did he watch in vain for some change of demeanour; she seemed a thing of heaven bearing meekly the sorrows of earth. 'She faded on,' but still he clung with trembling eagerness to the thought, that new scenes would wake her from her lethargy of woe. But alas! 'ne'er was her step to bend earth's living flowers again.' The proud winds rose, and bore them swiftly onward, but more swiftly sped the fatal shaft that struck that defenceless bosom. On a low couch, fanned by the mild sea-breeze, lay the emaciated, but still beautiful form of Emily; her half shut violet eye beaming with unnatural brightness as it gazed upon the setting sun, and then in a low voice, she uttered the words of the psalmist, "My days are like a shadow that declineth,—I am withered like grass," yet thou, Lord, will sustain me. "Father," she continued, "you will not weep for me, when I tell you I am very happy. I am going home,"—and in a voice of smothered emotion,—“where I shall see my mother! I will tell her how kind you have been to me, and that you will join us there—will you not?” After a long pause, she said again,—“Give this,” pointing to a locket which contained some of her hair, cut from her head when she was an infant, “to my dear Alice, and wear this yourself,”—she slipped a ring from her delicate finger, and placed it in his hand,—“and do not forget one who loves you too dearly to part willingly, except it were to meet again in a world where ‘sorrow and sighing shall flee away,’” and with these words yet hovering on her lips, her spirit winged its airy flight.

“On the mid seas a knell; for man, was there  
Anguish and love,—the mourner with his dead!  
A long low rolling knell, a voice of prayer,  
Dark glassy waters like a desert spread;  
Then the broad lovely sunshine, and the plash  
Into the sounding waves.”

Who shall tell of the deep sense of desolation that sat upon that father's heart, as year after year, he lingered in this weary world, haunted by the image of those lovely beings to whom his love had been the seal of misery and death,—for 'twas unhallowed love.

## THE CONSUL'S DAUGHTER.

BY D'ISRAELI,

*Author of "Fivian Grey."*

## L

AT one of the most beautiful ports in the Mediterranean Major Ponsonby held the office of British Consul. The parliamentary interest of the noble family with which he was connected had obtained for him this office, after serving his country, with no slight distinction, during the glorious war of the Peninsula. Major Ponsonby was a widower, and his family consisted of an only daughter, Henrietta, who was a child of very tender years when he first obtained his appointment, but who had completed her eighteenth year at the period, memorable in her life, which these pages attempt to commemorate. A girl of singular beauty was Henrietta Ponsonby, but not merely remarkable for her beauty. Her father, a very accomplished gentleman, had himself superintended her education with equal care and interest. In their beautiful solitude, for they enjoyed the advantage of very little society, save that of those passing travellers who occasionally claimed his protection and hospitality, the chief, and certainly the most engaging pursuit of Major Ponsonby, had been to assist the development of the lively talents of his daughter, and to watch with delight, not unattended with anxiety, the formation of her ardent and imaginative character: he had himself imparted to her a skilful practice in those fine arts in which he himself excelled, and a knowledge of those exquisite languages which he himself not only spoke with facility, but with whose rich and interesting literature he was intimately acquainted. He was careful, also, that, although almost an alien from her native country, she should not be ignorant of the progress of its mind; and no inconsiderable portion of his income had, of late years, been expended in importing from England the productions of those eminent writers of which we are justly as proud as of the heroes under whose flag he had himself conquered in Portugal and Spain.

The progress of the daughter amply repaid the father for his care, and rewarded him for his solicitude: from the fond child of his affections she had become the cherished companion of his society: her lively fancy and agreeable conversation prevented solitude from degenerating into loneliness; she diffused over their happy home that indefinable charm, that spell of unceasing, yet soothing excitement, with which the constant presence of an amiable, a lovely, and accomplished woman can alone imbue existence;—without which, life, indeed, under any circumstances, is very dreary; and with which, life, indeed, under any circumstances, is never desperate.

There were moments, perhaps, when Major Ponsonby, who was not altogether inexperienced in the great world, might sigh, that one so eminently qualified as his daughter to shine even amid its splendour, should be destined to a career so obscure as that which necessarily attended the daughter of a Consul in a distant country. It sometimes cost the father's heart a pang that his fair and fragrant flower should

blush unseen, and waste its perfume even in their lovely wilderness; and then, with all a father's pride, and under all the influence of that worldly ambition from which men are never free, he would form plans by which she might visit, and visit with advantage, her native country. All the noble cousins were thought over, under whose distinguished patronage she might enter that great and distant world she was so capable of adorning; and more than once he had endeavoured to intimate to Henrietta that it might be better for them both that they should for a season part: but the Consul's daughter shrunk from these whispers as some beautiful tree from the murmurs of a rising storm. She could not conceive existence without her father—the father under whose breath and sight she had ever lived and flourished—the father to whom she was indebted, not only for existence, but all the attributes that made life so pleasant; her sire, her tutor, her constant company, her dear, dear friend. To part from him, even though but for a season, and to gain splendour, appeared to her pure, yet lively imagination, the most fatal of fortunes; a terrible destiny—an awful dispensation. They had never parted, scarcely for an hour: once, indeed, he had been absent for three days; he had sailed with the fleet on public business to a neighbouring port; he had been obliged to leave his daughter, and the daughter remembered these terrible three days like a frightful dream, the recollection of which made her shudder.

Major Ponsonby had inherited no patrimony—he possessed only the small income derived from his office, and a slender pension, which rewarded many wounds; but, in the pleasant place in which their lot was cast, these moderate means obtained for them not merely the necessities, but all the luxuries of life. They inhabited in the town a palace worthy of the high, though extinct nobility, whose portraits and statues lined their lofty saloons, and filled their long corridors and graceful galleries; and about three miles from the town, on a gentle ascent facing the ocean, and embowered in groves of orange and olive trees, the fanciful garden enclosed in a thick wall of Indian fig and blooming aloes, was a most delicious casino, rented at a rate for which a garret may not be hired in England; but, indeed, a paradise. Of this pavilion Miss Ponsonby was the mistress; and here she lived amid fruits and flowers, surrounded by her birds: and here she might be often seen at sunset glancing amid its beauties, with an eye as brilliant, and a step as airy, as the bright gazelle that ever glided or bounded at her side.

## II.

One summer day, when every body was asleep in the little sultry city where Major Ponsonby, even in his siesta, watched over the interests of British commerce—for it was a city, and was blessed with the holy presence of a bishop—a young Englishman disembarked from an imperial merchant brig just arrived from Otranto, and, according to custom, took his way to the Consul's house. He was a man of an age apparently verging towards thirty; and, although the native porter, who bore his luggage and

directed his path, proved that, as he was accompanied not even by a single servant, he did not share the general reputation of his countrymen for wealth, his appearance to those practised in society was not undistinguished. Tall, slender, and calm, his air, though unaffected, was that of a man not deficient in self-confidence; and whether it were the art of his tailor, or the result of his own good frame, his garb, although remarkably plain, had that indefinable style which we associate with the costume of a man of some mark and breeding.

On arriving at the Consul's house, he was ushered through a large, dark, cool hall, at the end of which was a magnificent staircase leading to the suite of saloons, into a small apartment on the ground-floor fitted up in the English style; and which, although it offered the appearance of the library of an English gentleman, was, in fact, the consular office. Dwarf bookcases encircled the room, occasionally crowned by a marble bust, or bronze group. The ample table was covered with papers, and a vacant easy chair was evidently the consular throne. A portrait of his Britannic Majesty figured on the walls of one part of the chamber; and over the mantel was another portrait, which immediately engaged the attention of the traveller, and, indeed, monopolized his observation. He had a very ample opportunity of studying it, for nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before he was disturbed. It was the full-length portrait of a young lady. She stood on a terrace in a garden, and by her side was a gazelle. Her form was of wonderful symmetry; but, although her dress was not English, the expression of her countenance reminded the traveller of the beauties of his native land. The dazzling complexion, the large deep blue eye, the high white forehead, the clustering brown hair, were all northern, but northern of the highest order. She held in her small hand a branch of orange-blossom—the hand was fairer than the flower.

"Signor Ferrers, I believe," said a shrill voice. The traveller started, and turned round. Before him stood a little parched-up, grinning, bowing Italian, holding in his hand the card that the traveller had sent up to the Consul.

"My name is Ferrers," replied the traveller, slightly bowing, and speaking in a low, sweet tone.

"Signor Ponsonby is at the casino," said the Italian: "I have the honour to be the Chancellor of the British Consulate."

It is singular that a mercantile agent should be styled a Consul, and his Chief Clerk a Chancellor.

"I have the honour to be the Chancellor of the British Consulate," said the Italian; "and I will take the earliest opportunity of informing the Consul of your arrival. From Otranto, I believe? All well, I hope, at Otranto?"

"I hope so too," replied the traveller; "and so I believe."

"You will be pleased to leave your passport, sir, with me—the Consul will be most happy to see you at the casino: about sunset, he will be very happy to see you at the casino. I am sorry that I detained you for a moment, but I was at my siesta. I will take the earliest op-



portunity of informing the Consul of your arrival; but, at present, all the consular messengers are taking their siesta; the moment one is awake, I shall send him to the casino. May I take the liberty of inquiring whether you have any letters for the Consul?"

"None," replied the traveller.

The Chancellor shrugged his shoulders a little, as if he regretted he had been roused from his siesta for a traveller who had not even a letter of introduction, and then turned on his heel to depart.

The traveller took up his hat, hesitated a moment, and then said, "Pray, may I inquire of whom this is a portrait?"

"Certainly," replied the chancellor; "'tis the Signora Ponsonby."

### III.

It was even upon as ignoble an animal as a Barbary ass, goaded by a dusky little islander almost in a state of nudity, that, an hour before sunset on the day of his arrival, the English traveller approached the casino of the consul's daughter, for there a note from Major Ponsonby had invited him to repair, to be introduced to his daughter, and to taste his oranges. The servant who received him, led Mr. Ferrers to a very fine plane-tree, under whose spreading branches was arranged a banquet of fruit and flowers, coffee in cups of oriental filigree, and wines of the Levant, cooled in snow. The worthy consul was smoking his chibouque, and his daughter, as she rose to greet their guest, let her guitar fall upon the turf.

The original of the portrait proved that the painter had no need to flatter; and the dignified, yet cordial manner, the radiant smile, and the sweet and thrilling voice with which she welcomed her countryman, would have completed the spell, had, indeed, the wanderer been one prepared, or capable of being enchanted. As it was, Mr. Ferrers, while he returned his welcome with becoming complaisance, exhibited the breeding of a man accustomed to sights of strangeness and of beauty; and, while he expressed his sense of the courtesy of his companions, admired their garden, and extolled the loveliness of the prospect, he did not depart for a moment from that subdued, and even sedate manner, which indicates the individual whom the world has little left to astonish, and less to enrapture, although, perhaps, much to please. Yet he was fluent in conversation, sensible, and polished, and very agreeable. It appeared that he had travelled much, though he was far from boasting of his exploits. He had been long absent from England, had visited Egypt and Arabia, and had sojourned at Damascus. While he refused the pipe, he proved, by his observations on its use, that he was learned in its practice; and he declined his host's offer of a file of English journals, as he was not interested in their contents. His host was too polished to originate any inquiry which might throw light upon the connexions or quality of his guest, and his guest imitated his example. Nothing could be more perfectly well-bred than his whole demeanour—he listened to the major with deference, and he never paid Miss Ponsonby a single compliment: he never even asked her to sing;

but the fond father did not omit this attention. Henrietta, in the most unaffected manner, complied with his request, because, as she was in the habit of singing every evening to her father, she saw no reason why he should, on this occasion, be deprived of an amusement to which he was accustomed. As the welcome sea-breeze rose and stirred the flowers and branches, her voice blended with its fresh and fragrant breath. It was a beautiful voice, and the wild and plaintive air in which she indulged, indigenous to their isle, harmonised alike with the picturesque scene and the serene hour. Mr. Ferrers listened with attention, and thanked her for her courtesy. Before they withdrew to the casino, he even requested the favour of her repeating the gratification, but in so quiet a manner, that most young ladies would have neglected to comply with a wish expressed with so little fervour.

The principal chamber of the casino was adorned with drawings by the Consul's daughter: they depicted the surrounding scenery, and were executed by the hand of a master. Mr. Ferrers examined them with interest—his observations proved his knowledge, and made them more than suspect his skill. He admitted that he had some slight practice in the fine arts, and offered to lend his portfolio to Miss Ponsonby, if she thought it would amuse her. Upon the subject of scenery, he spoke with more animation than on any other topic: his conversation, indeed, teemed with the observations of a fine eye and cultivated taste.

At length he departed, leaving behind him a very favourable impression. Henrietta and her father agreed that he was a most gentlemanlike personage—that he was very clever and very agreeable; and they were glad to know him. The major detailed all the families and all the persons of the name of Ferrers of whom he had ever heard, and with whom he had been acquainted; and, before he slept, wondered for the fiftieth time, "What Ferrers he was?"

### IV.

The next morning, Mr. Ferrers sent his portfolio to Miss Ponsonby, to the Consul's house, in the city; and her father called upon him immediately afterwards, to return his original visit, and to request him to dine with them. Mr. Ferrers declined the invitation; but begged to be permitted to pay his respects again at the casino, in the evening. The major, under the circumstances, ventured to press his new acquaintance to comply with their desire, but Mr. Ferrers became immediately very reserved, and the Consul desisted.

Towards sunset, however, mounted on his Barbary ass, Mr. Ferrers again appeared at the gate of the casino, as mild and agreeable as before. They drank their coffee and ate their fruit, chatted and sang, and again repaired to the pavilion. Here they examined the contents of the portfolio—they were very rich; for it contained drawings of all kinds, and almost of every celebrated place in the vicinity of the Mediterranean shores; Saracenic palaces, Egyptian temples, mosques of Damascus, and fountains of Stamboul. Here was a Bedouin encampment, shaded by a grove of palms; and there a Spanish Signorita, shrouded in her mantille, glided along

the Alameda. There was one circumstance, however, about these drawings, which struck Miss Ponsonby as at least remarkable. It was obvious that some pencil-mark in the corner of each drawing, in all probability containing the same and initials of the artist, had been carefully obliterated.

Among the drawings were several sketches of a yacht, which Mr. Ferrers passed over quickly, and without notice. The Consul, however, who was an honorary member of the yacht club, and interested in every vessel of the squadron that visited the Mediterranean, very naturally inquired of Mr. Ferrers, to whom the schooner in question belonged. Mr. Ferrers seemed rather confused; but at length he said; "Oh, they are stupid things: I did not know they were here. The yacht is a yacht of a friend of mine who was at Cadiz."

"Oh, I see the name," said the Major; "The **KRAKEN.**" Why, that is Lord Bohun's yacht!"

"The same," said Mr. Ferrers; but perfectly composed.

"Ah! do you know Lord Bohun?" said Miss Ponsonby. "We have often expected him here. —I wonder he has never paid us a visit, papa. They say he is the most eccentric person in the world. Is he so?"

"I never heard much in his favour," said Mr. Ferrers. "I believe he has made himself a great fool, as most young nobles do."

"Well, I have heard very extraordinary things of him," said the Consul. "He is a great traveller, at all events, which I think a circumstance in every man's favour."

"And then he has been a Guerilla chieftain," said Miss Ponsonby; "and a Bedouin robber; and—I hardly know what else; but Colonel Garth, who was here last summer, told us the most miraculous tales of his lordship."

"Affectations!" said Mr. Ferrers, with a sneer. "Bohun, however, has some excuse for his folly; for he was an orphan, I believe, in his cradle."

"Is he clever?" inquired Miss Ponsonby.

"Colonel Garth is a much better judge than I am," replied Mr. Ferrers. "I confess I have no taste for Guerilla chieftains, or Bedouin robbers. I am not at all romantic."

And here he attracted her attention to what he called an attempt at a bull fight: and the conversation dropped, and Lord Bohun was forgotten.

A fortnight passed away, and Mr. Ferrers was still a visitant of our Mediterranean isle. His intimacy with the Consul and his daughter remained on the same footing. Every evening he paid them a visit; and every evening, when he had retired, the Major and his daughter agreed that he was a most agreeable person, though rather odd: the worthy Consul always adding his regret that he would not dine with him, and his wonder as to what Ferrers he was.

Now, it so happened that it was a royal birth day; and the bishop, and several of the leading persons of the town, had agreed to partake of the hospitality of the British Consul. The Major was anxious that Mr. Ferrers should meet them. He discussed this important point with his daughter.

"My darling, I don't like to ask him; he really is such a very odd man. The moment

you ask him to dinner, he looks as if you had offered him an insult. Shall we send him a formal invitation? I wonder what Ferrers he is! I should be gratified if he would dine with us. Besides, he would see something of our native society here, which is amusing. What shall we do?"

"I will ask him," replied Miss Ponsonby. "I don't think he could refuse me."

"I am sure I could not," replied the Major, smiling.

And so Miss Ponsonby seized an opportunity of telling Mr. Ferrers that she had a favour to ask him. He was more fortunate than he imagined, was his courteous reply.

"Then you must dine with papa, to-morrow."

Mr. Ferrers' brow immediately clouded.

"Now, do not look so suspicious," said Miss Ponsonby. "Do you think that ours is an Italian banquet? Is there poison in the dish? Or do you live only on fruit and flowers?" continued Miss Ponsonby. "Do you know," she added, with an arch smile, "I think you must be a ghoul."

A sort of smile struggled with a scowl over the haughty countenance of the Englishman.

"You will come?" said Miss Ponsonby, most winningly.

"I have already trespassed too much upon Major Ponsonby's hospitality," muttered Mr. Ferrers; "I have no claim to it."

"You are our countryman."

"Unknown."

"The common consequence of being a traveller."

"Yes—but—in short—I—"

"You must come," said Miss Ponsonby, with a glance like sunshine.

"You do with me what you like," exclaimed Mr. Ferrers, with animation. "Beautiful—weather," he concluded.

Mr. Ferrers was therefore their guest; and strange it is to say, that from this day, from some cause, which it is now useless to ascertain, this gentleman became an habitual guest at the Consul's table; accepting a general invitation without even a frown; and, what is more remarkable, availing himself of it, scarcely with an exception.

Could it be the Consul's daughter that effected this revolution? Time may perhaps solve this interesting problem. Certainly, whether it were that she was seldom seen to more advantage than when presiding over society; or whether, elate with her triumph, she was particularly pleasing, because she was particularly pleased; certainly Henrietta Ponsonby never appeared to greater advantage than she did upon the day of this memorable festival. Mr. Ferrers, when he quitted the house, sauntered to the mole, and gazed upon the moonlight sea.—A dangerous symptom. Yet the eye of Mr. Ferrers had before this been fixed in mute abstraction on many a summer wave, when Dian was in her bower; and this man, cold and inscrutable as he seemed, was learned in woman, and woman's ways. Shall a Consul's daughter melt a heart that boasted of being callous, and clear a brow that prided itself upon its clouds?

But if the state of Mr. Ferrers' heart were doubtful, I must perforce confess, that, as time

drew on, Henrietta Ponsonby, if she had ventured to inquire, could have little hesitated as to the state of her own feelings. Her companion, her constant companion, for such Mr. Ferrers had now insensibly become, exercised over her an influence, of the power of which she was unconscious,—only because it was unceasing. Had for a moment the excitement of her novel feeling ceased, she would have discovered, with wonder, perhaps with some degree of fear, how changed she had become since the first evening he approached their pleasant casino. And yet Mr. Ferrers was not her lover. No act,—no word of gallantry,—no indication of affection, to her inexperienced sense, ever escaped him. All that he did was, that he sought her society; but, then, there was no other. The only wonder was, that he should remain among them; but, then, he had been everywhere. The vague love of lounging and repose, which ever and anon falls upon men long accustomed to singular activity and strange adventure, sufficiently accounted for his conduct. But, whatever might be his motives, certain it is, that the English stranger dangerously interested the feelings of the Consul's daughter; and when she thought the time must arrive for his departure, she drove the recollection from her mind with a swiftness which indicated the pang which she experienced by its occurrence. And no marvel either, that the heart of this young and lovely maiden softened at the thought, and in the presence of her companion: no marvel; and no shame; for nature had invested the Englishman with soul-subduing qualities. His elegant person; his tender, yet reserved manners; his experienced, yet ornate mind; the flashes of a brilliant, yet mellowed imagination, which ever and anon would break forth in his conversation; perhaps, too, the air of melancholy, and even of mystery, which enveloped him, were all spells potent in the charm that enchants the heart of woman. And the major, what did he think? The good Consul was puzzled. The confirmed intimacy between his daughter and his guest, alike perplexed and pleased him. He certainly never had become acquainted with a man whom he would sooner have preferred for a son-in-law, if he had only known who he was. But two months, and more than two months had elapsed, and threw no light upon this most necessary point of knowledge. The Consul hesitated as to his conduct. His anxiety almost mastered his good-breeding. Now he thought of speaking to Mr. Ferrers, and then to his daughter. There were objections to each line of conduct: and his confidence in Mr. Ferrers was very great, although he did not exactly know who he was: he was decidedly a gentleman; and there was, throughout his conduct and conversation, a tone of such strict propriety; there was so much delicacy, and good feeling, and sound principle, in all he said and did; that the Consul at length resolved that he had no right to suspect, and no authority to question him. He was just on the point, however, of conferring with his daughter, when the town was suddenly enlivened, and his attention suddenly engrossed by the arrival of two other English gentlemen.

V.

It must be confessed that Captain Ormsby and Major M'Intyre were two very different sort of men to Mr. Ferrers. Never were two such gay, noisy, pleasant, commonplace persons. They were "*on leave*" from one of the Mediterranean garrisons, had scampered through Italy, shot red-legged partridges all along the Barbary coast, and even smoked a pipe with the Dey of Algiers. They were intoxicated with all the sights they had seen, and all the scrapes which they had encountered; and which they styled "regular adventures:" and they insisted upon giving every one a description of what every body had heard or seen. In consequence of their arrival, Mr. Ferrers discontinued dining with his accustomed host; and resumed his old habit of riding up to the casino, every evening, on his Barbary ass, to eat oranges, and talk to the Consul's daughter.

"I suppose you know Florence, Mr. Ferrers?" said Major M'Intyre.

Mr. Ferrers bowed.

"St. Peter's, of course, you have seen?" said Captain Ormsby.

"But have you seen it during Holy Week?" said the Major. "That's the thing."

"Ah, I see you have been every where," said the Captain: "Algiers, of course?"

"I never was at Algiers," replied Mr. Ferrers, quite rejoiced at the circumstance, and he walked away, and played with the gazelle.

"By Jove," said the Major, with elevated eyes, "not been at Algiers! why, Mr. Consul, I thought you said Mr. Ferrers was a very great traveller indeed; and he has not been at Algiers! I consider Algiers more worth seeing than any place we have ever visited. Don't you, Ormsby?"

The Consul inquired whether he had met any compatriots at that famous place. The military travellers answered that they had not; but that Lord Bohun's yacht was there; and they understood his lordship was about to proceed to this island. The conversation for some time then dwelt upon Lord Bohun, and his adventures, eccentricity, and wealth. But Captain Ormsby finally pronounced "Bohun a devilish good fellow."

"Do you know Lord Bohun?" inquired Mr. Ferrers.

"Why, no!" confessed Captain Ormsby: "but he is a devilish intimate friend of a devilish intimate friend of mine."

Mr. Ferrers made a sign to Miss Ponsonby; she rose, and followed him into the garden. "I cannot endure the jabber of these men," said Mr. Ferrers.

"They are very good-natured," said Miss Ponsonby.

"It may be so; and I have no right to criticise them. I dare say they think me very dull. However, it appears you will have Lord Bohun here in a short time, and then I shall be forgotten."

"That is not a very kind speech. You would not be forgotten, even if absent; and you have, I hope, no thought of quitting us."

"I have remained here too long. Besides,

I have no wish to play a second part to Lord Bohun."

"Who thinks of Lord Bohun! and why should you play a second part to any one? You are a little perverse, Mr. Ferrers."

"I have been in this island ten weeks," said Mr. Ferrers, thoughtfully.

"When we begin to count time, we are generally weary," said Miss Ponsonby.

"You are in error. I would willingly compound, that the rest of my existence should be as happy as the last ten weeks. They have been very happy," said Mr. Ferrers, musingly: "very happy, indeed. The only *happy* time I ever knew. They have been so serene, and so sweet."

"And why not remain then?" said Miss Ponsonby, in a low voice.

"There are many reasons," said Mr. Ferrers: and he offered his arm to Miss Ponsonby, and they walked together, far away from the casino. "These ten weeks have been so serene, and so sweet," he continued, but in a calm voice, "because you have been my companion. My life has taken its colour from your character. Now, listen to me, dearest Miss Ponsonby, and be not alarmed. I love you!"

Her arm trembled in his.

"Yes, I love you; and, believe me, I use that word with no common feeling. It describes the entire devotion of my existence to your life; and my complete sympathy with every attribute of your nature. Calm as may be my speech, I love you with a burning heart.

She bowed her head, and covered her face with her right hand.

"Most beautiful lady," continued Mr. Ferrers, "pardon me if I agitate you; for my respect is equal to my love. I stand before you a stranger, utterly unknown; and I am so circumstanced, that it is not in my power, even at this moment, to offer any explanation of my equivocal position. Yet, whatever I may be, I offer my existence, and all its accidents, good or bad, in homage to your heart. May I indulge the delicious hope that, if not now accepted, they are at least considered with kindness, and without suspicion?"

"Oh, yes! without *suspicion*," murmured Miss Ponsonby—"without suspicion. Nothing, nothing in the world shall ever make me believe that you are not as good as you are—gifted."

"Darling Henrietta!" exclaimed Mr. Ferrers, in a voice of melting tenderness; and he pressed her to his heart, and sealed his love upon her lips. "This, this is confidence: this, this is the woman's love I long have sighed for. Doubt me not, dearest; never doubt me! Say you are mine; once more pledge yourself to me. I leave our isle this night. Nay, start not, sweet one! 'Tis for our happiness; this night. I shall return to claim my bride. Now, listen, darling! our engagement, our sweet and solemn engagement, is secret. You will never hear from me until we meet again; you may hear of me, and not to my advantage. What matter? You love me; you cannot doubt me. I leave with you my honour; an honour *never sullied*. Mind that—Oh no, you cannot doubt me!"

"I am yours: I care not what they say: if

there be no faith and truth in you, I will despair of them for ever."

"Beautiful being! You make me mad with joy. Has fate reserved for me, indeed, this treasure! Am I at length loved, and loved only for myself!"

## VI.

He has gone; Mr. Ferrers has departed. What an event! What a marvellous event! A revolution had occurred in the life of Henrietta Ponsonby: she was no longer her own mistress; she was no longer her father's child. She belonged to another; and that other a stranger, an unknown, and departed being! How strange! And yet how sweet! This beautiful young lady passed her days in pondering over her singular position. In vain she attempted to struggle with her destiny. In vain she depicted to herself the error, perhaps the madness, of her conduct. She was fascinated. She could not reason: she could not communicate to her father all that had happened. A thousand times her lips moved to reveal her secret; a thousand times an irresistible power restrained them. She remained silent, moody, and restless: she plucked flowers, and threw them to the wind: she gazed upon the sea, and watched the birds in abstraction wilder than their wing; and yet she would not doubt her betrothed. That voice, so sweet, and solemn, and so sincere, still lingered in her ear: the gaze of that pure and lofty brow was engraven on her memory: never could she forget those delicate adieus!

This change in his daughter was not unmarked by the Consul, who, after some reflection, could not hesitate in considering it as the result of the departure of Mr. Ferrers. The thought made him mournful. It pained his noble nature, that the guest whom he so respected might have trifled with the affections of the child whom he so loved. He spoke to the maiden; but the maiden said she was happy. And, indeed, her conduct gave evidence of restlessness rather than misery; for her heart seemed sometimes exuberantly gay; often did she smile, and ever did she sing. The Consul was conscious there was a mystery he could not fathom. It is bitter for a father at all times to feel that his child is unhappy; but doubly bitter is the pang when he feels that the cause is secret.

Three months, three heavy months passed away, and the cloud still rested on this once happy home. Suddenly Lord Bohun arrived, the much talked-of Lord Bohun, in his more talked-of yacht. The bustle which the arrival of this celebrated personage occasioned in the consular establishment was a diversion from the reserve, or the gloom, which had so long prevailed there. Lord Bohun was a young, agreeable, and somewhat affected individual. He had a German *chasseur* and a Greek page. He was very luxurious, and rather troublesome; but infinitely amusing, both to the Consul and his daughter. He dined with them every day, and recounted his extraordinary adventures with considerable self-complacency. In the course of the week he scampered over every part of the island; and gave a magnificent entertainment on board the Kraken, to the bishop and the princi-

pal islanders, in honour of the Consul's daughter. Indeed, it was soon very evident that his lordship entertained feelings of no ordinary admiration for his hostess. He paid her, on all occasions, the most marked attention; and the Consul, who did not for a moment believe that these attentions indicated other than the transient feelings that became a lord, and so adventurous a lord, began to fear that his inexperienced Henrietta might again become the victim of the fugitive admiration of a traveller.

One evening at the casino, his lordship noticed a drawing of his own yacht, and started. The Consul explained to him, that the drawing had been copied by his daughter, from a sketch by an English traveller, who preceded him. His name was inquired, and given.

"Ferrers!" exclaimed his lordship. "What! has Ferrers been here?"

"You know Mr. Ferrers, then?" inquired Henrietta, with suppressed agitation.

"Oh yes, I know Ferrers."

"A most agreeable and gentleman-like man," said the Consul, anxious, he knew not why, that the conversation would cease.

"Oh yes, Ferrers is a very agreeable man. He piques himself on being agreeable,—Mr. Ferrers."

"From what I have observed of Mr. Ferrers," said Henrietta, in a firm and rather decided tone, "I should not have given him credit for any sentiment approaching to *conceit*."

"He is fortunate in having such a defender," said his lordship, bowing gallantly.

"Our friends are scarcely worth possessing," said Miss Ponsonby, "unless they defend us when absent. But I am not aware that Mr. Ferrers needs any defence."

His lordship turned on his heel, and hummed an opera air.

"Mr. Ferrers paid us a long visit," said the Consul, who was now desirous that the conversation should proceed.

"He had evidently a great inducement," said Lord Bohun. "I wonder he ever departed."

"He is a great favourite in this house," said Miss Ponsonby.

"I perceive it," said Lord Bohun.

"What Ferrers is he?" inquired the Consul.

"Oh, he has gentle blood in his veins," said Lord Bohun. "I never heard his breeding impeached."

"And I should think, nothing else," said Miss Ponsonby.

"Oh, I never heard any thing particular against Ferrers," said his lordship: "except that he was a *roué*; and a little mad. That is all."

"Enough, I should think," said Major Ponsonby, with a clouded brow.

"What a *roué* may be, I can scarcely be supposed to judge," said Henrietta. "If, however, it be a man remarkable for the delicacy of his thoughts and conduct, Mr. Ferrers has certainly some claim to the title. As for his madness, he was our constant companion for nearly three months: if he be mad, it must be a very little indeed."

"He was a great favourite of Henrietta," said her father, with a forced smile.

"Fortunate man!" said the lord. "Fortunate Ferrers!"

Lord Bohun stepped into the garden with the Consul: Miss Ponsonby was left alone. Firm as had been her previous demeanour, now, that she was alone, her agitated countenance denoted the tumult of her mind. A *roué*! Could it be so! Could it be possible! Was she, while she had pledged the freshness of her virgin mind to this unknown man; was she, after all, only a fresh sacrifice to his insatiable vanity! Ferrers a *roué*! That lofty-minded man, who spoke so eloquently, and so wisely, he was a *roué*, an eccentric *roué*; one whose unprincipled conduct could only be excused at the expense of the soundness of his intellect? She could not credit it; she would not credit it: and yet his conduct had been so strange, so mysterious, so unnecessarily mysterious: and then she recollected his last dark-muttered words. "*You may hear of me, and not to my advantage.*" Oh, what a prophecy! And from him she had never heard. He had, at least, kept this sad promise. Very sorrowful was the Consul's daughter. And then she thought herself of his pledge, and his honour that had been *never sullied*. She buried her face in her hands,—she conjured up to her recollection all that had happened since his arrival, perhaps his fatal arrival, in their island; all he had said, and done, and seemed to think. She would not doubt him. It was madness for a moment to doubt him. No desolation seemed so complete, no misery so full of anguish, as such suspicion; she could not doubt him: all her happiness was hope. A gentle touch roused her. It was her gazelle; the gazelle that he had so loved. She caressed it, she caressed it for his sake: she arose and joined her father and Lord Bohun in the garden, if not light-hearted, at least serene.

## VII.

There must have been something peculiarly captivating in the air of our island; for Lord Bohun, who, according to his own account, had never remained in any place a week in the whole course of his life, exhibited no inclination to quit the city where Major Ponsonby presided over the interests of our commerce. He had remained there nearly a month, made himself very agreeable, and, on the whole, was a welcome guest, certainly with the Consul, if not with the Consul's daughter. As for the name of Mr. Ferrers, it occasionally occurred in conversation. Henrietta piqued herself upon the unsuspected inquiries which she carried on respecting her absent friend. She, however, did not succeed in eliciting much information. Lord Bohun was so vague, that it was impossible to annex a precise idea to any thing he ever uttered. Whether Ferrers were rich or poor, really of good family, or, as she sometimes thought, of disgraceful lineage; when and where Lord Bohun and himself had been fellow-travellers—all was alike obscure and shadowy. Not that her noble guest was inattentive to her inquiries; on the contrary, he almost annoyed her by his constant devotion: she was almost, indeed, inclined to resent his singularly marked expressions of admiration as an insult; when, to her utter astonishment, one morning her father astounded her by an an-

nouncement that Lord Bohun had done her the honour of offering her his hand and heart. The beautiful Henrietta was in great perplexity. It was due to Lord Bohun to reject his flattering proposal without reservation: it was difficult, almost impossible, to convince her father of the expediency of such a proceeding. There was in the proposal of Lord Bohun every circumstance which could gratify Major Ponsonby. In the wildest dreams of his paternal ambition, his hopes had never soared higher than the possession of such a son-in-law: high birth, high rank, splendid fortune, and accomplished youth, were combined in the individual whom some favouring destiny, it would seem, had wafted to this distant and obscure isle to offer his vows to its accomplished mistress. That his daughter might hesitate, on so brief an acquaintance, to unite her eternal lot in life with a comparative stranger, was what he had, in some degree, anticipated; but that she should unhesitatingly and unreservedly decline the proposal, was conduct for which he was totally unprepared. He was disappointed and mortified—for the first time in his life he was angry with his child. It is strange that Lord Bohun, who had required a deputy to make a proposition which, of all others, the most becomes and most requires a principal, should, when his fate was decided, have requested a personal interview with Miss Ponsonby. It was a favour which she could not refuse, for her father required her to grant it. She accordingly prepared herself for a repetition of the proposal from lips, doubtless unaccustomed to sue in vain. It was otherwise: never had Lord Bohun conducted himself in a more kind and unaffected manner than during this interview: it pained Miss Ponsonby to think she had pained one who was in reality so amiable: she was glad, however, to observe that he did not appear much moved or annoyed. Lord Bohun expressed his gratitude for the agreeable hours he had spent in her society; and then most delicately ventured to inquire whether time might, perhaps, influence Miss Ponsonby's determination? And when he had received her most courteous, though hopeless answer, he only expressed his wishes for her future happiness, which he could not doubt.

"I feel," said Lord Bohun, as he was about to depart; "I feel," he said, in a very hesitating voice, "I am taking a great, an unwarrantable liberty; but believe me, dear Miss Ponsonby, the inquiry, if I could venture to make it, is inspired by the sincerest desire for your welfare."

"Speak with freedom, Lord Bohun; you will ever, I am sure, speak with kindness."

"I would not willingly despair, then, unless I believed that heart were engaged to another."

Miss Ponsonby bent down and plucked a flower, and, her brow covered with blushes, with an agitating hand tore the flower to pieces.

"Is this a fair inquiry?" she murmured.

"It is for your sake I inquire," answered Lord Bohun.

Now an irresistible conviction came over her mind that Lord Bohun was thinking of Ferrers, and a desire on her part as strong to learn at length something of her mysterious lover.

"What, indeed, if I be not mistress of my heart?" She spoke without raising her head.

"In that case I will believe that it belongs to one worthy of such a treasure."

"You speak of Edmund Ferrers?" said Miss Ponsonby.

"The same."

"You know him?" she inquired, in a choking voice.

"I know and honour him. I have long believed that the world did not boast a man more gifted; now I know that it does not possess a man more blessed."

"Shall you see him?" she inquired in a quick tone.

"Probably you will see him first: I am sufficiently acquainted with his movements to know that he will soon be here. This Greek boy whom you have sometimes noticed, is his page: I wish him to join his master again; and methinks the readiest way will be to leave him in this isle. Here, Spiridion, bow to your new mistress, and be dutiful for her sake, as well as that of your lord's—Adieu! dearest Miss Ponsonby!"

### VIII.

This strange conversation with Lord Bohun at parting, was not without a certain wild, but not unpleasant influence over the mind of Henrietta Ponsonby. Much as it first had agitated her, its result, as she often mused over it, was far from being without solace. It was consoling, indeed, to know that one person, at least, honoured that being in whom she had so implicitly relied: Lord Bohun, also, had before spoken of Ferrers in a very different tone; but she felt confidence in the unusual seriousness of his last communication; and with satisfaction contrasted it with the heedlessness, or the levity of his former intimations. Here, too, was the page of Ferrers at her side—the beautiful and bright-eyed Spiridion. How strange it was! how very strange! Her simple life had suddenly become like some shifting fairy-tale: but love, indeed, is a fairy, and full of marvels and magic—it changes all things; and the quietest domestic hearth, when shadowed by its wing, becomes as rife with wonders and adventure, as if it were the passionate theatre of some old romance. Yes! the bright-eyed Greek page of her mysterious and absent lover was at her side—but then he only spoke Greek. In vain she tried to make him comprehend how much she desired to have tidings of his master. The graceful mute could only indulge in airy pantomime, point to the skies and ocean, or press his hand to his heart in token of fidelity. Henrietta amused herself in teaching Spiridion Italian, and repaid herself for all her trouble, in occasionally obtaining some slight information of her friend. In time, she learned that Ferrers was in Italy, and had seen Lord Bohun before the departure of that nobleman. In answer to her anxious and often-repeated inquiries whether he would soon return, Spiridion was constant to his consoling affirmative. Never was such a sedulous mistress of languages as Henrietta Ponsonby. She learned, also, that an Albanian scarf, which the page wore round his waist, had been given him by his master, when Spiridion quitted him; and Henrietta instantly obtained the scarf for a Barbary shawl of uncommon splendour.

Now it happened one afternoon towards sunset, as the Greek page rambling, as was his custom, over the neighbouring heights, beheld below the spreading fort, the neighbouring straits, and the distant sea, that a vessel appeared in sight, and soon entered the harbour. It was an English vessel—it was the yacht of Lord Bohun. The page started and watched the vessel with a fixed and earnest gaze: soon he observed the British Consul in his boat row to the side of the vessel, and almost immediately return. At that moment, the yacht hoisted a signal—upon a white ground a crimson heart—whereupon Spiridion, drawing from his breast a letter, kissed it twice, and bounded away.

He bounded away towards the city, and scarcely slackened his pace until he arrived at the Consul's mansion—he rushed in, dashed up the staircase, and entered the saloons. At the window of one, gazing on the sunset, was Henrietta Ponsonby—her gaze was serious, but her beautiful countenance was rather tinged by melancholy than touched by gloom—pensive, not sorrowful. By her side lay her guitar, still echoing, as it were, with her touch; and near it the Albanian scarf, on which she had embroidered the name of her beloved. Of him, then, were her gentle musings? Who can doubt it? Her gentle musings were of him whom she had loved with such unexampled trust. Fond, beautiful, confident maiden! It was the strength of thy mind as much as the simplicity of thy heart that rendered thee so faithful and so firm! Who would not envy thy unknown adorer! Can he be false? Suspicion is for weak minds and cold-blooded spirits. Thou never didst doubt; and thou wast just, for, behold, he is true!

A fluttering sound roused her—she turned her head, and expected to see her gazelle: it was Spiridion; his face was wreathed with smiles as he held towards her a letter. She seized it—she recognized in an instant the hand-writing she had so often studied—it was his! Yes! it was his. It was the hand-writing of her beloved. Her face was pale, her hand trembled; a cloud moved before her vision; yet at length she read, and she read these words:—

"If, as I hope, and as I believe, you are faithful to those vows, which since my departure have been my only consolation, you will meet me to-morrow, two hours before noon, in our garden. I come to claim my bride; but, until my lips have expressed to you how much I adore you, let nothing be known to your father."

## IX.

"My dearest Henrietta," said the Consul, as he entered, "who, think you, has returned? Lord Bohun."

"Indeed!" said Henrietta. "Have you seen him?"

"No. I paid my respects to him immediately, but he was unwell. He breakfasts with us to-morrow, at ten."

The morrow came, but ten o'clock brought no Lord Bohun; and even eleven sounded: the Consul sought his daughter, to consult her—he was surprised to learn that Miss Ponsonby had not returned from her early ramble. At this moment, a messenger arrived from the yacht to say, that, from some error, Lord Bohun had re-

paired to the casino, where he awaited the Consul. The Major mounted his barb, and soon reached the pavilion. As he entered the garden, he beheld, in the distance, his daughter and — Mr. Ferrers. He was, indeed, surprised. It appeared that Henrietta was about to run forward to him; but her companion checked her, and she disappeared down a neighbouring walk. Mr. Ferrers advanced, and saluted her father—

"You are surprised to see me, my dear sir?"

"I am surprised, but most happy. You came, of course, with Lord Bohun?"

Mr. Ferrers bowed.

"I am very desirous of having some conversation with you, my dear Major Ponsonby," continued Mr. Ferrers.

"I am ever at your service, my dear sir; but, at the present moment, I must go and greet his lordship."

"Oh, never mind Bohun," said Mr. Ferrers, carelessly. "I have no ceremony with him—he can wait."

The Major was a little perplexed.

"You must know, my dearest sir," continued Mr. Ferrers, "that I wish to speak to you on a subject in which my happiness is entirely concerned."

"Proceed, sir," said the Consul, looking still more puzzled.

"You can scarcely be astonished, my dearest sir, that I should admire your daughter."

The Consul bowed;

"Indeed," said Mr. Ferrers, "it seems to me impossible to know her and not admire: I should say, adore her."

"You flatter a father's feelings," said the Consul.

"I express my own," replied Mr. Ferrers. "I love her—I have long loved her, devotedly."

"Hem!" said Major Ponsonby.

"I feel," continued Mr. F., "that there is a great deal to apologize for in my conduct, both towards you and herself: I feel that my conduct may, in some degree, be considered even unpardonable: I will not say that the end justifies the means, Major Ponsonby, but my end was, at least, a great, and, I am sure, a virtuous one."

"I do not clearly comprehend you, Mr. Ferrers."

"It is some consolation to me," continued that gentleman, "that the daughter has pardoned me: now let me indulge the delightful hope that I may be as successful with the father."

"I will, at least, listen with patience to you, Mr. Ferrers; but I must own your meaning is not very evident to me: let me, at least, go and shake hands with Lord Bohun."

"I will answer for Lord Bohun excusing your momentary neglect. Pray, my dear sir, listen to me."

"I wish to make you acquainted, Major Ponsonby, with the feelings which influenced me when I first landed on this island. This knowledge is necessary for my justification."

"But what is there to justify?" inquired the Major.

"Conceive a man born to a great fortune," continued Mr. F., without noticing the interruption, "and to some accidents of life, which many esteem above fortune; a station as emi-



nent as his wealth—conceive this man master of his destiny from his boyhood, and early inexperienced in that great world with which you are not unacquainted—conceive him with a heart, gifted, perhaps, with too dangerous a sensibility; the dupe and the victim of all whom he encounters—conceive him, in disgust, flying from the world that had deceived him, and divesting himself of those accidents of existence which, however envied by others, appeared to his morbid imagination the essential causes of his misery—conceive this man, unknown and obscure, sighing to be valued for those qualities of which fortune could not deprive him, and to be loved only for his own sake—a miserable man, sir!”

“It would seem so,” said the Consul.

“Now, then, for a moment imagine this man apparently in possession of all for which he had so long panted; he is loved, he is loved for himself, and loved by a being surpassing the brightest dream of his purest youth: yet the remembrance of the past poisons, even now, his joy. He is haunted by the suspicion that the affection, even of this being, is less the result of his own qualities, than of her inexperience in life—he has every thing at stake—he dares to submit her devotion to the sharpest trial—he quits her without withdrawing the dark curtain with which he had enveloped himself—he quits her with the distinct understanding that she shall not even hear from him until he thinks fit to return; and entangles her pure mind, in a secret from the parent whom she adores. He is careful, in the meanwhile, that his name shall be traduced in her presence—that the proudest fortune, the loftiest rank, shall be offered for her acceptance, if she only will renounce him, and the dim hope of his return. A terrible trial, Major Ponsonby!”

“Indeed, most terrible.”

“But she is true—truer even than truth—and I have come back to claim my unrivalled bride. Can you pardon me? Can you sympathize with me?”

“I speak then——” murmured the astounded Consul——

“To your son, with your permission—to LORD BOHUN!”



To excel others is a proof of talent; but to know *when* to conceal that superiority; is a great proof of prudence. The celebrated orator Domitian Afer, when attacked in a set speech by Caligula, made no reply, affecting to be entirely overcome by the resistless eloquence of the tyrant. Had he replied, he would certainly have conquered, and as certainly have died; but he wisely preferred a defeat that *saved* his life, to a victory that would have cost it.



Strong and sharp as our wit may be, it is not so strong as the memory of fools, nor so keen as their resentment; he that has not strength of mind to forgive, is by no means so weak as to forget; and it is much more easy to do a cruel thing, than to say a severe one.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## VAGARIES.

BY JOHN JONES.

No. I.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his Introduction to the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, relates an affecting incident, taken from Godscroft's Memoirs, of the reception by James V., King of Scotland, of Archibald, of Kilspindie, who had, in common with all who bore the name of Douglass, been exiled from Scotland some years previous to the event which is recorded below. “Archibald, of Kilspindie, was the guardian and attendant of James, during that Prince's boyhood,—and his activity, and extraordinary feats of strength, caused the Prince to bestow upon him the appellation of Graysteil. But, on the rebellion of the family of Douglass, James was so incensed, that he banished them, and Kilspindie shared their fate. Trusting to the King's early kindness and affection, he resolved to throw himself upon his clemency. The unfortunate Nobleman, on his return to Scotland, hastened to Stirling, and meeting the King, while engaged with his Nobles in the chase, he threw himself upon his knees, and besought a revocation of his outlawry, with leave to end his days in his native land. But the name of Douglass proved an amulet to steel the monarch's bosom against the prayers of Kilspindie, and dashing swiftly past, he rode towards the Keep, followed by the aged and grief-worn petitioner, who followed him up the hill. James answered not his prayers;—and Kilspindie sat down at the gate, and asked for a draught of water, which was refused him; and he returned to France, where he shortly after died of a broken heart.” It is well known, that his inexorable sovereign never recovered the shock his mind sustained by the disastrous rout of ten thousand of his bravest troops, by five hundred English cavalry, upon Solway Moss. It broke his proud spirit, and caused his death.

From Stirling's towers they issue forth, and marshal on the plain,

The sovereign and his nobles all,—a gallant knightly train;

In hunter's garb they seek the glade, well mounted for the chase—

Their champing steeds scarce heed the rein, impatient for the race.

The scent is down—the pack uncash'd—the huntsman's cry is peal'd,

And loudly echoing back the cry, they spur across the field;

O'er bank and brace, they onward dash, or breast the opposing stream,—

The scene would foil the painter's art,—a spirit-band they seem!

The hunt is done! The antler'd foe lies weltering in his gore—

Unheeding now the hounds' deep bay—his day of trial's o'er!

And James, more womanish than wont, has homeward turn'd his rein,  
 Regretting, in fruition's hour, the triumph and the slain.

But who is he, with pilgrim's staff, who kneels as if in prayer,  
 And to the monarch's startled glance, displays a brow of care?—

What does he here?—and why thus full his fast and burning tears,  
 As though, in gazing on the King, came thoughts of other years?

- He speaks not, but bedews with tears, the hand of Scotland's Lord,  
 That rests through fear of treachery upon his jewell'd sword;  
 But the sight of it—that old man's face—has open'd Memory's caves,  
 And recollections of the Past, come rushing from their graves.

His hand no longer grasps the steel, subdued his eye's fierce glare,  
 While on his brow looms gentleness, not often seated there;  
 And murmuring, in tones that kindly thoughts reveal,  
 He speaks—"this is my boyhood's guide, Kilspindie's laird—Graysteil."

He pauses, but his look and tone, remembered—Ah, how well!  
 Have fed the suppliant's heart with hope, and bid its waters swell;  
 "Oh speak!" he cries,—“Oh speak again, and let me hear thy voice  
 Pour o'er my soul rich memories, that my spirit may rejoice!

"For mine has prov'd a weary lot, for years afar to roam—  
*Afar from thee*,—from Scotia's plains—an outcast from my home—  
 A beggar'd exile—friendless, lone, without those sympathies,  
 Which, though they may not cure, can sear—Life bitter miseries.

"Oft in the hour of troubled sleep, has Fancy brought to light  
 My palmy days—the border-wraith—the arming and the fight;—  
 Again I led my warriors on, their slogan ringing high,  
 To battle in their monarch's cause—to conquer—or to die!

"And then the scene would change,—I stood within my castle hall—  
 My bride was there—my little ones, came bounding at my call;  
 Without, in giant majesty, rose mine own ancestral hills,  
 While through the lattice, swept the sound of a thousand gushing rills.

"Another change—at *thy* command, I join'd the mimic war—

Wrestled—sped onward in the race, or hurl'd the pond'rous bar;—  
 And thou wouldst call me Graysteil *then*, and bid me to thy throne,  
 But thy smile would break the joyous spell, I'd wake to find it flown!

"When on the harvest-fields of France, and vine-clad hills of Spain,  
 I've heard the Gallic reaper's song,—the Spanish hunter's strain—

*Breathing of home*—their own blest home—until around me swept

The funeral strain of buried joys—I've bowed my head and wept;

"Yes, wept!—For Manhood's all too weak, to bear such griefs as mine,  
 To find the canker in the soul,—to *feel it*, nor repine;

Death could be borne!—I've courted it!—the *Exile and the Slave*

Hail its approach, and bless the power that speeds them to the grave!

"And now I come to thee, my Prince! to ask—nay, beg a boon—

To crave oblivion of the past—the *grave* will do it soon!—

That when my sun of Life shall fade,—and Death, its shadow throws

Over my soul, my native winds may hush me to repose!

"I ask no more!—Subdued, and spent the fire of my race;—

The Douglass' Lion is couchant now—Oh! do not hide thy face!

The mist is on my father's shield—myself a leafless bough—

And the power of the Douglass!—Alas, what is it now?"—

His words are lost,—his hearer's gone,—for with the Douglass' name,

Comes hatred to that once proud race, and quench'd is Mercy's flame;—

And, shaking free his bridle-rein, he drives his rowels deep

Into his startled charger's flanks, and spurs towards the Keep.

Entranc'd, the pleader—"Can this be so?—Or is it mockery all?—

And must Hope's shrine, so bright but now, in hopeless ruins fall?"

He hastens on,—his gushing prayer falls on the monarch's ear,

But may not reach his heart;—deep hate forbids all access there!

\* \* \* \* \*

The shades of night are gathered now, and Nature owns its power,

While Luna swatches, with silvery sheen, old Stirling's age-worn towers;

The merry laugh—the voice of song—the banquet  
hour proclaims,  
And 'midst the wassail din is heard, the joyous tones  
of James.

The Douglass hears,—his bursting heart with bitterer  
throes dilate,  
As, in his agony, he sits without the castle gate;—  
A menial train have gather'd near, and, as they view  
his tears,  
Assail Kilsplindie's once proud Earl, with coarse and  
vulgar jeers.

"Water," he sobs—"give me to drink, that I may  
quench this thirst,  
And cool this tortur'd brain of mine, that threatens  
now to burst;—  
What! you refuse?—Great Heaven, why thus Woe's  
bitter chalice fill;  
But 'tis even so,—and I will bow submissive to Thy  
will!"

He turn'd away!—His tottering limbs, reveal'd that  
day had done  
The work of years upon his frame;—it spoke a  
spirit gone;  
And, ere another moon had wan'd—the gallant and  
the brave—  
The Lion-hearted Douglass—fill'd an Exile's un-  
known grave!

#### M. G. LEWIS.

Lewis, Matthew Gregory, an English writer, whose attempts, both in the department of the drama, and of romance, obtained, at one period, a very considerable share of popularity, though but too frequently disfigured by bad taste, and degraded by licentiousness, was the son of a gentleman of good property, who was under-secretary at war. The subject of this article was born in the metropolis, 1773, and educated at Westminster; on quitting which he travelled for improvement, especially into Germany, the literature of which country produced a strong impression upon him, and gave that peculiar turn to his compositions, which placed him in the foremost rank among the delineators of the marvellous and terrific, and has since loaded the shelves of circulating libraries with hosts of imitators, most of whom exhibit all the extravagances without the genius of their model. Of his writings, the first and most celebrated was the *Monk*, a romance, in 3 vols. 12mo., which, although much decried for its licentiousness, ran through a great number of editions; *Feudal Tyrants*, ditto, 4 vols.; *Romantic Tales*, 4 vols.; *Tales of Wonder*, in verse, 1 vol., 8vo.; *Tales of Terror*, 1 vol., 8vo.; the *Castle Spectre*, a romantic drama; *Adelmorn the Outlaw*, ditto; *Venoni*, a tragedy; a volume of miscellaneous poetry, and the *Bravo of Venice* (a translation from the German), 1 vol. 8vo. Mr. Lewis had a seat in Parliament, but seldom took part in the business of the house. His death took place in 1818, at sea, while on his voyage home from a visit to his West India possessions.

#### SHELLEY.

SHELLEY, Percy Bysshe, eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Sussex, was born at Field-place, in that county, August 4, 1792. He was sent to Eton, whence he was early removed to Oxford. This removal was owing to his eccentricity of character, which led him to neglect the studies, and violate the rules of the school, and finally resulted in his expulsion from Oxford. His family, naturally offended with his conduct, and not less with his free opinions on matters of religion, was still further estranged by an ill-assorted marriage. The result was very unfortunate, for after the birth of two children, a separation took place by mutual consent; and the death of the lady soon after exposed him to much obloquy. On the decease of his first wife, he married Miss Godwin, daughter of the celebrated author of *Political Justice* by Mary Wollstonecraft, and soon after retired to Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, where he wrote his *Revolt of Islam*. About this time, application was made by his family to deprive him of the guardianship of his two children, a boy and a girl, on the ground of his atheistical and sceptical notions, and certain dangerous opinions respecting the intercourse of the sexes. The application succeeded, principally owing to a juvenile production, called *Queen Mab*, written while at Oxford, and published without the consent of the author. This event caused him much uneasiness, and probably induced him to quit England, and repair, with his second wife and their children, to Italy, where he renewed an acquaintance with Lord Byron, to whom he had become known during a former visit to the continent. With him and Leigh Hunt, Shelley joined in a periodical miscellany, published in London, entitled *The Liberal*. This publication, which contained the *Vision of Judgment*, by Lord Byron, and other original productions, was interrupted by the untimely death of Mr. Shelley, who was drowned in his return from Leghorn to his house, on the gulf of Lerici, in the bay of Spezia, by the wreck of his sailing boat, in a sudden storm, July, 1822. A few days afterwards, the body was washed on shore near Via Reggio, and was subsequently reduced to ashes by his friends. Shelley's remains were deposited in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome. At the time of his decease, Mr. Shelley had nearly completed his thirtieth year. His principal works are *The Revolt of Islam*; *Alastor*, or the *Spirit of Solitude*; *The Cenci*, a tragedy; *Adonais*; *Hellas*; *Prometheus Unbound*; and a posthumous volume of poems.

Doubt is the vestibule which *all* must pass, before they can enter into the temple of wisdom; therefore, when we are in doubt, and puzzle out the truth by our own exertions, we have gained a something that will stay by us, and which will serve us again. But, if to avoid the trouble of the search, we avail ourselves of the superior information of a friend, such knowledge will not remain with us; we have not *bought* but *borrowed* it.



M. G. LEWIS.



PERCY B. SHELLEY.



## POOR DUMMY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

IN the small and picturesque village of Rathleen, on the banks of the wide, and beautiful, and luxuriant Shannon, is a small turf-built cottage—in which lived a poor, industrious woman, distinguished in the parish, and out of the parish, by the *soubriquet* of “the lone widow.”

This pathetic term, so expressive of extreme desolation, was bestowed upon the widow of a wild and fearless man, who would have paid upon the scaffold the penalty of sedition, had he not in prison terminated his existence by his own hand. His wife loved him with the zealous and devoted love which the weak feel for the strong. No idea of crime associated itself with “her Robin’s” adventures. And, though she had never heard of “Roman virtue,” she admired the same species of patriotism as it shone forth in her husband’s devotion to a cause which he believed right, and sacrificed himself to support.

When Poor Dummy, the subject of my tale, was born—it was but a few weeks after her mother became a widow—she was a perfect and well-favoured child; and it was, indeed, one of the Almighty’s especial blessings that the “lone widow’s” attention to her beloved infant diverted the melancholy that rose in full power after her husband’s loss. Even to the unconscious baby would she wail over the misfortune that had so heavily fallen upon both.

“They took ye’r father, a cushla! but I bless God they did’n’t lade him to a shameful death. Ay, smile, my heart’s darlin’, for there’s no shame upon ye’r name—smile, my little jewel! and laugh at the small birds that are peepin’ at ye through the bushes. Merry be ye’r soul, my blessin’; may the cross and the trouble be far from ye!—and sure the Almighty will be a double father to you. Oh! my heart’s breakin’,—yet, why for should I wash ye’r smiles in ye’r mother’s tears?” and then “the lone widow” would lay her child upon the turf, and, turning her face to the thick bushes of hawthorn and elder that sheltered her little cottage-garden, weep many and bitter tears. Still her child beguiled her of her grief; and its beauty attracted the attention of more than one kind-hearted Irish lady, who prevented “the lone widow” from wanting any comforts, and furnished her little cottage with many rural luxuries. The child was more than two years old, when, one morning, the parish priest was disturbed sooner than he desired by “the lone widow.”—“Miss Furlong, sir, ye’r reverence,” as his bare-legged servant announced her; and the poor woman, carrying her little girl in her arms, entered the parlour.

“It’s sore throuble I’ve got at my heart on account of little Alice, your honour, that’s brought me here,” she commenced, after many and elaborate curtsies. “It’s what some of the neighbours say, with all tenderness, God bless them!—that my child—ye’r reverence”—

“Well, my good woman! compose yourself—pray, go on.”

“Is not altogether right—I’ll spake the name

presently, ye’r honour—only, somehow, it chokes me just here.” And she paused for a moment, and laid her hand upon her throat.

“God will enable you to bear whatever he puts upon you, woman dear!” observed the kind-hearted man, pushing a chair towards his parishioner;—“may be, he may have thought fit to take the reason from her, and if so”—

“Oh, no, no, no!” exclaimed the agonized mother; “not that, not that, your honour—she has a load of sense for her years, indeed, though I say it; she is a rock of sense, if a body may tell so of their own flesh and blood: it is not that; but look, yer reverence, if I call her, she does not hear—and Anty Mallow has a babby, younger than mine by eleven weeks; Anty Mallow’s babby can say, ‘Father,’ in its own way; but mine, sir,—mine”—she caught her child to her bosom with a violent effort, and laid her flushed cheek upon its white and placid brow,—“mine, holy father, will be a ‘dummy’ to its grave!”

The priest looked upon the poor woman with great compassion; he remembered what she had already suffered—he called to mind her strong and natural attachment—he thought of the love she bore her offspring, and how very frequently he had, with his neighbours, formed little plans for the beautiful child’s advancement: how they had determined to make it “a good scholar,” and how the young lady at the manor meditated on little Alice’s improvement—he saw how the infant with her little fingers wiped away the tears that chased each other down the widow’s cheek, as she sat looking with affection and despair into her child’s face.

“She has been marked out for sorrow by the Almighty: I see that plain enough: though its often in the night-time I put her from my bosom, that neither the sob nor the tear might rest upon her, so that she mightn’t know the *sound* nor the *feel* of either—but its no good. Your honour is a wise gentleman, and maybe you could *insense* me if there is any way by which I could make her come to the knowledge that she had a father. Oh, my grief! how I have prayed that the time might pass, so that she would be able to say that one word—FATHER!”

The priest comforted her as he best could; and, above all, assured her that there was an institution where, when old enough, little Alice could be taught to read and write. This information poured consolation upon her broken spirit: she returned to her hut, and applied herself diligently to her wheel and knitting. The earliest bird of summer sang before the rising of the sun, to cheer her industry; her dress was, like Jacob’s coat, of many colours: and the neighbours, one and all, wondered what “the lone widow” meant to do with her money. “Sure, her child,” they said, “would never need it, for Poor Dummy was the blossom of the whole country, and the gentry wouldn’t see her want.”

The mother, however, nourished a purpose and a plan in her own secret soul; and, when

Alice was ten years old, prepared to put it into execution. This was to journey with her to Dublin, place her in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum for three or four years, and engage herself, if possible, as a nurse, within its walls. To this end were all her earnings devoted; with this object she toiled, denying herself all but potatoes and a ragged coat: and, when one looked into Alice's beautiful face, and knew the energy and activity that had sprung up in the widow's bosom, it was impossible not to feel the utmost respect for her resolve. Still her neighbours called her "the lone widow;" for, though her child understood almost every single, simple thing she signed to her, yet there was no voice—no sound, in the lonely cottage, except the mechanical hum of her industrious wheel, or the subdued purr of Alice's favourite cat; which, poor thing! appeared affected by the spirit of loneliness that pervaded the small household. The day, however, arrived for the widow's departure:—she was furnished with letters from the neighbouring gentry; and, in due time, little Alice was received into the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. Her mother, of course, being perfectly unfitted for the situation she desired, supported herself with what she had saved, and what she continued to earn: and, after three years of mingled attention and carefulness on the part of Alice, and patient enduring on that of her mother, the latter was informed that her child could now write. Tremblingly did the affectionate parent watch the pen's tracery upon the paper, and direct her on a fair new sheet to write the word "*father*;" she then enclosed the specimen, and had it sent to the parish priest, with a message from herself, saying that *now* she would return to Rathleen. It appeared as if the poor woman's whole desire was, that her child should be able to write that one word—"father!"—and that desire accomplished, her heart yearned for the quiet of her little cottage, and the silent but expressive commune she now felt she could hold with her lonely child.

Yet Alice was not lonely—her mind was rich in the treasures of a bright and active imagination; and many who pitied Poor Dummy were themselves far greater objects of compassion. Among other accomplishments acquired during her sojourn in Dublin, was the art of basket-making: and it was a pleasing picture to see Alice seated under the spreading hawthorn at her mother's door, twisting the shining and lissom twigs into neat and orderly fashion,—her bright eyes occasionally glancing over the distant valley, and her taper fingers spelling the cause of her sunny laughter, to her pensive mother. There seemed a secret friendship—a deep sympathy between Alice and the birds, and wild creatures, that frolicked over the moor; and at her cottage-door, the robin and even the restless blackbird would suffer her to peep into their nests, without stirring from their eggs: the hare would erect its ears, as the light step of Dummy passed near its form, and then reclose its sleepy eyes, in perfect consciousness that it was no enemy whose shadow rested on the landscape. Dummy's cat, owing to the strength of example and good feeding, was as harmless as herself; and "the lone widow" complained that 'she caught no mice,—certainly a well-founded complaint. But Dummy's beauty

was the never-ending theme of country praise; and it was, beyond all question, extraordinary and exquisite in its nature. Her form was so fragile, so delicate, so wavering, that she reminded one of the undulating willow, rather than a tangible creature of flesh and blood. Her eyes were remarkable both for dazzling and intense expression; and her teeth—so white, so even—imparted a brightness to her smile, that rendered her countenance absolutely sunny.

"She's a bonny bird—God bless her, Mrs. Furlong, ma'am;" said one of her few visitors to the widow on a summer's evening, while Poor Dummy was busily employed in peeling some osiers, that looked more taper than her fingers. "And sure its many would put up with her infirmity, and thank ye too, to have such a child: if she hasn't got a bachelor yet more shame on the boys, for sure it's a hard-working, let-alone a beautiful, wife she'd make—and she a scholar into the bargain; and its many a man would bid a high price for a silent woman, who never could turn her tongue to make an ill answer, even if she had a turn for that same. Now, Mrs. Furlong, ma'am, may-be ye wouldn't take it ill of an ould resider, like myself, to ask ye if ye know what she do be so often writing, upon the nice white paper, of an evening, sometimes; and sometimes of a morning, out upon the moor; or near the beehive, there, in the far corner—ay, out yonder, where ye can see the chimneys of Castle Bathleen above the trees; and Mrs. Francis's cottage hard by."

"Why then, indeed, Biddy agra! sorra a word o' writing I know in the wide world from Adam, barrin' one word, that just holds a half-a-dozen letters, that I bargained with her master in Dublin, for God's sake, to teach her first; and then, by going over them sa often, I learnt them myself, and can tell them in any part of a book, or upon paper, as clear as e'er scholar of them all, either singly or together."

"Why, then, that's very clever of you, and you would have been a bright woman, Mrs. Furlong, if it had been yer luck. I suppose it would be an offence to ask what the word was?"

"No offence in life, Biddy," replied the widow, her pale cheek flushing, and her fingers twitching the string of her apron at the same time; "no offence in life, nor no shame either, thank God—the word was '*father*'—if she couldn't spake it from her lip, she can feel it in the heart." There was a pause—the widow's lip quivered, and Biddy took advantage of the opportunity to draw forth from her bosom half a sheet of scrawled paper.

"Maybe, Mrs. Furlong, this is written all over with the word—this is what she do be at, sometimes. She dropt it, and I thought I'd shew it to you."

Mrs. Furlong turned the paper over and over, up and down, but could make nothing of it.

"I see an F and an A, and the other letters that I know, here and there," she said, "but not put together as they ought to be;" and then she beckoned her daughter to her, and shewed her the writing. In an instant, face, neck, and bosom, became one scarlet flush—her fair white brow grew red as the damask rose; letting the thin wand of willow which she held drop, she covered her face with her hands; then, as if suddenly recol-



lecting that her mother could not read what she had written, she sprang forward, and, falling on her knees entreated to possess the paper. Her mother desired, by signs, that she would communicate the contents. No, that she would not do.

"Then," whispered Biddy, "keep it and shew it to his reverence, for a reason I have; and he'll tell ye the rights of it." The widow resolved to act upon her gossip's advice; placed the paper in her bosom; and, without heeding Poor Dummy's silent eloquence, proceeded that same evening to the dwelling of the priest.

The good *padre* was standing, or rather leaning against the lonely post that supported his garden-gate, his "big coat" hanging like a mantle from his shoulders, and his breviary opened at evening mass. He glanced over the rude scrawl, and smiled as if something amusing was contained therein.

"Would your reverence be pleased to tell me the contents of that same?" said the mother, curtseying.

"The contents?" repeated the priest.

"If your honour pleases," replied the widow with another curtsey.

"Indeed, my good friend, I believe, as well as I can make it out, it is poetry."

"An, an, sir! I hope that is nothing bad."

"Bad!" in his turn, repeated the priest, smiling,—"oh, no; you are poetical sometimes yourself, Mrs. Furlong, although you do not know it."

The widow again curtseied, for she did not comprehend what his reverence said.

"Bring Alice here to-morrow morning, about nine o'clock, Mrs. Furlong; and do not tell her I have seen this."

"Very well, yer honour; only, as it is nothing bad, may-be you'd give me the paper."

"To-morrow—to-morrow you shall have it. Good evening, and God bless you, my good woman."

Mrs. Furlong turned to do as she was desired, and then, remembering something else, curtseied again.

"I humbly ask yer reverence's pardon, but I brought a new bottle with me, thinking that may-be you would be so good as fill it, with your own hands, with holy water—it would have double strength then; and, somehow, Alice is not quite well; not alto gether in such good spirits, and does not sleep as much, as I think she ought; so I thought may-be a sprinkle of holy water morning and evening might do her good."

The priest, it is recorded, smiled again; but he filled the bottle, as "the lone widow" requested, with his own hands, and presented it to her as she departed: then, calling to his maid to bring him his cane, his "best beaver," and to help him on with the "big coat," he set off to visit Mrs. Francis, whose husband according to the jest that went amongst his neighbours, had travelled after the rebellion to Botany Bay, *for the benefit of his education*.

"Oh, but it's your honour that's kindly welcome," said Mrs. Francis, as the priest entered; "and the tread of your foot is the sweetest music that ever comes near my door. Frank set a chair for his reverence. Oh, Frank, Frank! not the one with the three legs—there, the bran new one, the lucky one, made of the black wood from

foreign parts—it's an easy chair: and by the same token the cat knows it, for she's for ever taking her *killings* into it."

"Thank ye kindly, Mrs. Francis; but I want a word with Frank, and then I'll have spach with you, honey;" and away went the priest, followed by Frank, into the little clean, neatly sanded room at the back of Mrs. Francis's extensive kitchen. The words that passed, or the sentiments expressed during that interview, it is not in my power to record. Mrs. Francis was as anxious to discover their import, but with as little success, for the priest "was a close man, who never let his ear hear what his mouth spoke;" such being the case, no wonder I remained in ignorance. Frank returned to the kitchen with an awkward air; and, seating himself near the door, began tying the old spaniel's ears, to his mother's manifest annoyance. Presently the priest summoned her also to a private audience, and when she returned, accompanied by her spiritual adviser, it was evident she was in no gentle temper.

"And so, Frank, you have been playing the sly; instead of banking the water-dam for Job Wright's mill, you have been making love to the lone widow's daughter."

"I don't deny it, mother."

"You don't deny it, mother!" repeated the dame, scornfully; "and a pretty taste you have! a dummy! a poor little creature, whose waist is not thicker than my wrist, and whose father—"

"My good Mrs. Francis," interrupted the priest, "the less either party say about their fathers, the better; for my part, I have always thought that it is entirely owing to such mother's as yourself that such young men as Frank turn out so well."

A well-timed compliment always tells with a woman—the priest knew his advantage. Mrs. Francis smiled, and the *padre* seated himself in the easy chair: the merits of the poor dumb girl, her beauty, and the industry and virtues of her mother, were discussed; and the heart of the dame softened when she called to mind time *had been* when Mrs. Furlong's family were better off than her own. It is a fact that the simple circumstance which would have excited the jealousy of an English family, only increased this good woman's esteem for "the lone widow;" and the evening terminated by her consenting that in a year, if things went on smoothly—why, she would not oppose the union of Alice and Frank.

"God for ever bless your reverence, and its a sin and a shame you can't fall in love yourself. If I was only *sure* she cared about me," said Frank, as he stood beneath the moonlight at the priest's door.

The priest drew forth the scrawl: "Look, Frank, you are a good and an honest boy, or I would not let you into so much. What do you read on that paper?"

"FRANK. FRANK. Why its all over *Franks*, your honour; and that's my name."

"And women do not write so often for their pleasure a name they do not love."

"And she wrote that," said the youth—"may I keep it?"

"No," replied the priest: "I promised to return it to her mother."

The young man kissed the paper as if it had been a holy relic, and gave it back to his confessor.

It is easy to imagine the conclusion. I remember Poor Dummy, the handsome mother of many children, who each and all pronounced the word "father," and "grandfather" too, entirely to the satisfaction of "the lone widow." I remember, also, the chairs and cradles which Alice manufactured for the adornment of her own cottage. I remember, moreover, the pretty basket filled with poultry and eggs, her annual present to her old friend the priest. And, above all, I remember the wicker cage she made for the finest thrush I ever possessed: indeed, I remember a great deal about her that would be tiresome to repeat; for the annals of the poor who clustered around "the big house," have sunk more deeply into my heart than the records of the great, or the follies of the gay. I can only say, that few in this magnificent world deserved more admiration or respect than Poor Dummy.

From the British Lady's Magazine.

### SIGNIFICATION

*Of some of the most usual Christian Names.*

Anna,	(derived from the Hebrew)	Gracious.
Adelaide,	(German)	A Princess.
Arnold,	(German)	A Maintainer of Honour.
Blanche,	(French)	Fair.
Charles,	(German)	Noble Spirited.
Catherine,	(Greek)	Pure and Cold.
Clara,	(Latin)	Clear and Bright.
Caroline,	(Latin)	Noble Minded.
Emma,	(German)	A Nurse.
Eliza,	(Hebrew)	A Vow.
Edward,	(Saxon)	Happy Keeper.
Edwin,	(Saxon)	Happy Conqueror.
Edmund,	(Saxon)	Happy Peace.
Frederick,	(German)	Rich and Peaceful.
Francis,	(German)	Free.
Felix,	(Latin)	Happy.
George,	(Greek)	A Farmer.
Gertrude,	(German)	All Truth.
Henry,	(German)	A Rich Lord.
Isabella,	(Spanish)	Of a Bright Brown Colour.
Margaret,	(German)	A Pearl.
Mary,	(Hebrew)	A Drop of Salt Water.
Martha,	(Hebrew)	Bitterness.
Rebecca,	(Hebrew)	Fat.
Robert,	(German)	Famous in Council.
Sophia,	(Greek)	Wisdom.
Susan,	(Hebrew)	A Lily.
Thomas,	(Hebrew)	A Twin.
Virginia,	(Latin)	A Maiden.

Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purposes of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are usually of this description, as smooth as razors piped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not, in order to hide the cunning of the serpent, which they have.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### TIMES AS THEY WERE.

AND TIMES AS THEY ARE.

*By Miss Mary E. MacMichael.*

To trace the institutions of ages which have long since been numbered with those beyond the Flood, and draw from the mouldering records of times past, the manners and characters of those that have preceded us in the race of human existence, is an exercise at once lightsome and pleasant, (though seemingly laborious,) to an enquiring mind. While thus engaged, we become familiar with all that is great, and glorious, and grand, and beautiful, in the history of our species, and in imagination, and before untasted, enjoy a strange delight which the cold reality of things present and palpable serves only to heighten and increase. Even when the age falls upon the record of crime, and guilt, and misery; when we read of blood flowing in torrents, fields wasted and withered, nations depopulated, whole countries despoiled, and man, the best and noblest image of his Maker, reduced to abject and degrading slavery. Now then, I say, so hallowing is the influence of Time, that scenes of horror, and bloodshed, beheld through the dim vista of departed ages, though awful and imposing, can neither terrify, appal, nor shock. But when we turn our thoughts to the nobler features discernible in the character of former generations; their ardent and devoted patriotism, their strong and unyielding faith, their generous sacrifice of selfish feelings and interest, their unwavering attachment, and the high and martial daring which formed a part of their beings, admiration is mingled with delight, and we feel pride and pleasure in claiming them as our kindred. To that period of the World when these were common attributes of mankind; when from the prince on his throne to the peasant in his shed, loyalty and faith were universally observed, when the courtesies of life were not mere external forms, when honesty was more than a by-word, and fidelity and truth to woman was not considered a reproach; of the renowned and thrice glorious age of chivalry let me now speak.

Brief and limited as these remarks must necessarily be, it cannot, of course, be expected that I should enter much into detail upon this subject. And even if that time were ten-fold increased, in vain might I attempt to do adequate justice to the diversified claims it has upon our attention. A thousand circumstances connected with this noble and most beautiful institution of our progenitors, all of them interesting and improving, must be passed without notice, and only the stronger and more lofty traits of the system be presented to your consideration, and even these but partially and imperfectly.

When Rome, enervated by luxury, disgraced by the tyranny of her Emperors, and the slavish submission of her people, fell from the large estate she had so long enjoyed, and her fair fields became the spoil of barbarians, when her lofty palaces and proud temples were made the dwelling places of Goths, and Huns, and Vandals, a

new order of things was established, and the dominion of the former Queen of the World passed away at once and forever. The rude and warlike nations of the North, who at this period overspread the whole of Southern Europe, like the rushing of some mighty torrent, sweeping in its course the ancient landmarks of the soil, destroyed all that was within their reach, and introduced the customs of the countries from which they had descended. Trained from their earliest infancy to arms, all were soldiers,—and in the kingdoms which sprang from the ruins of the Roman Empire, every person of estate was a knight; and, in this aspect, the knighthood and feudalism of Europe were synonymous and co-existent. But, when the middle ages were passed and gone, and the blessed light of Christianity began to diffuse itself among the nations, and dispel the darkness and gloom which had hitherto prevailed, the intercourse of man with his fellow-man was polished and softened, and the former asperities of his character gave place to the bland and gentle courtesies which tend so strongly to sweeten the communion of our earthly natures. Woman, who for centuries had been regarded as an inferior being, was elevated to her proper sphere;—and the influence she acquired and exercised, threw a grace over society, which only female delicacy could ever impart to it. Religion, too, blended her charitable precepts and her solemn ceremonies with all the observances of life, and thus communicated a feeling of piety which purified and chastened, while it added dignity and effect. This was the state of many parts of Europe at the beginning of the eleventh century;—and, it may be fairly said, that it was brought to this perfection mainly through the agency of chivalric principles. About this period, the celebrated Council of Clermont, the same which authorized the first Crusades, declared that every person of noble birth, on attaining twelve years of age, should take a solemn oath to defend to the uttermost the oppressed, the widows and the orphans; that women, both married and single, should enjoy his especial care, and that he would endeavour in all ways to render travelling safe, and destroy tyranny. Thus we observe that the humanities of chivalry, those beautiful traits that give to it a charm and power upon our souls, were ordered and sanctioned by superior authority, and that it was intended they should be spread to the uttermost parts of the earth. From the form of the oath I have just given, may be gathered the general duties of a knight, and these were most scrupulously observed. His faith was pledged, and he would have preferred death to the slightest departure from his vow. Wherever infidelity was found, the soldier of chivalry was bound by his solemn contract to make war upon, and, if possible, exterminate it. Wherever distress was supposed to exist, it was his place to be present and administer relief, but most especially was there a strong obligation upon him to support and defend the injured female—to neglect whom, would have been the worst possible species of dishonour. This latter is one of the most splendid and imposing features belonging to chivalry, and requires more than a passing comment. At the early age of seven or eight, the future knight

commenced his education in the capacity of a page, the moral and intellectual part of which was generally given by the ladies of the Court. From these he learned not only the mysteries of devotion, but also of love,—and he was taught to regard some one lady as a type of his future mistress, and to her he paid all adoration, duty, and observance. Thus educated, he naturally imbibed the principle, that in all things separate from actual deeds of arms, the influence of woman should be paramount, and he worshipped her with a faith and purity which, in later times, can find, alas! no parallel. She was the light by which his steps were guided, and he bowed before her as to a being of a superior creation. Her will with him was a law;—and, whatever commands she imposed, were obeyed to the very letter. She was truly and emphatically the mistress of his heart, and she reigned there with absolute dominion. A soldier of chivalry, says an eloquent writer on this subject, would go to battle proud of the title of a pursuivant of love, in the contests of chivalric skill, which, like the battles of Homer's heroes, gave brilliancy and splendour to the war a knight challenges another to; in his mind, woman was a being of mystic power; in the forests of Germany, her voice had been listened to like the spirit of the woods—melodious, solemn, and oracular; and, when chivalry was formed into a system, the same idea of something supernaturally powerful in her character, threw a shadowy and serious interest over softer feelings, and she was revered as well as loved.

While this devotedness of soul to woman's charms appeared, in his general intercourse with the sex, in a demeanor of homage, of a grave and stately politeness, his lady-love he regarded with religious constancy. Fickleness would have been a species of impiety,—for she was not a toy to be played with, but a divinity to be worshipped. But it is with the tournament our most delightful recollections of chivalry are associated. There we behold the gay and gallant knight, cased in a suit of rich and shining armour, bestriding his noble charger; there we see the lady of his love smiling upon his noble bearing, and rewarding his prowess with the rich guerdon of her favour; there the rank, and pomp, and gallantry of the Chevaliers—the beauty and rich attire of the damsels—the pride and circumstance of feudal pageantry, are mingled in wild and splendid confusion, and delight the eye, and gladden the heart of the beholder. The fierceness of war is mellowed into courtesy, and the stern bearing of the feudal Baron is changed into gentleness, while performing his obeisance to the ladies who preside over, and direct the scene. And then, when the herald sounds his inspiring trumpet, we see the martial champions boldly rushing on to the keen encounter—lances are shivered—warriors unhorred—beauty waves her plumed banner, and the heavens re-echo the loud shouts of the assembled multitude; and when the conflict is over—the rush and the shock are past—the cries of thousands hushed, and the victorious knight bending in humble adoration before his lady-fair, joyfully receives the smiles he has won, and his heart beats high in triumph, as she encircles his brow with the wreath of conquest and of glory.

The remembrance of scenes like these is indeed a rich and glorious feast for the imagination, and gladly would I longer indulge in it,—but time presses, and I must, perforce, hasten to a conclusion.

Nor was the martial spirit of chivalry confined exclusively to the lordlier sex,—woman too, felt and exhibited the enthusiasm of its influence. Many are the instances recorded by ancient chroniclers, of the prowess of female achievements, and fain would I relate to you a few of the examples—fain would I tell you of the victory achieved by Phillippa, wife of the third Edward, at the battle of Neville Cross—fain would I tell you of the fearless Lady March, commonly called black Agnes, who led on her troops to battle, and to triumph—fain would I tell you of Jane of Mountfort, who had the courage of a man, and the heart of a lion, and a long train of others, which want of time will not permit me to detail;—for it is as refreshing, as water in the desert to the thirsty soul, to dwell upon these noble instances of female heroism and endurance. Alas! alas!—We may now exclaim with the romantic author of the Fairy Queen,

“Where is the antique glory now become,  
That whilome wont in Woman to appear?  
Where be the brave achievements won by some?  
Where be the battles—where the shield and spear?  
Be they all dead, and laid in doleful hearse?  
Or do they sleep, and shall again rehearse?”

But not only has the spirit of chivalry departed from the women of the earth, but from men also. Now the mailed armour is thrown aside, and with it much that was ennobling and worthy of preservation. Those delicate courtesies which marked the preux Chevaliers, and which had their origin in the hearts of former times, are no longer visible, and in their stead mouth honour, breath nods, and wreathed smiles, that sink no deeper than the surface of the lips over which they play, and which are too often worn but to deceive. The glorious mystery in which woman was erewhile enveloped, has been dissipated, and she now exists an acknowledged creature of the earth, framed of the same perishable dust and ashes of man, and not belonging to an order of brighter and superior intelligences. War is no longer a game in which high-minded and valorous men meet hand to hand, and thus strive for a mastery, but a bloody and exterminating system of butchery and rapine, commenced and continued in bitterness and malice. The age of chivalry is, indeed, gone, and knighthood is a by-word and a reproach!

“*Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

But while I am thus zealous in praise of times past, let me not forget to do justice to times present. If the glare, and glitter, and gorgeousness of chivalry have all faded away and departed like autumn leaves beneath the crumbling fingers of Time, a milder, calmer, and more rational system has been introduced. Woman, though no longer regarded as an angelic creation, nor worshipped as she once was, still retains her influence over the hearts of men, and guides,

governs, and directs him. In the various relations of life she is either a parent to cherish and protect him, a sister to interpose her gentleness whenever his spirit grows turbulent, or a wife to cling to him through good and evil report, and be the comforter of his griefs, and the participatrix of his gladness. The political condition of man is greatly benefitted by the change; the power of a nation is no longer confined to the grasp of a chosen few, but is distributed among the whole mass of its citizens, each individual is the artificer of his own fortunes. We acknowledge no titled master, the fetters of no pampered aristocracy weigh us to the earth, nor are we cursed with that most unnatural union of Church and State. The highest offices are in the gift of the people, and attainable by all. No rulers think for us, nor does any presumptuous Pontiff measure our consciences by the Procurstian standard of his own bigotted conceits; each and all are in undisturbed enjoyment of their opinions, political and religious. May such institutions be of long endurance! Oh! Spirit of Freedom, to whom we owe all these blessings, grant us a continuance of them! Forget not nor abandon a people who when thou couldst not find a fitting shrine among all the pillared States of Europe, erected thee here a proud temple, which now stands forth in majestic and fair proportions, and casts a lengthened shadow across the ocean, obscuring the lofty dome of Royalty, the imperial and the priestly palace. Liberty and law are shedding the pure light of their blessings over the whole nations of the earth, and the day, I trust, is not far distant, when the pure and perfect mantle of peace shall envelope the whole earth, “even from the orient to the drooping west,” embracing in its heavenly folds the Turk, the Christian, and the Jew,—when the sword shall be converted into a ploughshare, and universal harmony reign predominant over all. Here in this free and happy land we have especial reason to be thankful, and though the imagination will sometimes revert with strong regret to the glorious and spirit-stirring days that have gone by, the sober dictates of reason and reflection teach us, that the solid comforts we enjoy are immeasurably superior to all the tinsel and the trappings of the brightest days that have preceded us.

He that, like the wife of Cæsar, is above suspicion,—he alone is the fittest person to undertake the noble and often adventurous task of diverting the shafts of calumny from him who has been wounded without cause, has fallen without pity, and cannot stand without help. It is the possessor of unblemished character alone, who, on such an occasion, may dare to stand, like Moses, in the gap, and stop the plague of detraction, until Truth and Time, those slow but steady friends, shall come up, to vindicate the protected, and to dignify the protector. A good character, therefore, is carefully to be maintained for the sake of others, if possible, more than ourselves; it is a coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer, protection to the oppressed, and inspiring the oppressor with awe.

## THE FATHER'S TALE.

The following is copied from "TALES OF THE FACTORIES," by an English Lady, lately published in London, but not yet re-printed in this country. It bears internal evidence of being a picture from life:

Marvel not, children, that ye see me so  
In spirit moved for poor humanity—  
This morning, as is oft my wont, you know,  
Being awake, and stirring with the bee,  
I took my way to visit that small mound  
Ye know of, in our parish burying-ground;  
That low green grave, where your young sister lies,  
Whom late, with many tears, ye saw laid there—  
Kiss off those drops from your fond mother's eyes—  
Children, ye see how dear to us ye are,  
But God, who gave, required his own again—  
We wept, and yielded up our little Jane.

But oh! with what an agony of prayer  
That *one* dear lamb selected from our fold  
For His good pleasure, He the rest would spare;  
Even with like pleadings that may not be told,  
This very morn, my precious ones! I prayed  
By that green mound beneath the lime-tree's shade.  
While thus I stood, smote heavy on mine ear  
The funeral bell: and turning, I espied  
An open grave, planked loosely over, near,  
That scarce a few short spaces did divide  
From that of my own child: and it must be,  
Methought for one as early called as she.

Once—twice, again (no more) that sullen sound  
Jarred with uneven stroke—and at the call  
Appeared within the consecrated ground,  
No funeral pomp or mourners—plume and pall:  
But minister and clerk, and huddling nigh,  
A squalid group—*one* wretched family.  
Foremost, a man of wasted frame, and weak,  
But tall and bony—bowed, but not by years;  
Grizzled his thick black locks—his sallow cheek  
Furrowed, as if by long corroding tears,  
But the deep sunken caves were parch'd and dry,  
And glazed and meaningless his hollow eye.

With him, came step for step, with shambling gait,  
A pale-faced boy, whose swollen and feeble knees  
Bowed out, and bent beneath his starveling weight:  
They two between them, slung with careless ease,  
A little coffin, of the roughest boards  
And rudest framing Parish help affords,  
And close behind, with stupid looks agape,  
Two sickly shivering girls, dragged shuffling on  
A long-armed withered creature, like an ape  
From whose bleared eye-balls reason's light was  
gone;  
The idiot gibbered in his senseless glee,  
And the man turned, and cursed him bitterly.

Bareheaded, by the grave of my own dead,  
I stood, while his, that wretched man's was lower'd  
Into the narrow house. His shaggy head  
Sank on his breast; but when the earth was pour'd  
Upon the coffin-lid, there stirred in him  
No visible change or tremor, face or limb.  
And so he stood, while all was finished—  
The grave filled in, the daisied turf smooth'd o'er;  
Till one cried "Father!" then he raised his head  
With such a look. I see it to this hour—  
And turning, stamp'd down hard the new-laid sod,  
Mutt'ring with half-clench'd teeth, "One's gone,  
thank God!"

"One's gone!" I echoed, glancing where my own  
Slept in *her* grave; "and thou can'st tread *that spot*  
So rudely, speak those words in such a tone!  
Art thou a father?" "Would that I were not!"  
Facing quick round his questioner to scan,  
Made answer stern that miserable man.

Dark scowling from beneath his close-knit brow,  
His gloomy eye full fix'd on mine, he said,  
"Children may be good gifts to thee, and thou  
May'st love them living, and lament them dead;  
But mine are born to misery and despair;  
They're better off in heaven, or any where!"  
"Ye're of the Factories," I began; but he  
Broke in with horrid laugh, "Aye, who can doubt  
That same, that sees us? Factory hands are we—  
Their mark's upon us, and it don't wear out."  
And dragging forward one poor girl, "Look there!"  
He shouted out, and laid her shoulders bare.

Tearing the ragged shawl off, "That's fresh done!  
They sent her home scored black and blue last  
night,  
To serve as mourning for the little one—  
We've no black rags; and *that's* a goodly sight  
For parent's eyes—that poor demented thing!  
He was born straight and healthy, Duke or King  
Might have been proud of him; sharp-witted too,  
Aye, 'cutest of them all—till his time came  
For the curs'd mill. They strapp'd him on to do  
Beyond his strength; he fell against a frame,  
Struck backward—hurt his spine, the doctors say,  
And grew deformed and foolish from that day.

Sir! when *your* young ones are in bed asleep,  
Mine must slave on—in dust, and steam, and flue,  
You may with *yours*, the Lord's day holy keep  
In his own house; 'tis more than I can do,  
(Brute as you think me,) from this rest that day,  
Poor little wretches! to drag mine away.

I've been myself a wretched Factory boy—  
Untaught, uncared for,—a poor foundling too,  
I never felt the feeling *you* call joy,  
Nor leap'd nor laugh'd as happy children do;  
But I liv'd on, and married like the rest  
In reckless folly. And I say 'tis best  
To die a sinless child, as mine lies there."  
With aching pity, tenderly I strove  
To soothe the wretched man in his despair:  
I talked to him of seeking strength above.  
He shook his head—of comfort found in prayer—  
He groaned out, pointing to the grave, "There!  
there!"

But we must seek him in his home distress'd,  
Where ague-struck his helpless partner lies,  
Nursing a wailing baby at her breast,  
That drains her life-blood with its scant supplies:  
And we must try what Christian love can do,  
For the sick soul, and sinking body too.  
And oh! my children! fervent be our prayer  
This night before we sleep, and day by day,  
That from our country, this good land and fair!  
The moral plague-spots may be wiped away,  
Ere from her heights, like guilty Tyre she's hurled,  
The wonder and opprobrium of the world.

If men have been termed pilgrims, and life a journey, then we may add, that the Christian pilgrimage far surpasses all others, in the following important particulars: in the goodness of the road—in the beauty of the prospects—in the excellence of the company, and in the vast superiority of the accommodation provided for the traveller, when he has completed his journey.

If none were to reprove the vicious, excepting those who sincerely hate vice, there would be much less censoriousness in the world. Our Saviour could love the criminal while he hated the crime,—but we, his disciples, too often love the crime, but hate the criminal. A perfect knowledge of the depravity of the human heart, with perfect pity for the infirmities of it, never co-existed but in one breast, and never will.

# THE SWEET BIRDS ARE SINGING.

*For Two, Three or Four Voices.*

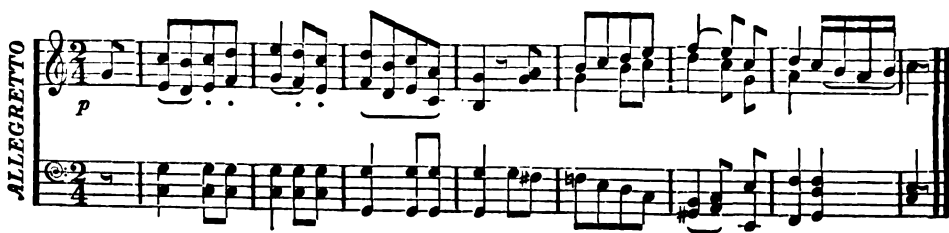
SUNG AT THE MUSICAL FUND CONCERT,

BY MRS. AND MISS WATSON.

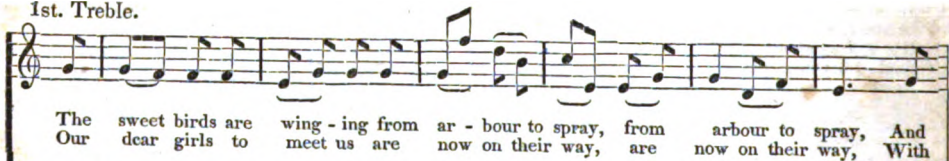
ARRANGED FOR

THE PIANO FORTE,

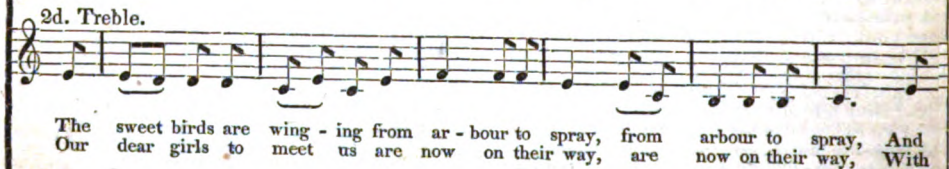
BY J. MOSCHELES.



1st. Treble.



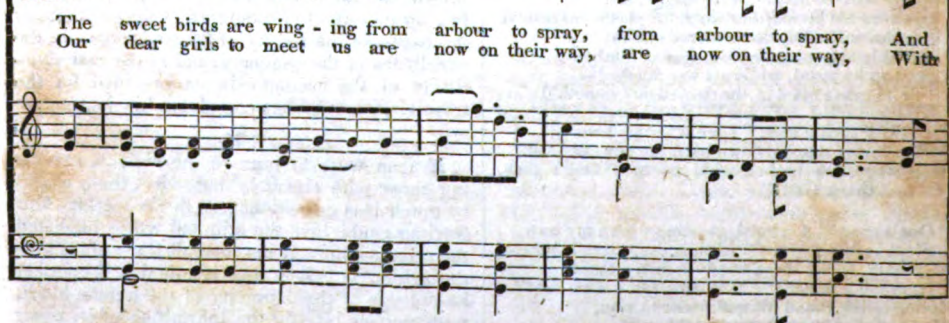
2d. Treble.



ten.



Bass





cheer-i-ly sing-ing of spring-time and May: merry May, merry May!  
 garlands to greet us and songs of the May: merry May, merry May!

cheer-i-ly sing-ing of spring-time and May: merry May, merry May!  
 garlands to greet us and songs of the May: merry May, merry May!

cheer-i-ly sing-ing of spring-time and May: merry May, merry May!  
 garlands to greet us and songs of the May: merry May, merry May!

Sing, shepherds! sing with me, cheerily, cheerily; Sing, shepherds! sing with me, merry, merry May!  
 Sing, shepherds! sing with me, cheerily, cheerily; Sing, shepherds! sing with me, merry, merry May!

Sing, shepherds! sing with me, cheerily, cheerily; Sing, shepherds! sing with me, merry, merry May!  
 Sing, shepherds! sing with me, cheerily, cheerily; Sing, shepherds! sing with me, merry, merry May!

Sing, shepherds! sing with me, cheerily, cheerily; Sing, shepherds! sing with me, merry, merry May!  
 Sing, shepherds! sing with me, cheerily, cheerily; Sing, shepherds! sing with me, merry, merry May!

The cattle are lowing,  
 Come up from your hay,  
 Come up from your hay;  
 Lads, let us be going,  
 The morning is May—

Merry May, merry May!  
 Sing, shepherds, sing with me,  
 Cheerily, cheerily!  
 Sing, shepherds, sing with me,  
 Merry, merry May.



## RECEIPTS.

*Rich Gooseberry Wine.*

THOUGH this is, certainly, one of our finest fruits for making wine, it is often ill managed; chiefly from the usual error with regard to the state of maturity at which gooseberries should for different purposes be chosen. The advocates for using them in a green state on all occasions, contend that their juice, which is then brisk, powerful, cool, and refreshing, becomes flat, spiritless, and insipid, as the fruit reaches maturity; while those who as constantly prefer them when quite ripe, maintain that the juice is, till they attain this latter state, austere, acid, and watery, when it becomes richly mucilaginous, sweet, lively, cooling, pleasant, and vinous. It may, perhaps, be safely admitted, that there is some truth on both sides of the question. This being the case, we must take gooseberries as they are; and select them, for different purposes, at the different stages of their growth, guided by our own particular perceptions. Undoubtedly, very excellent wine has been made with gooseberries by no means ripe; but, when they thoroughly reach that state, without getting at all beyond it, to those who prefer richness of flavour, at the smallest expense, and with the greatest certainty, it is the proper period of selecting them. We shall, therefore, present the best method of making wine with fruit in its mature state; premising that, by augmenting, in a proportionate degree, the quantity of sugar, and other adventitious ingredients, according to the deficient sweetness of the fruit, a good gooseberry wine will be made, which some persons may prefer. Bruise five gallons of ripe gooseberries; and, after boiling three gallons of clear water half an hour, pour it hot on the mashed fruit. Stir the whole well together, cover it up close, and let it remain forty eight hours; only stirring it twice or thrice a day during that time: after the expiration of which, press out all the juice through a large sieve or horse-hair cloth; and, to every gallon of juice, put two pounds of Lisbon or loaf sugar, and keep stirring it till the sugar is all dissolved. Tun it immediately, in a barrel of the proper size for containing it; and, letting it ferment itself, at the bung hole, for fruit wines seldom require any yeast, keep filling it up as it flows over with some of the liquor reserved for that purpose, in the usual way, and stop it close, with a cloth placed under the bung, as soon as it ceases to hiss. A pint of brandy, however, for every gallon, may be added on bunging it up, should it be judged not likely to prove sufficiently strong: this, however, is by no means necessary. At the end of four or five months, if sufficiently fine, bottle it off, putting a bit of loaf sugar about the size of a nutmeg in each bottle. If not quite fine, draw it off into another cask, and let it stand a month longer before it be bottled. The longer it is kept, in bottles well corked and a cool situation, the better it is likely to prove; but it will, at any time, be now fit for drinking. Gooseberry wine thus made, and carefully preserved two or three years, becomes little inferior to muscadell or other sweet and delicate Italian wines.

*Rich Cream for Fruit Pies or Tarts.*

Boil a bit of lemon or Seville orange peel, a little cinnamon, two laurel leaves, a dozen coriander seeds, two or three cloves, a blade of mace, and a pint of new milk; and having ready in another stewpan the yolks of three eggs, beaten up with a little good milk and a half a spoonful of fine flour, strain and stir the hot milk in, set it over the fire, instantly begin whisking it to a thick cream consistence, and immediately take it off again. As it gets a little cool, stir in a table-spoonful of rose or orange-flower water. This rich cream is particularly agreeable with pies or tarts of green gooseberries, or currants. It may be made in a plain manner, very good, with lemon peel, cinnamon, and laurel leaves only, boiled in milk, and a single egg beat up with a spoonful of rice flour. Fruit pies with cream should always be covered like tarts, with puff paste; and, when served up, have their tops cut round and taken off, for the purpose of depositing either of the above creams on the fruit; after which, the top may be replaced, either whole or in quarters, or small leaves of ornamental baked puff paste be laid all round.

*Strawberry Ice Cream.*

Pick the stalks from a pottle of fresh strawberries; force them through a sieve into a basin, by means of a wooden spoon; add a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, and a pint of cream; mix them well together. Put the whole into a freezing pot, and covering it over, set it in a pail, and surround it entirely with ice. Strew on the ice, plenty of salt, and keep turning round the pot for about ten minutes; then, opening it, scrape it from the sides, again cover it up, and continue turning it till the cream becomes like butter. Next put it in the moulds; and place them in a pail covered with ice and salt, for considerably more than half an hour, till the water mounts near the top of the pail: then dip the mould into water, turn out the ice cream on a plate, and send it to table. Care must be taken to use a very sufficient quantity of salt, without which it will not freeze. When the fresh fruit is not to be had, two table-spoonfuls of strawberry jam, with a pint of cream, the juice of a lemon, and a little cochineal, to improve the colour, may be passed through a sieve, frozen, and served up, exactly in the same manner. Raspberry, cherry, currant, and even barberry ice creams, may also be made precisely in the same way, with obvious proportionings of the acids and sugar to the respective fruits.

*Linseed Cough Syrup.*

Boil an ounce of linseed in a quart of water, till half wasted; then add six ounces of moist sugar, two ounces of sugar candy, half an ounce of Spanish liquorice, and the juice of a large lemon. Let the whole slowly simmer together, till it becomes of a syrupy consistence; when cold, put to it two table-spoonfuls of the best old rum.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

The March No. of *Lady's Book* will contain, in addition to the plate of Fashions, a full length portrait of Captain Marryatt, engraved on steel. This is more than the publisher promised when he commenced the year; six plates of fashion, and six steel engravings in twelve months, he is bound to give, and in only three months the subscribers will have received two plates of Fashions, and three steel engravings, and without any extra charge. The unprecedented patronage the work has received since the commencement of the year, warrants his making this expensive outlay, added to which is the honest pride that the *Lady's Book* shall not be approached by any other magazine of a similar class.

The following extract from the Postmaster-General's report, is favourable to the more speedy and certain receipt of the *Lady's Book* by our Western subscribers:

"Sufficient attention has been given to the manner in which newspapers and other printed matter are conveyed by mail, to satisfy him that it is radically defective. No supervision or power of punishment, exercised or possessed by the Postmaster General, is adequate to prevent, on some occasions, the canvass bags in which printed papers are stowed, from being left behind, so long as they are carried separately from the letter mails, or on the outside of coaches and stages. To prevent the evil in some degree, it has been provided in the contracts lately awarded on the main routes to the West, that on the outward trip, no passengers shall be carried in the inside of the mail coach, but that it shall be devoted exclusively to the mails; and on similar routes along the seaboard, the same restriction will be applied in both directions. It is believed that the enforcements of the contracts in this respect, will ensure the safe conveyance of the newspapers as far as they travel on these routes. A further improvement in this respect is anticipated, from arrangements now in progress, to run steamboat mails on the Western rivers, during the season of steamboat navigation, and on a portion of the Mississippi, during the whole year."

We have the pleasure of announcing N. C. Brooks, A. M., as a regular contributor to our magazine. The illustration of the plate in this number is in his happiest style.

The following letter is worthy of imitation; we would take the writer's word for a thousand pounds:

"CENTRAL CANAJOHARIE.

"Dear Sir,—Enclosed is three dollars, the amount due for last year's subscription to the *Lady's Book*, and I wish you to discontinue it, not that it does not fulfil the promises made, nor that it lacks any thing; for the contributors to it need not feel ashamed to be compared to the best foreign periodical writers in their respective paths, but it is from inability to pay, and if any persons ought to receive their pay, it is publishers and printers.

"Therefore, I am, with much respect, your ob'dt. serv't,

We must, in a still small voice, gently insinuate that there are yet some small sums due us, notwithstanding the touching appeal we made in our last.—Those that owe us six dollars, send five dollars on account;—or, if any money is due to other publishers here, send it with ours, and we will procure receipts and forward them. If there are any of the six dollar balances standing, when our next number is issued, we will have to speak in a voice more potential, and do not doubt that we shall lose a little of that serenity of temper which characterizes us.

It is said that he who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor to mankind. To this we add, that the man who gives us better language to convey the same meaning, is also a benefactor. Witness the beautiful dress which some good-natured person has given to some of our oldest proverbs:—

"Coined metal impels the feminine horse.

"It is painful to be in attendance for the pumps of departed individuals.

"Loveliness lies not beneath the superficies of the exterior cuticle.

"Let every man pursue the bent of his own genius, as the elderly matron observed, while saluting her vaccine favourite.

"An equestrian mendicant will journey towards the realms of his Satanic Majesty.

"Too great a number of culinary assistants may impair the flavour of the *consummee*.

"A pebble, in a state of circunvolution, acquires not the lichens of mural vegetation.

"Royalty may be contemplated with impunity, even by a feline quadruped.

"No vender of the finny tribe announces that her piscatory spoil is so decomposed as to offend the olfactory nerves.

"Why should the smaller domestic utensils accuse the larger of nigritude.

"Feathered bipeds of similar plumage will live gregariously.

"Those, the illumining appertures of whose messages are vitrified, should never project fragments of granite.

"The capital of the Papal states was not constructed in a diurnal revolution of the globe.

"Experienced warblers are rarely made prisoners by the husks of grain.

"An abrupt inclination of the head is equivalent to a sudden closing of the eye, to a racer labouring under a cataract.

"Elongated articles of table equipage are required by those who take *petit soupers* with the author of evil."

Can our fair readers recognize their old acquaintances in their new dress?

Our subscribers, during this season of the year, must have a little patience with us. Our work is always ready in time, but we cannot control the elements. The box containing December numbers, for our Eastern agents, was shipped early in December. Where the vessel got to with them, we are unable to say,—but they did not arrive in Boston until a few days before the January number. Large as the box

is, it will in future be sent by rail-road line and steam-boat. Mail subscribers are also liable to disappointments. A few days since, a bundle was returned us from the Post Office, containing a lot of December numbers reduced to a jelly, and looking like the material in a paper-maker's vat, absolutely reduced to first principles. From the wrappers, we ascertained that they were books intended for some of our subscribers in Alabama and Louisiana.

Any person missing a number, by conveying us the intelligence through the postmasters of their respective places of abode, will have a duplicate sent them, as far as our numbers on hand will extend. We beg they will not defer the matter,—as, frequently, at the end of one year, subscribers request numbers missing in a preceding year, and, in many instances, they are liable to disappointment;—in fact, we do not hold ourselves responsible for numbers, unless they are demanded immediately. We fear very much that our January number will be late coming to hand, as the roads are in a dreadful condition.

We have received a few copies of Vols. X. and XI. Those subscribers that made application, and could not be supplied, will now have the numbers sent to them.

The following extract is from Mr. Mattson's novel of Paul Ulric;—it is one of many similar gems. This is Mr. M.'s first effort on a work of fiction, and gives goodly token. The work has been very strongly commended by the newspapers of the day, and will amply repay a perusal.

“O Music!—the theme of bards from time immemorial—who can sing of thee as thou deservest? What wondrous miracles hast thou not accomplished! The war-drum beats—the clarion gives forth its piercing notes—and legions of armed men rush headlong to the fierce and devastating battle. Again, the drum is muffled, and its deep notes break heavily upon the air, while the dead warrior is borne along upon his bier, and thousands mingle their tears to his memory. The tender lute sounds upon the silvery waters, and the lover throws aside his oar, and imprints a kiss upon the lips of his beloved. The bugle rings in the mountain's recesses, and a thousand spears are uplifted for a fearful and desperate conflict. And now the organ peals, and with its swelling notes the soul leaps into the very presence of the Deity.”

The Peter Simple Novels, by Capt. Marryatt, are now being published. Two numbers have been issued, and the applications for them are constant. There never has been, since periodicals commenced, a work more popular than these novels; the first edition will soon be exhausted. On our cover will be found some notices of the two works that have been issued, and some general notices of the whole undertaking.

We did not discover until too late, that the title to one of our stories, in last month's number, lacked a letter. It should have been “Lapsus Lingue;” in the notice under our editorial head,

it was given correct, but it escaped us in the *proof* of the story.

We have received from Mr. S. Colman, of Boston, a volume on Phrenology, by Silas Jones. It is beautifully printed and embellished, and in outward appearance resembles an English Annual; to the lovers of that science the work must be invaluable; even to one not acquainted with the system, a mass of instruction and amusement is given, that will cause thanks to be rendered to Mr. Jones for the labour he has been at in compiling so agreeable a volume. It contains twenty-seven wood engravings, among which are heads of Washington, Judge Marshall, Franklin, Lafayette, R. B. Sheridan, Clara Fisher, Dr. Gall, and Black Hawk.

City subscribers are respectfully requested not to pay any money to persons that are not able to produce a written authority from the publisher to collect.

Hesitation is a sign of weakness;—for, inasmuch as the comparative good and evil of the different modes of action, about which we hesitate, are seldom equally balanced, a strong mind should perceive the slightest inclination of the beam, with the glance of an eagle, particularly as there are cases where the preponderance will be very *minute*, even although there should be *life* in one scale and *death* in the other. It is recorded of the late Earl of Berkeley, that he was suddenly awakened at night, in his carriage, by a highwayman, who ramming a pistol through the window, and presenting it close to his breast, demanded his money, exclaiming, at the same time, that he had heard that his lordship had boasted that he never would be robbed by a *single* highwayman, but that he should now be taught the contrary. His lordship, putting his hand into his pocket, replied—“neither would I now be robbed, if it was not for that fellow who is looking over your shoulder.” The highwayman turned round his head, when his lordship, who had drawn a pistol from his pocket, instead of a purse, shot him on the spot.

How small a portion of our life it is that we really enjoy! In youth, we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age, we are looking backwards to things that are gone past; in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be *vastly* happy on some future day.

Riches may enable us to confer favours; but to confer them with propriety and grace, requires a something that riches cannot give; even trifles may be so bestowed as to cease to be such. The citizens of Megara offered the freedom of their city to Alexander; such an offer excited a smile in the countenance of the monarch; but he received this tribute of their respect with complacency, on being informed that they had never offered it to any but Hercules and himself.



*Engraved for the Lady's Book. Published by L.A. Gouley*

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# PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS.



*Walking Dresses*

*Published in the Lady's Book. March 1836*



# THE LADY'S BOOK.

MARCH 1894.

## ITALY IN FASHION—WEDDED DRESS.

ITALY IN FASHION.

WEDDED DRESS.

THE ITALIAN FASHION for the wedding dress is a very simple and elegant one. It consists of a long, flowing gown of white silk or satin, with a high collar and long sleeves. The dress is adorned with a simple belt and a long train. The hair is styled in a simple, elegant manner, and the bride wears a simple veil.

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# THE LADY'S BOOK.

MARCH, 1886.

## PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS—WALKING DRESSES.

FIGURE I.

The robe of the lady is *mousseline de laine*, of one of the new Spring patterns. *Corsage à la Vierge* with very large sleeves, the fulness confined at bottom by a deep tight cuff slashed in front of the arm. White *gros de Naples* bonnet, a round brim, the interior trimmed next the face with a full *râche* of blond, and the edge finished, by a curtain veil of *tulle illusion*. Capote crown, very full, trimmed with white gauze ribbon. French Cashmere shawl, of an Egyptian pattern. Square collar of Indian muslin, embroidered and trimmed with lace.

CHILD'S DRESS.

Cambric pantaloons, *gros de Naples* frock, a high body, and sleeves of the usual form. Cottage bonnet of mouse-coloured *gros de Naples*, lined with pink, and trimmed with mouse-coloured satin ribbon. Worked cambric collar.

FIGURE II.

A robe of cream-colour satin Cashmere spotted with red flowers; splendid shawl, the centre green, the corners purple, and the border richly figured and fringed with green; muslin collar reversed; rose-colour silk bonnet, trimmed *en suite*, a sprig of jessamine in the crown.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

"A woman's bliss is found, not in the smile  
Of father, mother, friend, nor in herself—  
Her Husband is her only portion here."—*Ward.*

In the heart of woman there is a fountain of affection, which opens only to the touch of tenderness; but when that talisman is once applied, the world's heartless commerce cannot exhaust its springs, and the sad reverses we experience in life, only serve to deepen and to fill it.

One bright evening in June, when the drops of a recent shower were converted by the sun's rays, into glittering gems, and those same beams of light fell full on her countenance, Lucy Temple was standing at the window of an apartment commanding a view, beautiful, perhaps, as any in Virginia. In sight, rolled the blue waves of the Chesapeake, bearing numerous white-sailed vessels on its broad and buoyant bosom, while here and there, on the borders of the plantation, sprung up dark groves of trees, so stately and luxuriant, as could only be the produce of a rich and generous soil. Wide fields of grain, green and flourishing, stretched down nearly to the edge of a fine sheet of water, directly in front of the house, and formed by their different shades of the same colour, a contrast too soft to be gaudy, yet too distinct not to strike the eye of even common observation. A heavy step made Lucy start from the contemplation of so fair a scene, and a harsh voice exclaimed, "You had better fix my chair for me, than to stare out of that window, you idle hussy;" and the speaker hobbled to a large arm chair, in one end of the room. Lucy blushed, and proceeded hastily to

arrange the pillows of the luxuriously soft seat, and to render it still softer for her captious uncle. Mr. Hartley (her uncle) was an odd and singular being, he was a bachelor, and seemed to have outlived, if indeed, he had ever felt them, the soft feelings of tenderness to the feelings of others. But his young relation owed him obligations, too great she was aware, to be cancelled by his harshness of manner. She was an orphan, fair and portionless, and had been dependant on her uncle from early childhood. His fortune was large, and avarice was not one of his failings; he supplied his niece liberally with the means of dress, and had bestowed on her an education which it rarely is the lot of a female to obtain. Lucy's was a warm and affectionate heart, and although she was truly grateful for these benefits, she prized them less than the coveted kindness of manner from her uncle. Miss Hartley, who was now no more, and who had hitherto managed her brother's family, and cherished in her kind bosom her orphan niece, had taught her to consider it as one of her first duties to bear meekly the taunts and reproaches of her protector, and, if possible, to please him in every thing. This latter Lucy found, however, was impossible, and never had she felt it more bitterly than the evening we speak of; when, after finding all her endeavours to give him satisfaction, entirely unavailing, she retired despondingly, behind his chair of repose. Tear after tear, rolled silently down her cheeks, there was

no one now to soothe or console her, and she felt, as her eyes fell on her deep mourning dress, that she had lost her best and kindest friend, in her excellent aunt. This lady had, with the careful hand of virtuous experience and anxious affection, endeavoured to pluck as they sprouted, the seeds of evil from Lucy's young heart, and had been to her what an enlightened, virtuous mother is to a dear and only daughter. Miss Temple had enjoyed the advantages of the best society. Mr. Hartley was too violent and irritable to be very polished in his own manners, but he valued them in others, and, with great pride, he possessed a strong mind; often obscured, however, by the mists of strong and ungovernable passion.

Miss Temple grew up to womanhood with the knowledge that she was an object of no slight attraction in the circle she moved in. She had some reason to know, too, that she was a subject of admiration and speculation, with the visitors at Hartley. It was naturally concluded, that Lucy would inherit a considerable part, at least, if not the whole of her uncle's fortune, and wealth with beauty, is not often overlooked in this country, whatever fate it may meet with in others. She was in no danger of having her head turned, however, by the adulation she received. A sincere and ardent attachment to one object, is an excellent preservative from coquetry; it was such an attachment as this that Lucy had already formed. Henry Campbell, a young man bred to the law, and dependant almost entirely on his profession for support, sometimes spent a week or two at Hartley, with his sister, Mrs. Walton. This lady was the most intimate friend of Miss Hartley, and hence Campbell's acquaintance with Miss Temple,—he was handsome, intelligent, and sincere, and the few errors he committed were the offspring of a high and noble spirit, which could not calculate coldly enough to decide always reasonably. He was ardent and devoted in his attachments, and loved with his whole soul, the fair girl, who had promised secretly to marry him or no one. Campbell, owing to his intimacy, knew better than Lucy's other admirers, what her real prospects of affluence were. His sister had informed him that Mr. Hartley expressed it as his intention to leave the bulk of his property to Mr. Bradfute, an Englishman, and his dearest friend. Campbell heard this with indifference, he had at that time, high hopes of gaining a large sum of money by the decision of a suit in Chancery. His practice as a lawyer, was extensive for so young a man, and he had talents and application enough to make his future success sure,—so thought his friends,—but his prospects, like those of others, were to change. His constitution was naturally delicate, and at the time our story commences, his state of health was such as to preclude the possibility of his attending to any business, and to threaten him with consumption. The knowledge of his situation, tended greatly to heighten the depression of spirits Lucy had laboured under, since the death of her aunt. She had not seen him for several months, when she received a letter from his sister, stating that a sea-voyage was thought necessary for the restoration of his health, and intimating their intention to spend a few days at Hartley, before

going to Norfolk, from which place he would sail sometime in the succeeding week. Mrs. Walton added, that she greatly feared it would prove to be their last parting on earth, and that she believed he entertained few hopes of his recovery. Lucy wept over this letter, long and bitterly; she had lately, more than ever, looked up to Campbell as the being who was henceforth to be the stay and support of her life. She did not believe her uncle loved her; she had few near relations, and those few were at a distance. Campbell, therefore, since Miss Hartley's death, seemed to have become the heir to all the affection she had felt for her aunt, and thus to occupy a double place in her heart.

We have mentioned that Mr. Hartley had a friend, to whom he intended to leave his property, or at any rate, the principal part of it. Mr. Bradfute, this valued friend, was, like himself, a bachelor, but so little like him in disposition, that Lucy, who was a great favourite with him, had often wondered how so benevolent and amiable a being could ever have become so much attached to her uncle. Such friendships, however, though unaccountable, are common, and I believe it has ever been thought, by persons skilled in the mysteries of our nature, that dissimilar minds oftener unite in love and friendship than those moulded alike, and possessing equal powers. Lucy looked on Bradfute as one of the best of men, and had received from him many flattering proofs of regard. The day arrived which was to bring Campbell and his sister to Hartley. They came, and though the languor of illness pervaded her lover's features, Lucy perceived them to brighten, as he gazed on her, and felt assured, by the tears which sprang involuntarily to her eyes when she saw him, that her heart was still fondly his own. During his short stay at her uncle's house, Lucy saw enough of Campbell's situation, to feel the deepest anxiety as to his recovery. They parted with sad hearts, after exchanging some slight tokens to treasure, of their mutual affection.

Slowly, to Lucy, waned the months of Autumn. Campbell had gone to the south of France, and intended, of course, to spend the winter in that climate. November's chilling blasts had stripped her garden of all its flowers, and her walk was now changed to the beach, where the last evening of Campbell's stay at Hartley, he had told her, that if he died far away from her, his last prayers should breathe her name, and his last thought be of her. She had heard from him, and she had received the welcome intimation that he was slightly better. Every ray of hope was welcome, and the letter which brought this faint source of consolation, was a precious one to Lucy. Her uncle frequently scolded her for leaving him so much alone, though he never seemed to enjoy her society, and Lucy was soon to be released from his complaints and reproaches forever. Early in the winter, the gout attacked his stomach, and he fell in a few hours, a victim to its powers. Lucy felt his death a severe blow to her, although he scarcely ever breathed her name, but to couple it with some kind of complaint against her.

Mr. Bradfute was written to, and arrived soon after the death of his friend, with a gentleman whom Mr. Hartley had desired should become

the guardian of his niece. This gentleman, Mr. Felton, was a relation of Lucy's, and she was much attached to one of his daughters, who had been her school companion. Mr. Hartley had left Lucy the sum of ten thousand dollars; the rest of his property was left solely to Mr. Bradfute, with some allusion to an understanding between them, which had taken place a year before his death. Mr. Bradfute was compelled to return home as soon as possible, as he was preparing to visit his friends in England, where he expected to stay about twelve months. He took an affectionate leave of Lucy, promising, if possible, to see her again before his departure from America. She, soon after he left Hartley, set out on her journey to Briar-dale, Mr. Felton's residence, situated a few miles below Richmond. On the evening of the third day, the carriage turned into a gateway only half a mile from Briar-dale, and Lucy, with some of her long forgotten vivacity, thrust her head out of the window, to look once more on a place she had not seen for years, and where too, she had passed some of the happiest days of her childhood.

The travellers were welcomed with affectionate eagerness by all the family, and Lucy was beheld with raptures by her friend Emma, a pretty, lively girl of her own age. On entering the drawing-room, Lucy found its blazing fire, close drawn curtains, and thick carpeting, a pleasing exchange for the gloomy skies and chill breezes without. Mrs. Felton was preparing the tea; Emma, Caroline, and Harriet, three grown daughters, seated themselves near their young guest, while two sweet little rosy-cheeked children sat one on each side of the fire. These latter were twins, the youngest of Mr. Felton's family,—they were great pets with their father, they dropped their playthings, and laughed delightedly, as they ran to meet him, when he entered a few minutes after Lucy was seated. In compliance with Mr. Felton's request, that she would take off her wrappings, Lucy resigned her scarf and bonnet to a servant, and succeeded in arranging her discomposed locks without the aid of a looking-glass. She still wore a riding-dress of black-cloth, which displayed her person to great advantage. Her figure was scarcely of the middle size, but it was light, airy, and graceful. She was extremely fair, and her complexion brilliant and delicate; her hair was long, thick, and of the brightest auburn, contrasting well with the "brow of spotless white," on which it was parted, and her eyes large, darkly blue, and blending in their expression, softness with intelligence, were the loveliest of their kind; lips, beautiful, both in shape and colour, closed over teeth which were perfectly white and regular, and a smile, singularly sweet, and often passing over her fine features, gave the whole face a charm, as rare as it was exquisite. Her cousin's family viewed her with admiration, not unmingled with surprise, at the improvement a few years had made in a child they had always considered beautiful, and felt for her the interest we are apt to feel for a young person in her circumstances.

She soon became a favourite with all, for she was possessed of many little nameless qualities, which endear, and her deportment was always gentle, uniform, and kind. She was

anxious now to hear from Campbell; some time had elapsed since she received his last letter, but she did not let her uneasiness appear, except in the least obtrusive way. It was true, that she laughed seldomer than she was once wont to do, and her countenance was rather grave for one of her age, but this was natural, so soon after the death of her uncle, and excited no surprise. She was still admired, courted, and a *belle*, but her heart was unaltered; for one moment, she did not forget that she had pledged her word, and bestowed her affections on a man, who, whatever misfortunes crossed his path, was worthy of them. She dwelt with far more pleasure on the idea, that she was now possessed of the means of making his life (short though it might be) happy, and of setting him free from the necessity of following any employment calculated to injure his health, should he ever so far recover as to be able to make the attempt, than that she herself might become a magnet of the first attraction to men of the *first* standing, if she adopted the usual means of securing their attention. She thought it her duty to inform her guardian of her engagement to Campbell, under their present circumstances, and did so, accordingly.

Mr. Felton (who knew Campbell) told her that he did not consider himself privileged to make objections to her marrying a man she had betrothed herself previously to his becoming her guardian, that he knew of no solitary objection which could be made to Campbell, but his health; this, however, he frankly told her, he considered a serious one. Lucy knew that most persons would consider his health as an objection, but it formed with her the most powerful reason for marrying, or wishing, at least, to marry him, as soon as he returned. As soon as her engagement was whispered out of Mr. Felton's family, she received from some of her sage acquaintances, hints on the subject, calculated to set before her in a strong light, the sacrifice she was about to make. With beauty, accomplishments, and fortune like her's, they thought it would be dreadful to take upon herself the charge of attendance on an invalid; giving up, of course, all the gaieties of life,—but these were not exactly the thing Lucy's heart was most set on.

"Cousin Lucy," said Emma Felton to her, one evening as they walked round the farm of Briar-dale, "they tell me you mean to take upon yourself the arduous duties of a housewife, when Mr. Campbell returns to this country. Is it so?"

"I really cannot say, Emma, whether I shall be married directly he returns, for I find by a letter I got from him yesterday, that he is in New York by this time; but I have no objection in telling you, that I have promised to marry him, and it shall not be my fault if I do not fulfil my engagement."

"Will not his health postpone your marriage?"

"With some persons, I believe it would be a reason for doing so; I reason differently; the little property he had, has been drained to the dregs to enable him to make this stay abroad, and his health must forever unfit him for the duties of his profession. I have now enough for both of us, and I may surely confess to you,



Emma, that I can never enjoy life or fortune, unless both are shared with him," said Lucy, and her voice faltered as she spoke the last words.

Miss Felton was convinced that Lucy's was the right view of the matter, and they soon returned to the house. Campbell's letter had informed Lucy that he was better, but by no means restored to health, and that he should soon see her. He said that he rejoiced in her present prospects, even though they might prove a bar to his own happiness. Lucy did not understand how this could be, but thought she would request him to explain himself when they met. The winds of March had "hummed their parting song," and April, with smiles and tears, was daily breathing into life, blossoms of every hue and size, from the retiring violet, to the queen of garden flowers, the rose; nature wore again her gayest garments and her brightest smile, when Mrs. Walton, who lived not very far from Briar-dale, and who was acquainted with its inmates, wrote to Lucy, saying that her brother had arrived, and that they would spend the next day at Briar-dale. The soft stillness of a mild morning in Spring pervaded every thing. The fire had been suffered to decline in the grate, and the front windows of the drawing-room at Briar-dale were raised. At one end of the large room, a piano stood open, with a music-book resting on the lid. The stool before it, was occupied by Lucy, but her arm, only, touched the instrument, and supported her head in a position indicative of deep emotion, rather than thoughtfulness. One white and dimpled hand, had its fingers so extended as to grasp her forehead, and press strongly on her temples. The colour fluttered in her cheek like "the wing of a wounded bird," and her heart beat almost audibly.

"They are almost at the door, Lucy," said Emma, who sat by a window, "I must tell mother," and she disappeared.

Lucy looked up; she saw the carriage, and knew it to be that of Mrs. Walton's aunt, with whom she had lived since Henry's departure from America. In a few moments, the guests had alighted, and Campbell made his way into the drawing-room an instant before the rest of the party. He pressed Lucy's hand fondly, and the glance they exchanged in that brief interval, told more than an hour's conversation, in the company of others could have done. In the course of the day, Miss Temple had an opportunity of asking his sister if she thought him much benefitted by his stay in France, and received an answer by no means satisfactory.

"His health is a good deal under the influence of his spirits," said Mrs. Walton, "and they are now much affected by the doubts he entertains as to its being proper that he should (even if you were willing) allow you to marry him; broken in constitution, and deprived now of any hope of more than a very scanty support for the rest of his life, for I suppose you have heard that our cause was decided against us?"

Lucy said she had heard it, but expressed her astonishment that Campbell could think she could look on it as a sacrifice to her to marry him.

"I thought," said she, "he at least knew me better."

"He does know you better, my dear, but I

spoke of what his opinion on the subject is, not of your's."

And Lucy was prevented by delicacy from pressing the conversation further. In the first private conversation she had with Campbell, he told her freely all his scruples on the subject; and with a firm, but delicate tenderness, she told him *her* views, and convinced him that her affection was not a fleeting emotion, to be chased by the first cloud of misfortune, but a deep, undying regard, founded on the best feelings of our nature. "I really feel, since we have settled this point, dearest Lucy," said Campbell, "as if I *could* live now," and the soft eyes which were fixed on his face, told him how ardently, how anxiously, one heart desired that he *should* live.

Not a month after this conversation, one clear soft morning in May, while the dew still glittered on the grass, and the blue smoke curled only above its out-houses; Briar-dale wore an appearance of preparation for some uncommon occasion, two carriages arrived from Richmond, and deposited at the door, several fair and youthful guests, with their attendant beaux and brothers; these were near relations or acquaintances of the family, who came thus early, to avoid the heat of the sun. Within and without doors, even the very air, seemed to breathe of some approaching event of pleasing import. There is *something*, though I cannot say what exactly, which tells of a wedding or a feast, in the very appearance of the house where it is to take place, and thus it was at Briar-dale. Mrs. Felton's orders were repeated oftener, and in a tone fuller of vivacity and bustling housewifery, than was usual with her. The twins, Ellen and Maria, had each some little task assigned them, while their elder sisters were ready to receive and entertain the guests who should arrive before dinner. The day passed on—the dining hour had been over some hours, when some of the ladies adjourned to an upper apartment, with close shut blinds, and snow-white curtains, arranged with taste, over large screws of polished brass. The mantelpiece of this room, and the toilet, were ornamented with flowers, and the latter had been arranged with uncommon care by Amy, the faithful servant of her pretty mistress, and who now stood respectfully at a distance, in one corner of Miss Temple's room. Lucy herself sat at the foot of the bed, her head reclined against one of its mahogany posts. Her pretty feet, encased in white silk stockings, and shoes of a size to fit Cinderella herself, were just visible, beneath the loose white dress she still wore, and her hair had not yet undergone the arrangement Emma purposed to give it.

"Well, I hope Lucy, if ever I marry," said one of the young guests, "I may have just such an evening for my wedding, as this. I am sure you are to be happy, if the old saying is true, that 'blessed is the bride the sun shines on.' Did you ever see," she continued, addressing Lucy, "so lovely an evening?"

"It is beautiful,—beautiful," replied Lucy, as Miss Stanton threw open the shutters, "and the sun is almost down. Is Mrs. Walton here?"

"Oh! yes; and Campbell, of course. I declare he looks so happy, and has improved so much, I scarcely knew him. But come, it is

high time you were dressing, as well as the rest of us; come Emma, and dress her hair, and remember that you and I, as bridesmaids, must not be the last ready."

She left the room with all but Emma, who proceeded to arrange her cousin's fine hair in the most becoming mode, and exclaimed, as she gave the finishing stroke to her dress, "Well, I declare, Lucy, you look prettier than I ever saw you, and that is no slight compliment, I can assure you. Now, don't rumple these flowing robes of pure white muslin, I beg, while I go and try to make myself a suitable hand-maiden for so fair a bride."

Her young friends soon returned to conduct the bride-elect to the foot of the stairs, where Campbell waited to receive her. The procession reached the drawing-room, where a cheerful, though not numerous company were assembled to witness the ceremony; it was soon over, and Lucy received the kiss of triumphant affection with a firm resolve to fulfil faithfully the vows she had just made. Mr. Bradfute had delayed his trip to England until the Spring. Two days after her marriage, Lucy received a letter from him, saying how much he regretted not being able to be present at her marriage, or to see her before he left America. She testified some surprise at a part of this letter, and blushed excessively while Campbell ran over its contents. An arch look from him, increased her confusion, but the letter was locked up, and no further enquiries made as to the subject of it by her friends.

The young couple were soon settled in a habitation suited to them, and a trip to the Virginia Springs had caused Campbell's cheek to flush once more with the bright hues of health. Happiness, too, aided in restoring him, and Lucy's care of him was crowned with pleasing success. As the best disposition he could make of his wife's fortune, Campbell was advised to accede to the wishes of a friend of his, to join in the mercantile business with him. He did so, and became a partner in the firm, but left the whole management to Lennox, the friend he had engaged with. Every thing seemed now to smile on Lucy's destiny, and she did not forget the gratitude she owed to the source of all things excellent, for her happy situation. But the sun of unclouded prosperity was soon to set. Two years after their marriage, Campbell found, that through the perfidy of Lennox, whom he had trusted too far, he was an entirely ruined man. To the last farthing he possessed in the world, he paid the debts which had been contracted in his name, and was left perfectly destitute. The blow was too severe for Campbell. His unhappiness seemed to bring back at once all his former symptoms of disease, and to wither all his energy. Exertion of mind and body only, could now enable them to live, (for Campbell would accept no offers of assistance which he had no well-founded hope of being able to repay,) and it remained for Lucy to make such exertions. It was a great shock to her, to know that they were so miserably reduced, as not to have the means of existence even in their power, unless they laboured to procure them; but, though she had, as young persons always do, steeped all her prospects of the future in the rich hues of hope,

and pleasing anticipation, she did not sink under disappointment. The elastic spirits of eighteen, with health and contented disposition, enabled her to think for her husband, and to endeavour to inspire him with resolution to bear their hard lot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Four years had passed away since the marriage of Campbell. Mr. Bradfute had written soon after landing in England, to announce to them his intention of remaining several years abroad, and it had been a long time since they had heard from him at all. One clear, cold night in the winter of 1825, in a small room of an obscure lodging house in Richmond, a female sat beside a declining fire, which cast now and then a flickering and doubtful light upon her features. On a mean, comfortless looking bed, lay an emaciated form, scarcely to be recognized as that of Campbell. He slept, or seemed to sleep, and Lucy (for it was she) rose softly from the fire-place, and approached the window, which was guiltless of either curtain or shutter. The full moon shone in cloudless splendour, and countless stars lent their fainter light to brighten the blue face of heaven.

Every thing in this retired part of the city was quiet, and the silence only broken by an occasional passenger. Lucy looked steadfastly on the glittering sky—thoughts of other and brighter days flitted across her mind, and she said in a low, suppressed tone, "But I do not sigh for the wealth we have lost, it is the effect that loss has had on *him*, which crushes hope with me, and withers all my expectations of relief or comfort. What will it be to me, should the event take place which will give us wealth and ease, if *he* should not live," and her own words affected her to tears, as she turned from the window, and bent down over Campbell, to ascertain if he still slumbered. Finding that he did, she drew forth a large basket, and by the light of a candle, carefully shaded from his view, she commenced her nightly labours. A clock, in some part of the house, told the hour of midnight, just as Campbell awoke, and called Lucy to his bedside. He chid her for pursuing her employment so late.

"I was not so sleepy," she replied, "and when I get much work done at night, I have more leisure to attend to all your little wants in the day."

"I shall soon be released from want, Lucy," said Campbell, faintly, "but you,—you will still have to struggle with poverty until Mr. Bradfute's return from abroad; when I am dead, you can accept the offers of assistance he will be sure to make you."

"Do not talk of dying, indeed I cannot bear it," said Lucy, hastily. "You need not fear for me, I should not live long after you were gone, I know. If you could only get well, I should not repine at any thing, and we could live comfortably enough, for I could get music scholars. I should have it in my power to attend to them."

"But is it not a hardship, Lucy, to be cut off from the society of your friends; for you, like myself, will not associate, unless on equal terms, with any one."

"It is not worth being unhappy about, Campbell; if you were well, I should have you for so-



ciety, and I am sure I should not be *very* desirous for that of others."

"I know," said Campbell, tenderly, "what value you set on me—and I know, too, that you have done all in your power to support and console me under the trials I have brought upon both of us."

"Don't blame yourself, my dear, it was no fault of yours. Recollect that you were advised to do what you did, by experienced friends. And I still think," added Lucy, "that it is for wise purposes we have been afflicted—that our misfortunes are the work of a Being who cannot err."

"I do not know how it is," said Campbell, as Lucy pressed her round and healthful cheek to his, fevered and wan with illness. "I do not know how it is, but your words can almost always chase the gloomy spirit from my thoughts and awaken hope when she slumbers deepest. Perhaps," he continued, "our sorrow may soon be changed into gladness."

"Perhaps so," said Lucy, and she half smiled as she said it.

The last two years of Mrs. Campbell's life had, indeed, been marked by grief and anxiety, too deep to be portrayed. She had been compelled to turn her talents to account in every possible way; and to be the constant attendant on her husband in his long and tedious attacks of illness. She had, night after night, sometimes for weeks together, watched beside what she thought must surely be the death-bed of all she prized most on earth, and, after a few hours rest in the morning, pursued, with an anxious and bursting heart, the labour on which they depended for support. Mrs. Gray, their landlady, was a kindhearted woman, and, though poor herself, was willing to assist them in any way she could. She would now and then assist Lucy in nursing Campbell, and took upon herself the charge of disposing of the trifles Lucy sometimes ornamented with her work, either of embroidery or painting. She only devoted to these the time she could not find other employment for, and never did she sit one hour without employment of some kind. Lucy scrupulously avoided debt; she had laid aside the only ornament like jewellery, she possessed, to defray the expenses attendant on employing a physician to Campbell. This was a watch of the first quality, which had been given her by Mr. Bradfute, and it was not without a pang, that she parted with it. It had been the companion of many a weary hour, when Campbell would seem to be fast hastening to the land of spirits; and Lucy also valued it greatly, as coming from her revered and venerable friend. She kept as much as possible from the knowledge of her husband, the shifts she had been compelled to make, and his situation prevented his noticing things that had passed under his very eye. When he would seem to be better, Lucy considered her trials as nothing, and would often make a jest of her having to be cook, chambermaid, and indeed *every thing* in their little *menage*. Mr. Felton's family called sometimes to see them, and it was in one of the visits Emma paid her, that she discovered what were Lucy's various duties. It was in the morning, and Campbell who was at that time able to sit up, after a severe attack of sickness, was seated in an arm-chair,

the property of Mrs. Gray, which she had insisted on his using. Lucy was preparing his breakfast over a handful of coals, which, seated on the hearth, she endeavoured to blow into a blaze. A dress of a coarser kind than her maid had been in the habit of wearing, enveloped her pretty figure, and a checked apron, with sleeves, tucked up above her elbows, completed her equipment. She rose to welcome Emma, who observed with an expression of sorrow, the change in her appearance. Lucy noticed this, and said playfully,

"Now, don't look so grave, Emma. I assure you now, that Campbell is so much better, I had just as leave wear this, as any other sort of dress; this does not cause me any uneasiness, and I know you are obliged to confess in your heart that nobody but myself could give this costume charm; see how it displays my throat and arms to the greatest advantage, and cooking, you know, gives one a fine complexion." Even Campbell smiled, as he beheld her cheerful manner, and knew that it was genuine.

"She is, Emma," said he, "not only cook as you see, but has learned something, I believe, of every branch of a housewife's employment, and then she has to bestow as much time on me and my wants, as most ladies do on their amusements."

Lucy's every thought still turned on her husband with an intensity of affection scarcely to be equalled, and she seemed to be endowed with powers more than human, to detect and avoid every thing which could affect injuriously his health or spirits. Day after day, from the night we speak of, did she watch the struggles between disease and his weakened constitution. If he mended in the least, or seemed reconciled to their situation, every cloud vanished from her brow, and she performed with pleasure, the most menial offices, and endured without repining, hardship and fatigue. At last he was able to sit up, and improved gradually under her judicious management. A few months after, he was sufficiently recovered to walk out, and to get employment, by writing for those who would request his services. He received a letter from a friend of his in Williamsburg, saying that he thought it probable by being in that place the ensuing week, he might recover a debt due him, (Campbell), from a person who would be there at that time.

"It is only a hundred dollars, but that is not to be despised by us now," said Campbell, as he consulted with Lucy on the propriety of going; "shall I make the attempt to get it?"

"Oh, by all means," said she; "and I, as *treasurer* for our *firm*, can supply you with the means of going, conveniently. If you should not get the money, the change of scene even for a few days, will be of service to you."

"Of service to me!—Yes, that is always the first and the last thing in your mind, I believe. Lucy, we are poor—poor enough,—but there are many rich men who would be glad to purchase, if they could, with their richest treasures, such love as yours, from such a woman!"

Lucy's eyes swam in tears, though she said, laughingly—"That is really a very tolerable sentence for a novel, Campbell:—but we know now, that misfortunes call forth from their hid-

den places, the deepest feelings of tenderness in our nature, and make them visible to our companions in sorrow, at least," she added, in a graver tone, and then changed the conversation to his journey.

"I shall only be absent a few days, my dear; I would not leave you longer on any account at this time," said Campbell, as he prepared the next morning to leave her.

The air was chill, for it was scarcely day, and Lucy almost repented having advised him to go. The stage in which he travelled passed Briar-dale, just as the sun rose; and Campbell, as he leaned from the window, beheld, tinged by the first beams of light, the house where, on the whitest day of his life, he had received a treasure, now the only one left him upon earth. With a deep sigh at the contrast his present situation presented to that happy day, he drew back in the carriage. His fellow-passengers were indemnifying themselves for their early rising by sleeping on the road;—and he was left for several hours with his own gloomy thoughts for companions.

He reached the house of his friend late in the evening,—and retired, fatigued and dispirited, to bed. He was anxious to return as soon as possible, and lost no time in settling the business which brought him to Williamsburg. After three days spent in that place, he found all hope of his getting the money was vain,—and the next morning found him, disappointed and melancholy, on his journey homeward. Immediately, on alighting that night at the hotel from whence he had set out, he turned his steps towards the humble dwelling which had, for more than two years, covered him and his unhappiness together, from the knowledge of almost all his former associates. Mrs Gray answered his knock.

"Is it you, sir?" said she; "well, don't make a noise. She is asleep, but will be so pleased to see you when she wakes."

"She is not ill, I trust," said Campbell.

"Oh no, but you had a son born yesterday, and she ought not to be disturbed so late at night."

"I will not disturb her;"—and Campbell stepped softly into the apartment.

Lucy lay in a profound sleep, one arm pillowed her head, on the other lay her infant. Campbell stood an instant regarding his wife with looks of affection not to be described, and then advanced to take a nearer view of his child. Like its mother, it slept the sound sleep of innocence, while on its breast were folded the little dimpled hands, as if to petition not to be disturbed. After this survey, Campbell seated himself by the fire, in Mrs. Gray's arm-chair, happier than he had felt for some time. "Thank Heaven that it so," said he to himself;—"but I was afraid to anticipate such an event, lest disappointment should be the result."

Lucy now awoke, and beheld with some surprise her husband seated quietly, partaking Mrs. Gray's repast of tea and bread. He was by her side in an instant, and the embrace which followed, was one of congratulatory affection from both.

"See what a present I make you, Mr. Campbell," said Lucy, smilingly; "receive, I beg of you, and hold less awkwardly, a young gentleman who brings us twenty thousand dollars,"

"I shall certainly consider him as the 'Dove unto our ark,' dearest Lucy," replied her husband; "he has brought us peace once more."

"I got a letter," said Lucy, "the very day you left me, from Mr. Bradfute, announcing his arrival in New York;—and we shall now soon present to him the child who is to rob him of a considerable portion of my uncle's property." {

"He will consider it a pleasure to part with it to your child, Lucy," said Campbell; "he would have relieved himself from his engagement to your uncle, but as he told us in that letter, written when we were married, he put it out of his power to do so."

"I know it, I know it," said Lucy. "I am sure he will be glad to be in any way the instrument of good to me."

"But shall we call the boy after him, or my uncle?"

"Let us leave it to Mr. Bradfute to name him," answered Campbell.

Lucy's worthy and affectionate friend soon found her in her humble abode, and shed tears of heartfelt sympathy, when he heard from Emma Felton, at Briar-dale, an account of Mrs. Campbell's trials and fortitude. He blamed Lucy, tenderly, for not writing to inform him of their situation, as she should consider as a father, one who loved her as he did. He told her she was his only tie to America, now her uncle was no more;—and that, in his will, he had made her the sole heiress to his fortune. He persuaded Campbell to live at Hartley, and to suffer him to reside with them. With pleasure of the purest kind, Lucy beheld again the spot where her days of childhood had been passed. Though she had often wept at Hartley, yet it was there that some of the sweetest moments of her life had been spent, and she hailed the first appearance of the place with a feeling of deep and tender delight. The water-prospect, almost boundless, enchanted her eyes, long accustomed to scenes of the kind;—and her garden, with its countless flowers, was welcomed as a dear and cherished friend. Campbell's cheek resumed once more the bright hues of health and happiness;—and Lucy, blooming and beautiful as ever, appeared the perfect picture of content. Campbell amused himself with the management of the farm,—while Mr. Bradfute, wedded to literary pursuits, seemed not to wish for other society than his books, until the evening came, and he descended to make one in the happy circle in the sitting-room at Hartley. Mr. Felton's family, with Mrs. Walton, were their frequent guests, and saw with pleasure that both seemed as happy as their fondest friends could desire. Little Hartley, (for so Mr. Bradfute had named the child,) grew in strength and beauty, and Lucy thought the latter must be unquestionable, since he was like his father. Campbell sometimes left his home on business, and those short absences served to render doubly sweet the smiles and caresses which greeted his return. His heart never failed to beat quick with pleasure at the anticipation of these welcomes;—and, when a slight rising in the road would give him the first view of his home, he felt how true it is, that "no place is like home," when that home is cheered and brightened by the light of woman's love.

## THE PROPOSAL.

BY R. BERNAL, M. P.

WHILE in her fairy bow'r, alone,  
Sophia like a houri shone  
Supreme on beauty's dazzling throne,

My panting breast grew frantic:  
Long had I doubted, blushed, and sigh'd,  
But now I press'd her to decide,  
When thus she spoke, and I replied,  
In language unromantic.

"I would not Charles, for worlds, encroach—  
But will you build a new town coach,  
And britska too? that no reproach  
May reach our happy marriage."

"No—Sophy! those bewitching feet  
Were form'd to trip through Regent-street;  
That graceful swing! say—who can beat  
Your *own* smart, easy carriage?"

"In Belgrave-square, I covet most  
A tasteful house—The Morning Post  
Might then print many a tale, and boast  
Of our domestic glory."

"The New Road, Sophy, I admire—  
To lodgings only, I aspire;  
A second floor—I can't soar higher,  
The hero of one story."

"Have you engaged in Hookham's list  
An opera box? I couldn't exist,  
From Easter, if this chance were miss'd,  
This lawful, bridal fixture."

"Alas! to lose Giovanni's nose—  
Grandolfi's legs—Taglioni's toes—  
The only *box* I can't unclose  
Is one of *Pontet's* mixture."

"At least, you'll not curtail my clothes,  
My blond, my flounces, my gigots,  
Or call Carsan's or Ma'am Triaud's  
Accounts, at Christmas, teasing."

"Dear girl! I like but little *waste*;  
*Gigot's* our own plain cook shall *baste*;  
The only long *bills* to my taste  
Are woodcocks', when in season."

"Excuse me! Charles, you'll not forget  
My great aunt's diamonds with Hamlet—  
They're only roses, badly set—  
But brilliants are my passion."

"Sweet maid! the only gems I prize  
Are those your *pearly* mouth supplies,  
Your *ruby* lips, your *brilliant* eyes  
Will always be in fashion."

"For Almack's, have you any doubt  
That we are fixed, the spring throughout?  
I long, dear Charles! to roam about  
Those regions so enchanting."

"Three maiden aunts, with *pipes* as shrill  
As Colinet's, will prove their skill  
On *basto*, *ponto*—a *quadrille*  
At home, shall ne'er be wanting."

"Too cruel Charles!—Will you secure  
My jointure, or your life insure?  
Were I, all foresight to abjure,

My friends would blame my blindness."  
"Why, Sophy! you would ne'er forgive  
Your husband, if he did not strive  
That you should not his love *survive*—  
I'll kill you *first* with kindness."

"Time past, you offer'd to devote  
Your heart and *fortune* Charles! you wrote  
What I believed—a dear, fond note,  
Its words were sweet as honey."  
"True, Sophy—but you made me wait  
So long! the note is out of date,  
I've mortgaged since my whole estate,  
And spent my ready money."

"Oh, Charles!—'tis useless to repine,  
House—carriage—jewels, I resign,  
And jointure too—the loss be mine  
Poor victim of affection!"  
"Agreed—kind girl! we'll now remove  
All protocols—a husband's love  
Shall guaranty (your smiles approve)  
A treaty of protection."

## MORAL.

Ye beaux! who eager to appear  
In Hymen's market, idly fear  
To bid for hearts, because they're dear,  
Be bold, and bargain freely.  
No skilful suitor need despair,  
Though drain'd his purse—his rent-roll bare  
For women, prudent as they're fair,  
Will reason quite genteelly.

Ye timid swains! be not dismay'd,  
For maids, in hearts, as dealers trade  
They quickly sell, when they're afraid  
That Cupid's darts get rusty.  
To you—ye fair! a poet's song  
Presents this hint, (he means no wrong)—  
That love, like wine, if kept too long,  
Grows vapid, sour, and crusty.

## SONG.

BY L. E. L.

THESE are the words, the burning words,  
I used to breathe long, long ago;  
My lute has lost its early tone,  
My lip forgot its early glow.

I sing no more as I have sung;  
My lute and love are separate now—  
'Tis taken from its red-rose tree,  
And hung upon a darker bough.

But do not think that I can bid  
My first and dearest dream depart:  
Oh! love has only left my lip,  
To sink the deeper in my heart.

I cannot bear to sing of love;  
It seems like sacrilege to me,  
To let a cold and careless world  
Hear words which only are for thee.

## THE LAST OF THE NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRUCKLEBOROUGH HALL."

I LIKE family pride;—indeed I like pride of any kind, for I like to see my fellow-creatures happy; and, by means of pride, they may be made happy for a mere trifle. But family pride is best of all: it possesses a recommendation which is often spoken of as belonging to certain goods in the linen-draper's line; it unites cheapness and durability. He that would be proud of his horses, equipage, wines, dress, or establishment, must needs be at a considerable expense for these things. It is not every body that can afford to keep a carriage, but family pictures and genealogical tables eat no oats, and require no grooms to keep them in order. Then, again, how durable are the materials of family pride! Riches, we know, may make to themselves wings and fly away; a bad speculation or a wrong card may bring down the pride of a man's fortune to the very dust of poverty and humiliation; but you may rattle dice at Crockford's from morning till night, and from night till morning again, without losing a single grandfather or grandmother, or great-grand-aunt, or forty-ninth great-grand-cousin, or any thing of the kind. What a villainous piece of twaddle is the sentiment—

*"Et genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,  
Vix ea nostra voco."*

Stuff! So our ancestors are not our own because we did not make them. If my grandfather is not mine, I should like to know whose he is. In fact, nothing is so completely our own as ancestry. By some accident or other, every mortal possession besides may be lost; but no pick-pocket, swindler, or housebreaker can rob a man of his great-grandfather. There was a coxcomb of a heathen philosopher, who, in a case of shipwreck, when all the crew were bewailing their losses, boasted that he had lost nothing, for he always carried all his property with him. He alluded to his wisdom; but his ancestors, if he had happened to have any, were much more his own than even his wisdom, which he was so proud of; for a man may lose his wits, but he can never lose his ancestry. It is not every body that has ancestors, but that is not their own fault, and they are more to be pitied than to be blamed; and sometimes it happens that ancestry itself becomes a trouble to those who possess it, even as many other desirable blessings do.—This was the case with Meredith Throckmorton Topplestonhaugh, of Topplestonhaugh Place, Esq. His family came in with the Conqueror, which was a very proper thing for them to do; and the whole line of his ancestors had, with a most praise-worthy propriety of deportment, done every thing to distinguish themselves which any reasonable man has a right to expect. One or two of them had been knighted on the field of battle, though it is not exactly known when or where; but that is not their fault. There is mention made of one Sir Jacob de Lacy Topplestonhaugh, knight, and also of a Sir Mortimer Marmaduke Topplestonhaugh,

knight. One of the Topplestonhaughs fought with Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. Others had distinguished themselves at Cressy and Poitiers. A Captain Topplestonhaugh fell at the Battle of Bosworth, by whose especially heroic conduct on that occasion the victory is said to have turned in favour of Richmond. Honourable mention has been made also of a naval commander in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, named Captain Maltravers Topplestonhaugh, who had the command of one of the vessels which would have attacked the Spanish Armada, if they had met with it. In the civil wars, the Topplestonhaughs distinguished themselves by taking part with royalty; and it was either then, or some time before, or some time after, that the Topplestonhaugh estate was pretty considerably diminished, and reduced to a very inconvenient degree of narrowness. Now seeing that Meredith Throckmorton Topplestonhaugh, of Topplestonhaugh Place, Esq. had so fine a collection of ancestors to look back upon, one might naturally suppose that he would be exceedingly proud and happy; and, indeed, so he was, with reference to the past—his actual ancestry pleased him highly; but his possible posterity sorely grieved him. He had every reason to suppose that a time was approaching when the name of Topplestonhaugh would be no more, and when all that fine collection of ancestors, which now formed the topic of his daily talk, and the object of his nightly dreams, would be utterly forgotten. Mr. Topplestonhaugh, being the owner of such a capital set of ancestors, and also of a family mansion bearing his own name, wisely considered that his only business in life was to keep up the dignity of his family. He had, therefore, been in no great hurry to marry, lest he should disgrace his ancestors; for which they ought to be very much obliged to him. Of course he married rather late in life, for in his courtship he considered rather the honour of his family than his own taste. Happy ancestors, to have such a grateful and conscious descendant! But, alas! he was not so happy in his descendants as his ancestors were. His wife left him a widower with an only child, and that child a daughter as gay as a lark, as wild as a kitten, and as happy as a queen; but most provokingly indifferent to the glories of ancestry. Miss Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh was, at the time of this writing, about sixteen years of age, and was affectionately fond of her father, who was, in truth, a kind-hearted man, but she did not care one single straw for Sir Jacob de Lacy Topplestonhaugh, and she took no interest in the discussion of the probable time of his knighthood; it was all the same to her whether he was knighted by Richard I., by Tom Thumb, or by King Pepin. Children are very delightful beings, but they are much pleasanter when they conform to a parent's humour, than when they oppose it, or are indifferent to it. You can hardly imagine a livelier or a sweeter child than Arabella. She had had two educations: one that was given to her within doors by means of

books, samplers, and her harpsichord,—and another that she found for herself out of doors, by means of birds and flowers, and rivers and trees, and lambs, and the lofty sky. And she liked her outdoor education by far the best: she went to those lessons with greater glee, and attended to them with less weariness, and recollected them with a deeper interest and affection. Winter or summer, cloud or sunshine, it was all the same to her; she loved to roam in the fields, to gaze on the sailing clouds, to watch the gently gliding stream. All the animals in the neighbourhood knew her; the sheep did not run away from her, and the shepherd's dog did not view her with suspicious looks, for she was in the habit of noticing and talking to them. She was happy in feeding the little birds, and in watching the development of the flowers; and oftentimes on a winter's evening—for she did not ramble out in the dark—when her father has been discussing the probability that Sir Mortimer Marmaduke Topplestonhaugh might have fought against Saladin under Richard I., and how bravely he must have fought, if he fought at all,—the thoughts of Arabella have been wandering into her garden, musing upon possible crocuses and snowdrops, or anticipating the re-appearance, in some favourite nook or glen, of a sweet cluster of violets. “Ah,” said she, one evening, to an intimate acquaintance, “how happy Adam and Eve must have been in Paradise, to be out of doors all day long, and to have no ancestors to talk about!”

Ancestry was such a favourite topic with Mr. Topplestonhaugh, and he sympathized so deeply with the character and history of his departed ancestors, that he almost felt himself to be one of them. He was as fond of the old pictures, with their wooden looking faces, their peaked beards, their pewter coloured helmets, their everlasting wigs, and their terrible tambour waistcoats, as his daughter Arabella was of the little robin-red-breasts that hopped about the lawn, and picked up the crumbs which she threw to them at breakfast. He did not absolutely worship the portraits, but, by perpetually looking at them, and incessantly thinking and talking of the wonderful exploits and glorious times of the originals, he had, in his own imagination, almost communicated to them a degree of life and consciousness. He never, indeed, went so far as to fancy that he heard them speak, but he was in the habit of conversing with them by means of the eye; and though he could not hear their voices, he imagined he could read their thoughts. He spent so much of his time in ancestral meditations, that he absolutely wondered how those poor people could possibly exist, who had the misfortune to be born without ancestors. He had, in his dress and carriage, a very ancestral look; he seemed to have been cut out of a picture. He had never had his portrait taken, for he thought that it would be of no use, seeing that he had no sons, and that to his grandsons he should only be a maternal grandfather, which had such an old-womanish sound with it, that he would almost as lief be an absolute old woman *in propria persona*. Very marked and singular was his appearance: he was tall, thin, and exquisitely perpendicular; his complexion was

pale, his forehead was large, bare, and glossy; he had some half dozen grey hairs at the back of his head, which were tied up with a great bit of black ribbon, that seemed heavy enough to drag them all off. He wore a long coat, with broad buttons, short sleeves, and wide flaps; a long coloured chintz waistcoat, and short shrivelled velvet breeches; his long legs were clad in striped stockings, having the stripes alternately blue and white, and each of them a full inch wide; his shoe buckles, also, were immensely large. His family mansion was as singular and antique in its aspect as himself. It was a tall, flat-fronted brick building, with long windows, and thick window frames, glazed with a kind of glass, which sadly misrepresented the scenery, both in shape and colour. The house had been once much larger, but it was pared down, in order to its adaptation to the curtailment of acres which the estate had suffered. Still there remained quite room enough for Mr. Topplestonhaugh and his establishment, which was as slender and primitive as himself. There seems to have been in the Topplestonhaugh family a kind of hereditary passion for antiquity, growing more intense in each succeeding generation, till it came to a climax in the person of our hero, who looked upon himself with a kind of antediluvian lackadaisicalness, as the last of the family. The furniture and fitting up of the house remained as they had been from the first, save and except in regard to those little tricks that time is apt to play with timber, carpentry, and painting, of which Topplestonhaugh Place exhibited no small abundance and variety. Such, for instance, as doors and door-posts looking cool at each other; there was gilt leather, indeed, round all the doors of the principal apartments, but then the gilding was all gone, and the leather was curled up in the likeness of a long stick. The mutinous condition of the window sashes was such as to suggest a question not easy to be answered, viz.: which was the most difficult, to get them up when they were down, or to get them down when they were up. The panels also of the wainscoting had shrunk up, in many places leaving unseemly cracks, at which the wind made no scruple of entering, at any hour of the day or night, sometimes blowing the fire up, and sometimes blowing the candles out. The boards of the floors had been nearly worn out, but were, in some measure, preserved by the hard knots, which stuck rigidly up, like the bones of a hackney-coach horse. You may easily conceive, from the above particulars, that the house was not very comfortable; but Mr. Topplestonhaugh would not have exchanged it for the most convenient mansion that was ever raised up by Wyattville, or knocked down by Robins. Its charm was, that it was the family mansion, built upon the family estate, which had been in the possession of the Topplestonhaughs ever since the days of the Conqueror. The establishment was well fitted to the mansion, and consisted of two departments, the male and the female. The male was Gregory, a sad pluralist, having as many places as there are days in the week; but they were almost all sinecures: he was coachman, but there was no coach to drive; butler, but his master would not trust him with the key of

the cellar; valet, but Mr. Topplestonhaugh always dressed himself without assistance; gardener, but there was no garden worth cultivating, for the piece of ground that bore the name was merely a wilderness of superannuated gooseberry-bushes, and self-sown nut trees. In fact, the only earthly use of Gregory was, to wear the family livery,—pale blue, turned up with yellow; and it must be acknowledged, that Gregory had a due sense of his own importance, and of that of his station; he was almost as proud of the Topplestonhaugh ancestry, as his master himself. Gregory was not elegant in his form, nor graceful in his carriage: his head was round, and his hair short, thick, and unbending; his body was very long, and his legs were very short, and not a bit too straight. He was, according to his own notion, a humourist; but his notion of humour was, that it consisted in a broad horse laugh at some practical joke, or special absurdity. The female part of Mr. Topplestonhaugh's establishment consisted of Alice, who was cook, housemaid, scullion and housekeeper; a faithful domestic, but stupidly obtuse to the glories of ancestry. Alice was altogether a realist; she could not imagine what imagination meant; glory had no charms for her equal to the kitchen fire; and, if she was proud of anything, it was of her excellent cooking, and her Sunday bonnet.

As the taste of Mr. Topplestonhaugh led him not to the usual country sports of hunting, fishing, shooting, and the like, while his finances did not permit him to indulge in the amusement of feeding country squires, and, as he was too much attached to his family mansion ever to think of wandering away from it, he found all his amusement and occupation at home; and he was altogether absorbed in the contemplation of ancestry and antiquity, so that the men of a by-gone age were far more real entities to him, than the present actual inhabitants of this too modern globe, which, alas! is growing more and more modern every day. Mr. Topplestonhaugh did not, of course, see much of the world; but he had an indistinct and confused sort of idea, that there was growing up in the kingdom a multitudinous mushroom population, altogether without ancestors, to the utter discomfiture and extinguishment of the old ancestral families, that came in with the Conqueror. As if it was not enough that Mr. Topplestonhaugh should be annoyed by the general faint and indefinite apprehension of this fact, he must needs be nosed, in his own immediate neighbourhood, by a living and lively specimen of the same. Topplestonhaugh Place was situated on one side of a pleasant valley; and the lands on the other side, which had once belonged to the estate, had been sold away from it, and, after passing through many hands, had, at length, come into the possession of a cotton spinner; who, thinking that the pretty little lazy stream, which had done nothing, since the creation of the world, but nurse trout and gudgeons, ought to be made to work, forthwith built a factory upon it. If cotton factories had come in with the Conqueror, they would not have been so great an abomination, but their utter modernness made them most intolerable. In addition to the factory, the cotton spinner built for himself a modern mansion, immediately opposite to Top-

plestonhaugh Place. Mr. Sykes, such was the manufacturer's unsounding name, was a man of taste in the matter of architecture, and his new mansion showed it. Its front was of fair white stone, its windows of plate glass, its doors and window frames were of mahogany; Ionic columns and Grecian vases decorated the portico. Its furniture was of the newest taste and fashion; Axminster and Persian carpets, silk damask curtains, chairs, tables and sideboards of rose-wood, magnificent Grecian lamps, and superb mirrors in profusion, showed that the owner had no more spared expense in furnishing, than he had in building his mansion. He also laid out no inconsiderable sum in adorning the land around his house, and giving it a park-like appearance. He widened the little river for a double purpose, that it might form a reservoir for his factory, and be a pleasant object to look at from the house; and, over the widened river, he threw a stone bridge of very tasteful architecture. All this he did without the aid of ancestry, without knowing who came in with the Conqueror, or what the Conqueror came in for. It was altogether quite amazing to Mr. Topplestonhaugh, who wondered what the world would come to. The good old gentleman was not envious of his neighbour's magnificence, but he rather pitied him for his lack of ancestry: he could not imagine how any man could enjoy mahogany doors, and plate-glass windows, who did not know what his grandfather was; and he looked upon alabaster vases, and Grecian lamps, as a poor substitute for progenitors who had been knighted in the reign of Richard I.

As Mr. Topplestonhaugh was not envious, so, in like manner, he was not morose towards his new neighbour. He could not but feel how far superior he was to a man who had no ancestors, but he did not reject the man's civilities; and Mr. Sykes was a social kind of being, who was desirous of living upon friendly terms with his neighbours. The two families, therefore, presently became acquainted; but, notwithstanding all good intentions on both sides, it required some time to bring them to a mutual understanding; for their habits and manners of thinking were so opposite, that they seemed to each other, at first, like natives of different planets. Poor Mr. Topplestonhaugh was as much puzzled at Mr. Sykes as the Mexicans were at the Spaniards.

"Ah, my dear," said Mr. Topplestonhaugh to his daughter, after the first meeting of the parties, "I dare say that this Mr. Sykes does not know who or what his great grandfather was. And what a name, forsooth!—Sykes,—Sykes,—Sykes—there is nothing to articulate, it slips through one's lips as glibly as an eel through one's fingers. Calling a man by such a name as Sykes, seems not to be much more respectful than calling a dog by whistling to him: Sykes—wheugh—Sykes—wheugh!" And, as Mr. Topplestonhaugh was rather absent at times, he went on for some few minutes alternately uttering the name of Sykes, and whistling; the effect of which was very ludicrous; so that, had not his daughter been very affectionately respectful towards her father, she certainly must have laughed outright. Indeed, she, at one time,

feared lest her father, in a fit of absence, might some day or other, whistle to Mr. Sykes, instead of calling him by name.

Till Mr. Topplestonhaugh had visited the mansion of Mr. Sykes, and had viewed its furniture and decorations, and had heard the conversation of the family, he had not the slightest idea how intensely modern the world had become. "If," said Mr. Topplestonhaugh to his daughter, "my ancestor Sir Mortimer Marmaduke Topplestonhaugh were to come to life again, and were to be set down in the drawing-room of Mr. Sykes, he would be astonished beyond measure."

So would Mr. Sykes, thought Arabella.

Mr. Sykes had a family of three or four sons, and two or three daughters, all of them very good humoured, cheerful, and happy sort of young people; enjoying their elegant home and the various luxuries which their father's newly acquired and rapidly increasing wealth so readily and abundantly procured for them. They thought Mr. Topplestonhaugh a singular old gentleman—quite a character; but they could not help liking him; and they were particularly amused with his man Gregory, who, not knowing that Mr. Sykes had no ancestors, but seeing that he was much more opulent than Mr. Topplestonhaugh, took it for granted that he must be blessed with at least a double allowance of ancestry, and therefore behaved to him and to all his family with a most elaborate politeness. The entrance to Topplestonhaugh Place was through folding doors; and Gregory would never suffer any of the Sykes family to pass through the half opened door, but, in spite of a stiff rusty bolt not easily moved, he would always set open both parts of the door, and accompany their exits and entrances with a most ludicrous profusion of clumsy bows; and if, now and then, one of the young people, with the characteristic liveliness of youth, should hastily rush through the half opened door, Gregory would not be satisfied without opening the rest of it afterwards, and bowing reverently to the departing guest. If Mr. Topplestonhaugh and his man Gregory were agreeable to the new comers, it may be also supposed that Arabella was not unacceptable to them; on the contrary, indeed, she was a most especial favourite with all of them, so much so that she spent the greater part of her time with them. She liked their pianoforte better than her own harpsichord; she liked their well-trimmed lawn, and their well filled greenhouse, better than her own wilderness of gooseberry bushes; she liked the paintings and engravings which decorated the walls of the new house, better than the harsh and rugged delineations of her own great-great-grandfathers; moreover, she liked much better to talk about things in general than to listen to long harangues about family and ancestry. But, notwithstanding that so much of her time was spent with the family at the new house, her father by no means missed her society, nor was he jealous of her partiality for her new acquaintance; for his own time and thoughts were always most agreeably occupied about his ancestors, and he was rather pleased with his daughter's condescension, in being so familiar with people of no family. Theresprang, however, from this excessive intimacy, an evil which none of the party had anticipated, and

against which, of course, they had not guarded. It may be very clearly seen that Mr. Topplestonhaugh was partial to long names, and it may be supposed that short names incurred his contempt; we have indeed a specimen of that in his treatment of the name of Sykes; a very natural inference from the above premises is, that he would regard with great horror any wilful curtailment of a name of respectable competent dimensions. Now the name of Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh was rather too long and prosy for the lively lips of her young companions, who had frequent occasion to speak of her, and in order to accommodate her name to their usual style and habit of talk, they condensed it into the most unvenerable brevity of Bell Topple! It cannot easily be imagined how great a shock this was to the feelings of Mr. Topplestonhaugh. He was not, as has been already intimated, an ill-humoured or morose kind of man, but rather the reverse; yet, with all his amiableness of feeling, and mildness of disposition, he was not without some degree of sensibility to great abominations; and to touch the family name was to touch the apple of his eye. He did not suppose for a moment, that his neighbours had made this shocking abbreviation with any malicious design, or from any intention to offer an insult to the ancient family of Topplestonhaugh; but he was grieved and scandalized at such a deficiency of what Spurzheim would call the organ of veneration.

Mr. Topplestonhaugh was in every respect pleased with his new neighbours, save in the matter of their utter modernness, and their total inapprehension of the dignity of ancestry. Their mansion was by far too modern for his taste, but the style of their demeanour was worse still. He wished to be civil to them, because they were civil to him;—and he was civil to them, but he could not forget that they had called, and were still in the habit of calling his daughter Bell Topple. The name haunted him like a vision; when he looked at the portraits of his venerated and venerable ancestors, and surveyed the goodly countenances of those sages and heroes, who had contributed their quota to the wisdom and valour of England, the name of Bell Topple rang in his ears like a sound of ill omen—it was a kind of passing-bell to the expiring ancestral glories of the house of Topplestonhaugh. It was indeed mortifying to think that, in a few years, all that would be left of the fine old family of the Topplestonhaughs, who came in with the Conqueror, and whose name had been more or less connected with all the most striking passages in the English history, would be Bell Topple. Mr. Topplestonhaugh certainly did not wish to demolish the fine new mansion of Mr. Sykes, nor to raze his cotton factory to the ground, nor to drive the whole establishment out of the country; but still he could not help wishing that they had not haunted his imagination with such an abominable abbreviation as Bell Topple. Now this most lamentable event occurred at an early stage of their acquaintance; to what outrageous excesses they might hereafter proceed, it was impossible to say; as they had abbreviated the name of the daughter, they might also abbreviate the name of the father, and as they had condensed Ara-



bella into Bell, what prevented their abridging Meredith into Merry?—Merry Topple! a very pleasant name forsooth!

Meditating much on these topics, and thinking how disrespectful it was to his ancestors to tolerate such havoc of the family name, he came at length to the deliberate resolution to drop the new acquaintance, or to use the intimacy more sparingly. Mr. Sykes was a very agreeable man; his house was a very pleasant one, and all his family were very good-humoured; but Mr. Topplestonhaugh felt it a duty which he owed to his ancestors to sacrifice to their honour and dignity a very pleasant acquaintance. But, in this matter, he had not merely to gain his own consent,—he also needed his daughter's co-operation. He was too kind-hearted a man to constrain his child's inclination, or to use his authority against her will; but he had sufficient confidence in his own powers of persuasion to suppose that he could presently bring her to his way of thinking. For this purpose, he entered into a serious discussion on the topic of ancestral dignity, and on the importance of preserving a respectful memory of those who have distinguished themselves in the history of the country; to all of which, Arabella lent a respectfully attentive ear, though unable to divine to what end it was tending. At length, the discourse became more and more pointed; the name of Sykes was mentioned with a dignified but not ill-natured air; some commendation was expressed of the many good qualities of the Sykes' family: Mr. Sykes was praised for his hospitality as well as good taste, and for the liberality with which he dispensed his magnificent income; Mrs. Sykes was lauded for her pleasant and friendly attention to her guests; and the young people were commended for their unaffected good humour and social spirit. But, after all this commendation, there came a sad drawback, counterbalancing and more than counterbalancing all their good qualities together.

"Yet, with all their excellent points," continued Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "they are sadly wanting in respect to family dignity. What would your ancestors have said, Arabella Theresa,—your ancestors who fought at Cressy and Poitiers, at Agincourt, at Bosworth, and, for aught that can be urged to the contrary, in the Holy Land itself,—what would they have said, if they had supposed that a time should come when a descendant of theirs should be addressed or spoken of, by the family of a cotton-spinner, under the name of Bell Topple?"

Arabella looked as grave as she could, and said, "I don't know, pa."

Mr. Topplestonhaugh proceeded: "Nor do I, my child, nor indeed can I imagine; but truly the abomination is almost enough to make them start from the tomb."

Arabella continued to look grave, and replied, "I hope not, papa."

"I speak figuratively, child," said Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "not that I suppose it likely that such an event should occur, but it is quite distressing to me to hear the names of people of family treated with such irreverent curtailment by people of no family. Did the Sykeses come in with the Conqueror?" "Perhaps they were here before," said Arabella.

"Then they are the descendants of the conquered people," replied Mr. Topplestonhaugh, with much dignity, and with an air of triumph; "and it ill becomes them to treat their conquerors with disrespect."

Arabella was not so much accustomed as her father was, to identify herself with her ancestors; therefore, with much simplicity, she replied, "We have not conquered Mr. Sykes and his family."

"Not in person, perhaps," said Mr. Topplestonhaugh; "but if we are the descendants of the conquerors, and they of the conquered, we are decidedly their superiors, notwithstanding their wealth; and they ought not to behave disrespectfully or irreverently towards us."

"Indeed, papa," answered the young lady, "they do not behave at all disrespectfully to us."

"My child," responded Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "they call you Bell Topple;—now your name is not Bell Topple, but it is Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh; the first three you received at the font in your baptism, and the last you inherit from a long line of ancestors; and it becomes not people of so insignificant a name as Sykes, to deprive you either of that which you received in your baptism, or of that which is yours by inheritance. You have as much right to your name as Mr. Sykes has to his property. What right have they to change your name to Topple? They might as well have changed it to Sykes at once."

Now the exceeding gravity of Mr. Topplestonhaugh rendered him totally inapprehensive of what was implied in the last sentence of the above speech. In like manner, also, the pretty simplicity of Arabella led her to overlook it; and she, thinking merely what pleasant neighbours she had found on the opposite side of the valley, caring nothing for one name in preference to another, and feeling, perhaps, a little piqued that her most agreeable friends should be thus slightly spoken of, answered, with rather more pertness than became a young lady, "I should not care if they did."

For a moment the pulse of Mr. Topplestonhaugh stood still; his heart ceased to beat, and the blood to circulate through his veins; even his few remaining grey hairs would have stood on end, had they not been held down by the ponderous piece of black ribbon before mentioned. Great was his grief, at discovering in his daughter such indifference to a name so honoured as that of Topplestonhaugh; and boundless was his astonishment at hearing so bold and frank an avowal of it. After a moment, he recovered his suspended faculties, and the first use that he made of them was to utter a deep sigh, to turn up his eyes, and to exclaim, "Monstrous!"

At that moment there came into the mind of Miss Topplestonhaugh a recollection of some talkings and walkings with one particular individual of the Sykes family; and, with this recollection, the idea, that the change of the name of Topplestonhaugh into Sykes, was, in her own case, not altogether impossible; and, at this thought, she was greatly confused. She blushed, and in a great hurry replied, "I did not mean that, papa."

"You did not mean what?" exclaimed Mr. Topplestonhaugh, who, till that moment, had remained in the dark, but his daughter's confusion and disavowal revealed the fact; so that as soon as he had asked the above question, he understood his daughter's meaning. Mr. Topplestonhaugh, in his zeal for ancestry, and his abomination of all that was modern, never took into consideration the narrowness of his own means, and the opulence of Mr. Sykes; but felt grieved and humbled that his daughter should have condescended to bestow her affections on an individual who had no ancestors. "Ah, child," said he in a tone of despondency, "I see how it is! Your youthful imagination has been taken captive by the plausible manners of these new people. You have forgotten what you owe to your ancestors, and you have no regard for the honour of your family."

Arabella trembled, and said, "Indeed, papa, you are under a great misapprehension, if you imagine that I have formed any engagement of such a nature as that to which you allude."

"Peradventure, my child," replied Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "there may be no actual engagement; but may I ask you, whether there be not one individual in that family, for whom you have a greater partiality, than for any other?"

Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh sighed, and said, "There is."

"And which of them is it, my dear daughter?" asked Mr. Topplestonhaugh.

Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh blushed, and said, "Bob."

Mr. Topplestonhaugh started as though he had been shot; he sprang up in his seat,—I am afraid to say how high, for fear I should not be believed,—but it was well that he was sitting in an old-fashioned high-backed chair, for had he occupied a modern one, he would have been thrown over the back of it: as it was, the high back of his seat guided him down again safely into the chair. It was long before he could recover his breath and self-possession: and when he did, all that he could say was, "Bob Sykes, and Bell Topple!"—Poor man! he had no sleep that night, and he ate very little breakfast next morning; he walked mournfully about the house, casting most melancholy looks at the portraits of his deceased ancestors, and, at each individual portrait, he sighed and said, "Bob Sykes, and Bell Topple!" He was all the day telling his sorrows to the family canvas, and seeking the sympathy of oil colours. Gregory and Alice thought him mad or nearly so. Different people have different notions of madness: Gregory thought that every body was mad, who would not listen to his long stories, or pay attention to his elaborate politeness and graceful bows; and Alice thought every body mad who had no appetite for her cookery. On the present occasion, the cookery of Alice, and the politeness of Gregory were both thrown away; Mr. Topplestonhaugh could say nothing but, "Bob Sykes, and Bell Topple." These were for a time mysterious words to the faithful domestics, who thought, at first, that they were some charmed expressions whereby their master had been bewitched.

I don't know whether any of my readers have ever observed it, but it is really a fact, that, in

nine cases out of ten, those lively light-hearted girls, who seem as merry as the little birds, and as gentle as flowers, have, at the same time, an obstinate self-will of their own, and a determinate fixedness of purpose, especially in matters of the heart, which no persuasion can turn, and no authority subdue. In the present instance, this was the case with Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh: her heart, untouched by ancestral dignity, had given its best affections to Mr. Robert Sykes; and she could no more think of renouncing the acquaintance with that family, than she could think of renouncing life itself. If her father had recommended her to go and hang herself, because she had been called Bell Topple, he would have had just as good a chance of being obeyed, as he had when he would fain have persuaded her to renounce the family of Mr. Sykes. Arabella had a very affectionate regard for her father, and was for the most part dutifully inclined towards him, but she could not see that she owed any duty to the family pictures; and, to say the truth, she loved Bob Sykes more than all her ancestors put together. Herein Mr. Topplestonhaugh and his daughter differed; Mr. Topplestonhaugh thought that Mr. Robert Sykes was a very worthy, respectable, well behaved young gentleman, but that he ought not, for a moment, to be put in competition with the ancestors of the Topplestonhaugh family. On the other hand, Arabella thought that though her ancestors might have been very good sort of gentlemen in their way, and in their day, yet, as they were now all out of the way, they had no right to stand in the way of Bob Sykes, and she was determined that they should not.

Mr. Topplestonhaugh soon found that Arabella was bent upon following her own inclinations, in spite of the family pictures, and the long line of ancestry: he therefore wisely abstained from engaging in a conflict, in which he knew that he must be defeated. He had, indeed, no means of opposing the headstrong wilfulness of his child. Disinheriting would not signify a straw; for a week's work of Mr. Sykes' spinning-jennies was worth the whole fee-simple of Mr. Topplestonhaugh's estate. He might, indeed, have locked the young lady up in her own room; but the locks and bolts of the doors at Topplestonhaugh Place were not upon the best terms with the door-posts; and if the young lady, with her own pretty fingers, had not forced open the door, the next high wind would have done it for her. As Mr. Topplestonhaugh found that there was no possible way of preventing the evil, he set himself to devise how it might be mitigated. Gazing, one morning, on the family portraits, a bright idea came into his mind; and that was, that as Miss Topplestonhaugh was an heiress, perhaps Mr. Robert Sykes would be kind enough to take the name of Topplestonhaugh: "Robert Sykes Topplestonhaugh" would not sound much amiss; but the good man forgot that the Topplestonhaugh estate, in its present reduced condition, was barely sufficient to feed, and that not very sumptuously, Mr. Topplestonhaugh, his daughter, his cook, and his man Gregory; there were also two cats in the establishment, but they boarded themselves out of a house in which neither rats nor mice made even a passing call.

Full of this bright idea, however, Mr. Topplestonhaugh, when matters had proceeded sufficiently far, being bent upon doing all in his power for the honour of the family, proposed to the father of the bridegroom-elect, that the young gentleman, in consequence of marrying an heiress, should take the name of Topplestonhaugh.

At the word "heiress," Mr. Sykes almost smiled, and when the speech was finished, he replied, "Nay, my good friend, I think it the more regular, that the lady should take the gentleman's name, than that the gentleman should take the lady's."

"But the name of Topplestonhaugh," said the owner of it, with much gravity and simplicity, "is an ancient name, and one of high celebrity in the annals of the country, but the name of Sykes"—

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Sykes, "I understand you; the name of Sykes is not so celebrated as that of Topplestonhaugh,—but really, my good sir, your name has been celebrated long enough, and it is now high time that the name of Sykes should take its turn."

"Ah, my good friend," said Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "but, how is that possible?—the good old times are all gone by: Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, are not to be fought over again."

"We are not quite sure of that?" said Mr. Sykes.

"At all events," replied Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "we are not likely to see another crusade; we shall have no King John to sign another Magna Charta, nor shall we be blessed with another Spanish Armada."

"Well," said Mr. Sykes, "I trust we shall be able to get on without them."

"I am sorry," answered Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "to hear you speak so disrespectfully of the good old days. I am very much afraid that such sentiments are becoming too common: antiquity is grown quite out of date; ancestral glories are fading away into utter darkness." Mr. Topplestonhaugh was quite moved as he spoke, and, with trembling lip, and tearful eye, he proceeded, saying: "All the old families are gradually vanishing away;—I am the last of my family, and when I am gone, the name of Topplestonhaugh will have departed from the earth; no one will care for the family pictures;—all those fine portraits, which have been, for so many years, the delight of my eyes, and the pride of my heart, will be regarded as lumber;—they will be thrust into a dark closet, or be sold for sixpence a-piece to a dealer in second-hand furniture; and they will stand exposed to the dust of summer, and the storms of winter, at his door, in company with old warming-pans, copper coal-scuttles, rusty gridirons, and corner cupboards; while countless hosts of thoughtless passers-by shall either heed them not at all, or cast upon them a look of contempt, little thinking that the originals fought at Agincourt, Cressy, or Poitiers!"

There was in this speech something very touching and pathetic, but still it was not moving enough to induce Mr. Sykes to have the name of Topplestonhaugh substituted for that of Sykes, in the event of his son's marriage with Arabella. Indeed, the cotton-spinner thought

that his son might have found a more advantageous match; but it was tolerated, because Bell Tottle was such a favourite with all the family. They were also somewhat pleased with Mr. Topplestonhaugh himself, and were not a little amused with his antiquarian crotchets: but they could not carry their complaisance so far as to sacrifice the name of Sykes to that of Topplestonhaugh.

The descendant of the heroes of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, returned to his house from this interview with Mr. Sykes, dispirited and melancholy. He gazed on the family portraits with a deeper feeling than ever; he was pathetic as to his looks, and eloquent as to his soliloquies. It was not his fault that his daughter had fallen in love with a young gentleman with a short name and no ancestors,—he wished it had been in his power to prevent it,—he almost begged pardon of the old pictures, that such a slight had been put upon them. Had he not been a man of great constitutional cheerfulness, and of much placidity of temper, he would have been absolutely weary of his life, as there was nothing worth living for, in his estimation, save the glory of ancestry.

Time went on; so did the courtship of Mr. Robert Sykes and Miss Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh; and the time came that the parties went to church together, and were married, and Mr. Topplestonhaugh went with them, as melancholy as if he were following all his ancestors to the grave. He looked into the register in which his daughter signed her name, for the last time, Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh, as if he were looking on her coffin; and when he called her Mrs. Sykes, it was with such a tone, and such a sigh, as left those present quite at a loss, whether they should weep at the strength of the feeling, or smile at the weakness of the understanding.

Mr. Topplestonhaugh survived his daughter's marriage many years; and, though he took it very much to heart, I cannot say that he never held up his head after it; for he was forced to hold up his head to look at the family pictures, which he revered and esteemed more and more; and he was never so happy as when he was mourning over the modernness of the times, and speaking of himself as the "Last of the Name."



It has been said, that to excel them in wit, is a thing the men find is the most difficult to pardon in the women. This feeling, if it produce only emulation, is right;—if envy, it is wrong. For a high degree of intellectual refinement in the female, is the surest pledge society can have for the improvement of the male. But wit in women is a jewel, which, unlike all others, borrows lustre from its setting, rather than bestows it; since nothing is so easy as to fancy a very beautiful woman extremely witty.—Even Madame de Staël admits that she discovered, that as she grew old, the men could not find out that wit in her at fifty, which she possessed at twenty-five;—and yet the external attractions of this lady were by no means equal to those of her mind.

**FAC-SIMILE OF NAPOLEON'S WRITING.**

[illegible]

de Shun jōi ten nakamijōhin  
sageteru wanatto emaku

nothing in the saying  
 given today <sup>16</sup> ~~some met in church~~  
 which

for his  
quay porch service &c. - come after the present bridge

Dear Sammi,

Wm. C. C.

with

re Goussier Gal' art.

*Hypericum*

ROCHEFORT, 13 *juillet*, 1815.*Altesse Royale:*

En butte aux factions qui divisent mon pays, et à l'inimitié des plus grandes puissances de l'Europe, j'ai terminé ma carrière politique; et je viens, comme Thémistocle, m'asseoir sur les foyers du peuple Britannique. Je me mets sous la protection de ses loix; que je reclame de V. A. R. comme le plus puissant, le plus constant, et le plus genereux de mes ennemis.

NAPOLEON.

## TRANSLATION.

*Royal Highness:*

A mark to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the greatest Powers of Europe, I have finished my political career; and I come, like Themistocles, to seat myself by the fire-side of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws; which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

NAPOLEON.

*Translation of Baron Gourgaud's Certificate.*

Rough sketch, written entirely by the hand of the E. N., of the letter which he sent me to carry from the Isle of Aix to the P. R. of E., the 14th of July, in the year 1815.

*Island of St. Helena, 1818.*

BARON GOURGAUD,  
*General of Artillery and Aid de  
Camp to the Emperor.*

For the Lady's Book.

## A SCENE FROM TIMAROO.

*An Indian Tale—Storm Described.*

BY T. A. WORRELL.

Who, when the full moon throws its light,  
Upon a calm and summer's night,  
Has stood upon that mountain's brow,  
Deep gazing on the stream below,  
Where pine and oak together blending  
Their long, dark branches, leaf and limb  
Rise from each jutting crag, ascending?  
Who, when his thoughts to heaven were tending,  
Has bow'd in lowliness to Him,  
The all-pervading and the just,  
Yet felt not that a scene like this  
Imparts a new-born, heavenly trust,  
And sheds around a Spirit's bliss?  
Who that has seen that lovely spot,  
Its wildness—beauty—e'er forgot!

I love to gaze on the big oak tree,  
Reflecting the sun-beams, or tempest daring;  
Monarch of woods! there's beauty in thee,  
Cresting the hill with thy giant bearing;  
Sons of the free! the dark storm sleeps,  
High o'er their tops ere the cloud fire leaps:

Like spirits dancing;

The moon-beams glancing,  
Rest in calm beauty upon their limbs,

15

As if their verdure was cygnet-down:  
From their branches go forth the beautiful hymns,  
At morning and evening of high renown.

By the silver fountain,

In valley, on mountain,

They shelter the monarch, whose airy flight  
Is over the battlements in the sky;  
The imperial eagle, and bird of light,  
Whose pinions are weary with soaring high:  
In triumph they march on the ocean wave,  
Bearing the beautiful and the brave.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis very still—what means that pause?  
A storm?—the tempest nearer draws.  
Hark! what portends that muttering far?  
His practis'd eye may well foresee,  
That soon the elemental war  
Will sweep the mountain-rock and tree;  
The curling leaves are borne along,  
And plaintive is the wood-bird's song:  
The wind roars in the distant wood,  
The ripple akims along the flood;  
Darker and darker the thick clouds fly,  
And gathering blackness veils the sky.

In silvery flame, that dazzling gleam,  
Reflected in the mirror'd stream,  
Tells, by its arrowy streaks on high,  
The spirit of the storm is nigh.  
Solemn and silent as the tomb  
Is the sleeping air and the thickening gloom.  
But, see that flash! in the dark vault track  
Sublimely its course on its cloud-borne car,  
Like a signal-fire on the ocean black.  
Hark! to the echoing peal afar!

Now ride the winds in triumph, borne  
Over the forest lowly bending:  
Tall trees from their deep foundations torn  
Are bow'd to the earth like a giant bending:

Quicker is the tempest-flash,

Louder is the thunder-crash—

A thousand echoes are heard on the hill;  
His onward march the tempest tracks—  
And the leaping cloud-fires are flashing still,  
Like a thousand flaming cataracts.

The rain fell fast through the hours of night,  
And the lovers slept till the morning light;  
Unscath'd by the tempest's din and shock,  
They pray to the Spirit that rules on high:  
The storm was past, and bright the sky,  
And the rainbow rested on the rock.

They leave the cavern, they reach the stream,  
The light canoe sits on the water,  
The breeze had wafted, 'twould even seem,  
To bear away the Sioux daughter:

The victim of a father's pride,

But now the 'Huron-Spirit's' bride.

They reach the rapids far below,  
Where the tumbling waters seem wreaths of snow;  
Eddying in a thousand whirls,  
Echoing like the hollow cave,  
Foaming like the sea-green wave,  
When the storm the billow curls;  
Ere it breaks upon the rock,  
In the ocean's mighty shock.

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

## THE STUDENT.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

"OH, why should such perfection exist only in our dreams—why should such visitants from paradise never bless us, except in imagination?" exclaimed Charles Martyn, as he awoke from a short repose he had been taking on a bank of green grass, beneath a spreading oak, and leaning on one elbow, looked hastily around, as if half expecting, or rather wishing to find the object of his sleeping thoughts still visible. It was one of the most beautiful days of summer that bless the climate of England; the whole creation appeared bright, and pure, and fair, flowers were sprinkled over the green earth on every side, the lofty oak and the humble shrub were alike covered with the deepest verdure, and even the cattle that roamed over the rich pastures, and the wild birds that sung in the close woven hedges, seemed to partake of the wide spread happiness.

Charles Martyn, however sensible he might be to the beauties of nature, and the young and unperverted heart always finds in them their highest pleasure, was not in that mood of mind which permits us to enter fully into their enjoyment. A feeling of sadness weighed heavily upon his heart, and spite of his philosophy, filled him with painful imaginings. Martyn was the son of a respectable, though not wealthy gentleman, in the little village of Burwell, on the Trent, and had for two or three years been pursuing his studies with success at the University of Oxford. His circumstances did not admit of that profusion in expenditure, which, with many young men is considered the surest, if not the only, passport to esteem; but his amiable and gentlemanly qualities, the nobleness of his heart, and the excellence of his understanding, had deservedly rendered him much of a favorite with all classes in the college of which he was a member. Charles never thought of his own dear home without an emotion of regret that he had ever been obliged to leave it, for under his father's roof he had enjoyed those blissful hours of youth which the experience of after life can never restore, and tasted happiness he despaired of finding elsewhere. He had but one sister, the young and charming Mary. In his imagination, she had always been all that was pure and lovely, amiable and sweet tempered, free and sportive as the wild birds of spring, with a form that was faultless, a countenance sparkling with intelligence, and a heart and bosom spotless as the unstained lily; she was beloved by all her acquaintance, but to none was she more endeared, and to none was she so affectionately attached, as to her only brother. Of all the feelings and passions which actuate the human bosom, there is none so holy, so elevated, so free from every taint of selfishness, as the love which exists between a brother and sister. It is sweet, fond, and devoted, without sensuality; ardent and affectionate without the contamination of earth's hopes or fears; it never changes, but

through life retains the same purity and simplicity which characterizes it in the freshness of childhood and youth. The love of Mary had twined around every fibre of his heart, and he loved her as pure spirits love. His imagination had a thousand times pictured her, as when weeping she flung her arms around his neck and kissed him, on the bright morning that he left his loved home, in pursuit of useful knowledge, and honourable fame; and nothing came over his mind with such delight as the idea, now more frequent as the period that was to close his studies drew near, that he was to meet his parents, and the lovely Mary.

What then must have been the bitterness of his feelings, when on the evening of the day previous to his introduction to the reader, he received a letter from his father, informing him that Mary was dangerously ill, and that if he wished again to see her, he had not a moment to lose. Charles did not hesitate—the state of his funds denied the use of an ordinary conveyance, but he was accustomed to walking, and leaving a note to explain the cause of his absence, he set out within half an hour after the receipt of the letter. Travelling all night, morning found him fatigued, and before noon becoming sensible that rest was necessary, he threw himself beneath the branches of a spreading oak, on a green bank, a few rods from the road side, and was soon in a sweet sleep.

While in this situation, he imagined, or rather dreamed, that two ladies came along in a carriage, seeing him lying there, ordered the driver to stop, while they alighted and came to him. One of them was a lady in middle age, such a woman as he had seen a thousand times; one who followed the steps of some young and noble woman, ministering more to the vanity, than to the instruction or the morals of the person they attended. The other was young and more lovely than he ever deemed it possible for a woman to be, his sister Mary excepted. She was tall, fair, and elegantly dressed; nothing could possibly exceed the graceful ease of every motion; and her eyes—oh! he had never seen any thing like them before, so deep and dark; and as she gazed upon him, the feeling of pity; mild, sweet pity which had been their first expression, gave way to a bright, heavenly, soul-thrilling glance of admiration—of love. With the tantalizing inconsistency of dreams, she remained thus gazing for a moment upon him—then stooping down, pressed her white hand upon his forehead, and suppressing a deep sigh which swelled her young bosom, gave her arm to her attendant, and while she cast one look upon him, entered the carriage, and drove off. Charles soon awoke, no one was near him, every thing was as silent as when he lay down. "But can it be that it was all a dream?" he asked of himself,—that look,—oh, he would have given a world could he have seen, have *felt* it once more. The

whole was so perfectly distinct, he felt it could not be a phantasm of the imagination—there was such a perfect and delightful consciousness, that he could not divest himself of the persuasion that it was a reality.

"And it is a reality!" he exclaimed, as he picked up a little slip of paper, which he had unconsciously allowed to fall from his hand on awaking, and saw in a beautiful and female Italian hand, the following lines:—

"Farewell!—whatever may remain,  
Of fital change for me  
Be not the fervent prayer in vain  
I oft must breathe for thee.  
We've met, and I have gaz'd dear youth  
Too long, my heart can tell;  
Doomed but to see, admire, and love,  
And breathe—a sad farewell!"

"If such a beautiful creature is in existence, she shall be found," said Martyn as he read, and re-read every line, and compared the sentiments they contained with the expression of features in the lovely vision. But deep as was the impression made on the mind of Martyn, he felt that other things now demanded his care, and nothing could be permitted to interfere with the love and duty he owed his Mary.

On the afternoon of the second day, he approached his native village; already the tapering spire of the ancient church was seen above the trees, pointing to heaven; the beautiful Trent as it flowed through meadow and grove, glittered in the sun, its margin fringed with willows—and he was indulging in the emotions the scene was so well calculated to excite, when the deep tone of the bell struck upon his ear with a note of fearful import. Slow, and solemn, and wavering; each stroke was listened to with such intense anxiety, that the sounds seemed to increase in fearful distinctness, until they became distressingly painful.

"Fifteen! merciful heaven; Mary is no more!" he exclaimed as the echoes died away, and he accelerated his steps over the space that intervened between him and the village.

Soon however the bell announced that the procession was moving; and that the subject of the last sad rite, whoever they might be, would ere long be committed to the earth. Martyn hastened forward, and almost breathless, arrived at the moment the procession entered the church yard. His conjectures were verified; his fears were confirmed, it was his own Mary they were bearing to the grave. On each side of the hearse walked six young girls of the village, in spotless white robes, and bearing handfuls of flowers, and a garland woven with roses and willow, was placed on the dark coffin lid. Charles joined the procession at the grave—took one more look of his sainted sister, of those loved features, beautiful even in death, and then with the affecting services of the church, the lifeless clay was committed to the earth. The white roses, emblem of her purity, and sweet tribute of affection, remained on her coffin, when it was lowered into the grave, and her young friends successively, and with many tears, sprinkled the bright flowers they bore over one so loved, and so dear to them all.

Charles returned with his afflicted parents to their now lonely dwelling, and exerted himself to the utmost to soothe and allay the intensity of their grief. After spending a few weeks with his parents, Charles returned to Oxford to complete his studies, intending then, in compliance with the wishes of his friends, and his own inclinations, to enter the church; the profession to which his studies had been directed. The vision of the fair unknown, now that his mind was more at liberty for such impressions, returned in all its freshness, and often his imagination traced those features of grace and love, the most minute expression of which was so perfectly remembered. His enquiries were unable to detect the least trace of such a person as he had imagined, and he was at times disposed to dismiss the whole as an idle dream. But the paper—that invaluable proof, was ever before him, and he could not doubt the evidence of his senses. It was but a few months before Martyn found that the close attention he had paid to his studies, added to the depression of spirits he felt on account of the death of his sister, was undermining his health, and by the advice of his friends, and the consent of his parents, he determined to spend a few months in Italy; and he went out as instructor to a young gentleman whose father placed the most implicit reliance on the talents and prudence of Martyn. Perhaps the idea, wild and chimerical as it may seem, that Providence might throw in his way the lovely being ever present to his thoughts, was not without its influence in the decision; for well he knew that those dark eyes were much more likely to be found among the signorinas of sunny Italy, or the beautiful duennas of the Guadalquivir, than among the fair-haired, blue-eyed daughters of Britain.

Passing through Paris, an unexpected event recalled the young gentleman, his companion, to England, and frustrated their plan of proceeding together; but by the liberality of his patron, Martyn continued his journey, and after visiting Lyons, and lingering a few weeks at Geneva, crossed the Savoy Alps to Turin. Here he in a short time began to experience the renovating influence of a southern climate, and balmy air, and travelling at his leisure through the fine regions of the Po, crossed the Appennine, and with renewed health and spirits, soon found himself in the sweet vale of the Arno, and revelling in the delicious climate, and charming scenery of Florence. His letters procured him a ready introduction to the Florentine literati, and in enriching his mind with their instructive conversation, and in storing his imagination with the most pleasing images, drawn from an attentive observation of the rich and splendid collections in the fine arts, which make Florence the rival of Rome, his time passed most pleasantly. He loved to ruminate on the causes which have contributed to give Florence such a deserved celebrity, which have established its claim to a preference over other Italian cities, preserved the purity of its language, and elevated the intellectual character of the place.

How delightful it was to Martyn, to roam through the rich and beautiful gardens of the Medicean palaces, on the banks of the Arno, on one of those evenings, soft, rosy and brilliant, which have made the Italian climate the admi-



ration of the world—to listen to the sweet voices mingling with the flute in the serenade—to see the noble and fair women that thronged these charming retreats, and, reclining on beds of violets, or velvet sofas, hearken to some gay song, or legend of the improvisatrice. Martyn had a heart that was tremblingly alive to the impression of the beautiful and the fair, whether the productions of the sculptor or the painter, or the still more fascinating models fashioned by nature herself; and had not his affections been fixed on a single object, and that for aught he knew, an ideal one, he felt that it would be impossible to resist the attractions of the lovely women by whom he was surrounded. Often did he start, and his heart beat with unwonted quickness, when, in his rambles, he met with forms that approached so near one he could never forget;—often did he find his heart on his lips, when he saw the dark speaking eyes of the Florentine ladies in all their bright witchery turned upon him, with an expression which awoke in his bosom every recollection of the fair unknown. Still her he met not,—yet he thought if her equal was to be found beneath the stars, she was to be sought among the ladies of Florence!

Martyn was one evening returning from his usual walk in the gardens belonging to the Medici palace, with a friend, who had but a moment before quitted him to retire to his lodgings;—when, in passing the Urbino palace, he saw one of the folding-doors thrown open, and two females closely veiled, descend the magnificent flight of marble steps. They were immediately before him, and as the beauty of the evening rendered him indifferent about the time he arrived at his hotel, he did not attempt to pass them, but continued near them, though scarcely sensible of their presence. Martyn's attention, however, was aroused by hearing one of them inquire, in answer to something he had not heard or noticed:—

"Is it then impossible longer to evade his importunities?"

"It is;—I cannot devise any excuse for longer delay, that has the least plausibility; and I do not know that I ought to urge one, if I could. I have reason to believe that the Count loves me; and, if I cannot love him as I could wish, I shall never cease to respect him, nor shall he ever find Bianca Urbino ever inattentive to his happiness."

There was that in the tone of the speaker that went to the heart of Martyn;—so soft and sweet, and such an air of resignation; it was that of a martyr,—he could not avoid listening.

"But, if you are fated to marry Count Alboroni, why must it be to-night?" continued the first speaker.

"Because, my dear Annette, I have not a single reason to give the Count why it should be delayed; you know my friendless situation—you know that the Count is hourly expected to be called to join his regiment, and you know there is not the least probability I shall ever see or hear from him whom alone I can ever love," was the reply.

"What you say is true," rejoined Annette; "I see no way but for you to submit to des-

tiny;—strange, too, you should wish to decline a heart so many would rejoice to possess."

"Annette, I do submit;—and, if I am never to enjoy life, he shall never reproach me with unfaithfulness, nor shall I ever cease to pray for the happiness of one I am never more to see."

Every word of the speaker thrilled through the nerves of Martyn like an electric shock;—they were the well remembered tones he had heard in his dream; could it be, that the fairy creature who had so long haunted his imagination, was before him!—and the very thought agitated him so violently, that he was scarcely able to stand. The speakers were opposite the colonnade that fronts the church of the Virgin,—and, together, they ascended the steps.

"I will see that face,—I will know whether I am so much the slave of my imagination," said Martyn, as he followed them up the staircase, and entered the majestic porch of the building.

The moment the ladies entered, a gentleman who appeared to have been in waiting for them, and who had stood leaning against a column, approached them, and took the arm of one of them, saying, as he did so, in a half whisper, "Dearest Bianca, this is a favour indeed, and my life shall be spent in proving to you how deeply sensible I am of it."

The answer of the lady was inaudible, but together they advanced up the centre aisle, where a venerable priest was engaged in performing mass. Persons were constantly passing and re-passing, so that the entrance of Martyn attracted no notice, and he gradually penetrated nearly to the altar before which the priest was standing. At any other time, the appearance of the building he was in—the solemn twilight that overshadowed the whole—the long ranges of pillars that stretched away into the gloom—the persons that, spectre-like, glided about through the shadows, and, above all, the music of the powerful and deep-toned organ, which mingled its tones with the choir, in performing the sweet vespers-hymn of Derzhavan, would have fixed his attention, but now they were scarcely noticed. His eyes were fastened on the couple before the priest, and by the light of the numerous silver lamps, he could distinctly see that the gentleman was an officer of high rank and fine appearance, but he in vain strove to get a glance at the features of the lady; the veil was unmoved, and passive and unresisting, she was led to the altar, where the marriage ceremony proceeded. So strong, however, was the impression on Martyn's mind, that each solemn word seemed the death-knell of his hopes, yet who had the power to interrupt the proceeding! No sooner was the benediction pronounced, than the bridegroom, tenderly clasping the bride to his bosom, turned to lead her from the church. As he did so, the veil loosed, fluttered,—and, in the light of a lamp, which shone full on her features, he recognized at once the being who had so long enthralled him, and, if possible, still more lovely than his imagination had pictured.

"Merciful Heaven, she is lost forever!" exclaimed Martyn, in a tone of anguish, that instantly attracted the notice of those around him,

but which fortunately were not heard by her who alone could have guessed their meaning.

Martyn could not move;—he felt as if a thunderbolt had rivetted him to the spot; the party had left the church, where he knew not—he felt he cared not; and he was only roused from his abstraction by the keeper of the church, who kindly informed him that the hour for closing the doors had arrived.

"She is married;—I saw her married," was the reply of the half distracted Martyn to the surprised keeper.

"If you mean Bianca Urbino, the sweetest girl in all Italy, you are certainly right," answered the astonished Florentine.

"Repeat her name!—yes, repeat it!"—hastily demanded Martyn.

"Bianca Urbino—neice of the Count Urbino, and now wife of General Count Alberoni," was the answer.

The doors were closed, and Martyn was left alone. "I will never see her again," said Martyn, as he slowly returned to his lodgings; "no,—it would only add to my misery to be enabled to appreciate more accurately the treasure I have lost, and perhaps awaken painful sensations in her bosom; no, I will never see her,—but may Heaven's richest blessings always rest on that lovely woman."

To the great surprise of his friends, Charles in the morning announced his intention of leaving Florence the next day, and ordered a seat in the diligence to Rome. He wished to be away; and it was with a feeling of pleasure he bade adieu to a city where he had enjoyed much, and where he felt he had much to suffer, should he remain. The pleasing incidents, varied scenery, and striking objects which awakened all his enthusiasm during the journey, beguiled him of many an unpleasant hour, and in some degree soothed the misery of regret.

The day previous to his arrival at Rome, as the vetturino left the village of Narni, the carriage was stopped by a person who requested that a lady and her attendant, whose carriage had broken down, might be admitted into the vehicle, as they were very anxious to proceed on their journey with the least possible delay. As Martyn was not the only person who had ordered the diligence, but happened to be at the time the sole occupant, the postillion referred the matter to him; and he, though sensible that the approach for the first time to the Eternal City, was not a time when company would be particularly desirable, could not deny a lady so trifling a request, and acceded to their wishes; the postillion adding the proviso, that the attendant should walk up the long and difficult hill which they had to climb, immediately after leaving Narni.

The messenger now returned with the lady, in whom Martyn instantly discovered, as her attendant, a gallant looking young officer, who handed into the carriage the beautiful Bianca, so lately become the wife of Count Alberoni,—and whom fate, in the most tantalizing manner, seemed to delight in casting across his path. Notwithstanding the fluttering of his heart, Martyn withdrew to a corner of the diligence, and pulling his hat closely over his face, determined to avoid a recognition. The young lady made a

handsome acknowledgment of the kindness Martyn had conferred upon her, to which he replied in the ordinary common-place, but in such a manner as to show that conversation was not expected or desired. As it was some little distance to the base of the ascent, the young officer entered, and the carriage drove on. The day was warm, and the rich Polonese mantle which covered Bianca, was thrown aside, and that form was displayed, the lovely proportions of which had for months been before him;—the veil soon followed, and, scarcely noticed by her, he feasted his eyes on beauty, in its most attractive form. There was, he imagined, a slight tinge of sadness in her fine countenance,—but, as he fancied he well understood the cause, it only endeared her to him the more.

Immediately after leaving Narni, a fine view of the deep valley of the Nar, and the ruinous bridge of Augustus, drew the attention of the young officer, and he requested the Countess to look at it, observing, as he did so, "that the world could not produce a finer view;—even England, the country she so much admired, had nothing equal to it."

"It is true," answered the Countess, mildly—"England is not the land I should refer you to for a pure sky, striking ruins, or glorious landscapes;—but, if I wished to show you a country of noble men, and beautiful women, who were worthy of the liberty they enjoyed, I would point you to England."

"I have always understood that England, and the men of England, had so engrossed your admiration, that you had little left for those of your native land," replied the young officer, with marked emphasis.

Martyn's face flushed at the coxcomb's impertinence, and he longed to chastise it on the spot, but prudence, and his previous resolution, prevented; the lady, however, fixed on him a look that covered him with confusion, as she answered,—"I have admired, and I do admire England; and one principal reason is, that there I never saw a man who could maintain his standing in society as a gentleman, without some well founded claim to the title."

The stopping of the diligence at the foot of the hill, and the call of the postillion for the attendant to alight from the carriage, prevented a reply, even had the young officer meditated one; and, muttering a few curses on the postillion for driving such cattle, he descended, and the driver proceeded.

Martyn was now alone with the beautiful creature who had so engrossed his affections,—who that possessed the heart of a man, could have adhered to the determination of remaining unknown!—His resolutions wavered, and fond recollections triumphed. Still he did not leave his darkened corner of the carriage.

"I am much indebted to you, fair lady, for your favourable opinion of England, and its defence against the sneers of the officer. I was tempted to take up the gauntlet myself, for I feel a pride in saying that I am an Englishman."

The Countess started, as she looked towards him;—and then instantly composing herself, inquired from what part of the country he came.

"From Oxford," answered Martyn; and re-

suming his ordinary appearance, repeated, in a low, distinct manner, the lines inscribed on the paper, and never-to-be-forgotten.

The expression of the lovely features of the Countess, as the words awoke recollections both of pleasure and pain, was as changeful as the lake over which sunshine and shadow are rapidly floating. Before he had finished, she had made a movement towards him;—his arms were opened, and in a moment the beautiful woman was in his affectionate embrace, and clasped to his heart.

This wild delirium of love lasted but a moment, however, and with tearful eyes she gently loosed herself from his arms,—“Oh this must not be!” she exclaimed passionately, “I must not love you; and you, you will hate me—I am the wife of Count Alberoni!”

“I knew you were married,—I saw you married,—but Bianca do you think I can ever hate you?” answered Martyn, who though the Countess was no longer on his bosom, allowed him to retain her hand between his.

“Saw me married!—made miserable, and made no effort to prevent it!” continued the agitated Countess. “Oh! you do not know what it is to live, and be condemned to unhappiness forever!”

“Dearest Countess, I do know what it is to love,” replied Martyn, as he pressed her hand to his heart, and kissed away the tears that streamed from the depths of her dark eye, “and I shall never cease to love—still—”

“I know what you would say,” interrupted the Countess, “you would say what I feel, that fate, cruel fate has forever separated us, and that each must forget the other has existed,—but no, I cannot!”

“No, my dear Bianca,” said Martyn, “if I believed you could forget me, I should be truly miserable—we may, we must, it cannot be wrong, love as friends; remember, as friends.”

“No more,” replied the Countess, “I feel reproached for my weakness; let the past be forgotten in the remembrance of what I am, in the sweet consciousness that we have met, and that we love.”

“You are the wife of Count Alberoni,” said Martyn, who wished on Bianca’s account, to render the conversation less personal; “but how has it happened that you are so soon separated from him?”

“The Count,” she answered, “is in the service of the King of Naples. His regiment was stationed between Rome and Capua, to check some symptoms of disaffection which had appeared among the mountaineers of that region: but as all was quiet, he obtained leave of his sovereign to visit Florence, where I have long resided. I became acquainted with the Count at Rome; but, though he is a man of honour, high in favour with his King, and distractedly fond of me, I could never love him as he deserves to be loved; and when he solicited my hand, and pressed his suit, I frankly told him, I feared if I became his, my heart could not accompany my hand. He smiled and said, that risk he would willingly incur, and finally obtained my permission to see me at Florence, should he not be forbidden in the course of six months. I saw you asleep under the oak, and from that moment I had never for-

gotten you; and, strange as it may seem, I willingly cherished the fond delusion that I should meet you, and that we should yet be happy. I was an orphan—my friends knew the worth of the Count, and urged me to accept his hand; I delayed, procrastinated, the six months passed away, and Count Alberoni was at my feet; and I—I can hardly now realize it—I became his wife. Scarcely had we left the church when an express delivered the command of the king, that without a moment’s delay he should rejoin his corps, as the banditti who had so long infested that part of Italy had formed a junction with the disaffected, and threatened the communication between Naples and Rome. It was impossible for me to accompany him in the rapid journey before him, and the only alternative was for me to follow him to Rome, where he is to meet me as soon as possible, and leaving his young aid as an attendant, in half an hour he had bade me farewell, and was on his route to Rome or Naples.”

Here they were interrupted in their explanatory *tete-a-tete*, by the call of the postillion to the pedestrian officer, as the carriage reached and rested on the summit of the hill. One pressure of the delicate hand in which every pulsation of a beating heart might be felt—one kiss fervent, delicious, and passionate, and Martyn withdrew to his corner of the vehicle, and the officer entering, resumed his seat by the side of the countess.

With the most perfect self possession, she introduced Martyn to the young officer as an Englishman visiting Italy for his health, and a lively conversation was kept up during the remainder of the journey; the officer obligingly pointing out to Martyn those things he thought most likely to interest a stranger in the country through which they were passing. Martyn, however, found the most attractive object in Italy was near to him, and enthusiastic as he was, he would sooner have renounced the privilege of visiting Rome, the Eternal City, than forfeit the sweet consciousness that he was loved by a being worthy of his heart’s profoundest admiration. When they reached Rome, they learned that the Count had joined his troops without delay, and that having succeeded in defeating the insurgents, his return might be hourly expected. Martyn parted with the countess at the splendid villa of the Count, and as he saw her white hand pressed to her lip on his departure, he could not refuse her request to see her again when her husband should return.

The next morning all Rome was thrown into consternation by the intelligence, that Count Alberoni, after the defeat and dispersion of the main body of the rebel banditti, while hastening to Rome to meet his bride, with only a few soldiers as an escort, had, in passing a narrow defile, been suddenly attacked by a different party of the insurgents, and after a desperate resistance, he and all the party, with the exception of two, been butchered on the spot.

\* \* \* \* \*

The remainder of our narrative may be readily conjectured. After a suitable time had elapsed, Charles Martyn offered his hand to the young and widowed countess. It was accepted, and she again became a bride. After arranging af-

fairs relative to the large estate which belonged to the fair Bianca, they returned to England, where, with her consent, he entered the sacred profession, to which his attention had so long been directed. Loved and beloved by all, this happy couple in their retirement from the noise and bustle of life, and in the midst of all that health, competence, usefulness, and contentment can bestow, enjoyed all that the heart can wish of happiness. The sweets of love are tasted in their fullest perfection, only where the heart can retire into its own depths, and bring forth its purest, richest feelings, as offerings on the shrine of affection. As well might one ask for flowers in the chilling regions of eternal frost, as to hope for the unalloyed enjoyment of friendship or love, amidst the cold politeness, and unmeaning frivolities of fashionable life. Charles and Bianca had no wish to look beyond each other for happiness, and if pure and unsullied love, high and virtuous hopes, active benevolence, and extensive usefulness, the exalted pleasure of doing good, and the consciousness that the smiles of high heaven have been over them, can confer satisfaction and delight the heart, then did Charles Martyn, the poor student, and Bianca Urbino the lovely Italian, never cease to enjoy these rich blessings.

#### CAROLINE WILLIAMS AND HER LOVERS.

No entertainment could have been more splendid, according to the modern taste and phraseology, than the ball at Lady Mary Bladen's mansion, in Grosvenor Square. The apartments were brilliantly lighted, the supper was profuse and costly, the heat oppressive, and the throng of company so great, that many of the fair visitors fainted from pleasure and fatigue, and few were able to reach the refreshment-tables, to which the men fought their way with difficulty. In short, every thing was well arranged, and exceedingly delightful.

This matter formed the subject of conversation on the following day, between Digby Travers and Harry Dighton, two gentlemen well known in the gay circles of London.

*Travers.*—"Well, Dighton, what did you think of the turn-out last night?"

*Dighton.*—"Oh, just like all Lady Mary Bladen's former doings, a menagerie collected from every part of the globe—lions, bears, monkeys, staring with surprise at each other."

*Travers.*—"You must allow, however, that no expense was spared: abundant refreshments; magnificent supper!"

*Dighton.*—"I do not allow any such thing. The champagne was detestable, the pine-apples were musty, the pouche à-la-Romaine was merely rum-punch iced, the grapes were"—

*Travers.*—"Sour. But, Dighton, you are always fastidious and difficult; surely there were some very charming and well-dressed women."

*Dighton.*—"Pooh! what has that to do with the supper? Besides, I am certain that one half of the company never met the other before. The most incongruous mixture of presentable and anonymous persons. Lady Mary must have had

a regular *battue* in all the decent streets north and east of Oxford Street."

*Travers.*—"Still, you know every body. Who was that beautiful girl in the fancy costume of an Andalusian peasant, upon whom every eye was turned with admiration?"

*Dighton.*—"Defend me from all knowledge, heraldic, genealogical, or statistical, of the tribes of Tomkins, Wilkins, Smiths, &c. ! I can only inform you, that this goddess in human attire, is a Miss Williams, reported to be the possessor of a large fortune, and under the protection of some one Mrs. Townsend—a widow. They are both almost unknown in town. No one, except such a lion huntress as Lady Mary Bladen, would ever have discovered them."

Dighton's information, although scanty, was correct. The fair object of his friend's admiration, Caroline Williams, did reside with, or under the protection and care of, Mrs. Townsend; and it was equally true, that until the commencement of the season, neither of the two ladies had been a denizen of the fashionable world. Common rumour assigned the advantages of a very considerable fortune to Miss Williams; and those who had the felicity of her acquaintance, allowed, that over and above the possession of extraordinary beauty, the young lady was eminently distinguished for graceful manners and superior accomplishments. Mrs. Townsend maintained a liberal establishment in a visitable quarter of London, and appeared on all occasions ready, and even anxious, to mix in the usual routine and recreation of good society. Moreover, she gave excellent dinners; and with the addition of such attractions as were ostensibly and conjecturally united in the person of her lovely charge, it was not a matter of wonder, that a host of acquaintances and *soi-disant* friends were soon and easily formed.

The precise nature of the connexion existing between the ladies was not clear. Mrs. Townsend was generally believed to be the widow of a physician; but, although the intercourse was most intimate, no very near degree of relationship appeared to exist between her and Miss Williams. Many speculated, some inquired, and few really cared whence the ladies came, who they were, or what was their origin: but all were solicitous to ascertain if the fortune, which fame allotted to the younger, were absolutely within her own control, or were dependant upon that of the elder.

As far as it could be discovered, it seemed nearly certain, that on her attaining the age of 21 years, Miss Williams would be entitled to at least 80,000*l*. So that, while rumour, conjecture and gossip, travelled through all the four quarters of the earth, to fix upon a suitable birth-place and stock of ancestry for the handsome Caroline, there was no dearth of gay and gallant admirers, chivalric enough, to be prepared without any hesitation or scruple as to pedigree or education, for adventuring upon such a mine of wealth and impersonation of loveliness.

To any gentleman of acknowledged birth and station and moving in fashionable society, there was no difficulty in obtaining an introduction to Mrs. Townsend's house. Digby Travers, himself one of the younger branches of a noble family, and a member of the exclusive circles of London,

found an early opportunity of being presented to Mrs. Townsend. Invitations followed; and in a short period he was admitted and installed as one of the regular intimates of the family. Digby Travers was elegant and handsome, of amiable disposition, and keenly alive to honourable and manly feelings. At the same time, he was not entirely free from some defects often inherent in his class, no slight tincture of strong aristocratical opinions and prejudices; and with a pretty sufficient leaven of thoughtlessness and extravagance as to habits and expense. It was generally whispered that Travers was greatly embarrassed in his pecuniary resources; and it was as generally inferred, that Miss Williams's fortune was no improvident speculation for a man in his circumstances.

Be it as it might, Travers found the way of making himself always agreeable, and a welcome guest with his new acquaintances: he introduced his several noble and condescending female relatives to the ladies; and, ere long, he was considered, and envied, as being an admirer of Miss Williams, and as having, in prospect, a very fair chance of promotion. In truth, Caroline's brilliant eyes had quickly penetrated the inmost recesses of his breast, despite of the adamant and polished surface by which the hearts of most young men of fashion are so well protected. Travers did not attempt to disguise his sentiments; he looked, and sighed,—doubted, and hoped, in succession, through all the seven days of the week: and if a reciprocity of feeling was not so decidedly manifested by Caroline, still his attentions were well received, and never repelled.

But let it not be supposed that Travers was so fortunate as to have the field exclusively to himself. Amongst the numerous rivals who were on the *qui vive* to dispute every inch in the advance towards the favour of the fair lady, there was a certain Captain Miller, whose claims or pretensions were rather formidable. He was older than Travers, of steady and irreplicable habits and character, and possessing considerable abilities and acquirements. His person was by no means unpleasing; and his conversation and demeanour were particularly mild and agreeable. Captain Miller had also the advantage of a long and intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Townsend, and of being a frequent visitor at the house; so frequent, indeed, as to occasion thereby no little annoyance to Travers.

It was evident that Mrs. Townsend held considerable influence over her beautiful charge, and that Miss Williams paid ready attention and deference to the suggestions and advice of the widow on most occasions. Travers felt persuaded that the acquisition of Mrs. Townsend's good opinion would be an additional passport to the favour of Caroline; and, under such persuasion, he did every thing in his power to attain his purpose, as a man in his position, deeply in debt and deeply in love, would be likely to do, with a beautiful girl and a large fortune as the objects in perspective.

Miss Williams dispensed her smiles of approbation, at first, very impartially between the two candidates. They were both acknowledged favourites, and, to all appearance, contesting a

neck and neck race. It would be a difficult attempt to fathom all the minor and hidden currents which agitate the female mind under such circumstances. Perhaps the conjecture may be hazarded, that the advantages which the more winning and elegant manners, and his position in distinguished society, conferred upon Travers, were somewhat balanced by the doubts and fears which his known extravagance and past follies had engendered. At all events, the advice and opinion of Mrs. Townsend, in that state of things, might have tended to turn the scale to either side.

The latter lady for some time fluctuated;—very possibly, from old acquaintance or other trivial causes, her direct predilection would have inclined towards the Captain; but the widow had in reserve a large stock of reasons and motives, from which she drew, as the occasion required, a sufficiency to guide her conduct and actions. Mrs. Townsend was a devoted admirer of high rank and connexions, an unblushing votary of the powers who gave tone and character to fashionable life. To obtain a portion of the wear and sunshine of their pre-eminence, she would have sacrificed much; and to the titled and high-flying relatives and family of Travers she eagerly looked for future gratifications, which she never could expect to result from any intercourse with the more humble family of Captain Miller.

Thus affairs came to a crisis; and although the visits of the Captain were still permitted and welcomed in a kind and friendly manner, yet the widow's fiat having been pronounced, that of her lovely charge soon followed; and Digby Travers was openly received as the happy and successful admirer. Miller concealed his vexation and disappointment as well as it was possible to do; and by his quiet and inoffensive conduct, seemed desirous of putting in a claim to be considered as a friend, when compelled to abandon the character of a lover.

“The course of *true* love never did run smooth.”

It would be a waste of time to digress into a dissertation upon what constitutes *true* love. Would it not be better, once for all, to alter the quotation generally, and to omit the adjective, leaving the substantive to individual interpretation and imagination? The stream of transport, delight, and affection, does not flow undisturbed in our narrative.

When the suit unremittingly paid by Travers to his kind mistress, had attained that period of maturity, at which, *selon les regles*, in these unromantic, but real times, it became discreet, if not necessary, to enter on matters of dry fact and business, the fair Caroline naturally referred her acquiescing lover to Mrs. Townsend. In a long conference with that lady, Travers was surprised, and not displeased to learn, that the young lady's fortune exceeded in amount what common report had stated, and that it was entirely within her own disposal. Mrs. Townsend rather obscurely or evasively alluded to the circumstance of Caroline having been deprived of her parents at a very early age; and of her having been left under her care and protection. She spoke of her attachment to, and her anxiety for, the happiness of her fair ward; and hinted

pretty plainly, that in the event of the marriage of Miss Williams, she did not by any means expect to be separated from her. Now Travers was not deficient in penetration. Former suspicions on his part were fully confirmed by the broad hints, and clear declarations, which he received in the progress of his conversation with the widow. Mrs. Townsend was warmly attached to the good things of this life;—to the benefit of a large income;—the conduct and government of a well-ordered mansion and establishment; and to the retaining of that position in society, to which she had been accidentally advanced by such powerful auxiliaries.

Mrs. Townsend's own pecuniary means were limited. It was of the last importance that she should make every effort to preserve her situation and ascendancy over her lovely charge hereafter; and, depending mainly on the influence established by long habit over the mind and kind feelings of Caroline, Mrs. Townsend little doubted but that Digby Travers would assent to any stipulation, or secret condition, which would secure to himself her co-operation and good offices.

But the widow's calculations in this instance were erroneous. Travers was not in love with Mrs. Townsend; his aristocratical notions had rather prepossessed him against her: he imagined that, under the disguise of affected good humour, there was a decided original taint of vulgarity and pretension. He had no idea of having his future *menage* burdened with a third party, whose anomalous situation could neither add advantage nor respectability. While he was on the first step of his advancement, it was politic to treat the widow with all becoming deference; but now that he was master (as he believed) of the affections of Miss Williams, the case was entirely altered.

The result was, that the conference between Mrs. Townsend and Travers terminated abruptly: the lady being unable to conceal her anger and vexation;—and the gentleman fully convinced that she was a forward, ill-bred, and disagreeable woman.

However, this *brouillerie* did not appear to interrupt the ordinary progress of matters. The lovers met as usual. Occasionally, to be sure, Travers surprised his fair mistress in tears; and he naturally ascribed her apparent dejection to the communication, which had no doubt been made by Mrs. Townsend, of the conversation, with sundry improvements and comments. Whenever Travers expressed his apprehensions, that his distaste to the future encumbrance of the widow might be the cause of the uneasiness of the lovely Caroline, she strenuously denied the fact, but evaded altogether confiding in him the source of her agitation.

Time flew on; and the day which had been fixed for the celebration of the nuptials of the lovers was rapidly approaching. For some few days previously there had been long and repeated conversations between Caroline and her female friend. The subject thereof had been one of interest. It would appear that Mrs. Townsend had been urging upon the young lady the adoption of advice, which the latter had not been so ready to follow; and, whatever it might have

been, the effect was visible in the pale and depressed countenance of Miss Williams.

Perhaps the tears, sighs, and smiles of lovers are necessary and desirable, as tending to vary the monotony of the season of courtship. As the appointed time drew nigh, Caroline became composed and cheerful. On the evening of the Tuesday (the marriage was to take place on the Thursday), Caroline had been engaged in private conference with the widow: when it was finished, Caroline, who had previously arranged to go to the Opera, excused herself, and retired to her own apartment; where, after much reflection and indecision, she was intently occupied in writing. She arose from her occupation, satisfied with the result of some mental decision. The satisfaction and comparative contentment of her mind were indicated by the placid smile which played over her beautiful face, as she stood for a few moments absorbed in thought. The letter she had written was folded, and, without farther hesitation, sealed and addressed to her lover.

On the following Wednesday, Digby Travers had called at an early hour; having matters of business to transact in the country, at a short distance from the metropolis, he would not be enabled to pay his devoirs before the next morning, which was fixed for the nuptials. For some reason or other, Caroline's decision and courage appeared to have suddenly forsaken her; and she suffered her lover to take his leave without delivering her letter to him. After his departure, Miss Williams sent the epistle to his lodgings.

Thursday, the eventful day, had arrived; and certainly, if it were to be the happiest day of life, it was not fated to be the finest. The rain poured down in torrents; the sky was overcast by dull and heavy clouds, which gave to the month of June the darkness and melancholy of January. However, the guests who were bidden had all arrived; the white trains, lace veils, and orange flowers, were safely sheltered in the comfortable drawing-rooms, secure from the contamination of overflowing gutters and muddy pavements. All eyes were wandering in admiration over the charming figure, and almost as charming costume, of the beautiful bride. Tittering misses were inwardly rehearsing the parts they expected ere long to be called upon to play, as principals; while their well-satisfied mammas were as silently speculating upon chances and certainties. Quiet and silence had succeeded to the thunders of the street-door knocker. Where was Travers? What could have become of the fervent and impatient lover? The clock of St. George's church had long announced the awful hour of ten: the one appointed for the ceremony. Half-past ten, eleven, were successively counted. The bride turned fearfully pale,—the ladies were fidgety,—the men stared, and looked out of the windows upon the wet and desolate streets: still no bridegroom arrived. A messenger was despatched to his lodgings; who quickly came back with the information, that Mr. Travers had, on coming in from the country the day before, received Miss Williams's letter, and had immediately gone out, but had never since returned home.

The confusion consequent upon this informa-

tion may easily be imagined. The fair and intended bride fainted, and was carried to her room. The company separated in astonishment, half sorry to leave a good breakfast untouched, but pleased with the prospect of having such a delicious topic of gossip to retail to all their acquaintances. A sad and weary day ensued: no letter, tidings, or information, arrived from Travers. Miss Williams was seriously indisposed; but she conversed long and anxiously with her friend; and the letter which had been written to Travers formed no slight topic of their conversation. It may be reasonably asked, Was Mrs. Townsend acquainted with the contents of that epistle? did Travers actually receive it? and in fact, what were its contents?

They were well known to the widow: and the letter, which had been received by the gentleman, was as follows:—

"I have often, Travers, accused myself of irresolution and duplicity; and you, I fear, will equally deem me culpable. I would not for worlds, nay, not for the preservation of your esteem and affection, conceal from you, any longer, that which it was my duty to have communicated to you at an earlier period of our acquaintance. Pray do justice to the warm attachment and excellent advice of Mrs. Townsend, who, as a kind and considerate friend, has, for some time past, earnestly counselled me to confide fully in you. Long I imprudently and foolishly neglected her counsel. Hesitation and anxiety have occasioned that distress of mind upon which you have so often observed. Mrs. Townsend has often pointed out decisively to me, the misery and danger that may result hereafter from any prolonged concealment. Learn, then, that I am the natural child of a father, whose younger days were passed in poverty and obscurity, and were subsequently marked by crime and punishment. My parent's name was Williams Morgan, of humble birth in North Wales: he was the victim of disreputable associates, and became their companion. Merciful God! that a daughter's hand should be compelled to trace the fact,—the appalling truth! my father was a convicted felon; and was transported to New South Wales. When the term of punishment was passed, my father became a reformed and altered man. Excellent abilities, joined to persevering industry, raised him, by degrees, to a respectable station in that colony; and enabled him to acquire an amount of wealth almost unparalleled in the annals of that country. I was born after the term of years for which the sentence endured. My father's gains soon enabled him to remove me from the colony, and to send me at an early age to England. I was placed under the protection of Mrs. Townsend, the widow of a surgeon, who practised in Sidney; and from whom my parent had received great kindness. My parents both died in New South Wales. At my father's desire, his maternal name of Williams was given to me; and the large fortune which he had amassed was remitted to this country, for my benefit, with a handsome legacy to my protectress. I feel that I am the offspring of disgrace! and forgive me for expressing, that the conviction of your feelings and prejudices on the subject of birth and connexion has hitherto

tended to encourage my imprudent silence. Trusting in your generosity and affection, never, never, I conjure you, Travers, reproach me! Let not condescension assume the disguise of pity! I would rather hazard a broken heart than the misery of future and suppressed contempt. If your sentiments be not altered by this communication, come to me as soon as you possibly can. Your ever affectionate

CAROLINE."

Mrs. Townsend exerted herself in every way to soothe the unhappy Caroline; but no consolations or exertions, not even the fancy of Mrs. Townsend herself, could attempt to convince the unfortunate girl that the absence and silence of Travers could be attributable to any other cause than the above mentioned communication. It was too evident that pride and prejudice had conquered the desire of amassing riches, the admiration of beauty, and love itself, if such a passion had ever in fact existed. Travers was faithless, and by his silence had added insult to injury. A physician was called in, who recommended instant change of scene for Miss Williams. A short space of time sufficed for the arrangements—the ladies were eager to remove at once from the publicity and scandal which the late events would be likely to attract: they dismissed all their establishment, with the exception of Caroline's maid, and a few days found the party on their way to the Rhenish provinces. It should be remarked that the kind and considerate Captain Miller called on the ladies two or three times before their departure, was admitted to friendly conferences with Mrs. Townsend, and made every offer of service and assistance.

Twelve months had elapsed, during the course of which the ladies had visited different parts of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; and had finally taken up their quarters in Paris. Miss Williams had gradually recovered her good looks, cheerfulness, and tranquillity. No intelligence had been received from Travers; and even Caroline was induced to concur in her friend's opinion, that the conduct of her former admirer had been any thing but honourable. Mrs. Townsend did not hesitate to express her sentiments in a very unqualified manner; and she took frequent occasion to congratulate Caroline upon her happy escape from a dissipated, thoughtless, and unfeeling man, whose embarrassments and extravagance were the common talk of every body.

In the latter part of their tour Captain Miller had come across them, no doubt, by mere chance.

"How singular! how fortunate!" exclaimed Mrs. Townsend. With very little persuasion Caroline was prevailed upon by the widow to allow the captain to become their travelling companion from Italy to France. He was so respectful, so mindful of the slightest wish, so sensible, so conciliating, never presuming—at least this was the opinion of the widow; and Miss Williams never found reason to contradict it. By the time the party were established in Paris, the gallant captain had already made his approaches in the most prudent and skilful manner. Mrs. Townsend, like a faithful and wary ally, brought forward his merits in every advantageous light: she told Caroline that she had, on a former occasion, availed herself of the advice and experience



of Miller, who was informed of all the circumstances relative to Miss Williams, &c. She also hinted to her fair friend how desirable it was that she, Caroline, should be settled in life with some worthy man capable of appreciating her merits, and of affording her the protection of a husband.

Women! ye charming, but uncertain creatures, what is seriously to be pleaded in defence of your consistency? Caroline Williams, though she sometimes spared a sigh and a tear to the remembrance of her former attachment, became at last an attentive listener as well to the captain as to Mrs. Townsend.

Not to be prolix in this narrative, we will briefly relate, that in one month after their arrival in Paris, Miss Williams had consented to become the wife of Captain Miller, and an early day was appointed for their union. A few Parisian acquaintances were only invited, and the marriage was to take place as privately as possible at the British ambassador's chapel. The morning came, ushered in by the grateful auspices of a bright and unclouded sun. A truly merry French party were assembled at the hotel where the ladies were resident—a plenteous and elegant *déjeuner à la fourchette* was already placed upon the table, to await the return of the bridal party from the celebration of the marriage—all, all had made their appearance, save the gallant and expected bridegroom. It was much past the settled time—Mrs. Townsend grew fidgety—Miss Williams nervous, though she exhibited no outward sign of dejection. “C'est inconceivable!” cried Madame de Solette, a lively brunette, one of the invited guests; “dites donc, Madame Townsend, Messieurs les Anglais sont-ils tous comme celui-là?”

Was it then that the fair Caroline was doomed to a second disappointment? Indeed she was—Captain Miller never made his appearance; but in the course of another hour a loud bustle in the court-yard, and the hasty steps of some one ascending the stairs without any ceremony, announced the approach of an unexpected guest. In a few minutes Digby Travers, the lost and faithless man, rushed into the room, heedless of the presence of the astonished company, and half demolishing the costly robe of Madame de Solette, by the transmission of a bottle of *Chambertin* into her lap, which, in his hurry and awkwardness, he had brushed off the table. Travers, grasping Miss Williams's hands, cried out, “Oh! Caroline, Caroline, we have been cruelly used—shamefully treated!”

Now it was very strange, but strictly true, that Miss Williams did not faint, or withdraw her taper fingers from the rather violent pressure of Travers's more robust hands: she changed colour a little, but courted eagerly his explanation. Mrs. Townsend exhibited evident tokens of tremor or indisposition; and quickly quitted the apartment. In a few words Travers told his eventful tale, to which Caroline listened with painful and increasing interest, and to which the rest of the company listened, without understanding a word. We will abstract the recital:—

On the receipt of the letter of Caroline Williams, Travers, who really was under the impulse of an ardent and disinterested affection, hurried from his lodgings to bear, in his own person, the

assurance of his confirmed love and devotion to his mistress. We have before hinted that Travers was deeply embarrassed: he had hoped (without any mercenary motives) to have settled with his creditors through the intervention of a distant relative, who was willing to assist him, upon the prospect of the profitable marriage, then almost certain—but rivals and lawyers' clerks are as active as favoured lovers. Before Travers had turned the adjoining street, he found himself in the custody of bailiffs' followers, having been taken in execution on a judgment debt of some standing. The fact was, that Captain Miller, who, with all his amiable and saint-like qualities, was a designing and intriguing hero, had contrived to put himself in the shoes of the only judgment creditor who was really hostile to Travers; and had actually sued out process against him. Travers was hurried off to prison; his friendly relative was absent on the continent. In despair and grief, though almost ashamed to tell the truth, he wrote a few hurried lines to Miss Williams, to apprise her of his misfortune: but the captain and his ally, Mrs. Townsend, were prepared for all contingencies. The maid who attended upon Caroline was already in the pay and interest of the conspirators—neither that letter, nor many others which were written by Travers to Miss Williams, were ever delivered to her. The plot had been carefully framed. Mrs. Townsend, who had been greatly irritated at Travers's unceremonious rejection of her proposal to become one of his family after his marriage, had determined upon breaking off the match, if possible; hence her motive in advising Caroline to make the communication to her lover, which has been already noticed—The captain was a distant relation of the widow; and he, a sly and prudent fellow, readily expressed his hope, his fond wish, that if he ever obtained the hand of Miss Williams, Mrs. Townsend would honour him by retaining her influence and position in his house and family. When Travers was liberated, through the assistance of his own relations, he soon discovered the real author of his arrest: and, by the means of a discarded servant of Mrs. Townsend, a former admirer of the intriguing maid, he also arrived at the development of the manœuvres which had been carried on against him, the treachery practised as to his letters, &c. He hastily departed for the Continent in search of his lovely mistress, and vowing revenge against the gallant Miller, Travers had but lately arrived in Paris, having traced out the route of the parties, and had met the captain on the evening of the preceding day. Words soon led to a very angry discussion, and a hostile meeting was arranged for an early hour in the ensuing morning in the Bois de Boulogne. This was very annoying to the captain, but there was no alternative, and an encounter took place, in which Miller was severely wounded.

At the end of the narrative, Caroline, who had dropped many a feeling tear during the recital, suffered her lover to steal a warm and hearty embrace. The Parisian ladies and gentlemen present, though they could not collect the sense of Travers's rapid elocution, yet were able to understand something from the energetic action which so well suited the word, and ac-

cordingly all exclaimed, "C'est magnifique—charmant!" while the ladies also cried, "Vraiment, c'est un bel homme!" and the gentlemen responded, "Elle est belle comme un ange!" But it is time to close our history. Every thing being explained to the satisfaction of all persons excepting Mrs. Townsend, it was agreed that all the party were hungry, and that there was something novel and interesting in eating the *déjeuner* first and in marrying afterwards; so accordingly, while Miss Williams and her lover were whispering all manner of sweet things to each other, Madame de Solette, Monsieur le Comte de Raton, Madlle. de Mornier, &c. were eagerly and actively employed upon the sweet and palatable things displayed on the breakfast table. "Permettez-moi, Madame, une verre de Champagne," cried the officious Comte de Raton; "C'est délicieux, ce pâté de Perigord," numbled Madame de Solette, her piquant and miniature mouth fully occupied with the dainty morsels; "Mais, arrêtez donc, Mons. le Comte, je vous en prie, une très-petite verre de Parfait

Amour," delicately expostulated Madlle. de Mornier—"Yes, my friends," cried Travers in ecstasy—"Parfait Amour! Caroline has consented—God bless her! To-morrow we are to be married, and to-morrow pray come to breakfast again."

And really on the morrow Travers and Caroline Williams were indissolubly united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Mrs. Townsend soon removed herself from the hotel; but Caroline and Travers took care, by settling a comfortable provision upon her, that she should be independent, and free from any pecuniary want or privation. Captain Miller in time recovered from his wound, and finally took his passage for India, to join his corps in the Hon. East India Company's service, in quarters at Wallahilla-dinabad, a very lively station with one European resident, surrounded by a jungle, and situated about six hundred miles north of Calcutta, there to console himself for past disappointments with his hookah and punkah, his sangaree and half batta.

## THE LONE HILL SIDE.

BY MISS E. GOOCH.

Oh! often in life's summer years,  
Have I been far more wildly gay,  
But ne'er so happy as when there,  
Where the laughing sunbeams lay  
On the lone hill side.

And still as sweetly—thickly there,  
Grows the snowy scented clover;  
As when in childhood's frolic glee,  
Joyously I rolled me over  
Down the gentle slope.

I watched the humming honey bee,  
As it lit upon the flowers,  
Or chased the painted butterfly,  
How merrily passed the hours,  
On the lone hill side.

I heard the low sweet murmuring  
Of the breeze in the tassel'd corn;  
And the thousand pleasant voices,  
That wake the summer's morn,  
On the lone hill side.

When of restless motion weary,  
Back on the grass I lay, and high  
Upward, cast my wandering gaze  
Into the fleecy, deep blue sky,  
Through the branching trees.

Through the whispering, rustling leaves,  
Shimmer'd the twinkling sunbeams glow,  
Fantastic dancing on the grass,  
As the green boughs moved to and fro,  
Gracefully waving.

Most simply wild my fancies were,  
I ween, 't would give you cause for mirth;  
How much I marvell'd that the clouds,  
Did not fall down upon the earth,  
Like a weary kite.

As slow they floated proudly on,  
Like gallant vessels on the seas;  
I thought that I could *pull* them down,  
Could I but climb those lofty trees  
They seemed to rest on.

And was I not most happy, then.  
For I had not a thought or care;  
I knew but that 'twas *bliss* to live,  
And pleasure to be truant *there*,  
All the summer's day.

Although, for my long, lingering stay,  
Perchance, my gentle mother wept;  
Soft lull'd, by insects dreamy song,  
I closed my eyes and sweetly slept  
On my grassy couch.

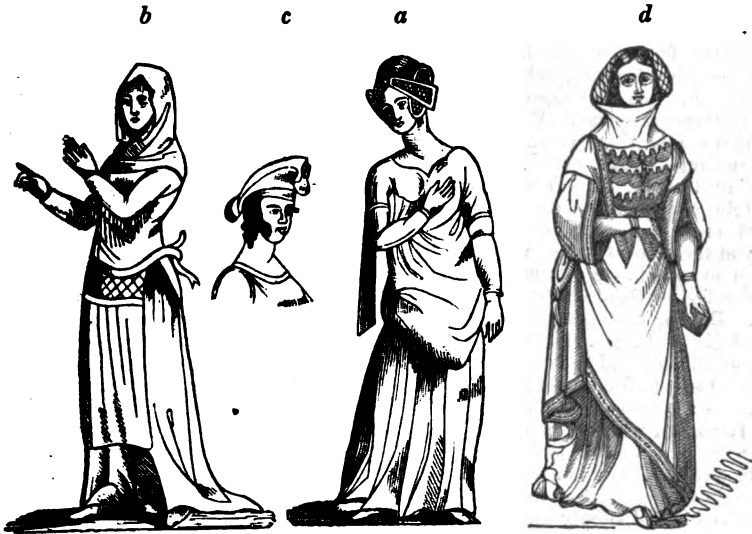
And I at last have back returned,—  
Yes, I have back returned, to lie  
Me down in early childhood's haunt,  
For here I can more easy die,  
Afar from the world.

I could not *bear* to sleep among  
The gloomy grave-yard's crowded stones,  
I could not *bear* to think that I  
Should mingle with its mouldering bones,  
Even after death.

I pray you—when I am at rest,  
And quiet is this aching head;  
In that dear, lonely, stilly spot,  
Where made the joyous *child* her bed,  
Let the *dead girl* lie.

It is better to be laughed at than ruined; better to have a wife, who, like Martial's Mamura, cheapens every thing, and buys nothing, than to be impoverished by one whose vanity will purchase every thing, but whose pride will cheapen nothing.

THE FEMALE COSTUME  
OF THE TIME OF EDWARD THE SECOND.



The female costume of this time appears to have undergone no particular alteration; the ugly gorget is still occasionally worn; but the head is perhaps more generally uncovered in this reign than in the last, and in one manuscript of this date (Sloane Collect. 346,) we perceive the hair ornamented with fret-work in a very peculiar style. (Vide fig. a.) The coverchief, or a

cupuchon like that of the men, is twisted fantastically and placed on the top of the head, (fig. c.) The apron is seen upon a female figure of this date, (fig. b.) It is afterwards mentioned by Chaucer as the *barme*, or *lap-cloth*.

The costume of fig. d is copied from a brass statue in Munster Church, Isle of Sheppey.

Written for the Lady's Book.

M A R I A N L Y L E .

BY MISS MARY E. MAC MICHAEL.

“But the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, came—  
Nipped this fair flower and rifled all its sweets,  
Then cast it, like a loathsome weed, away!”

I PERFECTLY well recollect the first visit I made to Cedar-grove. It was in the second month of Spring, when all creation having escaped from the icy bonds of stern and desolating Winter, bounded exultingly in the possession of freedom. The flowers bloomed in enchanting beauty, and exhaled delicious fragrance. The little birds filled the fresh and gentle breezes with the melody of their music, and all things conspired to bestow attractions upon the scene. Oh, Spring! gay, smiling, hearty, jocund Spring!—how beautiful art thou! With countenance blithe and radiant as the morn, and steps so light that the nicest ear can detect no sound of her foot-falls, comes tripping onward, shaking “thousand odours from her dewy wings,” bidding the streamlet glide, and the torrent dash, making the birds to sing, and the lambs to play, calling upon grass, and herb, and flower, to fructify and increase, and dispensing a joy as broad and general as the coursing air, by her glad pre-

sence.” Glorious it is for those who “long in populous cities pent” to rise betimes, and in the freshness of the early morning, stray abroad into the fields which are just putting on their mantles of emerald, and while they inhale the breezes of the new risen day, mark and admire how the trees begin to ripen in bud, and blossom. It was under the influence of scenes calculated to administer delight to an admirer of nature, and the wonderful works she every where displays, that I first saw thee, and heard thy history, ill-fated Marian. Marian Lyle was the only child of opulent parents, who sacrificed every selfish consideration to her welfare. Reared from infancy under their superintending care, she knew not a minute's uneasiness, save that which arose from her own childish freaks and follies, and if disappointment in these excited at any time a tear, it was instantly dispelled. But, alas! how vain are all human expectations; the sun that glows at noonday in

all the radiance of cloudless splendour, often sets in storms; ere she had attained her tenth year, she was an orphan, and even at that early period of her existence, she was that thing of vanity, called beautiful; and beauty, like genius, is a dangerous gift. It was decreed by her friends expedient to send her, who had been the favourite and the flower of that happy household, to a fashionable boarding-school, to complete an education that had been commenced under such flattering auspices. With a thirst of knowledge that required no extraneous support, a spirit self-sustained, and a native brilliancy of mind that pierced the darkness before her like a stream of light, she went steadily and rapidly forward, and ere her progress was noted, she was already at the side of those whom at first she beheld at so appalling a distance, and they were startled at finding themselves thus suddenly outstripped. But the time came when she was to be a school-girl no longer, and she returned to the place in which she had been born. At the time of which I speak, Marian Lyle, in her sixteenth year, was a beauty, in the true sense of the word. Her eyes, which were of the deepest hazel, were large, soft, and loving, and sparkled like two diamonds in a summer's sun; her hair was black and glossy as the raven's neck, and was braided simply across her unusually high and placid brow, and there was that pure and lovely bloom upon her cheek which looked as though some magic power had caught a blush mantling on it, and fixed it there forever; her figure and her feet were quite *au fait*, and her manners were in such exquisite keeping with her style of person, that no eye turned upon her, that did not linger on her beauty. Her's was the joyousness of nature, flashing out in every feature, in every motion, and in every tone; her bright eyes laughed with her heart's mirth, and her rose-bud lips smiled an echo to their lustrous happiness. She was just at that fairy age when all the world is *coulour de rose*, and hope smiles on the landscape of existence. She might, in short, have struck upon the soul of a cynic, and gainsayed his theories.

Edward Mordaunt, a southern planter, was at this time, the acknowledged suitor of Miss Lyle. He was wealthy, accomplished, of prepossessing exterior, and fascinating as was sin; his person was formed with perfect symmetry and elegance, and there was about him that indescribable air of distinction, which marked him out to the most casual observer as a person of high breeding and pretensions. His voice was peculiarly clear and musical, and there was that decision in his mode of utterance which showed he had been once accustomed to command. Among the gayest of the sons of pleasure, joyous, animated, and imaginative, giving impulse to the most splendid circles, he seemed to regard life as the arena of perpetual amusement. He selected her ornaments, he directed her avocations, he limited her acquaintance; she paid no visits, she accepted no invitations in which he was not included; in short, he was her very shadow, and she gave herself up to him, heart and soul, in all the guileless confidence of a woman, she looked upon him and felt that for her the world contained but one image. What a new perception of enjoyment, pure rich, enno-

bling, was poured upon the hitherto sealed and silent places of that young heart. How deep, too, how fathomless, now that their spring had been touched, were her affections; it poured over her spirit warm and bright, and cheerily, like a flood of sunshine, and all the dormant feelings of her nature sprung forth to meet it. Alas! that man should count as the frequent price of his gain, the ruin of innocence, and the blight of what is fairest and holiest among the things of the earth.

Some two years after, I again visited the South, and enquired what had become of that bright particular star that had shone so lately upon their favoured hemisphere, she who won all hearts, and reigned supreme over all minds, the theme of so many tongues, the light that gladdened so many eyes, who looked, and moved, and spoke in intellectual beauty; whose step was grace, and whose voice music. I was shocked beyond measure to learn that she, whom maidens had envied, and gentlemen admired, had finished her splendid but brief career, and was now deprived of reason, that faculty which distinguishes man from the brute creation, and points him out as the especial favourite of heaven.

Believing herself the object of an honourable attachment, she gave him a heart formed for deep, passionate, and enduring love. She was an orphan, a bright and glowing spell had been thrown over her existence, and the whole concentrated tide of her affections had been poured out upon the being whom she had invested with perfection. Her love had been drawn from her soul's depths, and never might it rest there again. From this dream she was suddenly awakened to the conviction that she had been the mere toy of a moment, the idle pursuit of heartless profligacy. Pride, happiness, and reason, were all at once prostrated. All the energies of her mind had been engrossed by one object, and in tearing that from her heart, nothing was left but—madness!

The next day, at my request, in company with my hostess, we started for the city of —, within ten miles of where I was staying, for the purpose of visiting her whose image arrayed in all the majesty of its surpassing loveliness, now presented itself to my mind's eye with painful distinctness. On arriving, we alighted at the door of a respectable mansion, one room of which had been appropriated to the harmless lunatic. As we entered, a low and thrilling sound of vocal melody, musical as was Apollo's Lute, was at that moment heard, and I listened with suspended breath. The occupant of the chamber was warbling an air, "I'll watch for thee," broken indeed, and varied to every expression of tender feeling, as if its tones were controlled by changing emotion, yet still intensely sweet, like the breathings of an exquisite instrument, touched without method, and at last it gradually died away in tremulous intonations, like the expiring sounds of a broken chord.

On entering, we found the vocalist in the attitude of one intently listening. "Bring you aught from Edward," she exclaimed, starting forward with an eagerness that flushed her sunken cheek. "Ah! I knew my voice would reach him—and yet the day is almost gone,—

this long and terrible day, whose hours I have counted till my hot brain could no longer remember them; and, look! the weary sun, that has stood still so long, is at last going down;—it is night!”—and she pointed to her grated window; “that glory will soon give place to darkness!—Darkness!” she repeated, as if the word had struck some chord of consciousness,—and, sobbing aloud, she sunk pale and exhausted upon her seat.

I looked at that lovely ruin, whom I remembered to have seen beautiful as the embodiments of a poet's dream, with painful interest. Her form was attenuated, but it still retained the most perfect proportions, and her faded features still bore the impress of singular beauty. The delicate pencilling of the arched brow—the glossy hair that parted on her ashen forehead—the long silken lashes that veiled her eye, and softened its frenzy—these had remained unchanged; they were no longer radiant with hope and happiness; the delirious fever of the soul,—the constant excitement of “hope deferred,” had wrought this fearful change.

Once more I visited the unfortunate Marian. The Doctor informed me that her disorder had increased tenfold, and that the last sands of life were falling. I thought it unwise to enter, and sent the following day to inquire. The spirit had departed,—she was wretched no longer. She had been snatched from a life that to her brought nought but suffering. She, whose only refuge was death, had found it.

Never was there a lovelier summer day than the one appointed for the burial. The trees looked proud in the lustiness of their green—the dark blue of the sky was unspotted by a single cloud, and the sun shot out its sultry strength, making the birds wanton and noisy with the exuberance of their joy. What was all the glory of nature to the sad company that were thinking of the tomb, and the death of the young and beautiful, whom they were conveying thither?—How could they enjoy the quick carola of the birds, when the death-bell smote their ear, and startled their secret sorrowing!—The glad colour of the grass and of the leaves, was not in harmony with their mourning garments, and the vital sun could scarcely be rejoiced in, shining as it did on their tears, and on that dark, slow moving hearse,—and then the dreary thought arose, that there was nothing in the world but mortification and corruption!

They left her in her cold and socialless home, for the worm to riot on her beauty, and then return to dust, in the forgotten earth. That white marble slab still lives, as a memorial of man's faithlessness, bearing this inscription:—

“Here repose the remains of Marian Lyle;  
She was young, chaste, and lovely;  
Stranger, tread lightly o'er her ashes,—  
Her spirit is with her God!”

And what became of that perjured lover? He still lives,—the idol of his set,—the glass of fashion, and the mould of form. The remembrance of that lovely girl, whose affections he had taken so much pains to ensnare, dwells in his mind as a splendid conquest,—a thing to boast of, and then forget.

MORAL. To all young maidens, my advice is this. Turn from a flatterer;—men never feed the vanity of women but to betray; have no concealments, and you will want no confidant; consult the judgment of others rather than your own,—but ask not the counsel of sycophants. Believe no man in love with you till he has told you so, and even then be not too credulous; but, if he wishes to conceal his love from all but yourself, avoid him as you would a viper, for he is the enemy of your repose, and may be the destroyer of the brightest jewel in a woman's crown—fair and unsullied fame.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## LEAF FROM AN UNWRITTEN JOURNAL.

“Trifles, my lord, records of men and things, writ on my brain in earlier years; their only merit is that they are true.”—*Old Play.*

For three days had the sailors been whistling for the wind, and all in vain—it had been calm—obstinately calm. Three times had the sun risen and set in unclouded glory. Not a ship was becalmed in sight, to give us the consolation of fellowship in misery. Nothing to vary our monotony; but, at last, the wind was rising, and the sails began to swell.

There is something grand—a feeling of pride, in the triumph of man over the wild waves—when a large steam-boat comes surging through the water, without sail or qar, and its columns of smoke towering aloft, like some magical ship of olden story. Ha! ha! ha!—just think of the consternation such an apparition would have raised in London, for instance, in olden times, when the only use of steam was to come out of the spout of the tea-kettle, to tell the good wife that the water was boiling. They would have supposed that Lucifer had built a pleasure yacht for his own convenience—a sort of Charon's boat—and prayer and fasting would have been the order of the day. It is wonderful—but enough of this—enough has been said of the beauty, utility and marvellousness of steam navigation; and the day they say is coming, when all other vessels will hide their diminished heads, and naught else be seen on the wide waters. I should be sorry to see that day.

It may be—nay, it is, the swiftest and most agreeable mode of travelling; but, if you talk of *beauty*, give me the ship under full sail—each white sheet swelling in the gale, and the proud thing bounding on, as if conscious of its own beauty and surpassing gracefulness—*now*, dipping deep, (as in play) down amid the gulping waves—*then*, rising on the back of the billow and shaking its sail-crowned head with a quivering motion—Oh! how excitingly soul-thrilling, beautiful!

“Oh! how dreadfully sea-sick I am,” said my mother, as our vessel began to exemplify my description. “I must go below, but you may stay on deck if you will be very careful.” So down she went. Sea-sickness! thou art a terrible destroyer of romance on the ocean.

I was not sea-sick, children rarely are, I believe, and I was a child *then*.

Then—when? Do you know what you are talking about? You have been making a comparison between steam-boats and ships—and then say, I was a child then.” “Excuse me, I forgot that you could not possibly know all that is passing in my mind, and spoke as if you had been thinking with me for the last half hour. For the *when*—Scene on the Atlantic, out of sight of land, on board the good ship —, Captain —, bound for Cuba. For the *Dramatis Personæ*—I will introduce you to the Captain, he takes precedence, but there is nothing peculiar about him to describe, nothing but some quiet humour, and a habit of swearing not very agreeable to ears unaccustomed; but I must do him justice to say, that he had great provocation: for, as he declared, “Never did a captain command a crew of such green, awkward, lubberly, fresh-water sailors—not a good seaman on board but the captain and mate—yet they were all good natured fellows, that it made your heart-ache to see rope-ended.”

To explain how we came by this precious set I must introduce you to another personage—an old man, of middling height, thin, meagre and cadaverous. *Old*, did I say? I don't know that he was fifty; his hair was not grey, but he was one of those that you cannot imagine ever to have been young—he had not so much of a stoop as a sticking forward of his head, and his keen grey eyes seemed always restlessly peering about in suspicion. He wore a yellowish-brown surcoat, that hung bagging about him. It must have been bought second hand, for I cannot think that he ever could have been fleshy enough for it to fit him; besides, the arms were too short for him, and his talon-like hands hung out of them, dangling by his sides, the thin fingers ever working, as if longing to clutch something.

I should like to have some phrenologist examine his head;—he must have had a prodigious bump of acquisitiveness—little approbateness—no benevolence. For the rest, I don't know. This was our ship's master or supercargo. Now I know (I am sorry for it,) little of business-matters, and therefore cannot explain *how* the contract was made; but so it was, that he engaged the crew, and *paid* their wages; and, in getting them, he had not cared whether, (as the Captain said,) they had ever smelt *salt* water before or not; all he cared for was the wages. Miserable man! had we had one storm, we should have inevitably gone down,—but he did not think of that;—he only thought of his dear money. Is not the way in which we every day see men sacrifice to some one overruling passion all the other pleasures of life—yes, life itself!—a proof that there is something more than a mere visionary theory in *phrenology*? What else can explain the strange and ever varying diversity of character which have for ages been the subjects of study and dispute to moralist and philosopher?

Well!—The supercargo had on board a venture of his own;—the deck was half covered with barrels of apples. We had had an unexpectedly long voyage; and all the little delicacies which, on board ship, are peculiarly desirable, were gone. A few apples would have been very acceptable to any of us—but it was *not* in his nature; he wrapped himself in avarice as

a mantle, and stood all kinds of hints in heroic impassiveness. There was not a sailor on board but hated old T—. The poor and ignorant can easier forgive every vice in their superiors, than mean abaseness. He was disliked for many other things too tedious now to mention.

I was seated out of harm's way on one corner of the quarter-deck, on a coil of rope, and busying myself in working the square of a quilt in crewels—a *blue* squirrel holding a *red* acorn. I had betaken myself to it in the mere desperation of idleness, and had no other colours; but, you may imagine my employment was not so interesting as to prevent my watching the movements of the sailors, and I could not help observing a propensity they all exhibited on getting near a certain part of the quarter-deck. Did you ever have your foot asleep?—What a singular, half-painful, wholly laughable sensation it is! You would have imagined that all on board were afflicted with it, if you had seen the vigorous shuffling and stamping they all made use of on the top of one unfortunate barrel. Was a sail to be hauled taught, *that* barrel was the only one to stand on to do it. Were a man's feet cold, he could get them warm in no way so well as by dancing on *that* barrel. I did imagine, (it might be fancy, but I *did* imagine) that there was need-less form in the jump with which, in the heat of giving orders, the Captain himself sprung upon it.

For the first time in his life, I believe, the supercargo had an aspiring idea. It was—to climb the shrouds; he accomplished his intention,—he got to the top. For some time he seemed quite contented;—at last, he became tired of his elevated situation, and wished to descend,—but, in this instance, ascent was the easiest. The gale was coming on strong—the waves dashed high—the ship rocked dizzily. His courage ebbed away—he looked down longingly—he opened his mouth—and amid the din of wind and wave came his shrill cry for help; but there seemed to be a tacit compact that there was to be no looking aloft—a covert smile was on each countenance; and I lay back on the coil of rope, and laughed unrestrainedly. Do not think me hard-hearted. There he clung to the ropes—his face, ludicrously distorted with fear, hung down towards the deck, far away from the collar at the end of his thin neck, irresistibly reminding you of a mud tortoise,—while the long skirts of his brown coat flew out on the wind, in an opposite direction, a more laughable object surely never existed. The Captain passed by me to go down into the cabin—his face was grave, but I could detect a twitching in the half closed eye-lids, and a compression of the lips, that told me how heartily he enjoyed the joke.

Just at this minute, a crash was heard. “*Accidents will happen*,” as the mate sagely observed. The barrel of apples was, by an *unlucky* jump, split in; and such was the fright of the sailor who did it, that, in getting off, he overturned it too. The sight of his apples—his precious apples rolling about the deck, seemed to drive the wretched man in the shrouds to despair—he yelled—he kicked. My amusement was now turned to pity, and I called out to the mate to beg him to release Mr. T—, from

his disagreeable situation, but the mate was too much occupied to hear either me or the supercargo. He was watching the compass—swearing at the sailors, and singing in the intervals, “*Admiral Hones’s ghost.*” The louder screamed the master, the louder sung the mate. Shall I give you a specimen of his vociferation?—“Why the —, men, don’t you pick up those apples?”—

“Oh, that in the rolling ocean,  
I had cast them with disdain!”—

(*To the man at the helm.*) “Sow-sow-west, don’t you know the points of the compass, you lubber!”—

“And obeyed my heart’s warm notion,  
To have quelled the pride of *Spain*!”

The sailors were chasing the apples round the deck, for the apparent purpose of restoring them to the barrel;—but I noticed that they were all suddenly afflicted with large round swellings (in their pockets.) The scene had now reached its climax—they were unable longer to restrain their shouts of laughter. The screams of T — continued, and, above all, rose the sonorous voice of the mate, chanting—

“To have fall’n, my country crying,  
He has played a British part,—  
Had been better far than dying  
Of a grieved and broken heart.”

I suppose that the Captain thought the joke had been carried far enough,—for he now came up, and observing the split barrel, inquired after Mr. T —. No one knew any thing about him. The Captain cast his eyes up, and pretending to start with astonishment, called out—

“Won’t you come down, sir?—We’ve met with an accident here.”

“I can’t,” screamed the hoarse and almost exhausted man.

“Bless me!—you don’t say so. Here Jack—Ben—go up, and help Mr. T — down.”

It was now beginning to rain; but I stood on the cabin stairs, till I saw the look of anguish with which, on regaining the deck, he groaned over his barrel of apples.

They say “the receiver is as bad as the thief;”—but, nevertheless, I did enjoy eating some fine apples, that some enchanter conveyed into my berth, more than any thing I ever tasted.



If it be true, that men of strong imaginations are usually dogmatists, and I am inclined to think it is so, it ought to follow that men of weak imaginations are the reverse; in which case, we should have some compensation for stupidity. But it unfortunately happens that no dogmatist is more obstinate, or less open to conviction, than a fool; and the only difference between the two would seem to be this, the former is determined to force his knowledge upon others; the latter is equally determined that others shall not force their knowledge upon him.

## MR. JOHNSON'S VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO FRANCE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

It is astonishing what may be done, seen, felt, and suffered in a voyage of three hours. Sterne, in his coarse way, called the captain of the packet “a cursed liar;” and the reproach was just, though unpolite. There is time for anything. It is owing to the misconception on this point, that the Channel has so many enemies. People are indignant at being betrayed into experience of the “hardships of the sea,” in a three hours’ trip. I once heard an old Frenchman addressing a young comtesse, with his shoulders up to his ears, his fingers spread out, the paleness of death on his face, and his almost extinguished eyes turned with deep aversion and disgust upon the swola waters—“*Mais que voulez vous, madame?*” said he, in disjointed accents, brought occasionally like those of a ventriloquist, from the stomach. “*Ce n’est pas une mer fashionable—c’est une petite mer, une mer mesquine que ça!*” During my last trip, however, I was more edified by the strictures of an old Englishman; and, in fact, the adventures of the voyage, so far as he was concerned, might furnish some tolerable hints for a play.

We met at the inn in Dover, and I was immediately attracted towards him by compassion for a young and pretty girl, who was under his charge:—under the charge of an elderly, deaf, purblind individual! The situation was touching. Mr. Johnson, in fact, was one of those old bores, who both on the stage and in the world, appear to enjoy a monopoly of youth and beauty. You never, by any chance, see a disagreeable looking person of this genus, with his hand every now and then raised to the side of his head, to serve as an ear trumpet, while a round angry eye-ball glares at you through a glass, without a sweet pretty sentimental damsel following in his train, in the capacity of daughter, ward, or wife. In the present case, the young lady was a ward.

There was something odd in the manner of this pair, which awakened my curiosity. Mr. Johnson was full of feverish haste, while his companion seemed languid and unwilling. When the waiter expressed his disinterested fears that the weather would not permit the packet to sail on the following morning, the young lady remarked sweetly, “It was no matter—a day or two made no difference to people who could afford to travel.” Mr. Johnson, on the contrary, was filled with wrath at the idea.

“Eh? What is that?” said he. “Not go in the morning!—What is that you say?—The wind? What have I to do with the wind? Sir, I pay my way, and I shall travel when I choose!”

After dinner, Mr. Johnson, leaving his ward to her meditations, descended to the coffee-room, to indulge more at his ease in a glass of Port wine. It was no easy matter, however, to get him to speak. His idea of sociality was drinking Port wine in company, and conversation was a thing altogether distinct. At last the potent juice did its office. He began by grumb-



lings and mutterings at the times, at the ministers, at the dullness of trade, and ever and anon at the weather; and as he found in me that invaluable companion for elderly deaf gentlemen, a good listener, I soon learnt by degrees, and in a series of parenthesis, as it were, all that it was necessary to know about Mr. Johnson and his ward.

The firm of Messrs. Johnson and Gray had realized a considerable fortune in some kind of business, when the death of the latter gentleman dissolved the partnership, and threw his only child and heiress upon the hands of his friend, whom he appointed her guardian. Mr. Johnson was fitted for this delicate charge, by having endured, as well as Mr. Gray, a state of widowhood for seventeen years; and by having sat with him every day, for twice that period, in the same counting-house, from ten o'clock till five, and in the same coffee-house, from seven o'clock till eleven. During such an intimacy, it may be supposed that the two friends came to understand one another thoroughly; and, in fact, the fair Lydia found her guardian so completely the counterpart of her father, that the loss she had sustained must have been hardly perceptible.

Mr. Johnson was far less easily consoled than the daughter. It is true he had not been accustomed to hold much verbal communication with his friend; but their legs had been under the same desk, and their hats had hung on neighbouring pegs for thirty years; they had read the same newspaper,—they had sipped, and smoked, and looked at one another so long through the haze of the tobacco, that the whole mundane system seemed to the survivor to receive a shock, when the image of Mr. Gray was suddenly wrenched away from the scene. Mr. Johnson, in fine, resolved to “decline business.” He wound up his affairs, sent his son abroad to travel, and determining to retire into a rural solitude, and commence the life of a country gentleman, he purchased a box on the Highgate-road. Time, however, works wonders even in a case of despair like this. Three years passed away, and Mr. Johnson began rather to like the society which assembled every evening in the coffee-room of the little inn in Highgate, when all of a sudden it occurred to him that his ward wanted only a few days of the age of twenty-one! Mr. Johnson pondered on this text till he almost got into a fever. What had he done in the way of guardianship? In what manner was Lydia the better for his care? Would she not go out of his hands precisely as she had come into them? And more especially, how was a girl of twenty-one better able to determine for herself in regard to matrimony, than a girl of eighteen?

But it must not be supposed that he had wholly overlooked what seemed so politic as well as so natural—a union between his own son and the heiress. Mr. Johnson, in fact, had considered this as a settled thing; but, accustomed to a smooth and regular business, in which the results of an unvarying routine appeared to come up in the necessary course of things, he had given himself no trouble about the matter. Now, however, it was time to think. His heiress was within a few days of liberty; his son Harry was in Paris spending money; and George Green was, as usual, wind-

ing silk, or cutting papers, or singing duets with Lydia.

George Green was nothing more than a young fellow, who had been a clerk in the counting-house of Messrs. Johnson and Gray, and who was now a clerk in some other counting-house. He was a high-spirited, rattling, merry, clear-complexioned youth. He spent a hundred and fifty pounds out of eighty pounds a year, and of course had rarely a shilling in his pocket. When it happened otherwise, however, he went to the pit of the theatre the first night of every new play. He used to smoke segars, but had now given up the practice because it was *low*. In politics, he was an advocate of the Abolition-of-Imprisonment-for-Debt-Bill, and hated the new police. What harm could the acquaintance of George Green do to the heiress? Mr. Johnson had rather encouraged it than otherwise. Lydia had been a sort of playmate in earlier years, when George was a boy, and she “a bit of a girl;” and since Miss Gray now demanded somebody to wind silk and cut papers, and sing duets with her, nobody could be so unexceptionable as George Green. But Mr. Johnson all on a sudden began to think he had committed a mistake. When George was away, nothing went right in the house. Lydia’s smiles were laid up in lavender till his return, and, in spite of this general sweetness, the awakened observer could see that something was wanting.

“You are getting dull,” said Mr. Johnson one day, suddenly—“Eh! I say you *are* getting dull; we shall go to Paris!”

“Oh, how delightful!”

“Eh! what is that you say? To be sure, we shall go to Paris, and I shall write to Harry to meet us at Calais.”—“Tush!” “Eh! Tush! What do you tush for? Harry has been three years abroad, and he has hunted with the grand duke of this and that, and been to the Court of the Citizen King. He shall meet us at Calais.”—“Oh, how delightful!” “Eh! Delightful! To be sure; and then you know”——“But, dear guardy, it is a long way to Calais; suppose George Green goes with us so far?”

Mr. Johnson repeated the name of George Green, with a monosyllable prefixed, which made Lydia almost scream; and the very next evening, instead of a duet, poor George was forced to satisfy himself with a solo.

This was a situation which was interesting to me in more points than one. In the first place, it was blowing so hard, that there was a very tolerable chance of our being detained at Dover all the next day; and, in this case, if George Green had a spark of the spirit for which I gave him credit, we should have a scene. In the second place, if we were able to set out undisturbed for Calais, I anticipated great delight from watching the effect which would be produced upon the widowed heart of Miss Gray, by a young gentleman, who had hunted with a grand duke and visited a king.

Neither of these expectations were realized. George did not make his appearance, and consequently there was no scene, and we set out in due time for Calais. The weather was really superb. The sea, which had been tormented for several days by a gale of wind, was still boiling and bursting, although the existing cause

of its ire had at least diminished in violence. The "tail of the storm," however, as the sailors assured me it was, still continued to sweep the ocean like a besom; and we did not see a single sail on the whole of that expanse on which our own vessel appeared to bound in triumph. The motion was comparatively inconsiderable, for we were flying before the wind. Above, in beautiful contrast with the sea, all was brightness and serenity; and, as we left the coast of England, its singular outline was defined with precision against the brilliant sky behind.

Mr. Johnson looked lingeringly towards the cliffs of his native land, and then turned an anxious and repentant eye upon the apparently shoreless gulf into which we were plunging.

"Can you see the land on the other side, Liddy?" said he.

"Don't speak to me!" replied Liddy, whose face was buried in her shawl; "I shall never see land again, that I shan't. *You* a guardian! Oh! if George Green were here!" "Eh! What's that you say! What do you want with George Green now?"

"*He can swim!*" answered Lydia with dignity, uncovering her eyes. At that moment the vessel staggered and rolled, and as she was brought up by the helm, the water rushed in by the skippers. The young lady screamed;—and Mr. Johnson said, "Nonsense!" but in a faint and altered voice. At the next lurch, Lydia's "Oh!" did not amount to a scream; and her guardian's reproving "Nonsense!" came forth in a more authoritative manner. The third was received without any demonstration at all by either party; but gradually, as their hearts grew comparatively tranquil, their stomachs began to rebel. In a few minutes, Mr. Johnson turned towards me a pair of dead eyes, and a face the colour of an ill-washed white handkerchief.

"I say, Mr. What-d'ye-call-him," said he, faintly, "will you ask the captain to put me on shore?"

"My dear sir," said I, "it is impossible."

"Eh! What is that? It is *not* impossible—I can afford it. Tell him to name his price. He won't! I'll bring an action for false imprisonment—I'll give him into custody—I'll!"—Here the unfortunate Mr. Johnson's voice became louder, and yet altogether inarticulate; and at length he grew so ill, that the steward, assisted by me, carried him down into the cabin more dead than alive. As for Lydia, though desperately unwell, she kept her ground like a true woman.

By the time we neared Calais, the tail of the storm had been metamorphosed into its body; and as the narrow entrance of the harbour in the distance seemed to open to receive us, every eye was turned towards it in anxiety and suspense. In such a situation, there is something dreadful in the aspect of the land, even to a person unaccustomed to the ocean, and the merest fresh-water sailor comprehends, instinctively, the desire of the mariner for "sea-room." The length of the steam-packets makes it more particularly dangerous for them to attempt an entrance into the harbour, when the wind is strong behind them. On a former trip, we struck the pier with our stern, on an occasion when it was

tolerably evident that if the bow had received the shock, more than a hundred lives would have been lost.

"Good God!" said Miss Gray, in terror, "can they not make the ship go slower! It is impossible to land there in safety."

"In my opinion," replied I, "we shall land in Dover;" and I had hardly uttered the words, when it was clearly seen that the signal-flag was not hoisted, which permits vessels to enter, and every heart on board felt a load of uneasiness removed, as we swung round and stood out to sea. The captain very properly resolved to tempt his fate no more that day;—and, in the dusk of the evening, we got back to Dover, having extended our trip of three hours to fourteen.

When Mr. Johnson came upon deck, his first exclamation was, "I am a banished man!—Never, never shall I see Old England again!"

"What is the matter?" said I, in some alarm, lest the old gentleman's wits had suffered in the storm.

"Eh?" said he, "the matter!—why, look you here, sir; if you catch me crossing that sea again, just take me by the nape of the neck, and pitch me into the middle of it, that's all. England!—If Paradise was on the other side, I would not stir!" "Not a word," said I, making a sign to Lydia.

"Come, Mr. What-d'ye-call-him," continued Mr. Johnson, "don't be nudging my ward, but do let us go on shore at once. These cables don't look very secure; and if we are blown out again, I shall give up the ghost."

We are at length fairly on the quay, and he looked about him with mingled curiosity and satisfaction.

"Good lord!" muttered he, "to think of my being in France. How the people stare—just as if they had never seen an Englishman before. What is that man with the basket bawling? 'Eels!' Now, what can that mean?—*grenouilles!*—frogs, I declare!"

"Take care of the carriage," said I, "you will be run over."

"Eh!—run over? Ay, there it is; they don't mind what they do in France. But such a queer set-out it is—never saw such a carriage in all my life!—What is that crowd about? I say, monsieur, *qu'el est la matiere?*"

"Never mind," said Lydia, "let us go to the inn, there it is before us."

Mr. Johnson's first business was to inquire if his son had arrived; and he was greatly rejoiced to learn that a gentleman had come post-haste to see a Mr. Johnson, and more especially a Miss Gray, and not finding them, had remained all day in a very desponding state. "There, Liddy," cried he, "think of that, girl!" and Liddy's face brightened up into blushes and smiles.

"And now," said Mr. Johnson, "if my French will carry me any further, let us see if they have got any thing to eat. *Garcon, avez vous some bif-tik?*" "Où, monsieur." "Savez il vous comment le cuire?" "Où, monsieur. faut le griller sans doute." "*Peches vous donc.*"

The waiter received the injunction with a bow, and Mr. Johnson having settled his stomach with "une petite eau de vie," set down comfortably to wait for his supper and his son.

The silence was interrupted by a scream from Lydia, who stood at the window. "Eh!—what is that?" cried Mr. Johnson, "what has frightened you!—where is my glass?"

"Dear guardy, it is nothing at all: it was only—only—the gentleman the waiter has been talking of. He has just passed the window, ignorant, no doubt, of our arrival."

"Ah! you baggage! and you screamed with the joyful surprise. I say, *garçon*, *courez* into the rue; and fetch—I never can talk French when I am in a hurry. My dear Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, will you just step out and tell the gentleman that we are here?"

"I think," replied I, gravely, "that it would be more proper for the young people to meet, in the first place, without witness. They are lovers—they are about to be married."

"Eh?—married?—To be sure—you are very right, mister. Do you run after him, Liddy, there's a good girl. Married! zounds, I feel as if I could spring over the table. Hark'ye wench, if you marry him before you come back, I shall forgive you." "Thank you, dear guardy," cried Lydia, bounding away, "I am sure I shall want your forgiveness very badly."

A quarter of an hour passed away, and Mr. Johnson, who had been walking up and down the room, rubbing his hands, pulled out his watch. "Don't you think," said he, "that this is quite long enough for a first interview?"

"Undoubtedly. I have just been thinking that the young lady must have lost her way in the street."

"Eh?—lost her way? Good God! what a beast I was to send her out alone in a strange country.—Send the whole house to look for her!"

"I am glad," said I, "to find you to take it so lightly."

"Eh!—lightly!—what do you mean by that? Do you mean to insinuate that I care nothing about my ward, who is to be married to my son?"

"I mean to say, sir, that if you *are* deeply concerned, your persisting in the joke with which you have amused us so long, is particularly odd."

"Eh!—joke! why, you will drive me mad. I say Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, what are you talking about?"

"You surely are aware that we are not in Calais—that we have returned to Dover?"

"To Dover!!"—and the truth flashed like lightning upon Mr. Johnson's brain. Where is my stick!" cried he, "where are my pistols? O, the villain!—I shall choke!" and his round eyes glared like meteors, as he strode through the room. "My dear sir," said I, "if this be really news to you, I wonder you are not rather transported with joy. You are no longer a banished man—you have no longer that frightful ocean to cross—you are in Old England again!"

"That is a consolation," replied Mr. Johnson, "that is a consolation;" and he sunk exhausted into a chair. In another moment the beefsteak was set before him; and a note, which he read aloud as follows:—"Before we meet again, dear guardian, I shall be the wife of 'the gentleman' (whose name is George Green), and shall claim your promised forgiveness.—LYDIA."

## COUNT RODOLPH'S HEIR.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE rich glow of an autumn sun reddened the evening sky when Count Rodolph Von Lindenberg flung himself on a couch to rest, after a long day's hunting. He had apparently been unsuccessful, for no grisly boar's head with its grinning tusks had been borne homewards by his triumphant followers; yet there was a gleam of proud satisfaction in his eye, and a curl on his lip, such as they wear who bring the news of a victory; and when Leona, his beautiful Italian mistress, offered him a cup of Rhenish wine, he waved it from him, as though his thirst had been already quenched at the purer fountain of the torrents on his native hills,

Leona softly replaced the massy goblet on a table which stood near; she unbuckled from his breast the leathern and velvet belt, to which was suspended his ivory hunting-horn; and on which was traced in cunning embroidery, the motto "Thy voice is ever welcome!" She shook the velvet cushion, filled with light eider-down, whereon that beloved head was to repose, and sat down to watch his slumbers, and guard them against interruption. For a while she sang, in a low modulated voice, the wild airs of the country to which her lover belonged; then the mellow music of Italy, stole as if involuntarily to lips which had learned for Rodolph's sake, to speak a harsher language; and in a little space even that ceased: a tear, shed perhaps, for many a dear memory in her own forsaken land, trembled on her long black eyelashes, till hastily shaking the gathered drops away, she turned to gaze upon the sleeper. Long she watched and gazed with intense and eager love, her dark eyes dwelling on every feature, as though earth held no parallel, to their beauty. Sometimes she looked on the broad, determined brow, and thought of the majesty and inspiration which sat on it as a throne—sometimes the bold and exquisitely chiselled profile fixed her attention, and recalled those early days of affection, when she saw in him the realization of all the dreams Grecian sculptor or painter ever wrought: then the calm, statue-like curve of the lip caught her eye, and she drew the lines as it were in her heart a hundred and a hundred times; or her glance would wander with some stray beam of the evening sun, to those short and shining curls of brown, which seemed nearly auburn in its golden light. And still as she leaned and gazed, listening all the while to his deep and measured breathing, as though it had been music, she brought to mind some trait of character, some act of frank generosity or daring bravery, some kind deed or gentle word, (of the thousand she had treasured up) and dwelt separately on each; smiling to herself as she mused, and feeling as though such thoughts increased a love, already approaching to idolatry,

And yet was he she loved only as other men! Nay, not so frank, or brave, or quick or valiant as some, but one of a hasty temper and proud mind—a violent spirit and a faint, inconstant heart; wayward, vain, and weak, save in the common-place courage, that strikes when it is

struck, revenges when it is insulted, and shields the feeble from injury.

But who shall blame thee, Leona, or who shall call thy choice unwise? Do we not all daily wonder at others for the insufficiency or unworthiness of the object to whom they devote their hearts? does not each secretly undervalue and marvel at the choice of his or her neighbour?—and wherefore? Because the ideal is so mingled with our love, that we do, as it were, glorify the objects of our affection—we bestow our dreaming love of what *might* be on that which *is*—we love a mortal nature with all the strength of our immortal souls—we desire to embody our dream of perfection and clothe it in clay, that it may be an "help meet for us"—and we strive in vain!

But the spell was strong on Leona's heart, as she sat and gazed on her lover's face by the light of the autumn sky. The red sun sank lower and lower, the hills grew purple and dark, the clear moon rose faintly in the twilight, as if impatient to begin her reign—but Leona still sat quiet and motionless; nor let us think the time long, or deem that tedious in the telling, which was to her the last brief closing hour of a seven years' happiness.

Count Rodolph moved and murmured in his sleep. Gently, almost imperceptibly she bent, as though afraid to wake him, and yet loth to lose even those few murmured syllables. The smile forsook her lip, the colour fled from her cheek as she listened, and a fierce jealousy flashed from her dark dilated eyes. Again the sleeper uttered those fatal words, and Leona starting up exclaimed, "Awake, Rodolph!"—"Awake traitor," she would have added, but the word died on her lips. "Of what wert thou dreaming?" asked she in a choked tone, as her lover's angry glance turned full on her, questioning what had disturbed his slumber.

A change passed over Count Rodolph's face, but he took her hand and answered with a forced smile, "Must we remember dreams; when the reality is again present to us?"

Leona drew not away her hand, but it lay in his warm grasp, chill and cold as ice, and her voice sounded hoarse to his ear as she replied, "The reality of thy dream is not present to thee, for in that dream thou didst call upon Adelaide Von Ringhen."

"Thou mockest, Leona!"

"Thou mockest!" exclaimed the Italian, while her whole frame shook with convulsive passion. "Twice thou didst call on her—twice thy slumbering lips murmured *Adelaide Von Ringhen, my beloved bride!*"

"We are not accountable for our dreaming thoughts," muttered Rodolph, in a tone of vexation.

"Then wherefore shrink from avowing them? But it is not so; that which we think of waking, is present to us in sleep; we act and suffer in impossible scenes, perhaps, and in impossible situations, but there is no other change. It were long, Rodolph, before I should murmur in my dreams any name but thine; and there *hath* been a time when, if I bent to catch thy slumbering thoughts, the word Leona fell gently on my ear, in the same tone of fondness with which thou hast just pronounced the name of another."

Count Rodolph answered not, but seemed to

muse, unconscious of her presence; and when at length, checking a painful sigh, he turned to speak to her, there was an ominous expression in his countenance which startled the young Italian. The anger and jealousy which had possessed her but a moment before, vanished; a fearful terror fell upon her—a bewildering faintness numbed every limb, and falling at his feet, she stretched out her arms wildly and beseechingly towards him, and exclaimed, "Oh, Rodolph! these seven years my head hath lain on thy bosom—these seven years! Home, mother, country,—I left all to follow thee. Forsake me not, forsake me not!"

"Be patient, beloved Leona, I will never forsake thee; but thou hast demanded an explanation of the words I uttered unwittingly in my sleep;—and perhaps destiny so ordered it, that thou shouldst partly guess from those idle sentences what is to be thy fate—and mine. Seat thyself near me, and listen."

Leona obeyed: she neither wept nor changed countenance, while he told of his proud uncle's desire to see him wedded to the wealthy and noble heiress of Ringhen, and of the consequent arrangements made between the two families. She listened calmly, while he confessed how often the boar-hunt had been made a pretext for his absence, while in fact he was endeavouring to win the heart of the cold and gentle Adelaide; and how, as the certainty of his success became apparent, he imagined various methods of breaking the intelligence to his faithful companion. Once only, as he alluded to his uncle's wish to see an heir to his proud domains, Leona bowed her head still lower, and spoke.

"If my child had lived, then," said she, moodily, "thou wouldst not have cast me off."

"Thy child! alas, Leona," said her lover, while a smile of regret and bitterness curled his lip, "dost thou vainly imagine *thy* child could have been heir to Lindensberg? No! I would indeed have done a father's part by him, and he should have stood proudly among the best; but nobler blood must flow in the veins of Count Rodolph's Heir."

A wild searching expression shot into the eyes of the unhappy Italian, as they turned for a moment upon Rodolph; but he saw it not; his heart was brooding over the future triumph of presenting his young son to the vassals of Lindensberg.

With equal patience Leona heard all his arrangements for her future comfort; how she was to be provided for, and in what way she should return to her native land; but it was the calm of despair. As they parted, after this long explanation, Count Rodolph bent and kissed her cheek; it was pale and cold as death.

"We part not in anger," murmured he. "I shall never love another as I have loved thee. Dost thou believe me, Leona?"

The young Italian answered not; a shudder ran through her frame, and a mist was before her eyes. When she again raised them, Count Rodolph had left the apartment.

Leona moved towards the high and narrow arched window; the moon was risen, and the broad lands of Lindensberg lay stretching far as eye could discern, in the white misty light. She thought of the days of her girlhood—of all

her passionate love—her patient tenderness—the tenderness that never dreamed of change. She thought of the vows Rodolph had then uttered, and to which she had listened with the confident credulity of affection; she retraced the scenes where they had wandered together, and the words they had spoken. Her lost mother's reproachful countenance rose distinctly as on the day when her daughter's shame was made known to her;—and musing on the utter desolateness of her position, should she return to the land where she once had many friends, Leona wept. Long, long she wept, and wildly and often she clasped her feverish hands and stretched them to Heaven; but at length the fountain of her tears seemed dried. She rose from the ground, where she had knelt in despair—she smoothed back her tangled raven hair, and lifting the veil which had fallen from her shoulders, she turned once more to the window. Dark and terrible was the expression of her pale face as she did so, and the white quiet moonlight fell on a brow convulsed with agony. “*Thou art mine enemy,—thou who art to inherit hill, and dale, and river,*” muttered she wildly, as she gazed on the tracts of forest and plain which lay below; “*Thou art mine enemy, Heir to Lindensberg!*”

The morrow of that dark day came. Its morning was fair and bright; and as Rodolph sprang from his couch, his heart felt lighter than for many weeks, for he had nothing now to dread or to conceal; and Leona had heard him far, far more calmly than he had expected. “*I was wrong,*” said he, as he hastily slung on the hunting-belt embroidered by her hand, “*I was wrong in my estimate of a woman's strength of feeling. Perhaps she, too, began to feel the ties irksome which bound us together, and will return to her native land with pleasure—Now to the chase!*” and as he lifted the hunting bugle to his lips, he carelessly uttered the words, to which the young Italian had assigned a double meaning; “*Thy voice is ever welcome!*”

The chase was long and the day sultry; and when on his return, Count Rodolph came round by the torrent's fall, from whence he could command a view of his own castle, he checked his horse, and wound his bugle three times. As its sweet mellow tones floated past and died upon the hill, he said, smiling slightly to himself, “*Now shall I judge of the mood in which I shall find Leona; if she be gentle, she will sound the silver-tipped horn, wherewith I taught her long since playfully to reply to this notice of my approach, and give me welcome; if she be sad and sullen, I shall miss the accustomed answer.*”

There was a pause, a longer pause than for seven long years had ever been, between the blast of Rodolph's hunting-horn and his welcome home. The fitful autumn wind swept in a sudden gust among the trees which grew on the banks of the torrent, and scattered a shower of yellow withered leaves past his plumed cap, as he sat, bending forwards on his weary but impatient steed, listening for the signal. In spite of his carelessness and inconstancy, a sudden and stinging melancholy smote on Rodolph's heart; the mocking smile left his lip; twice he lifted his

bugle, and twice his pride struggled against the desire to hear an assurance, that she he was forsaking, loved him in spite of all. At length that desire conquered; he might not have been heard; the wind was high, although the noon had been oppressively hot. He blew a loud strong blast, and listened intently, lifting his velvet bonnet from his head. Again there was a pause,—and, with a feeling of deep irritation, Rodolph struck the spurs in his horse's side. Rearing at the unexpected correction, the gallant animal sprang forwards, trampling the withered boughs and loose stones by the torrent's side;—when, just at that moment, faint and mournful, but distinctly clear, the answering signal reached Count Rodolph. Three times it answered his thrice-repeated summons, and there was tenderness as well as triumph in his tone, as he murmured, “*Bless thee, Leona!*” But the ear of the experienced huntsman told him that it was not from his home that the answering note was sent, but from a hill to the left, where a ruined castle stood mouldering to decay, untenanted and forsaken, and avoided by the peasantry as the scene of a foul murder done by a son upon his aged father. “*She hath been wandering from home, musing over the change in her condition; perhaps weeping for my sake,*” thought he; and his heart softened towards the fond companion of his youthful years.

That evening was a long and lonely one to Count Rodolph. With his own hot and weary hands he unbuckled the clasps of his hunting vest, and awkwardly arranged the mantle and pillow, whereon he was accustomed to rest, lulled by the sweet melody of Leona's songs: his thirsty lips drank from a goblet brought by a serving-man: he could not close his tired eyes, but evermore gazed sorrowfully at the embrasure and fretted oak-work of the Gothic window at which they had stood the preceding evening. *They!* He had thought without a sigh of sending Leona from him forever, of uniting his destiny with another, and now he could not bear to spend one evening awaiting her return—he could not bear the fond and foolish reflection that *us*, and *we*, and *ours*, would no longer refer to himself and the young Italian, but to some newer partner, to whom half the joys and sorrows of his life were unknown. He thought he had ceased to love Leona; perhaps he had; but the habit of seven years is strong; he could not imagine to himself a future in which *she* was to be nothing, who had been all the world to him. He shrank from the novelty and strangeness of a life which must, as it were, begin anew—throughout the course of which one haunting sorrow must ever pursue him, which he dare not confide, and in which (unlike the joys and sorrows of the past) he could expect no sympathy.

He closed his eyes, and courted rest in vain. He missed the gentle hand that was wont to lie clasped in his, till his slumbering arm sank nerveless and unconscious by his side. He missed the ringing warbling notes of her young voice; he missed the deep, watchful tenderness of her gaze, as he remembered it through countless evenings, when his eyelids, heavy with slumber, unclosed for a moment to turn on her a last look of love.

"How shall I live without thee, Leona?" sighed he, "and why dost thou linger out so late, when the evenings are numbered that we may spend together?" and again he gazed towards the window, while dreams of relinquishing the noble alliance proposed to him, and thoughts, (less honourable,) of concealing Leona in some secure retreat, where he might yet see and visit her, passed through his mind. But still Leona returned not.

And when the next day, and the next passed on, and all search for the young Italian proved vain, Count Rodolph felt to the core of his remorseful heart, that he had underrated the sorrow of the deserted girl, and that she had departed to hide her shame and her despair where none, not even he, might find her.

At length the lonely castle of Lindensberg was again the scene of festivity and rejoicings. The sound of wassail and merriment was heard in the great hall, choral songs were chaunted, flowers were strewn, and the fair Adelaide Von Ringhen became Count Rodolph's bride. As the bridal procession passed through the long gallery which led from the chapel, a wreath of flowers, flung from above, fell at the Lady Adelaide's feet. Several of the group immediately near the young bride, looked up to discover by whose hand the offering was made; but Rodolph's keen eye alone discerned the shrinking form of Leona retreat behind one of those gigantic stone statues which, at regular distances, adorned the gallery. The discovery sent a chill to his heart, and it was the space of a minute before he recollected himself sufficiently to pick up the wreath, which he did, and with a forced smile tendered it to the bride. An exclamation burst from her lips;—and, as her maidens crowded round, the wreath fell from her hands, while faint and pale and trembling, she looked up in her husband's face. He snatched the garland, and examined it more closely;—a label, in a well-known hand-writing, dedicated it to "*The mother of Count Rodolph's Heir*," and he perceived that it was composed of nightshade, yew, and other mournful, sepulchral, or supposed poisonous plants. He commanded it to be removed, and flinging it from him, passed on as rapidly as the faint and tottering steps of Adelaide would permit; but none of the attendants, uneducated and superstitious as they were, dared to pick up "*The Garland of Death*," and many a fearful look was cast back by the last loiterers of the procession, to the spot on the stone pavement where it lay.

Uneasy and wretched, yet gratified, in spite of what had occurred, at this proof that Leona had not abandoned Lindensberg, Rodolph burned for the moment when he might escape from the noble company by whom he was surrounded, and speak a few words of explanation with the Italian. Three mortal hours passed away, and the bridal feast had passed untasted, either by Adelaide or Rodolph, when the former complaining of weariness, desired to be conducted to her chamber. Rodolph supported her from the hall, watched her slight form, as, leaning on her favourite maid, she ascended the oaken staircase—waited till the last of the white-robed attendants passed under the dark arch which led to the apartments of the Lady of Lindens-

berg,—and then, with a checked sigh, turned hastily to the chapel-gallery. In vain he sought;—in vain he even ventured to breathe Leona's name aloud. No sign of life was in that long and dimly-lighted apartment, and he remained standing alone, disheartened, and stupified, gazing on the statues behind which he had perceived Leona in the morning.

He was interrupted by the sound of footsteps, and looking eagerly forwards, perceived two of the Lady Adelaide's attendants, who, trembling and uncertain, advanced hesitatingly into the apartment.

"What seek ye here!" asked Count Rodolph sternly, provoked alike at the interruption and the disappointment it occasioned him.

"We come for the Garland of Death, my lord; the Lady Adelaide desires that it be brought instantly to her chamber,"

"Fools!" exclaimed their irritated master, "see ye not the garland hath been borne away by some one of you this morning? Go! Return to the Lady Adelaide, and say Count Rodolph will attend her, and chase these foolish fears; bid the minstrels in the outer hall strike up the '*Welcome to Lindensberg*,' and desire Caspar!"

What more Count Rodolph intended was lost, for at that moment three faint blasts were heard, and well the master of Lindensberg knew the sound. A cold dew stood on his forehead, his muscular frame shook with an emotion he could not control, and his cheek blanched like that of a woman.

"Begone!" shouted he furiously, as he perceived the attendants observing these signs of agitation, "begone! and tell your mistress I come."

His young bride received him in tears.

"Alas!" said she, "some evil will fall on thy house because of me. The Garland of Death hath disappeared, no one can tell how; for none of my attendants ventured this morning to take it up, and"—

"Hush, my beloved," said Count Rodolph, caressing her, "if that be all, I can certify to thee that the garland was given and reclaimed by a living hand."

But, at this moment, a chill doubt stole over the mind of the stout knight himself, remembering the ominous sound of the bugle-horn just at the moment when he desired to hear the "*Welcome to Lindensberg*." Was that, indeed, the result of accident, or did the spirit of the lost Leona haunt her once happy home? Adelaide gazed on her husband in fear and dread; he saw her not—thought not of her;

——"His eyes

Were with his heart, and that was far away;"

and, from that hour, the Garland of Death was a forbidden subject in the castle.

\* \* \* \*

Time passed heavily with Rodolph. Involuntarily he tormented himself with conjectures as to what had been the fate of Leona; involuntarily he contrasted the cold and gentle manner, the reserved and timid disposition of his wife, with those which had charmed his youth. She feared him; she feared all things; she understood

him not; she had not the power to amuse him; and of her affection it might rather be said that she loved no other, than that she was passionately attached to *him*. Her very beauty was that of the snow—fair, cold, and dazzling. The glow of life that animated his lost Leona was wanting.

The chase now became Rodolph's principal delight; and a shade of fierceness, such as comes to those who love only savage pleasures, altered his once frank and even temper. He grew, too, less social; the feast and the wine-cup brought no smile to his lip; he was an altered man. Meanwhile the Lady Adelaide was soon to become a mother, and her haughty relatives, as well as his own, looked forward to the birth of an heir with deep anxiety. As the eventful period approached, Lady Adelaide's terror increased; and though, in obedience to her husband's command, she spoke not her thoughts, yet the Garland of Death was ever present to her mind, and she marvelled whether the strange summons was meant for her, or the little unborn.

Rodolph's absences from home were shortened, and all he could do to cheer her sinking spirits was done: but in vain.

It was exactly a year from the day when Leona had disappeared, that Count Rodolph happened to ride home by the same path which he had pursued on that eventful evening. As he came to the torrent he checked his horse and looked sadly round. The evening was still and clear, and the glow of sunlight was rich on the changing foliage of the trees. Oppressed by dispiriting thoughts, Rodolph dismounted from his horse, and flung himself on the brown turf, where he remained idly dreaming of the past, and yet more idly planning for the future. Long years passed in review before him, and he recalled the sensations with which he used to listen for the sound of Leona's ivory hunting horn. He took off his belt and gazed upon it; he perused and reperused the embroidered words; "Thy voice is ever welcome!" and a stifled sigh escaped him. "How she worshipped me!" was his thought, as he lifted the bugle listlessly, and applied it to his lips. Three slow mournful blasts he blew, and, flinging himself with his face to the earth, he wept.

Why starts Count Rodolph from his resting place? Why does his eye glare wildly with a mixture of living hope and superstitious fear? He hears the answering signal float across the hill, mournfully replying to his own. Without a moment's pause, he threw himself on his horse and galloped towards the ruin on the hill. He saw her—he saw his own Leona! She was seated on the edge of the inner wall of the dried-up moat, habited in a black velvet hunting dress, such as she was wont to wear when she accompanied him to the chase; her eyes were turned towards the distant castle of Lindensberg—they were dim and sunken, and her hair was tangled, and had lost its glossy blackness, apparently by exposure to the elements. One hand supported her head, and the other rested on the ivory bugle which lay by her side. Leona was no longer beautiful; and yet Rodolph felt as though he loved her more than ever. She did not seem to perceive him as he crept towards her; and when at length, kneeling beside her, he took her hand, and faltered out her

name, she gazed around as if bewildered, and uncertain from whence the sound proceeded. Again he spoke, pressing that cold hand within his own, and sobbing in the agony of his emotion. She turned—she gazed on him; and that glance was present to him till his dying day, for he perceived that she knew him not. Yet was her gaze kind and sorrowful; and, parting his dark hair on his forehead, she murmured,

"Thou weepest! hast *thou* been forsaken?"

"Leona! oh, beloved Leona! I am Rodolph, thy unhappy and penitent Rodolph! Where hast thou been, that I have never beheld thee?"

"I've been to Italy," answered she, in a calm collected voice—"I've been to Italy, to see my poor mother's grave."

The heart of the inconstant lover beat within him, as the even tones fell on his ear. "She recovers—she will know me now;" thought he.

"And why lingerest thou in this mournful spot?"

"Knowest thou not?" she answered, turning quickly towards him with a wild smile—"I wait!"—and she put her lips close to his ear—"I wait for Count Rodolph's heir!"

He shrank away, and rose from her side. Then gazing at her with bitter sadness, he said, "Collect thy thoughts, Leona, and strive to comprehend me. I am Rodolph; I grieve for thee; rise, and let me conduct thee to the house of one of my vassals, where thou shalt be attended and cared for as though thou wert indeed the Lady of Lindensberg. And I will come and see thee, Leona," continued he, passionately; "I will cheer thee, and love thee still. God knows, I love none better!"

There was a pained and perplexed expression on Leona's brow while he spoke, as though she struggled to understand. For a few moments she mused, and then she answered, in a tone of quiet courtesy,

"It is impossible for me, noble stranger, to accompany thee even so far on thy way, or to do thee this service, because I expect Count Rodolph, who returns, even now, from the chase: so, farewell, and God speed thee!"—and she rose and bowed gracefully to her stupified companion.

"Oh! if I could but leave thee in safety!" exclaimed he aloud, as he passionately gazed on her impassive face. And then the method so often resorted to, of humouring partial madness, occurred to him, and he said; "The way is long, and the path is steep which Count Rodolph hath to tread; he cannot be home so soon. Come with me but a little way."

"Nay, nay," said Leona, shaking her head and smiling, "he is nearer than thou thinkest; he is within sight of Lindensberg; I have heard the signal, and answered it;" and she held on high the ivory bugle. "I will watch from the western gallery." So saying, she turned and ran swiftly towards the ruin, and commenced ascending the broken staircase, which led to what had been the principal apartment of the castle; but between the ruins of the staircase (which were of a great height) and the solid building, wherein a dark arch showed the entrance of the ruined hall, there was a space which no mortal could traverse; and as Leona still ascended, and at length neared the summit



of the broken steps, Rodolph hid his eyes, that he might not see her dashed into the distant court below. He tried to call, but his voice was hoarse and whispering with fear. He waited, but the suspense was too terrible; he uncovered his eyes and looked up, and there, gliding slowly, but securely, across the abyss, he beheld Leona! She disappeared beneath the arch; and rushing up the ruined stair, crumbling the loose stones downwards as he went, he followed. "There *must* be some frail support, some connexion between the steps and the building, which my eye cannot perceive from below," thought he, as he struggled on: but when he stood on the last of that broken flight of steps as on a pinnacle, there was nothing to afford a chance of reaching the arch, and his head grew dizzy as he looked below. Again superstitious thoughts crossed his mind, and one of the songs Leona used to sing to him after his hunting excursions, seemed to ring in his ear. He turned and slowly descended, while the gathering shades of evening warned him to lose no time in reaching Lindensberg. As he at length approached the castle, he perceived a confused group waiting to receive him. Caspar, his favourite follower, advanced.

"My Lord Count," said he, "I am the bearer of evil news. Thy lady liveth, but she hath been sorely terrified; there hath been born an heir to Lindensberg, but already he is no more!"

"What terrified the Lady Adelaide?" asked Rodolph, with forced calmness.

"My Lord, you may remember, on the wedding-day, when the attendants of the Lady Adelaide were sent to the gallery of the chapel to search for the Garland of Death;—they found it not, nor hath it ever been explained how it was conveyed away, since none in the castle laid hands on it. But, on that day, my Lord, and at the time of their search, three faint blasts of a hunting bugle were blown, and"—

"Enough," sternly shouted Rodolph, "what hath this to do with to-day's misfortune?"

"My Lord, the Lady Adelaide was in grievous pain, and fearing to die before your return, when we heard the welcome sound of your returning signal. But scarcely had a smile past over her lips at a few congratulating and comforting words spoken by her women, when we heard three blasts as on that day in the chapel gallery; the women shrieked, and the Lady Adelaide spoke not. Only when the evening closed in, and still you appeared not, she bowed her head and murmured, 'It is for *him*, then; for my good and noble Rodolph, that the signal of death is sent! Oh! rather for my little one, dear as he is!—rather, far rather, for me!' And as she spoke, the infant gave a wailing cry and died!"

"Fool! loitering fool! not to come home, instead of seeking the ruined tower," thought Rodolph, as he slowly sought the chamber of his wife. And though in his own secret soul a lingering superstition might be found, he resolved to cheer the Lady Adelaide by telling her the truth, and soliciting her forgiveness.

"This girl, whom I once loved," said he, after he had explained his early history to the shrinking Adelaide, was in the habit of answering my hunting signal. It was she who in her

jealousy and anger, flung down the garland thou hast deemed of such evil omen,—and doubtless, after we had left the chapel, she reclaimed the gift and departed, sounding the bugle from the distant hill, in order to excite regret and pity in my mind. She is a wayward thing—nay, I fear crazed by her misery: and I have thought it better to tell thee this, because that bugle-horn may sound again; and I would not that thou shouldst be a slave to such terrors."

Adelaide pressed her husband's hand, and sighed deeply. Rodolph spoke again.

"Sigh not for thy little one, but look forward with hope to the future;—nor deem the death of so weak a blossom the result of supernatural agency."

"I sigh not for my child," said Adelaide;—and she drew her faint hand away, and moaned as though with pain.

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Perhaps of all who inhabited the castle, Count Rodolph himself was the most wretched after this explanation. He recalled Leona's words, that "*she was waiting for the heir*"—he shuddered as he remembered her gliding form between the ruined stair and the hall: and it struck him as strange and ominous, that she never answered his signal except when he sounded the horn from that one spot by the torrent's side. At other times he felt that she was indeed his own unhappy Leona; and a feverish desire to discover how far this one ray of recollection illumined that benighted mind, oppressed and tortured him. At length a plan suggested itself, which he resolved to adopt. He observed the time which his ride from the torrent to the ruin generally occupied, and desired Caspar to remain by the torrent for that period, and then to sound the hunting bugle three times, while he himself rode to the hill, and watched the effect on Leona. But the experiment was only attended with fresh bitterness. For a few moments, indeed, the deserted girl seemed to recover her memory and reason: she started up on hearing the signal, and exclaiming, in a tone of joyful tenderness, "Rodolph! dear Rodolph!" returned the expected answer, and smiled to hear the echo float over the hill. But then her countenance fell;—tears gathered in her large black eyes, and she moaned and wept, repeating at intervals the single sentence, "Why hast thou forsaken me, beloved?" In vain Rodolph addressed her; she answered him indeed, but it was as a stranger; and he relinquished the painful experiment, satisfying himself with ordering his tenantry in the nearest village to supply the crazed being with all the necessaries and comforts of life, and never, on any pretext, to approach the castle:—a command which the superstitious fears of the ignorant peasantry rendered superfluous.

Again the Lady Adelaide made Rodolph a father. The babe was strong and beautiful;—and, as she watched its growth, the mother of the heir of Lindensberg smiled at her own past fears. The Count, too, became passionately fond of his infant son, and the misery of Leona's situation preyed less constantly on his spirits than heretofore.

The fatal day came, nevertheless, which was

to deprive them of this object of mutual tenderness. The German nurse returned not with her charge at the usual hour; and, after days of agonizing suspense and search, the body of the woman was found drowned in the pool beneath the torrent, into which she must have fallen. No trace of the infant could be discovered, except the silken mantle which it had worn; and the dark whirlpool was unsearchable and unfathomable.

It would be vain to attempt describing the effect of this blow on the mother of the lost child. She sank under it, gradually indeed, but securely; and all the superatation of fear returned to her mind. She would not at first believe that it was dead;—continually insisting upon seeing the body, and starting at every unusual sound, as though she deemed it the herald of intelligence respecting the fate of her beloved infant. At length a low nervous fever reduced her to a state of weakness, both of body and mind, which it was painful to see;—and Rodolph availed himself of this opportunity, when she could not leave her chamber, to pretend that the body of the young heir had been found, and interred in the chapel. A marble monument was placed there;—and, on the recovery of the unhappy Adelaide, she was led to weep over the empty tomb.

But, for Rodolph, there was not even the melancholy satisfaction of believing his little son interred, where he might from time to time visit him and indulge his grief. To him was ever present the struggle of the helpless woman, and the whelming waters which had closed alike over him and his child:—to him was ever present the haunting doubt of Leona's double existence.

Three years rolled away, and Rodolph had never joined his companions in the chase, nor ever sounded the bugle whose eternal answer wrung his heart. Caspar brought, from time to time, the intelligence that Leona came at regular intervals to the scattered village nearest the Hill of the Ruined Tower, for fruit, meal, chesnuts, and other necessities—that she accepted silently what was offered her, and seemed greatly pleased at a present of two goats, which one of the peasants gave her, and which she had since kept in the grass-grown court of the old castle. If questioned, she became restless and suspicious in manner, and sometimes answered with a fierce haughtiness;—but, for the most part, she departed when spoken to, and ran swiftly towards the hill—looking back, from time to time, as if fearful of being pursued.

Meanwhile a new misfortune visited Count Rodolph; the Lady Adelaide died, a prey to regret and nervous depression. He mourned for her with sincerity, nor was his sorrow untinged by remorse when he reflected on the strange circumstances which had shortened her existence. The Lord Ulric of Lindenberg, his uncle, vehemently reproached him for having suffered "that Italian witch" to remain on the territory—lamented the untimely decease of the rich Lady Adelaide, and tormented himself and his nephew with calculations to bring about a second union for Rodolph, with Gertrude Von Ringhen, her cousin, who would now inherit. But far other were the schemes of Count Rodolph. To quit Lindens-

berg and carry the distracted Leona to her native land, and there by the most soothing attentions, and the advice of skilful physicians, to restore her to health and to reason; to visit old scenes with her, and endeavour to renew the broken links of memory; these were the plans which now formed the day-dreams of the widower.

For this purpose he went daily to the ruined tower, and watched and called, but in vain. Leona appeared not. Burning with anxiety, he at length resolved to await her at one of the huts, the outskirts of the hamlet, where she was wont to come for food; but the moment she perceived him approaching her, she fled precipitately. He pursued and overtook her; when she paused, and turning her pale face full upon him, she said mournfully, "What wouldst thou with me, dark stranger? And wherefore in Rodolph's absence dost thou steal upon me thus!"

"Rodolph is here, and loves thee, and is free, beloved Leona!" murmured the unhappy man, as she again moved onwards. Leona made no reply; and side by side they toiled together up the steep ascent which led immediately to the castle: the slant beams of evening streamed through the broken arches, and gave a vivid and supernatural light and shadow to the mouldering building. "It is the hour he should return," said Leona; but I hear not the horn." This hint was not lost on Rodolph; and at the same hour on the succeeding evening, having stationed Caspar on the fatal spot which he himself had never revisited, he sought the retreat of Leona. She was tending the two solitary goats in the inner court of the castle, and having fastened them to the root of a larch-tree, which had crept through a fissure in the wall, she sat down on a block of stone, apparently faint and fatigued, when the blast of the hunter's horn pealed over the echoing hills. Instantly she started up, a wild expression of pleasure and tenderness overspread her attenuated features; and lifting the ivory bugle to her lips, she exclaimed; "I hear thee Rodolph, I bless thee! I welcome thee!"

Alas! he that was so beloved, even in madness, stood by, unblest, unwelcomed, chilled and agonized, cursing his fate and her's!

He attempted not to converse with her, he attempted not to detain her as she passed him up the ruined stair case: he gazed not after her. Utterly broken, and bowed in spirit, he hid his face in his hands and wept. The tears of a man are painful. Rodolph conquered the weakness, and leaning his head back on the broken step above him, and lifting his gaze to the soft evening sky, he indulged in a reverie, as to the possibility of bringing from Rome a physician who had been acquainted with Leona from her childhood, and who, from his knowledge of her constitution, might yet perhaps restore her to reason.

So deep was Count Rodolph's reverie, that he perceived not its object stealing down the broken flight of steps, till she had approached the one above that on which his head rested. She stooped; she gazed into his startled eyes; and oh! the thrill of hope and expectation that swelled the heart and quickened the pulse of the inconstant lover, when she murmured close to his ear, "Rodolph! it is late, and thou art weary!"

"She knows me at length," thought he, "we shall yet be happy!" Then turning to her, and taking her unresisting hand, he murmured; "I am indeed weary—sing to me Leona!"—And she sang. Her haunting voice rang in his ear as it had done long years ago—and when, oppressed by the recollection, his bosom heaved, and his breath came gaspingly, she seemed to think he slumbered, and lowered the modulated tones to a gentle murmuring harmony. Her arm stole beneath his head; he dared not open his heavy eyes, lest the illusion should be broken; but he felt her breath warm on his cheek, and he knew that she bent over him, and watched him, as in by-gone days—dimly from beneath his own quivering lashes, he perceived her dark loving eyes fixed upon him—and his heart ached with excess of hope.

Suddenly she rose; she grasped his arm with unnatural strength—"Of what wert thou dreaming?" said she, in a tone of passionate jealousy.

"I dreamed not—I slept not—Beloved hear me!"

"Thou didst—thy dream was of Adelaide Von Ringhen!" shouted the unhappy girl. Then kneeling with her head on his knees, she murmured,

"Forsake me not! Rodolph—forsake me not!"

With bitter agony he strove to make her comprehend him, but in vain; the ray was quenched, and when he attempted to detain her, she looked wildly on him, and disengaging her hands, with a shrill scream she flew up the staircase, and in the dim uncertain light, appeared, after a moment's pause, to flit across the empty space into the arch beyond.

Count Rodolph departed. He sought the southern sky of Italy; he wandered in scenes familiar to him in youth; a heavy sickness fell on him, and months passed away ere he was sufficiently strong to resume his journey. The physician on whose skill he had depended to cure the disease under which his once loved Leona suffered, was in Spain, attending a case of much difficulty, and in some respects similar, since the patient was afflicted with aberration of intellect, caused by a sudden shock. A messenger was despatched to Spain, and brought for answer, that a year at least must expire before the Dottore could leave his present patient. That year and part of the next, were passed by Count Rodolph in wandering from place to place, without any aim except a restless desire of change. At length he received the welcome intimation, that he might meet the Dottore at Rome, and thence proceed on their journey together. He was informed of the successful termination of the case which had been the cause of the delay, and once more hope entered into his heart and abode there.

On his arrival at Lindensberg, the faithful Caspar gave but a melancholy account of the poor crazed being in whom he was so deeply interested. He described her as more distracted than ever; coming frequently to the hamlet, and desiring velvets of light and rich colours to be sent for, which was complied with, and yet she never appeared in any other costume than the black hunting dress. She had also latterly become

most sad and dispirited; weeping bitterly, and believing herself to be in attendance on some sick or dying person, for whom she ordered medicines, and chose the most tempting fruit, all which was procured and executed for her in compliance with the Count's parting orders. Rodolph's heart sank; but the physician bid him be of good cheer, for that this new delirium showed the disorder to be coming to a crisis. It was agreed between them, that the Dottore should meet the poor maniac in the hamlet, and endeavour to make her comprehend who he was, and his desire to be of service to the sick person she attended; and that Rodolph should await them at the ruined tower. Contrary to all expectation, Leona no sooner saw the physician, than she recognized him; and falling at his feet, she kissed his hands repeatedly, weeping, and inquiring into the circumstances of her mother's death and alluding to scenes and people mutually familiar to both.

"There is hope," said the Dottore to himself, as he soothed and answered her. Then suddenly changing her manner, she eagerly asked his advice respecting the sick person she was in imaginary attendance upon, saying he had a fever, and was weakly, and she feared he would sink under it. She hesitated, and appeared restless, when he offered to visit the invalid; but at length she nodded her head in token of assent.

Rodolph sat by the broken staircase awaiting their arrival in an agony of anxiety. He desired ardently to behold the effect of the signal, after the lapse of time during which he had been absent, and that the Dottore likewise should witness the only symptom of recollection which had hitherto been given by the unhappy Leona.

To this end he had ordered Caspar to remain by the torrent, and when a messenger from the hamlet should give him notice of Leona's return homewards, to blow three blasts as usual on the hunting bugle.

When Leona perceived Rodolph, a faint smile of puzzled recognition stole over her wan features. She paused and hesitated; at length she said, "It is long since we have met, noble stranger, and I can hardly now give you welcome, for Rodolph is still absent and I am much troubled because of the sickness of one I love; nevertheless—But come on, dear friend, why loiter we!" said she to the physician with a sudden change of tone; "perhaps even now he dies!"

So saying, she swiftly ascended the flight of steps. When she reached the summit, she knelt down, and lifting up a stone, drew from beneath it a coil of rope; this she wound patiently round, till a shattered plank which hung unperceived under the arch opposite, gray as the walls, and, like them, moss-grown and mouldering, was sufficiently raised to enable her, by a small exertion of strength, to lift the end and rest it on the last step.

"Great Heaven!" said Rodolph, shuddering, "is she about to cross on that plank?"

"Hush!" said the physician.

"This is my drawbridge," said Leona, smiling with a sort of triumph at the Dottore, and without noticing the question of Rodolph. Then laying her hand on his arm, she added earnestly, "once it cracked beneath me—once, when I

was carrying *him* across. But I never brought him out again."

"He who is now sick?" said the physician, in the voice of a person who humours a child in some folly.

"Yes," answered Leona, sighing, "he is very sick." Then stooping toward the Dottore, she added, in a tone of great importance, "he is the Heir to Lindensberg."

It was with a cold shuddering regret, that Rodolph heard this explanation of the illusion that possessed her. "The Heir to Lindensberg is dead, Leona," said he, mournfully: the maniac shook her head.

"The woman died," answered she; "she fled, and fell into the dark waters; I took *him*, but could not kill him, although I know he is my enemy!"

It was well for Rodolph, that the dizzy stupefaction which came over him at these words, prevented all evidence of emotion on his part.

"Well, Leona, I cannot cure him unless I see him," said the physician, in a composed tone; and, as he spoke, he laid his hand heavily on Rodolph's shoulder. Leona crossed the narrow quivering plank, and disappeared beneath the archway.

"Think you this is true? oh! God, think you it is true?" murmured Rodolph.

"It may be," said his friend; "or the unhappy woman may have heard broken snatches of the story from the peasantry who supply her with food, and so have grown to imagine herself an actor in the events she has heard related. This is not an uncommon symptom of madness;—but true or visionary, a word from you is fatal. Speak not, move not; and perhaps you may regain at once Leona and your son."

Rodolph groaned, and hid his face. There was a long pause.

"She mocks us, or she hath forgotten," said the unhappy man at length, raising his haggard eyes to his friend's countenance. The Dottore motioned for silence.

"Leona," said he, in a loud, clear tone, "I have other patients to visit;—is the boy there?"

"I do but adjust his mantle," was the reply; and suddenly there appeared in the archway, as in a framed picture, two living figures: Leona—and a child of six or seven years of age; tall, pale, and meagre, with long silky brown hair, curling down to his waist; and large blue eyes, that seemed painfully dazzled even by the mellow light of the evening. His excessive paleness was rendered yet more apparent by the varied brilliancy of the colours which composed his dress—a scarlet velvet mantle being fastened on a suit of glowing purple, trimmed with white miniver, and a small cap of emerald green, embroidered with pearls, set on his head. His cheeks were hollow, and his lips looked as though they had never learned to smile, so wan and stiff and feverish did they appear. He leaned against his companion for support, and one thin little white hand clung to the folds of her drapery. At the unusual sound of a strange voice he started, and as his unaccustomed eyes sought to distinguish objects, and beheld the Count and his friend, a faint shriek of terror escaped him.

"Hush," said Leona, soothingly, "be not terrified, and thou shalt soon see Rodolph;" and

the child's wan lips moved, and he repeated with the exactitude of tone, and the faint sadness of an echo, "Rodolph!"

She lifted him in her arms, and smiling sadly at the physician, she said, "Shall I bring him to thee, or will the cold air hurt him?"

"Bring him;" calmly replied the physician, as he measured with his eye the strength of the plank, and the additional weight it would sustain in the passage of the attenuated and frail little being, so miraculously preserved. Lightly and steadily Leona advanced, while Rodolph's outstretched arms seemed already nearly to clutch his long lost child. She had reached the centre, when suddenly Caspar blew the three blasts on the signal horn. Leona paused—the blood rushed to her colourless cheek, the light to her sunken eye.

"I hear thee, Rodolph!" exclaimed she; and pressing the pale child closely to her heart, she raised the ivory bugle to her faded lips.

There was a crash—a wild cry—and all was over.

Rodolph and the physician gazed on the archway. Where was the maniac, and the pale child with its silken hair?—where was the frail plank which stood between them and that living tomb, wherein his little son had so long been buried?—What had gone down into that dark abyss?

Rodolph and the physician descended the broken stairs slowly, quietly, stupidly: to what purpose should they hurry their pace? A dock grew on the last step but one; the physician switched it with his cane: it was a rank weed, unsightly, and the impulse was to destroy it: he had not observed it as he ascended. They came to the end of the broken flight of steps, and stood in the court below. Something lay close to the Dottore's feet: he looked down: it was a little pale corpse in a gaudy dress.

"In a fall from a very great height," said he, speaking very slowly, and glancing upwards, "the subject generally dies from suffocation before the ground is touched; it is not, therefore, commonly, a death of pain."

Count Rodolph groaned, and pressed the hand of his friend. A little beyond, lay the maniac Leona. She still breathed; and, as Rodolph approached, she opened her large dark eyes, as if instinctively aware of his presence.

"Rodolph, beloved," said she, "I have been dreaming a dreadful dream. Even now, methinks, I suffer pain—I cannot rise; the cold has struck my limbs with a numbing pain; thou shouldst not have allowed me to slumber in the open air. I dreamed (alas! what torturing pain I suffer) that thou didst forsake me for another—that thou wert wedded—that there was an Heir to Lindensberg. Oh! rather than so dream again, I would wish to die now, on thy bosom." And she flung her arms round his neck and moaned, and a slight shivering ran through her limbs. Her eyes, which had been gazing in his face, closed suddenly.—She was dead.

"We are apt," (said the old physician, when returning with Count Rodolph from one of his annual visits to Leona's tomb;) we are apt to pity people for dying, and for the manner of

their death, as though it were the crowning agony of nature; yet there may have been hours of unendurable misery in a man's life, to which his death may seem like a pleasant dream. Which, think you, was the bitter hour to her who now rests in peace;—that in which, bruised and dying, but with her arms twined round thy neck, she imagined herself waking from a slumber in the cold autumn wind;—or that in which she first answered the blast of thy hunting bugle, after thy confession of intended separation?"

### EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE great and still-extending popularity of Captain Marryatt has induced us to present our readers with what, we have reason to believe, is a good likeness of that distinguished writer. At any rate, it is copied from an original engraving published in the *Naval Annual*—a work got up under his immediate direction, and sanctioned therefore by his own authority.

No author of the present day—nor it may be added any other—is so universally admired, on this side of the Atlantic, as Captain Marryatt. His works are sought with avidity by all classes of readers: indeed, the demand for them seems insatiable. The booksellers have issued them in every variety of form, from the highest to the lowest-priced editions; and they have been printed *entire*—a thing heretofore unexampled—in several of the leading newspapers.

The great and unusual popularity of Captain Marryatt involves no mystery. His books are transcripts of real life, such as it is seen and felt in every day's intercourse with the world,—and though there are occasional extravagancies, and gross ones, the larger portion of his characters and incidents are easy and natural. With him there is little, or nothing, of straining after effect: no overwrought passion: no exaggerated sentiment: no ridiculous rhodomontade. He makes his men and women what they are, not what they ought to be: he describes no faultless monsters which the world ne'er saw; and his readers are not thrust upon the unsocial and unsuitable company of demigods and angels. He gives us human nature as we ourselves have experienced it;—and recognizing the truth, and realizing the justice, of his portraits, we enjoy them.

Another reason of the popularity of Marryatt's earliest works, (we mean those first published in this country,) Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, &c. is the fact that they treat principally of nautical subjects. Landsmen and landwomen too, feel a great interest in all that relates to seamen; and they read nothing with higher zest than the description of a storm—a shipwreck, or a naval victory. If these be faithfully sketched, they can never be surpassed in the intensity of the sympathies they excite; and perhaps no man ever described them more faithfully and accurately than the subject of this brief notice. Bred to the navy, in which he holds an eminent station, he looks with a sailor's eye, and describes with a sailor's zeal, all that comes within the range of his professional observation, and this he does with a truth and simplicity that leaves him unrivalled. Cooper is more gorgeous in many of his sea-scenes, but his pictures evidently want the verisimilitude which distinguishes those of Marryatt;—and if the colours are more brilliant, the Likeness is less easily to be traced.

The chief recommendation of Marryatt is his keen but joyous humour. He has a quick eye for all that is ridiculous, and a stirring pen in describing it. This faculty procured from Coleridge the high compliment that he considered him the Smollett of the day—a compliment not perhaps exactly just, but at the same time doing no injustice to Smollett. Marryatt's humour differs widely from Smollett's: it has less of sarcasm and more of pleasantry: it raises a laugh, but it never inflicts a pang. In this respect he more

resembles Fielding, though he has not the lively fancy of that admirable novelist.

Captain Marryatt's principal works are *Newton Forster*, *Peter Simple*, *Jacob Faithful*, *King's Own*, *Naval Officer*, *Japhet in Search of a Father*; and, more recently, *The Pirate* and *The Three Cutters*. Captain Marryatt is the editor of the *London Metropolitan*—originally edited by the poet Campbell—and he has given that publication a standing which none of his predecessors, including Campbell and Bulwer, could acquire for it. He is yet in the prime of life; and with his prolific brain, we may count on much more that is pleasant and agreeable from him.

We publish, in this number, Napoleon's autograph. Can any scholar, French or otherwise, make it *out*? Byron's hand was bad, and Jeffery's was said to resemble the walking of a fly, with his legs inked, over a sheet of paper;—but Napoleon's beats them all.

The following extract from a notice of the *Novels in the Vade Mecum*, is just;—and a late failure in the attempt to start a new publication of the same nature, would seem to call for it:—

"The public should be guarded in subscribing to new publications, unless they are fully assured that there is a responsibility on the part of the publisher;—many publications have started into existence of late, which have lived but till the public became interested in them, and then disappeared. Publishers well known, and of long standing, should always have the preference, as there is every reason, moral and pecuniary, for their fulfilling their engagements."

"Leaf from an Unwritten Journal," is by Miss C. Gooch. We neglected placing her name to it. A pretty piece of poetry in this number, entitled "*The Lone Hill Side*," is also by this lady.

The first edition of the two first numbers of the *Marryatt Novels*, was completely exhausted before the third number was issued. They have been reprinted;—and the work can still be had complete from the commencement. No. 3, contains *The Pirate*, *The Three Cutters*, and *Moonshine*. No. 4, *Frank Midmay*.

This number contains an engraving of Captain Marryatt on steel, by Eldridge, and is most creditable to the young artist. We have another steel engraving by this gentleman, which will shortly be given.

Marc Smeton's story is received, and will appear in our next;—also "*The Flood*," by N. C. Brooks.

The publisher of the *Lady's Book* is grateful for the patronage extended to the Periodical which he established, and which was the first to give correct coloured representations of the Philadelphia Fashions. He has now published the work for six years,—and he would ask a careful examination of it from the many that have been subscribers from the commencement, and their candid judgment, whether it has not been constantly improving from volume to volume. He may with safety say, that the two engravings that adorn this number, are such as would be creditable to the embellishments of the same class of periodicals in England. The Fashions are superior to all but those in the *Court Magazine*, and equal to them. If the subscription still continues on the increase, greater exertions will be made. The promises made in the commencement of the year have by far been exceeded;—and this is a fact that few periodicals can boast of. The promises made in advertisements, in general, far exceeding the performances.

It will also be seen, by a reference to the cover, that a second edition of the *Marryatt Novels* has been put to press, and that before the third number was issued. This is another subject for the publisher to congratulate himself upon;—and he returns his sincere thanks to those that have so generously patronized this expensive undertaking.

**YON ABBEY BELL, SO FULL AND SWELLING:****A SACRED SONG,**

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR

**THE PIANO FORTE,**

BY THE CHEVALIER S. NEUKOMM.

*Andante quasi Larghetto.*

*P*  
*Ped.*

Yon abbey bell, so full and swelling, Whose rich vibrations greet the

ear, To me in solemn note seems telling of Faith, Of Hope, of Heaven near, My

heart with holy joy is bounding, From earth my thoughts are on the wing, When

e'er the welcome call is sounding That bids me join the choir, and sing, That

pp

p

bids me join the choir, and sing Amen! Amen! A - - - men!

Ped.

## II.

Sweet bell! thy echoes, faint, and fleeting,  
 Subdue my heart as by a spell;  
 For while thy sounds my ears are greeting,  
 My thoughts on scenes sublime do dwell,  
 I muse in holy contemplation,  
 On life's long ills, its transient joys,  
 And that blest scheme which brings salvation—  
 A theme which angels' harps employ.  
 Amen! Amen! Amen!

## III.

Sweet abbey bell! thy notes are calling  
 On man, to seek the gate of heaven;  
 They tell where sounds more softly falling,  
 Speak peace to souls and sins forgiven.  
 But ah! time's wheels are swiftly rolling,  
 And life's career will soon be run;  
 The knell of death will soon be tolling,  
 And all life's woes and joys be done.  
 Amen! Amen! Amen!

## RECEIPTS.

*German Oyster Powder.*

THE Germans prepare oyster powder for ragouts and sauces, in the following curious manner—Take fresh oysters of any sort, beard them, and put them in a vessel over the fire to get out the superfluous water; after which, lay them to cool, and work them through a colander. This done, place them on a chopping board, and chop them small with pounded biscuit, mace, and finely minced lemon peel, so as to produce a proper dough or paste; with which make up thin cakes, put them on clean paper, and set them with the board in a gentle oven. When they are baked quite hard, take them out, and immediately pound them into a fine powder, and keep it in boxes perfectly dry. This oyster powder is found very useful when oysters are out of season as well as in such inland parts as seldom have any. Many dishes and sauces are much improved by the agreeable oyster flavour given by this powder, which should be made when oysters are

cheap and good. The cakes may even be preserved and used without pounding; but it will then be necessary to soften them, previously to their being beaten up and used for culinary purposes.

*Method of Preserving Common Cream.*

THIS is a useful article of sea stock for short voyages, and may in other cases be found very serviceable or convenient. Dissolve twelve ounces of loaf sugar in water, over a moderate fire, and let it afterward boil for about two minutes; after which, add immediately twelve ounces of the finest and freshest cream, and thoroughly incorporate the whole over the fire. Then suffer it to cool, pour it into a bottle, and cork it up close. If kept in a cool place, it will continue fit for use several weeks, and even months: and, as sugar is commonly wanted when there is occasion for cream, the cream is thus preserved without any sort of additional expense.



Written for the Lady's Book.

### SIGNIFICATION OF CHRISTIAN NAMES.

*Mr. Editor:* In the last number of your interesting publication, I observed a pretty and somewhat curious collection of derivations of names, with the significations attached to each, as found in different languages, taken from a British Magazine. I was struck with the thought,—and observing that nothing was wanting but to complete the list, I determined at once, in pursuance of the design, to see if I could not effect it through the instrumentality of a great scholar, whom I am sometimes allowed the privilege of consulting. He is probably one of the most learned men that ever lived. You would be struck with his appearance in a moment. He is a little old man, nearly eighty years of age, very thin and emaciated, but with an eye like an eagle, and the quick step of eighteen. His maxim is, that the only thing worth living for is to get knowledge. I have often had thoughts of nominating him for the Presidency, but he is not ambitious of public honors, and has always withstood my solicitations to allow his name to be made use of, in connection with any public distinction. He is content to live and die as the great champion of letters, and will descend to posterity in his works. But this is a digression.

After making out a list of the remaining names, not included in your collection, I took them to him, and mentioned my errand. I found him absorbed in study. Every thing about him betokened the man of universal knowledge. There were large folio volumes piled up on chairs; great heaps of manuscripts covered with the “dust of dead ages;” books in all languages, with their leaves doubled down in dog-eared, and lying open, one upon another; there were all the ancient historians in the original tongues—the poets of all ages and nations—philosophers and divines without number—all the medical writers, and some of the learned sages of the law. He was roused by my entrance, and looked up. I communicated my object. He caught at the suggestion, and promised to comply with it. The following day—for he was as true as a dial-plate—he sent me the subjoined list, which, if you think worth a place in your next number, I leave at your service, remaining, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

ARTHUR.

A.		
Agnes	(From the Latin)	Having the innocence of the Lamb.
Alice	(From the Chinese)	Of a sweet temper.
Amelia	(From the Saxon)	Playful and pretty.
Antonia	(From the Hebrew)	One who is not to be turned aside from her purpose.
Arabella	(From the Celtic)	Of a clear complexion—having much curiosity.
B.		
Barbara	(From the Latin)	Unintelligible.
Bertha	(From the French)	Good-tempered.
C.		
Cassandra	(From the Latin)	Intellectual—having the gift of prophecy.
Charity	(From the Hebrew)	Given to conceal frailties.
Charlotte	(From the French)	Of a strong mind.

Constance	(From the French)	Of a persevering disposition.
D.		
Deborah	(From the Dutch)	Kind-hearted—fond of domestic pursuits.
Dorothy	(From the Saxon)	Devoted to friendship.
E.		
Eleanor	(From the French)	Handsome—having a stately manner.
Ellen	(From the Saxon)	Beautiful—artless—of captivating ways—fond of music.
F.		
Fanny	(From the Hebrew)	Of an inquiring mind.
Flora	(From the Latin)	Addicted to flowers.
G.		
Grace	(From the French)	Of a refined taste.
Georgiana	(From the Latin)	Uncomplaining.
H.		
Harriet	(From the Saxon)	Of an elegant appearance, and of fascinating manners.
Henrietta	(From the Greek)	Guiltless.
J.		
Jane	(From the French)	Of an animated disposition—having a sweet voice.
Julia	(From the German)	Entertaining—original—amiable.
Juliet	(From the German)	The diminutive of Julia.
L.		
Louisa	(From the French)	Of endearing qualities—one who dresses handsomely.
Lucy	(From the French)	The child of genius.
M.		
Matilda	(From the Chinese)	Gay—dashing—coquettish.
Maria	(From the French)	Timid—affectionate.
Mildred	(From the Saxon)	Of winning manners—having bright eyes.
N.		
Nancy	(From the Hebrew)	Mild—fair complexion.
P.		
Penelope	(From the Greek)	One who excels in ornamental work.
Priscilla	(From the German)	A flirt.
R.		
Rachel	(From the Hebrew)	Born to a high destiny.
Rose	(From the Saxon)	Blooming—blushing.
S.		
Sarah	(From the Hebrew)	Of a striking appearance—one who shines in society—a beautiful dancer.
T.		
Theodosia	(From the Teutonic)	All truth—heavenly-minded.
Theresa	(From the German)	Graceful—feminine—sprightly.
W.		
Wilhelmina	(From the Chinese)	Romantic.

(The following name, Mr. Editor, is at the head of your list: but, as I had included it in mine by mistake, I give the signification with which it was returned to me:)

Anna	(From the Hebrew)	Lady-like—surpassingly beautiful; of sweet manners, and unconscious of her own charms.
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*Engraved by Edwin M. Ellis.*

THE LADY'S BOOK

Engraved for the Lady's Book, L.A. Oodley Publisher.

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

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But without any process of reasoning, observation must establish the fact, that there is an infinite disparity in the minds of different individuals; for many, possessed of every facility for expanding their intellects and devoting their days and nights to unremitting study, are never able to attain to distinction: while others, not enjoying like advantages and bestowing less attention, rise to eminence and obtain an enviable fame among men. And this difference of mental ability

was any epithet better applied than the above to Clara and her mother; for the face of the one was motionless as the sea of oblivion, while that of her child was like a rivulet flashing in sunlight and dimpled by the soft fingers of every zephyr.

The melancholy of Mrs. Lawson had nothing in it of dissatisfaction with outward circumstances, or of repining at labour to which her constitution was unequal—it was the deep settled gloom of a mind where the sun of hope has ceased to shine—of a heart whose warm feelings



# THE LADY'S BOOK.

APRIL, 1886.

Written for the Lady's Book.

CLARA LAWSON;  
OR, THE RUSTIC TOILET.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

SOME persons think that all mankind are born with mental capacities alike. How preposterous the idea! that, when the mass of inert matter is wrought into innumerable diverse forms, and when animated existence appears under every specification of colour, figure and energy, that immaterial and divine essence, the mind, should exist in all rational beings exactly the same, evincing no modification and discovering itself in but one development, and that all the grades of intelligence are purely adventitious—the effects of circumstance, education and observation.

Consult Nature! Behold the great hierarchy of day, eldest of the sons of light when God said, 'Let light be, and light was,' and then contemplate the pale star that gems the coronal of night—from the mountain, whose proud head o'ertops the clouds, turn to the lowly plain and more lowly valley—from the lion-hearted sea, whose roar is heard around the globe, turn to the purling rivulet—from the unwieldy kraken of the North to the sportive shrimp—from the elephant, beneath whose tread the earth quakes, to the chirping grasshopper—from the soaring condor, that cleaves the storm-cloud, to the tiny midge that quivers like a moth in the sunbeam—from the mountain oak to the pliant ozier—from the blazing diamond to the dull and opaque sand-stones, and by analogy of reason, as you run through the different *genera* and *species*, and the innumerable shades of variety in the same species, you must come to the irresistible conclusion, that the Creator has specified in man every grade of intelligence, —diversified by various degrees of power, brilliance and energy—the majestic intellect that is calculated to grasp the universe—the patient investigating mind, slow yet successful in inquiry—the penetrating mind that, like a sunbeam, at a glance comprehends truth—and the dull, opaque mind, that neither has light of itself nor can reflect the light of others.

But without any process of reasoning, observation must establish the fact, that there is an infinite disparity in the minds of different individuals; for many, possessed of every facility for expanding their intellects and devoting their days and nights to unremitting study, are never able to attain to distinction: while others, not enjoying like advantages and bestowing less attention, rise to eminence and obtain an enviable fame among men. And this difference of mental ability

is alike obvious, whether we look at the great *arena* of intellect, the world, where often by mere mental energy, the obscure hind has risen above nobility itself, to sway the rod of empire—or, at the *cradle* of intellect, the gymnasium, where the careless and erratic, though gifted son of genius, bears away the scholastic prize from the dull and plodding student.

But to our story. And now smile not, gentle reader, when you find the above philosophical reflections designed as an introduction to the 'short and simple annals of the poor;' for our heroine, though munificently endowed with the riches of the understanding, was poor in outward circumstances. Clara Lawson was the daughter of humble and obscure parents. Her mother was a native of New York, and, after a short acquaintance, married an Englishman, greatly her senior in years, who, after living with her about three years, converted what moveables she had into money, and abandoning his wife and infant daughter to the charities of the world, embarked for New Orleans, where he fell a victim to the diseases of the climate and his own licentiousness.

Clara's mother thus stripped of every thing, had no friends to whom she could apply, but was dependent upon her own exertions for a precarious subsistence. The occupation which she adopted was that of a washerwoman; and, although her earnings were small, she was enabled by a strict economy to provide for herself and child fare sufficient, though homely, and procure comfortable attire, though of the coarsest fabric. Time passed on, and she was generally known throughout the city as the 'melancholy washerwoman with the pretty child;' for from the hands of no other did the linen come as purely white, or the frill or ruffle as neatly plaited. And never was any epithet better applied than the above to Clara and her mother; for the face of the one was motionless as the sea of oblivion, while that of her child was like a rivulet flashing in sunlight and dimpled by the soft fingers of every zephyr.

The melancholy of Mrs. Lawson had nothing in it of dissatisfaction with outward circumstances, or of repining at labour to which her constitution was unequal—it was the deep settled gloom of a mind where the sun of hope has ceased to shine—of a heart whose warm feelings

unkindness has congealed. She was young and ardent, and attributing to her suitor excellencies that, in him, had only an imaginary existence, gave her hand to him with all the devotedness of woman's first love; and when the clouds of error were dissipated, and the creations of fancy gave way to painful truth; in the midst of unkindness she endeavoured to 'hope against hope;' and even when he had abandoned her and her infant, continued to cherish the recollection of him who had won her early affections, as the ivy enfolds the ruined rotten trunk of its early embrace. Her bruised spirit would have sunk beneath the pressure of sorrow, but maternal love nerved up her strength, and enabled her to make exertions for her child that she could not have made for herself. Often when she would have fainted over her wash-tub with fatigue, the sight of Clara, as she sported over the green with a countenance like an angel, inspirited her, or her innocent laugh as her little arms plashed in the water playing with the soap-bubbles, or her soft voice as she hummed the infant hymns her mother had learned her.

Modest merit is unobtrusive of its griefs and is permitted to suffer, while forwardness is hearkened to and relieved from its very importunity. Although the thin form of the heart-broken woman for four years was seen gliding like a spectre along the streets, during the week, laden with the clothes of her daily toil, and her little child with piles of linen, o'er which her bright locks fell in ringlets like sunbeams on flakes of snow; and although every Sabbath they occupied the same humble seat at church, no one had inquired into their destitute condition, nor had endeavoured to put them into a way of earning a livelihood more suited to the mother's failing strength. 'The melancholy washerwoman and her pretty child' came from the lips of many as before, but was a sentiment of the lips, in which the heart had no share. It created no charitable desire to cheer the melancholy of the one, or shield the frail unprotected beauty of the other from the hardships and snares of an evil world.

Paler grew her cheek, slower the step, and more stooped the figure of the lone daughter of sorrow, yet with her wasted hands worn through the skin by attrition, she continued late and early to ply her accustomed labour, while deeper and deeper shadows spread over her countenance—the dull twilight of life darkening into the night of death.

It was a morning in May; the sky was flushed with the rosy tints of the rising sun; and the hum of the distant city, with the gush of waters and the song of birds, came like the music of enchantment on the fresh air, scented with the breath of the flowers of Spring. Every thing around smiled in the beauty and peacefulness of Eden. Deeply did Mr. Letour and his warm-hearted lady drink the influence of all that surrounded them: for the virtuous and charitable alone are calculated to enjoy the calm beauties of nature. They had risen earlier than usual, and had continued their walk beyond the precincts of the city, until they came to the humble suburban habitation of the poor. The sun had not risen, yet the smoke was curling up among the clustering boughs of the weeping willows from the fire in the open air, where, beside the

spring, the slender form of the washerwoman bent over her daily task. They had often marked the sorrowful countenance of the deserted woman as she and her little daughter took away weekly and returned the clothes which they gave her; but the peculiar hardness of her fate had not presented itself to them until, in their morning ramble, they saw the unmitigated toil to which she was subject, and contrasted her cheerless poverty and wakeful labours with the extravagance and indolent day-slumbers of the wealthy. If the luxurious inhabitants of the city would give to morning exercise the hours they waste in feverish sleep, and witness the hardships and the toils which the poor, late and early, have to undergo for a scanty subsistence, how often would pride and haughtiness learn a lesson of humility—how often would avarice listen to the dictates of charity, and the glow of benevolence expand the breast that wraps itself up in its own narrow interest.

As they approached the humble cottage, the cries of a child, from the thick bower of willows, arrested their attention. They proceeded hastily to the spot from which the noise came. The water was bubbling in cauldrons over a brisk fire—confused heaps of dry clothes dotted the green grass over, like islands—there lay masses that had already been washed, in twisted rolls piled together—there stood the tub with its contents from which the excited bubbles had scarcely disappeared, and beside it lay extended the washerwoman, as she had sunk down from exhaustion—pale, motionless, stiffening in death. Beside the corpse was her little child, with her face buried in her arms, weeping aloud. In the firm grasp of the dead was a crumpled letter that she had received that morning, which told the story of her woes. It bore the post mark of New Orleans. The letter was from her husband, and was full of touching penitence for the manner in which he had behaved to her, and entreaties for her forgiveness. The conclusion was by another person that gave an account of his death. Labour and ill health had reduced her form to a mere skeleton—hope, the oil of life, was extinct, and the sudden excitement had quenched the feeble light of existence, as the gentlest breeze extinguishes the dying snuff that flickers in the socket. Restoratives were resorted to, but in vain—the sufferer had reached that peaceful clime where the 'weary are at rest.' The dead was committed to the tomb, and her orphan child found a home in the family of the charitable Letour.

Clara was now in her eighth year, and was taken by Mrs. Letour into her nursery to assist in taking care of her young children. She had received from her mother some elementary instruction, and was able to read with considerable ease. Madame Letour had been educated in Paris and was a woman of handsome acquirements, having, besides a knowledge of the modern languages of Europe, an acquaintance with the ancient Classics, together with the Belles Lettres. She spent the half of each day in the nursery with her children, instructing them. The sprightliness and good sense of Clara soon attracted her notice; she made her a pupil with the class of her own daughters, and in the different studies to which she directed her attention



was pleased to see her make astonishing progress. During five years Clara continued in the family, doing service half the day, and devoting the residue to study, and in that time obtained an education such as few young ladies had then an opportunity of getting. She was tall and well grown for her age, and her countenance was ever lit up by intelligence and cheerfulness. If she had any faults they were those of excessive energy of character, and of her mixing with the world in her infancy;—a confidence bordering on forwardness; a lively perception of the ludicrous and a keenness of wit and satire that, while it excited wonder, created fear.

About this time, a certain Miss Margarette Lawson, an antiquated maiden lady on the wrong side of fifty, the eldest and only surviving sister of Clara's father, came over from England. She found out her interesting niece in New York, and took her to reside with her in one of the little villages in the western part of the State. How much soever Miss Margarette might resemble her brother in features and national prejudices, she certainly had nothing of his extravagance—for a more sparing housewife never lived: and, by a rigid stinting of table and wardrobe, she had not only kept unbroken the principal of a small bequest made to her in her more girlish days, but had laid up also some guineas of the interest. Some fur dresses of coarse gray stuff, comprised all her every-day wearing apparel—while a rusty silk gown, venerable enough in cut and colour to have belonged to her great-grandmother, with a black silk-hooded mantilla, made up her dress of state for extraordinary occasions.

Four years passed away in the village of —, and Clara had grown up to womanhood, and a beautiful and interesting girl she was, truly—yet she seemed a flower destined to “waste its sweetness on the desert air!” for her high-toned sentiments and mental acquisitions were ill understood by the inhabitants of the village in which she lived, who were noted for a plainness and simplicity bordering on stupidity. The school-master of the place, a tall handsome personage of twenty-four, was the only one in any degree able to appreciate Clara's abilities: yet Reading, Writing, and a limited knowledge of figures, Grammar and Geography, were the radius that described the *cyclopadia* of his lore. The slight pretensions which Herman Lincoln had to learning, established something like a community of feeling between them, which soon grew into a warm attachment.

I hope my readers will not hastily conclude to despise my humble hero of the birchen-rod—but will recollect that, in 1800, (to which date the above history belongs,) the village school-master who could read Dilworth's Spelling Book and the Psalter, and cypher through Gough's Arithmetic, was no inconsiderable person—and if, in addition to these, he had a smattering of Grammar and Geography, and could survey and plot a field, was set down as a prodigy. To resume, however, Herman certainly was the only one of any intelligence or reading in the place, and he had drawn upon himself the envy of the young rustics, on account of supplanting them in the affections of the village-belle, though their envy had nothing of bitter-

ness in it, for he had grown up among them, and his amiable disposition prevented any feeling of the kind.

The months of July and August were a busy season;—and, as the youngsters were too much engaged in harvesting to attend to books, Herman took advantage of the recess of school to visit the West, where he had some friends. Clara found the village rather duller than usual, after he had gone, and availed herself of his absence to pay a visit to the friend of her childhood, Madame Letour, in New York. She was received with the greatest kindness by her benefactress; and, after spending seven or eight weeks in a very delightful manner, returned home, bearing many little presents that she had received,—and, among others, all the necessary cosmetics, perfumes, powders, &c. &c. for a fashionable toilet. These, to be sure, were not needed to deck Clara's peerless beauty;—but Madame Letour was a Frenchwoman, (which is another name for *roug*;) and delighted in perfumes; and human nature is so constituted, that, in making presents, our self-love often induces us to present what we prize, without consulting the taste or the circumstances of others.

Important changes often occur in the space of a few weeks. During Clara's short absence, revolutions to her highly important had taken place in the small village of —. The sun was nearly set, as the stage rolled in sight of the place. The eyes of the maiden were directed to the elm trees, through which a glimpse was caught of the school-house. The door opened. The swarm poured forth, with laugh and song, and merry shout, and hats and bonnets tossed in air. And now the maiden's heart fluttered, and the colour came and went on her delicate cheek—and now she caught the glimpse of her—could it be!—her own Herman. The figure emerged from the shade. It was not the tall manly form of her lover, but stood in the light, in outline, more like a short thick sack of wool, than a human being. But was he the teacher? Was there no other person in the room? Did not that small whitewashed log-cabin of twenty feet by twelve, contain one of more estimation, in her view, than all the opulent proprietors of the princely piles of brick and marble that she had seen in New York? No! The locking of the door—the bundle of books under his arm, and the pompous philosophical strut of the stranger dispelled all her hopes, and left but little more to doubt or fear. Her lover was dead, dismissed, or had removed forever—a fresh instance of the inconstancy of mankind—even a parting farewell unsaid.

As she came near a group of children who were behind the rest, and who seemed to be particularly intent on their books as they walked along, confused voices reached her, like the hum of bees; and presently she could distinguish *hic, hæc, hoc, hujus, hujus, hujus—bonus, bona, bonum, bonis, bonæ, boni—spero, speras, sperat, speramus, speratis, sperant, &c.* but *O tempora! O mores!* such pronunciation—such barbarous Latin had never been heard since the days of Romulus! I should mention that the inhabitants of — were a mixed population. There was the deep guttural accent of the German, the broad Irish, and the stammering Ame-

rican mouthing Latin. The sounds, mingled together, were like the confusion of Babel, or the yell of triple-headed Cerberus himself. It was past all doubt.—They had a new master, and a linguist.

Clara entered the house with a melancholy heart. Scarcely had she embraced Aunt Margarette, before the old lady, in breathless haste, informed her that “they had gotten rid of that fool of a fop, Lincoln, what knew nothink at all, and had gotten in his place an English gentleman, a royal prophesier of all kinds of larnen—what knew every thing. Lincoln writ on that he was sick, in delicate health, and expected to come as soon as he got well: but you see, Clara dear! they warn’t going to wait, but took the royal prophesier.” Clara could scarcely refrain from tears—yet indignation at the manner in which Lincoln had been treated, and irritation at the language of her aunt, gave her energy, and she replied to her aunt in a warm manner, “Professor, I presume you mean, aunt!—and, as the gentleman professes every thing, I would *prophecy* that he knows nothing. I suppose that he is some boasting *blockhead* that has come to this country to prevent his head being brought to the block. He is certainly no gentleman to undermine another, especially while he is confined to a bed of sickness. I cannot see why people should be so foolish as to drive from among them those they know, and take in strangers, about whose talents and morals they know nothing, as if no one had any brains or worth, unless he came from over the sea.”

“And why arn’t it so, Miss? Don’t the choice of every thing come over the sea—wines and silks and the like, and why hain’t folks there more brains too?—Ar’n’t they more ‘lightened?’”

“Why, as to that, I can’t say,” replied Clara; “but, if they have more brains over the sea, most persons take care to have their heads *lightened* of a large portion—for I generally find them as addle-pated as you seem to think the Americans.”

Clara here perceived a tremendous cloud on Aunt Margarette’s brow, and hastened to escape from the torrent of abuse that followed; but, as she tripped up stairs to her room, she heard repeated the words—‘impudence—fool—and personal inflections.’

The next morning Clara was confirmed that she was correct in the estimate which she had made of the Professor’s abilities, by the perusal of the following card, which her aunt produced:

“*A Card.*—Henry Hardigan, Royal Professor from London, where he has taught several of the princes of the blood and nobility, announces to the public that he has taken the Academy in the village of —, where he will teach the following branches: Orthography, Kaligraphy, Brachygraphy, Reading and Geography, Numerics, Optics, Katoptrics, Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, Algebra, Fluxions and Saxeopontine Constructions, the Mathematics analytically, synthetically and geometrically, Demonology, Psychology and Mythology, Ontology and Dontology.—Also all the ancient and modern Languages, together with whatever is comprehended in the most extended cycle of the cyclopedia of art and science. Great attention paid to the morals of the pupils, and the most polite perfections and genuflections of the finished courtier instilled. Terms moderate.”

It was true the faithful services of young Lincoln were forgotten. Parents were anxious to procure for their children the blessings of an education which they had not themselves;—and, with a pitiable credulity, which is still an American characteristic, exalted a foreigner over one identified with their own interests and honour. The Royal Professor was engaged, and the inhabitants of the village of — expected the goddess of Wisdom to break a shower of knowledge over the place, as Jupiter had formerly done a shower of gold over the Lycians. Plain English and useful knowledge were eschewed—and to please the importunity of the children—to pay proper respect to the teacher, whose dignity might not brook plain learning so well, and, furthermore, to gratify the foolish vanity of parents—boys who could not tell the difference between the centre and the circumference, or distinguish a noun from an interjection, were forthwith put into Latin. The children were delighted with the change—the change of teachers, and the change of lessons. Each one looked with contempt on his former studies and the teacher who superintended them; and looked forward to the period when they should become *royal professors* themselves, and have *royal* times of it, and take very Parnassus by storm.

Time passed on, and the inhabitants of — congratulated themselves on having secured the services of so eminent a Professor. He was regarded as the greatest philosopher of the age. He not only understood all the discoveries made since the flood, but made some himself, with which he contemplated soon to astound the natives—not of our little nameless village, but of the world. He had also formed very long and learned theories, which were exceedingly mystified, and so the people did not understand them. This, however, was a proof of the correctness of the theories, as any which they would have understood, could not have been correct. Of these theories, I will cite one of the shortest and most plain, that my readers may judge of the deep sagacity of the Professor’s inquiries into the nature of truth.

That the days are longer in summer than in winter, is a natural fact—that all bodies expand with heat, and contract with cold, is a natural law—that the days in summer are expanded by the heat, and the days in winter contracted by the cold, is a natural inference. Was there ever a deduction more natural? The above was the theme of one of the Professor’s lectures, delivered in the school-room a few evenings after he had come to the village: and, after detailing some interesting experiments which he and his young friend Lord Stanhope had made in London with a *theometer*—an instrument that gives the condensation and rarification of heat, to determine the phenomena of the long days in summer, and also some experiments which he and Earl Musgrave had made, with a *spyrometer*—an instrument that shows the radiation of cold, to explain the phenomena of the short days in winter, he was enabled to demonstrate the truth of the above law and inferences to the entire satisfaction of his astonished auditors.

He boarded at the village tavern, and lodged in the upper room of the school, which was a building of a story and-a-half: and here, late at

night, when every light in the village was extinguished, would be seen the gleam of Professor Hardigan's lamp. He was polite enough to drop in of an evening, and see his neighbours for a few minutes: but such, he said, were his studious habits, that he enjoyed social intercourse as the dessert of life, but hard, abstruse study as the substantial meat. At first he called on his friend and countrywoman, Mrs. Margarette Lawson, almost every evening; but, after Clara's return, his visits were more seldom, and less lengthy—which was strange, as the intelligent like to mingle with those of kindred spirit; and certainly she was the best fitted to comprehend and enjoy the Professor's profound erudition. When he did visit her aunt, Clara used her ingenuity to draw him out on particular subjects, that she might sift his pretensions somewhat; but Aunt Margarette and the Professor were both so fond of talking, that she could scarcely edge in a word at all, much less enter into a thorough unravelling;—besides, when she had an opportunity, she was afraid to proceed very far, lest she might offend the gentleman, and provoke the ire of her aunt, who had not sufficiently studied Blair, to have in her rhetoric proper regard to the decorums of time and place, when in a wrathful mood.

In addition to his voluminous reading, Professor Hardigan devoted much of his time to astronomical observations, and had converted the window seat of his attic dormant into an observatory. Here he sat of evenings, with several lamps around him, and with arms bent like an Indian bow, supported a small tube directed towards the stars. From many a window in the village were turned the eyes of sire and son, to the star-gazing man of science, as they thought upon the stupendous discoveries likely to be made—and all by the teacher of their school too—'twas overwhelming to think of. True, the tube was a very small one: but by some discoveries which the Professor had made in *optics*, he had so improved it, as to bring the moon sufficiently near to enable him to hear the roar of its sea. That the instrument was a good one, may be inferred from the fact, that by nice calculations made with it, assisted by a good *almunac*, he had actually come within five minutes of the time of an eclipse, by the landlord's watch. In addition to a valuable philosophical apparatus contained in a large chest, he received from Albany, shortly after his coming to the village of —, a box containing philosophical instruments, to be used with his telescope when looking from his observatory. These instruments were a present from the Astronomical Society of London, on account of some discoveries which he had communicated some time before his leaving England. These instruments were put into the *sanctum* of his attic bed-chamber, whither no one had access—not even to make his bed, and so the anticipated pleasure of seeing them was lost.

A slight accident, however, happened, in the using of the above philosophical instruments jointly with his telescope, which, perhaps, may be of some interest to my readers. The astronomer had mounted his observatory as usual, and commenced his starry speculations. He was in the habit, generally, of muttering

to himself while so engaged;—but, this evening, he was more boisterous than ever. One of the villagers, who was curious in astronomical matters, had gone to the school-room for the purpose of hearing, if possible, what the philosopher was saying. The villager was a simple-hearted man, and had heard that wicked men, by magical incantations to the stars, had wrought much mischief; and it was not clear to him, that the strange conduct of the schoolman had good in it. He placed his back against one of the elms, and continued to witness the behaviour of Professor Hardigan, and listen to his singular language, until he fell asleep. The astronomer continued his speculations, until his large head and shoulders declined rather much from a perpendicular—he lost his centre of gravity—his centrifugal force overcame the centripetal—there was a crash of the dormant-window-seat observatory, and the rattling of chains and telescope—the burning lamps fell on the head and breast of the affrighted star-gazer, setting fire to his gorgeous ruffles and his greasy bushy head,—and, Phæton-like, he was hurled towards the earth, "*flamma rutilos populante capillos.*" The noise awakened the sleeping villager;—and, opening his eyes, he looked up with consternation. He had not time to move his limbs—but the action of the mind is quicker than that of the body. As the fiery meteor descended, he recollected that Hardigan had said he had often drawn down the moon; and the idea presented itself, that he had *now* drawn down a star—or, remembering that the Professor dealt in astrology, he thought that he had drawn down the devil upon him; and the next instant he thought just nothing at all—for the astronomer's large bony head struck his, fairly knocking out his senses, and both lay extended on the ground.

The attic dormant was dim, for the observer, like the lost Pleiad, had vanished from his place. When the *royal* professor was taken up to his dormitory, he exhibited every appearance of being *royally* drunk; and the fumes of his wrath rather bore testimony against him: but yet it was hard to judge rashly, for he had never been known to purchase a glass of drink of Mr. Krause during the time he boarded at the tavern. The key was left, however, a few days after in the door which led into the upper apartment, and as boys will be prying into mysteries, they endeavoured to get a peep into the box of philosophical instruments from Albany, and, on looking in, discovered two kegs, neatly packed, which, to credit the evidence of the olfactory nerves, contained brandy. But, says one of the little boys, more considerate than the rest, "Well! what if it is brandy? May it not be one of the transparent media that the professor tells us about, through which he contemplates the moon?" Who knows that the simple youth was not right?

We will now turn our attention to another person, of whom we have lost sight for some time. Herman Lincoln returned, but ere he had reached the village, rumour apprised him of the sad reverses that had befallen him—the loss of his school, and, worse than that, of the loss of his sweetheart; for it was also reported that Professor Hardigan was unremitting in his attentions; and cold must have been the heart that

could have resisted the soft rhetoric of so learned a man. Lincoln was still in feeble health, and this intelligence was any thing else than a balsam. He was disposed to be a little jealous, and he could now readily credit the faithlessness of Clara, since his patrons had cast him off. The parents, in fact, were ashamed to see him after the manner in which they had treated him, but the children had all their former regard awakened at the sight of one who had always treated them with so much kindness. They fared differently now; for the professor's bony knuckles, like a bag of marbles, were continually rattling about their little republican heads. This they and their parents considered a direct violation of their reserved rights; for while they left all that extensive territory from the *collar vertebrae* on the north to the ankles on the south to the full sweep of the rod of empire, they constituted all the more northerly regions a free territory. However, as Latin was a good thing, the parents allowed that it was to be gotten at the expense of—a little suffering in the flesh. The children thought differently, and would have greatly preferred conning their simple multiplication tables which they could understand, to being beaten with the royal professor's sceptre, a huge hickory, through Latin, of which they could understand nothing.

But what of Clara? Was she pleased with the attentions of the Englishman which had become so frequent? Had the solicitations of Aunt Margarette disposed her to listen to his addresses? Could she so soon forget the object of her early affections? Frailty! thy name is woman. Herman's lynx-eyed jealousy discovered from her conversation a real or pretended preference for his rival. If real, it was most ungrateful—if pretended, cruel. Clara Lawson was a volatile girl—volatile girls are often fickle—sometimes mischievous. But more anon.

The village of — was a healthy place, and did not much require the services of a physician; yet, Dr. Grayson, a young licentiate, rather a disciple of Momus than *Æsculapius*, selected it as the scene where he was to study medicine and practise—jokes. He was the soul of fun and frolic. His liveliness and intelligence could not fail to render him agreeable to Clara—here was another rival more formidable than the professor. Herman was unhappy; he had lost his school; Clara had either ceased to love him, or had so little regard for him as to take delight in teasing him and keeping him in suspense. He determined upon arranging his affairs and forever leaving a place where he had been treated with so much ingratitude and injustice.

Halloween is a time of festivity, of fun and frolic, of cake-making and nut-cracking. In 1800 it was a more joyous season than it is now—for modern refinement has either obliterated or lessened the good old customs of our forefathers. The inhabitants of the village of — could not be without their share of sport; and there was to be a merry making—Will you believe it, reader?—at Aunt Margarette's. Yes, that sparing, stinting housewife, after great importunity from her niece, resolved to give a feast to others, though she should fast herself afterwards sufficiently to make it up. Yet a part of the guests, at least, were not to go scot-free, for the old lady contemplated on making them sew to the amount

of the entertainment; so a quilting was determined upon—that best of merry-makings of the olden time.

"Why, Clara!" said Aunt Margarette, entering the room, "You astonish me! Not dressed yet! Why *railly* now, Clara! with your milk-of-roses, your *co-log-ne*, and your pearl-powder, you'll take up half the evening at your *toilet*, as you call it—and a toil you make of it now to be sure. I wish you would stir yourself and get ready. You know I must be in the kitchen at the cake, and no one will be ready to receive the *gals* as they *comes* in. Besides, I want you to mark out the diamonds of the quilt before they come, that as little time as possible may be lost. I dare say, with their giggling and laughing, they'll not do much, no how. Come, child! haste!"

"Yes, aunt," said Clara, "I am in haste; but we are to have the gentlemen, you know, and I want to be a *little* particular."

"Yes, that's well enough," says her aunt; "but I don't think you need be *very* particular, for I can tell you the Professor is over ears in love already."

"Well, aunt," said Clara, with a laugh, "that is not very deep, to be over the ears of such a duck-legged mannikin."

"But he is in love *very deep*," resumed aunt Margarette, "and let me tell you, Clara! he is an Englishman, and hates the French and all their fooleries, as I do myself—he'll like you none the better for being powdered and perfumed over. Confound that French woman, for turning your head with such nonsense."

Her niece was irritated at the disrespectful language used respecting one to whom she owed so much, and replied readily—

"Suppose I was to tell you, aunt! that I am an *American*, and hate the English and all their fooleries?" and the arch little maiden, with a roguish smile, continued to twirl the long golden tresses through her fingers, while her graceful neck assumed every variety of attitude as she studied her looks in the old fashioned mirror that rested on the bureau, by the side of which she was sitting. Aunt Margarette's countenance, which was cheerful, became serious. She could not tell whether her niece was in earnest or in jest. A cloud began to rise on her brow, the precursor of a storm—and a storm with Aunt Margarette was no small affair. It was a real hurricane—a tornado of passion. She then informed her niece that the Professor contemplated making a formal tender of his hand to her; and then opening the bureau, she showed Clara a large amount of gold in a secret drawer, and informed her, that the reception of that at her death depended upon her listening to the addresses of Professor Hardigan. Of all rhetoric the silent eloquence of cash is most persuasive. Yet Clara had a head and a heart on which nature had stamped freedom—she was not to be moved by Aunt Margarette's gold. A smile at her aunt's earnestness, and a laugh at the Professor's expense, tended to excite our irritable dame of the black silk hood. Clara was sarcastic—her aunt became abusive. I will not repeat what passed. Suffice it to say, that Aunt Margarette was furious, and gave unrestrained vent to her madness in "words that burn." She attributed

all the mischief to the airs which that "vile French woman" had put into her niece's head, and seizing up the *paraphernalia* of the toilet, cosmetics, perfumes, &c. &c. hurled them over the house. Never was a room scented better with cologne or a young lady whitened with powder.

How great is a calm after a storm. Aunt Margarette sat in the room with a countenance brightened with cheerfulness, enjoying the conversation of the evening. Only one thing was wanting to make her happiness complete—the presence of her countryman, Mr. Hardigan. Ever and anon she went to the window to look out for his advent. She desired his coming ardently, for she thought Dr. Grayson appeared to engross too much of Clara's conversation. Herman Lincoln thought so too, and so did many of the rustic *beaus* who were assembled on the occasion. Presently the sound of footsteps was heard along the rude pavement, like the roll of a drum, and the royal Professor was descried moving along, puffing and blowing like a steamboat. That he was a man of great impetuosity might be gathered even from his walk.

He came driving on at a tremendous rate, and as he entered the door with vehemence, and was about taking Aunt Margarette's extended hand, the toe of his boot stuck in the carpet, and his head drove against the ribs of the old lady with the force of a battering ram, knocking her against the door. Clara said something to Dr. Grayson about "polite perfections and genuflections" which caused a titter. "Plague take the fellow's head," said a rustic beau to the tavern-keeper's daughter, "he nearly knocked daddy's brains out the other night at the school-house." Here was a general burst of laughter.

When the Professor entered the room he was the 'observed of all observers.' Reader! would you see him? Well, then, fancy to yourself a low square-built man, five feet high and six feet thick, cased in grey stockings, black breeches that fitted as tight as the skin, and an old claret coloured coat, dotted over with metal buttons as large as a crownpiece. But you would hear of the features. I will particularize. The head was large enough to have suited a statue of Atlas, and was covered over with long bushy hair of the deepest red. The brow was low and wrinkled, and—strange to say!—had nothing philosophical about it. The mouth had an expression of—openness, say three inches and a half. The eyes were large and protruded, between a blue and a green, and had that appearance of inflammation which *generally* is the effect of nocturnal lucubration. But the most prominent feature has not yet been described. His nose—Shade of Ovidius Naso! behold yourself surpassed!—his nose, I say, from the plain of the *plainest* face in Christendom, towered up, like Mount *Ætna*, huge and undulating, and like Mount *Ætna*, red and fiery at the *apex*. And, what is unusual, his nose bore a conspicuous part in conversation, for it warmed with his animation, and by sundry twitchings and gestures seemed to second the force of his arguments. Such were the figure and features of Professor Hardigan, as they appeared to Dr. Grayson, who was a caricaturist, and to Herman Lincoln, who

was a jealous man. They may possibly be a little overstrained.

The Professor had been *peripatetically* engaged, as he classically expressed it. It was one of those very warm evenings which will sometimes happen in Indian Summer, and exercise had heated him. He felt oppressed, and scarcely had he taken his seat between Clara and Dr. Grayson, and found time, after his introduction, to inquire of the latter at what college he had graduated, when he so far forgot the proprieties of courtly etiquette, which he professed to teach others, as to pull off his old claret coloured coat and throw it upon the bed which stood in one corner of the room. Such strange conduct excited surprise; but a smile was on the countenance of every one as they glanced from their needles to the coat that was spread out on the counterpane—forming a circle, or rather an oblate spheroid; for it was broader than it was long. Clara was provoked at the disrespect which the Professor had shown, and, looking first at the coat and then at its owner's nose, apparently entering into the conversation which had been started, asked the Professor if he had not graduated at Brazen-Nose College. The roar of laughter was now immoderate, and all joined in it except Clara and the person interrogated; for not perceiving that any thing was intended, he proceeded regularly to give the history of his collegiate course. This gave her an opportunity of drawing him out in conversation, which she gladly improved, while Dr. Grayson, who sat by listening to their conversation, kept thrusting his red pocket handkerchief into his mouth until it had nearly disappeared. Strange conduct, indeed! Was it done to prevent his laughing?

The young ladies and gentlemen were all attention, though they could seldom comprehend either question or answer. One reply, however, which the Professor made, they readily understood. While he was speaking of Astronomy, Clara interrupted him to know what was meant by an *upside* of the moon. The *upside* of the moon, did you ask? Why the upper *orn*, child! to be sure. They had become familiar with *h*, swallowing the letter *h*, and readily received *orn* for horn, as it was intended. After a long dissertation on Demonology the Professor related some freaks of witches, in which he believed implicitly. During his essay, the tavern-keeper's daughter, amazed at his display of learning, whispered Clara to ask the philosopher if he knew where the philosopher's stone was to be found. "In the philosopher's head instead of brains," she returned, in a low voice. Dr. Grayson caught the remark; his head shook as with a palsy, and he appeared eating his bandanna as before. Mr. Hardigan now commenced Mythology and History. In the former he made occasionally some slight errors, merely of numbers, such as the *seven* Fates, the *nine* Graces, the *three* Muses, &c. Roman history he inflicted next, from the time that Romulus called on Jupiter Stator to arrest the flight of the Romans *ad finem*. Jupiter Stator, by-the-bye, was a favourite deity, for all his exclamations were made to him.

After he had proceeded for some time, he made mention of the "wolf Nero," as he was pleased to call him, and in his remarks attributed to him some actions that belonged to *Æneas*.

How he bore from Troy, which he had set on fire out of pure wickedness, his aged father Anchises, and the like. Clara fixed her bright, piercing eye on the Professor's face—paused, and then begged to know in what he had read the wonderful account. "In the *hannals* of Tacitus, the Latin historian." Clara unlocked a little drawer, and put Tacitus into his hands. Professor Hardigan was surprised—Dr. Grayson laughed—Herman Lincoln straightened himself up in his chair, where jealousy had been transforming him to a statue, to prove that he had not become all stone—the girls stuck their needles in the quilt and looked on, wondering what was to be done next. Clara evinced no emotion, but patiently awaited the result of the Professor's investigation.

Professor Hardigan was in a quandary. He thumbed the leaves carefully, and then with triumph pointed to the passage, on a page where the name of Nero stood conspicuous. Clara begged a translation of the part. He regarded the expressive countenance of the girl cautiously, and then began—but seeing symptoms of an irrepressible laugh on her lips, conjectured that Clara had some knowledge of Latin, and was not to be humbugged. So he ceased translating, and acknowledged that he had made a *mistake*, and that the actions of the savage "wolf Nero" could not be found in the "*hannals*" of Tacitus. Aunt Margarette was hurt for her countryman, and endeavoured to assist him. She trotted away into another room—and returning, said to him, "If the wolf Nero could not be found among the '*hannimals*' of Tacitus, maybe you'll find him among the *hannimals* of Goldsmith;" and, so saying, she threw into his lap Goldsmith's Animated Nature.

He was silent, and continued to look at the pictures. At length he closed the book, repeating some lines from his favourite poet, Ovid—probably his ancestor, which had come over his mind like inspiration. Clara went to her drawer, and a copy of Ovid was soon in the hands of Professor Hardigan. "It was a mere *lapsus lingue*—he meant to say Virgil." Clara handed him Virgil, desiring to be favoured with a sight of the passage. "How could he blunder so!—It was Persius." Persius was offered to him. "No! No! Jupiter Stator!—What made his senses fly from him?—It was Theocritus." Clara's hand dropped into the drawer for another book. Professor Hardigan mounted up from his chair horrified—a chill had seized him—he ran to the bed. His herculean shoulders were encased in his old claret coat, and he would have been off instantly, had not Aunt Margarette just come in to announce tea, and forcibly detained him. Clara had subjected the pretensions of the royal Professor to a fiery ordeal. In the course of the evening, without his perceiving it, she had drawn him out upon all the branches set forth in his card, (with the exception of one,) and had proved him to be a royal blockhead and imposter, much to the amusement of Dr. Grayson, and the relief of her lover.

The girls had plied their needles faithfully. Their labours were unremitting—not even the laying out of a diamond occurring to break the monotony—for all the quilt was laid out when

they came. They were pleased with the relaxation offered now from work, and, together with the beaus, followed Aunt Margarette to tea. The quilt was nearly finished. Aunt Margarette's expectations were so surpassed by their despatch, that she felt an unusual expansion of heart, and did the service of the table in a most hospitable manner, and with as much grace as could be expected. The "tea" was not like the tea of modern times,—but was a substantial feast of roasted, boiled, and fried—light bread—cakes, various as those made by the epicure Apicius, and pies.

There is much philosophy in eating. It diffuses a calm over the feelings—the melancholy man forgets his sorrows—the angry man his ire, as the process of mastication goes briskly on. It was thus with Professor Hardigan and Herman Lincoln. You will recollect, reader! that I said Clara had had an exhibition of the Professor's skill in all the branches which he professed, with the exception of one. That one was the science of "*dontology*;" and, to do the man justice, I will say that he understood the use of teeth as well as any man living. As plates of cakes disappeared before him, and spare-ribs and whole broiled partridges were crunched beneath his teeth, Clara had before her, barring the *two* eyes, the Polyphemus of Homer preying upon the bodies of Ulysses' companions. In fact, she looked upon him as the only type of that "monstrum horrendum" which she had ever seen. After disposing of some half-a-dozen cups of tea, with a proportional quantity of meat and bread-stuff, he gave a final proof of his skill in performing that most difficult of mathematical problems, the quadrature of the circle, by taking a quarter section of a pumpkin pie, about eighteen inches in diameter.

Herman's jealousy during the evening had been put to rest, pretty much, so far as the Professor was concerned;—but Dr. Grayson excited his fears. He was very attentive to Clara;—their understanding appeared to be good; and their whispering together sometimes, convinced him that she had merely thrown aside one of his rivals, to take up another. However, he soon experienced relief, at least for the present—for the young Esculapian had a professional visit to make, which compelled him to tear himself away from the company. That Dr. Grayson should have a professional visit to make, was something wonderful! Herman had now an opportunity to enjoy Clara's company, and came to the conclusion that she had not entirely forgotten him. I will not describe to my readers the rustic games with nuts, the naming of apple-seeds, and other innocent trifling of the evening. They have all seen and taken part in the like. The cheer was good—all were delighted, and the company broke up at a late hour—the beaus waiting on the young ladies to their respective homes.

But it was Halloween, and more was to be done before sleeping; and it was therefore resolved that the gentlemen, according to the good old custom, should try their sweethearts by dipping the right sleeves of their shirts in south-running water,—and then, placing them by the fire, see or dream what lady was to come

and turn them. But where was there a south-running stream? No such stream could be found, except one that burst out in a long subterranean cavern, near the village. A beautiful spot it was—fit residence for a *naïad*—two apartments, with sides and ceiling of moss-grown rock, with a narrow opening like a door, connecting them. But Professor Hardigan did not like to study its geology by night—much less on Halloween—the holyday of witches and warlocks. Nevertheless, so much had Clara interested him, notwithstanding her quizzing him, that he determined to perform the ablution, if another would only enter and do so before him.

Some thirty yards from the mouth of the cavern, they stood debating who should enter first. At length one volunteered;—and, leaving the band of his comrades, boldly entered the cavern and returned, having performed the ablution. The Professor's courage was now put to the test;—and, in truth, he proceeded valiantly, that he might not be outdone by his predecessor. He entered the cave with his imagination filled with witches, and continued his walk, cautiously feeling his way along the rocky sides, towards the spot where he heard the gurgling of the waters. At length he reached them, and had stooped down to perform the rite, when he heard the rattling of chains;—and, on looking up, saw in the passage between the caverns, a horrid-looking fiend, robed in a mantle of fire, with eyes lambent with flame, and blazing horns! During the "reign of terror" within the cavern, there was terror without: for a most unearthly-looking being passed by the group that the Professor had left, striking fear into the hearts of the most hardy. Mortal it could not be!—Witch it might have been, had it been bestriding a broom, or had it glided noiselessly by. But its tread was like the footfall of a giant, with the clank of the heaviest clogs that ever shod the foot of an Irishwoman.

Professor Hardigan was spell-bound in the cavern;—but, recovering his strength, he rushed from the dread being, who rattled his chains, and came driving on to poke him through with his long horns: but, in running from one fiend, he encountered another more frightful at the mouth of the cave, for it addressed him—"Och! Hinyr Hardigan! ye rogue ye! Is it frim your wife and three childer ye hivy rin away, to try sweethearts in Immerica! Och hone! but I'll see ye hanged yit! Shame on ye! I'll"—but Henry Hardigan heard no more, for he had reached the open air, and was running with a speed which Jupiter Stator himself could not have arrested. Need I inform my readers that Dr. Grayson had paid a professional visit to—the cavern, covered over with a luminous coat of olive-oil, and phosphorus, and a respectable pair of horns, to personate his Satanic majesty;—and that the wife of Professor Hardigan had come over from England to claim her rightful lord, who had absconded from her bed and board.

The village of — had lost its brightest ornament—for their philosopher, astronomer, and Professor had decamped, and was never heard of after. Parents were taken in, for they had paid in advance for a quarter, only part of which had been put in. The landlord had received

nothing as yet for board,—but he considered himself safe, as the Professor's apparatus would more than pay his demand. Accordingly, he levied on his telescope, his *chest* of philosophical instruments, and the *box* of instruments from Albany. The telescope was not of great value—for it was a plain one, of easy construction, being the handle of an old warming-pan, with glasses neither convex nor concave, but plain on both sides, such as is generally used in windows. The chest contained jugs—the box, kegs. These jugs and kegs had contained brandy, but now contained—nothing. Never had so great a rig been played upon a humbugged people, as the royal Professor had played.

But what became of Herman Lincoln? "The course of true love never did run smooth." Its *termination*, however, does sometimes. Will you believe it, reader?—there was *another* company at Aunt Margarette's, and Clara Lawson dressed in white, with Herman Lincoln at her side, stood in the middle of the floor—a minister before them, and the villagers gathered round in a circle;—and they, whom rivalry and fears had separated, "became one flesh," to be disjoined no more. The morning after the wedding, Aunt Margarette felt sorry that she had destroyed the neat little box which Madame Letour had presented to her niece, although it *did* contain French perfumery. It would have been some little ornament to the bridal bed-chamber, which was very plain. But her regrets could not re-unite the disrupted fragments of the box. She therefore did what she could to repair the matter, and presented her niece with an old-fashioned box that had belonged to her grandmother. This box was valuable, because it was a relic of antiquity;—but more so, because it contained five hundred guineas.

Herman Lincoln obtained his school;—and the villagers, to repay him for the injustice which they had done him, gave him a greater patronage than ever. He taught *English* by day, and studied Latin at night, under Clara. "Tis sweet to be schooled by female lips," says Byron. So thought Herman. His proficiency was astonishing—he soon became a perfect linguist; and a neat two story brick building, with tall spire and bell, occupied the place of the old white log school-house, and the pure Greek and Latin were at length heard within its classic shades.

The village of — increased in size—in intelligence and population. Dr. Grayson became an eminent practitioner of medicine as well as jokes, and was ever the family physician of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and all the young Lincolns. Clara attended to her domestic duties like a faithful housewife, yet found time occasionally to write a poem or essay, which, in gratitude for the five hundred guineas, she always dedicated to "My Dear Aunt, Miss Margarette Lawson." Aunt Margarette, notwithstanding the abatement of some of her anti-American prejudices, was still an Englishwoman;—and, as she turned up her nose at all American Magazines, sent all her niece's productions to England, where they appeared in the different periodicals.

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What a plain tale! exclaims the critic. Well, I have heard it said that a good moral will re-



deem the dulness of a tale, barren in style and in incident; and, fearing that this may have been without sufficient interest, I have endeavoured to redeem the dulness of it, by making it have three morals:—Firstly. Let not married men, who have wives living, take the trouble of trying sweethearts on Halloween. Secondly. Let Royal Professors be examined, before they are engaged. Thirdly. Let aunts, who are anxious to marry their nieces to foreigners, first learn whether they have not wives already.

*Brookeville, Md., Feb. 27th, 1836.*

### PRIOR ANSELM'S LUTE.

"WELL-A-DAY! Gregory!—here is another string gone! this bitter mountain air hath surely a particular controversy with music—go thou to my cell, and see if thou canst find me another."

Away trudged Gregory to fulfil his superior's pleasure, and, after a moderately long absence, returned with the comfortable assurance that no string could be found to replace the broken one:—"I think," added he, "your reverence finished the last of the packet from Rome some weeks ago."

"Good-bye to music for a while, then," sighed the patient Prior Anselm:—"I shall miss its consolations much on the long winter nights which are to come. Truly, the worldly who revile us as an idle sensual race, know little how few and far between are the enjoyments which some of us possess, or perchance they would judge of us more charitably. In sadness I declare that this good old lute hath been my sole pastime ever since I was compelled to leave my dear city of Milan and take up my abode here—and now it is useless to me—till the spring shall set the roads free again. Well, it may be, I took too great delight in it." The old man, as he spoke, removed the favourite instrument into a safe corner with melancholy care, and taking from a shelf a huge volume of divinity, grim with antique cuts of martyrdoms and miracles, began to read.

It was no small trial for the Prior Anselm thus to be cut off from his favourite recreation. He had been stationed (some whispered in consequence of a misunderstanding with his Bishop) at the head of this monastery, seated in a wild corner of the Simplon Alps. No principal road passed near it, and the by-way on which it stood was merely a communication between two mountain hamlets, so difficult of access, that the small convent of Dominicans over which he presided had been reared, half for the purpose of shelter and accommodation to wayfarers in so wild a country; and, like its more celebrated prototype, the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, was more renowned for its simple hospitality than as a place of retirement and penitence. The guests, however, who claimed this, were of no more distinguished order, for the most part, than benighted peasants or travelling merchants, who came thitherward with their packs full of conveniences and cheap luxuries, only a few times in the year.

The inhabitants of this lone monastery were, generally speaking, adapted to their position—

being ignorant benevolent men, without any ideas or wishes passing the immediate sphere of their duties. Their Prior, however, was much superior to this—and not extraordinarily well beloved among them. Their suspicion of him might, in some measure, arise from his solitary habits, and from his discountenance of, if not disbelief in all manner of modern miracles and prodigies, signs, omens and dreams. He was too good for his situation—perhaps, sometimes too little careful of concealing that he was aware of this, and preferred shutting himself up with his lute to mingling familiarly among them. He therefore failed to gain the ascendancy over them which he might otherwise have done. Altogether there was a strong party against him, consisting of the more ancient and narrow-minded of the brethren—and when Gregory, who was a perfect sieve, announced that, for the present, the Prior Anselm's lute was rendered useless, not a few of those assembled in the refectory spoke of it, as the illiberal will always speak of the mishaps which befall the intelligent, with scarcely concealed satisfaction. "It may be that our blessed St. Antony," observed the bulky Father Cyprian, the chief dreamer of dreams in the community—"it may be that our holy patron hath taken away this snare from among us. Truly, the enticements of yonder idle instrument have ever been a stumbling-block in the way of our superior's humility."

"Ay," replied Father Adam, a withered pinched-up old monk, with a nose like a dry love-apple, who had long considered himself the wise man of the flock—"the snapping of that string, an' he read it right, may be a lesson unto him, how—but what? I say nothing."

"And I," interrupted Gregory, "say that some of ye should go to the wood-house, and bring in some logs for the fire ere night set in. The snow will fall thick presently—I would have done it, and not spoken save for my ague—oh! such a shake as I had this morning!"

"Thou would'st!" replied Adam, "humph!—that same ague of thine is a remarkable ailment. For me, I am under a vow not to approach a spot where the Evil One hath so recently been seen—were our Prior to?"—and he wound up his speech with his usual finale—"but, remember, I say nothing."

Now, the rumour to which he alluded had troubled the brethren much for many days. These good men, themselves so free in fabricating legends and miracles, were far from being exempt from mortal fear—and many a shadow flitting over the savage scenery around them—and many a hollow gust of wind pining through their long dreary corridor at midnight, had been magnified by their timorousness into a supernatural visitation; more particularly as the last who had heard and seen any thing, always for the time being, took some state upon himself. But the last had been a more tangible matter than the above; Father Hilary having stoutly declared, that, on returning home from the wood-house a few nights before, his path, short as it was, had been more than once crossed by the Prince of Darkness, in visible presence, clad *cap-a-pie*, in sable-hat, plume, doublet, mantle and hose, all black—and that once, while passing him (hastily it may be divined, though pious

Hilary spoke of strolling sturdily on, singing a comfortable canticle) the Evil One had bestowed such a pinch upon his arm, as had caused his sanctity to roar fiercely, and the trace of it remained imprinted on his plump flesh for many days—disappearing, at last, under the powerful compulsion of holy water. One had surmised that the injury looked somewhat like a slight graze from the branch of a tree—but Hilary sternly declared that the peculiar shape of the mark corresponded with the make of Satan's thumbs, which were not those of Christian men—so the fact was added to many of a similar nature. And thus it was, that upon Gregory's pointing out the decaying state of the fire, a slight demur arose upon every side—and it ended in two of the youngest of the brethren being almost compelled to bear each other company, in this service so full of fear.

Shivering and most reluctantly did the Fathers Thomas and Benedict set forth upon their errand; and yet it was a considerable time ere the sound of their feet in the passage gave notice of their return. "Heavily laden, I warrant," said Father Cyprian; "they have no mind to bring their load at two journeys. But—holy angels—what is this? Whom is it ye have found, good brethren!" he exclaimed, as they staggered into the hall under the weight of a recumbent figure, which they appeared to support between them, with much difficulty.

"A perishing traveller," said Father Thomas, as soon as he could speak for lack of breath.

"An exceeding pretty young lady!" exclaimed Benedict, briskly—setting her smartly down upon a bench, "and, poor thing, I am sure cold, and wet, and hungry!—Sit up, sweet lady! you are in good and holy hands—but, what!—She hath swooned—water here—and cordials—and frankincense—and some of ye go call the Prior!" This was an office which they were slack in performing.

And no wonder that the enchanted holy men crowded around their unexpected guest, "like bees around a honey-crooke," as the old poet hath it—and, when her veil was put aside, like a cloth from a babe's face, though less gently, to apply the afore-mentioned restoratives, that they were yet further like bees, and set up a happy hum of delight and admiration at the beauty it had concealed. For the maiden's face was of faultless colour—her hair, soft and smooth as silk and dark as midnight, was simply braided back upon her forehead, with a jewel in the centre—such of her neck as could be seen was of an exquisite and ivory fairness—the hands which peeped out of the heavy furred sleeves of her damask travelling pelisse, were small beyond their experience. How they longed to see what was under those eye-lids, each like a pair of pale rose leaves!—and as to those round, dewy lips.....

The Prior, though little curious to see what new inmate the chance of so bleak a night had sent among them, came down from his cell—perhaps not displeased to leave his large book of miracles. He entered the hall unperceived—they were all so busy nursing and peeping at their guest—and he, too, started with sudden pleasure at the sight of such rare beauty. The colour was just beginning to muster in her cheeks—her large eyes to heave beneath their

veils—in another instant they looked out—two dazzling, dancing orbs of jet, full of amazement at the aspect and costume of the group by which their owner was surrounded. The lady then blushed a deep and sudden blush, and motioned with her hand as if to seek for her veil—but Father Benedict in his zeal had removed it.

The Prior much perplexed (it would appear) by the arrival of such a strange guest, saw at once that it would be much the most edifying to put an end to this scene. "Support the lady to my cell," said he; "till the pilgrims' dormitory be prepared: one of you go call Paula hither—and let a fire be lighted, and the best we have in the buttery made ready for supper." The lady, pleased by so gentle a voice near her, raised her head, spoke a few words in an unknown language, and seemed by her gesture, to claim the support of his arm. "Gregory," cried he, readily, "support the lady gently on the other side—thou, Cyprian, carry the light before us. This way, dear madam—only a few steps—fear not to lean upon me!"

"Humph!" growled Father Adam, in his most oracular tone, when the door had closed: "lean upon me, indeed! a proper guest this for a religious house like ours! Did ye never hear, brethren, how a water-fiend thus gained entrance into the monastery of Bell' Ombra in Tuscany, and abode there for many weeks, eating roast kid and drinking wine jovially. What can this gadding damsel be doing in such an out-of-the-way place as this?—a journey, indeed!—but I say nothing."

"Good lack! that were an awful visitation!" said Cyprian. "Let us fast and pray," recommended Gregory.

"Each man according to his own conscience," said Father Thomas, wiping his mouth dry from the last drops of the flask of wine brought for the use of the fainted lady. "I have heard that pious men have been sorely tempted by evil spirits when weak in the body from over abstinence."

And in such talk as this, and many speculations, which for the present were to receive no solution, the lady betaking herself to the guest-chamber as soon as it was prepared, and the Prior Anselm remaining in his cell, the night went by.

The days which followed brought no comfort to the curious monks. To their unceasing wonderment, the lady (by which name alone she was known among them) continued their guest: to be sure the roads were impassable—and she frail in health and, the Prior said, unfit to travel. Said—but except by himself and old Paula, she was seen by none of the brotherhood. They could gather nothing of her history. The Prior had simply told them that she was a traveller who had first been misled by treacherous guides, then robbed, and lastly abandoned. How was it likely they should believe so straightforward a tale? No one arrived at the monastery—no one could venture abroad while the snow continued: and thus pent up in their curiosity, the fraternity became unusually testy and irritable, and each member of it, proud in the supposition that he saw a little further into the mystery than his companions, sat by himself in the refectory, too wise to volunteer words—too cross to ask ques-

tions in this state of *ripeness* (for what not one of them could divine.) They were thus one evening assembled in the refectory, when Father Cyprian entered the room hastily, brimful of some new wonder. "What next is to befall us, St. Anthony knows!" exclaimed he, crossing himself—"what woe is coming upon our holy house I dare hardly guess,"—and he paused, resolved to make the most of his marvel.

"Canst thou not speak?" cried half a dozen voices at once. "Art thou crazed, or possessed?" inquired Father Adam.

"Nay—but I think our Prior is!" replied Cyprian. "What think ye now of our lady guest?—Yonder she sits in her chamber, singing like any mermaid that ever came out of a river—the Saints be good to us! and he hath opened the door of his cell, and sits listening!"

"Oh!—singing?" ejaculated the chorus.

"Ay—and truly I could hardly tear myself away—and not psalms or hymns, but light ditties—brought, be sure, from Naples, or some other such city of Sathan!"

"What could one expect better?" said Father Adam. "Did I not—nay, I said nothing."

"Never at matins," exclaimed the devout Benedict. "Can't travel—and *can* sing:" chimed in two of the most ancient of the brethren.

"But art thou sure?" said Father Adam—"dost not think it might be a humming in thine ears—or Bennet tuning the organ."

"Nay—humming in my ears, indeed! hark! for yourselves!" and, as he spoke, through the opened door the preluding of a voice was heard—quick and lively—a clear voice too, untouched by catarrh or hoarseness—running through the full extent of its wide compass, with a warbling voluble mirth, to which leaves might have danced, and bright waters laughed, on a May morning. After one or two preliminary flourishes, the songstress chose her key, and struck boldly at once into a ditty—the words whereof were something like the following, to the potency of which the heads and hands of her scandalized listeners bore ample testimony,

O think no more of Isabelle,

Though young, and rich, and fair she be,  
She's blinded by some fatal spell

To love a youth of low degree:—  
And leaves her father's castle rare

For lowly hamlet in the dell,  
Without a passing sigh or care—

O think no more of Isabelle!

Ten gallant knights as e'er you knew,

Of proud estate and stainless name,

Had done what bravest man could do

One smile for sweet reward to claim.

The maiden heard unmoved as stone,

No word could win her—none compel,

And all her suitors home are gone—

O think no more of Isabelle!

Her lady sisters wept and prayed,

Her brother frowned—her mother hid—

Her nurse looked sad and shook her head—

Her sire did with his curse forbid—

"Twas all in vain—the maid replied,

"I love my home and kindred well—

But Bertram more than all beside!"—

O think no more of Isabelle!

Listening is hard exercise for the loquacious—and the silenced throng, who had crept as close to the door of her chamber as prudence permitted, heard the foregoing melody with much pleasure, and waited to see what next might follow.

"Holy St. Antony!" exclaimed Father Benedict, in an under-tone of horror; "will she also dance?"

A quick reverberating sound of two tiny feet, distinctly heard, made good his words almost as soon as uttered. Then the maiden ceased, and took a deep breath—then burst forth a few more fragments of fresh joyous singing—and then (sore offence, though it *did* shut in so much abomination!) the door of the chamber was closed smartly, leaving the discomfited old men in doubt as to what the next iniquities of its inmate might be. They stole down in a body to the refectory fire, and, none the more amiable because they were all shivering with the cold of the corridor, sat down to talk over these momentous and shameful doings.

"O she is nought better than a witch," groaned Cyprian.

"Let us purge this holy house of her sorceries," responded Father Thomas, in the same tone—"but we will discuss the matter further after supper, which I smell to be at hand."

"Alas! that appetite of thine! what a hindrance it is unto thee, Father Thomas," said old Adam: "thou imaginest only loaves of bread and savoury meats—yes, indeed, I fear that our superior is under the dominion of this audacious woman!—and it were nothing more than expedient to—to say nothing—" for while he was speaking, the Prior Anselm entered, and took his place at the head of the board.

The brethren, who were always more or less restrained in his presence, on this occasion appeared disposed to unusual silence, as if conscious that they had recently been agitating very delicate matters. This abashed state, however, did not endure long—superstition and inquisitiveness presently gained the mastery over their habitual reverence, and, with sundry winks and nods, they presently encouraged each other into a considerable assurance of boldness. The Prior, who was not the most observant of men, sat simply eating his supper, not aware how much was going on around him; perhaps, to be precise in an account, he was endeavouring to trace the tune of that fascinating melody. He was roused from his reverie by the confident question put to him by Brother Cyprian, "Who their guest was?"

"Ay, who?" chorussed his brethren, quite ready to follow, now that one had taken the leap.

"And when," continued Cyprian, with yet more freedom, "when is she to depart! and who is to take her away?"

"I apprehend," replied the Prior, very quietly, and yet not without a certain dryness of tone that made some of the querists feel a little awkward, "that our guest will depart so soon as an opportunity shall offer; as to her name, I cannot see wherein would lie any edification were I to communicate it to you; whereas the withholding it may not be without its use, as an inculcation of self-denial. Let us, none of us, seek to pry into

matters of no moment; *Benedicite*, and content be with you!" With these words he rose from his seat, and withdrew.

The offence which his admonition gave to the brethren is not to be described. With one accord they pronounced their superior to be under the influence of some dangerous spell, which, as Christian men, it behoved them to remove, lest mischief should ensue. Of course such a resolution once taken, acquired new strength at every moment. They heartened each other up to the performance of bold measures, and, ere they separated for the night, had decided that in the morning they would go in a body and request their equivocal guest to take her departure; and if need were, enforce the same.

In full purpose of heart to fulfil their purpose they arose. As soon after matins as was possible, they arranged themselves in a sort of procession, to give form and solemnity to their proceedings, and bearing before them on a salver, a breviary, two lighted candles, a vase of holy water, and such relics as they could lay their hands on, marched up stairs with one accord towards the pilgrim's dormitory, chanting lustily all the way. The Prior, supposing them to be employed in some superfluous devotion of their own, and not liking to encourage such matters even by inquiry, passed them without remark and as he was bound in another direction, took no notice of the way they went.

"Shall we knock at the door?" said Father Benedict.

"It is already unlatched," observed Cyprian, "and (listening) there is not a breath of sound within—what if she be asleep?"

"Let us enter at once," said Gregory.

So they opened the door, and went in:—the lady was gone!

It was even so—she was gone! no fire was on the hearth—no sign of the bed having been occupied—and the entire air of the apartment was so forlorn and cheerless, yet all so perfectly in order, that it was difficult to imagine how it could have been lately tenanted, and the perplexed and disappointed brethren felt and looked like men in a dream.

After the gentle but decided rebuke which their superior had administered to them on the preceding evening, none among the brethren was hardy enough to question the Prior concerning this mysteriously sudden disappearance of their late inmate. They inquired of every neighbouring peasant, of every casual sojourner, but without success: and at last they were compelled to let so very unsatisfactory a matter drop, and to note the occurrence as the visitation of some evil spirit, whose malicious designs upon their peace and reputation had only been counteracted by their timely zeal. It was a brave addition to their list of marvels.

But even with this interpretation the tale could not last for ever, especially when there were so few to tell it to; and their talk concerning it was beginning to diminish when a fresh wonder at once revived and extinguished its predecessor.

It was on a lurid, stormy, spring evening, after a day of thunder and lightning, and fierce wind, that they were startled at an unusually late hour by a tremendous peal of the bell at the gate. Twelve of them at least, curiosity almost

conquering awe, sprang up at once to answer the summons. They unclosed with trembling hands the high, iron-studded doors, and shading as well as they could the light they bore with them, looked eagerly out too see what so noisy a summons might mean. Great was their awe!—There sat before them, on a powerful horse, without a white hair upon his body, a tall figure, wrapped from head to foot in a long scarlet mantle, dripping with the storm. He had ridden fast and far, for his steed was in a foam, and his eyes, from beneath his black velvet riding-cap twinkled and burned like two restless flames of fire!

"Whence come you?" asked one of the brethren, timidly, "and what seek ye here?"

"Give this," said the awful figure, speaking as if through a trumpet, "to the Prior Anselm;" and he extended his arm as he spoke, producing from beneath his mantle a parcel of considerable size.

"Will you not alight for some refreshment?" asked Gregory, in a quivering voice, not very anxious that his invitation should be accepted.

"I may not," replied the stranger, solemnly, "I must hasten back to them that sent me:—Stand still, Apollyon!"

"And who be they?" persisted the querist, yet more unsteadily, falling back upon his brethren as he spoke, "and what is your name?"

"Know ye not the name of Judas, the traitor?" was his answer, in that same stern hollow voice, "but good rest to you—I lose time—give that to the Prior;" and with one shrill whistle, and one touch of his spurs, the gallant steed gave a bound which carried his rider back into the darkness. In another instant they lost the dark outline of his vanishing figure—in another, they ceased to hear the hoof-tramps of his charger, and all was still.

This was almost too much of a wonder, even for the credulous brethren. They made fast the huge doors with care and speed, and returned pale and terror-stricken to the rest, adding to the sufficiently startling appearance of the rider, the appendages of a tail, cloven feet, and a strong odour of brimstone. They dared but deliver their ominous-looking packet to their superior; it defied all tampering: but Father Cyprian, who devoted himself to do the errand, after having given it into the hands of the Prior, and recounted the circumstances of its strange and unblest arrival, could not help expressing the singular desire he felt to know what it might contain.

"Stop, and thou shalt see, Brother Cyprian," replied the Prior, very coolly. The packet, when divested of its envelopes, proved to be a box of strange shape, tied with strings, and sealed with many seals. Father Cyprian was half afraid to look on, while his fearless superior disentangled and broke them, one after the other.

"Now then," said he—himself rather curious—when the last gave way. Father Cyprian recoiled a step, and muttered a little exorcism to himself. The Prior opened the box—within was something wrapped in a piece of red silk—a folded billet lay upon the top, which the Prior glanced at, kissed, and placed in his bosom:—then putting aside the silk impatiently, lifted

out—a lute. Father Cyprian was sure that it could be of no Christian make; the frame thereof was fashioned like a serpent, glistening with changeful colours, and was further ornamented with two grinning masks of heads—half man, half crocodile, with cold malicious eyes, of some jet black stone, which gleamed wondrously! The Prior smiled, and took it up fondly, as if to run his hands over its strings; Brother Cyprian durst not stay for any thing further!

\* \* \* \* \*

Spring had yielded up its empire to summer, when two of the brethren might be seen entering the suburbs of Turin, after a long and weary pilgrimage. Father Cyprian's bulk had dwindled by his much walking; and poor Father Adam might be now likened to a wrinkled vine-branch. They were trudging on disconsolately, side by side, hardly exchanging a word of comfortless discourse, and often groaning with extreme fatigue, till exhausted nature could endure no more. They hobbled up to a large stone under the shadow of a deserted house, sat down, coughed, and began to shake the dust off their garments.

"Heigho! Brother Adam! another day of this would have killed me!"

"Alack, Brother Cyprian, thou lookest as lean as an empty sack, and I hear my bones rattling together—I was never much of a walker!"

"After all," observed Cyprian, musingly, "what if we have, peradventure, been too hasty in this matter?"

"Thou dost well to talk thus!" replied the other, bitterly, "and we so near our journey's end—thou, the first to stir us up to drive him forth! Didst thou not din in our ears, in season and out of season, that we were bound to remove so unworthy a member from among us? Is not the memorial we bear thine own particular matter?—and thou now talkest of being too hasty,—shame!"

"Nay, but Brother Adam, choler is bad when men are weary; and I was but thinking of the patient look he gave when we shut the gates upon him that wild night!—Marry, I think he minded the breaking of his lute more than leaving us—I wonder whether he hath betaken himself—but the sky is darkening—up, if thou canst, and let us be going."

Wearily, the two old men dragged themselves along, excusing themselves, as they went, from the responsibility of the decided step they had taken, which, it appeared, had lost some of its justice in their eyes, as they approached their journey's end. They entered the city, and took up their abode in a monastery of their own order. Betimes, in the morning, they sought out a scribe to make a fair copy of the memorial which they had come thither to submit to the Bishop of their district. It ran thus:—

"Whereas the Prior Anselm, of the Monastery of ———, dedicated to the blessed Saint Antony, did encourage many unholy doings—did receive and entertain an evil spirit in the guise of a young woman, which same was only banished from among us by importunate prayer and fasting unto starvation—and whereas he did

use for his pastime instruments of music, derived directly from the Father of Lies, in consequence of which sin, sore mishaps befel our devout community, such as the loss of two rare relics, and the sudden fracture of a dish of peculiar sanctity, whence the blessed St. Catherine had partaken of her dinner.—We, the Brethren of the said Monastery, deeming it incumbent upon us to wage warfare with all such evil doers, have separated the aforesaid Prior Anselm from our company, and we humbly pray his Reverence, the Bishop, to confirm the act of this our zeal, and to give us power to elect one from among our number to succeed to the vacant dignity."

The bearers of this choice document discovered, on inquiry, that the Bishop had left Turin for a day or two, to visit some friend who dwelt a league beyond the city; and, never dreaming that their business might be deferred without injury, or that their presence could be considered an intrusion any where, resolved to follow him at once.

The country-seat, whereunto we must wend along with them, was a splendid mansion, seated in the midst of a stately garden, well trimmed, and decorated with many sculptures. As the old men approached the palace, their courage began to abate, and they augured ill for the happy termination of their business, that they were not admitted straightway to the presence of the Bishop, but obliged to deliver their memorial to his secretary, a severe, stately-looking ecclesiastic, who bade them abide his pleasure. To comfort them, however, they were ushered into a comfortable closet, where a repast was set before them, of a richness of savour positively astounding to their limited experience. There was wine too brought, the like of which they had never seen, far less tasted. They were afraid to eat off such rich plates as the viands were served on, and sate uneasily upon the extreme edge of their chairs, tasting the divers dainties cautiously and in silence;—when, in the midst of this rich meal, the door was opened by chance, and lo! there came merrily in upon their ears, a sound that none of them had forgotten,—a voice they well knew,—singing the identical ballad of the Lady Isabelle!

"Dost thou hear?" cried Father Cyprian, perspiring with amazement.

"Ay—truly!" replied the other, "I know not what to make of it. If we have been eating of the meats of enchantment, I can say nothing."

Just then the Bishop's secretary re-appeared, and signed them to follow him.

Clinging to each other, they obeyed; and he led the way through one magnificent chamber after another, till they were utterly bewildered. At last they stood in the presence of the Bishop; and, after a genuflexion, ventured to look up.

He was seated in the shade of a deep violet-coloured damask curtain, which half veiled a large window—a man of most imposing figure, with a dignified serenity which impressed all who approached him. He regarded the suppliants with a cold and severe look;—and his benediction, as Father Cyprian afterwards recollected, was as scant as possible.

"I have read your memorial, my children,"

said he; "doubtless your inclinations have been zealous, and shall be rewarded accordingly. As for the election of a new Prior, there is one already on the way for your government; for the rest, ye will perhaps accuse me too of sorcery, since I bid your old acquaintances appear before you."

As he spoke, he drew aside the curtain behind him, and behold! to the infinite confusion of the brethren, there stepped forth the mysterious lady who had taken shelter in their monastery, a young gentleman as handsome, and to all appearance no less mirthful than herself—and, to crown the whole, sedately smiling at their amazement, their proscribed Prior Anselm!

"What think you of this, my children?" said the Bishop, with something of sarcasm in his tone; "will you write out a memorial against me also? Was it necromancy, think you, which made this fair lady fly from the guardianship of a cruel and evil-disposed man, to throw herself upon the protection of this gentleman?—Was there any particular sorcery in their fixing upon your monastery as a place of meeting, seeing that it was secret and secluded, and its superior the oldest friend and confessor of the lady's father?—or that, as her lover's home was Ratisbone, he should have missed the appointed time, and arrived there a week earlier than he intended. He chanced to meet with your superior in private, without the monastery, and fearing mischance, resolved to take the road to Turin, and meet the lady; that he did not is owing to the knavery of her guides, who led her by wrong and wild roads, and abandoned her, as ye know already.—Was it not rather the hand of Providence, think you, that cut off her avaricious and wicked guardian at that juncture, making her the heiress of this fair domain? If her lover had not stolen her away silently by night, well do ye know that the country-side would have rung with the story—a tale unbecoming to promulgate, as some might have turned it to the scandal of a noble house. See, too, how the jibe of a man-servant, and the common and grateful gift of a musical instrument blinded your weak understandings. Your Prior might have told you this, it is true, but forbore—knowing you to be as noisy as you were inquisitive. For this he shall do a penance—I will keep him near me, and shrieve him once a week. Do ye go home with all speed, and take heed that you perform what your new superior may enjoin of you. Had not your former one, whom ye drove out with such presumptuous audacity, found means to communicate with his friends, he might have perished, and ye have been murderers."

"Now, good my Lord Bishop," said the lady, merrily, "let me put in a petition for these worthies. Give them over to my justice this one day, and I will comfort their ruefulnesses with a sufficient dinner, and as much minstrelsy as my page Guido can give them, and he is not easily wearied."

"Well said, Isabella," said her husband; "we owe it to them for the fright our waggish knave, Judas, gave them—his horse Apollyon too—I could die with mirth, when I think of it!"

"Be it so," replied the Bishop, "their now

Prior will presently rid them of any superfluous vain-glory they may have acquired on their travels."

"Why,—is he so severe?" inquired the lady.

"It is the pious Father Barnabas—one who hateth a miracle like a heresy, and hath knelt till he cannot straighten his joints. He is also fond of midnight vigils and rigid fasts. Methinks the brethren of St. Antony's will be long in forgetting their Prior Anselm's lute!"

## SCENE ON THE KENTUCKY.

BY LACY D'ORNE.

SWIFT as a moving shadow,  
Our light boat cleaves the tide;  
The pale rocks rush like phantoms by  
As down the stream we glide.  
'Tis strange—there is no zephyr,  
The glassy waves to curl;  
No snow-white sails above us,  
Their swelling sheets unfurl:  
Yet onward with the current,  
With silent speed we sweep;  
The sea-bird with a bolder flight,  
Skims not the foaming deep.

The sunlight glitters freely,  
But not for us it shines;  
It runs not o'er our shaded track,  
In bright and quivering lines.  
The summer wind is pleasant,  
And faint with perfume blows;  
It stoops not to the cheerless stream,  
That now before us flows;  
The birds are singing sweetly,  
Where laden boughs are stirr'd  
The music of their happy tones,  
May here be rarely heard.

Pale, desolate and lofty,  
Their tall cliffs rear their forms:  
Shielding the wave that glides below,  
From sunshine and from storms;  
Rising like giant pillars,  
To yon fair line of sky,  
Which through the narrow vista,  
Gleams brightly on the eye—  
Brightly as hopes of heaven,  
To weary pilgrim's soul,  
When, from the darkness of the world,  
He looks upon his goal.

If some persons were to bestow the one-half of their fortune in learning how to spend the other half, it would be money extremely well laid out. He that spends two fortunes, and permitting himself to be twice ruined, dies at last a beggar, deserves no commiseration. He has gained neither experience from trial, nor repentance from reprieve. He has been all his life abusing fortune, without enjoying her, and purchasing wisdom, without possessing her.

## THE FEMALE COSTUME

IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD III.



THE Habits of the Ladies of this reign were exceedingly sumptuous and extravagant, "passing the men in all manner of arrais and curious clothing;" and several distinct fashions appear to have existed at the same period. One consisted of the gown or kirtle, with tight sleeves, sometimes reaching to the wrist, sometimes only to the elbow, and in the latter case with pendent streamers or tippets attached to them. The gown was cut rather low in the neck, fitted remarkably close to the waist,\* and was occasionally worn so long, not only in the train but in front, as to be necessarily held up when walking.

Another, and newer fashion, was the wearing of a sort of spencer, jacket or waistcoat, for it resembles either, or rather all three, faced and bordered with furs, according to the rank of the wearer. It has sometimes sleeves reaching to the wrist, at others it seems to be little more than the skeleton, if we may so speak, of a garment, with long and full skirts, wanting sides as well as sleeves, or at least the arm-holes cut so large that the girdle of the kirtle worn under it is visible at the hips.†

The cote-hardie was also worn by the ladies in this reign, buttoned down the front like that of the men, sometimes with tippets at the elbows, and there is an appearance of pockets in some of the illuminations of this period. Vide fig. a.

In the Vision of Pierce Ploughman, written, it is supposed, about 1350, the poet speaks of a woman richly clothed, her garments purpled, faced, or trimmed with fine furs, her robe of a scarlet colour in grain, and splendidly adorned

\* "They weared such strait clothes," says the Monk of Glastonbury, "that they had long fox tails sewed within their garments to holde them forth;" upon the principle, indeed, of a much civilized modern accessory, as the holy father tells us in no equivocal language.

† The effigy of Blanch de la Tour, daughter of Edward III., deceased 1340, affords us a good specimen of this sideless garment. Vide fig. b.

with ribands of red gold, interspersed with precious stones of great value. Her head-tire, he says, he has not time to describe, but she wore a crown that even the king had no better. Her fingers were all embellished with rings of gold, set with diamonds, rubies and sapphires, and also with oriental stones or amulets to prevent any venomous infection. At the tournaments and public shows the ladies rode in party coloured tunics, one half being of one colour and the other half of another, with short hoods and *liripipes* (the long tails or tippets of the hoods) wrapped about their heads like chords.

Their girdles were handsomely ornamented with gold and silver, and they wore small swords, "commonly called daggers," before them in pouches, and thus habited they were mounted on the finest horses that could be procured, and ornamented with the richest furniture.

By "short hoods" we should have presumed those were meant of which we have given a representation and description in the last reign—that is to say, the capuchon twisted up in a fantastic form, and placed lightly upon the top of the head; but the *liripipe* or tippet, being bound about the head like a chord, brings to our recollection the figure of Charles le Bon, Count of Flanders, engraved in Montfaucon's *Monarchie Française*, who wears the capuchon of this period without the cape on the shoulders, and the tippet tied about his head precisely as described above.

## SONG.

WHEN do I think of thee?—

When think I not?

Thou art, whate'er may be,  
Still unforget.

Does the sweet morning rise,

Bride-like, from sleep,

When their first reveries

Bird and bee keep,

Singing out joyously

In the green tree?

Then, when my hopes are high,

Think I of thee.

When, in the languid noon,

Lip and eye close—

When, like a fairy boon,

Sweets leave the rose—

Then life's enchanted stream,

Lovely and lone,

Mirrors a name and dream—

Both are thine own.

When the chill midnight bids

Dark shadows lour—

Tears in the fragrant lids

Of each pale flower—

Then, O how mournfully!

Think I of thee—

So darkly our destiny

Closes round me;

Fate has one hope for me,

Life but one lot;

When do I think of thee?—

When think I not?



Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BY MARC SMETON.

I LOVED to see him, wrapped in a trance of immovable delight before the god-like creations of his brush. I could read in his look a prophecy of glory, which he grasped at with frenzied energy; while darting an enquiring eye into the vista of coming years, he saw a perspective of happiness, gentle and sparkling as the smile of his love. A bright futurity, which the visions of youth had summoned forth—the futurity of an artist, gifted with a lofty mind and a passionate heart!

How warmly did that heart beat, as he fastened his eloquently dark eye, burning with the fire of genius, on a cluster of balmy violets, which the hands of his Nina had gathered and wedded together, as an emblem of the freshness of her feelings and the purity of her love. Nina! why pourtray her beauty or describe her look—the look of woman—which parches, burns, and kills with a delirious power. Thus much only:—Nina was the reality of all the ideal charms—the type of all the blooming, lovely beings, which flitted before him, in his night-watches of genius;—a living prosopopœia of the heavenly forms, which he had dreamed of, in his revealings of perfection, and thrown, panting with love, and glowing with beauty, on the surface of the canvass. She was soon to be his partner in life—the sharer of his future fame: she loved him, and he repaid her love with adoration. Deep and blissful was the emotion which lighted up his noble brow, as from *that* painting—the proudest offspring of his genius—which was to affix his name to the blazon roll of glory, his eagle glance fondly passed to the simple bouquet, which, that very morning, had perfumed Nina's bosom with its voluptuous fragrance.

The sum of happiness and fame, which fate so kindly promised to his youth, he might, perhaps, have realized, had it not been for a fashionable idler—one of those things of broadcloth and of essences, which not only do nothing, but, also, trammel the labours of those who toil through necessity or for distinction. Mandeville Spencer was an idler, on an income of five thousand dollars a-year. An extensive freeholder, he might have filled a seat in congress, and swelled the index of useless *honourables*, as respectably as many of the legislating machines which are supposed to represent the people, while they in reality represent nothing at all—for, at best, they can but represent themselves. Spencer, therefore, in virtue of his income, was an idler—an accomplished master in the science of lounging—a very Lazzarone in the delightful art *d'il dolce far niente*. His whole life might be summed up in ten lines. He rose at twelve—dressed—lounged—called on his gunsmith or his saddler—visited his blood mare or some *haut ton belle*; and, by way of diversion, he would sometimes condescend to enter the modest *studio* of his friend and protégé, Leopold Fritzman—the young and promising artist, who had centred all the

resources of his genius on a glorious painting, and heaped the hoard of his affections on the lovely Nina. There, in order to pass away the time, Spencer would draw moustachos on the solemn lip of a plaster Socrates, or append fierce whiskers to the smooth cheek of the Venus di Medici; and what between daubing, whistling, humming, prating of fashion and *virtù*, the latest vest pattern and the *floritura* of the new opera, jockeys and cards, races and frolics, he used to reach the dinner hour, the dearest, the happiest of his essentially animal existence. And then the assignation—the theatre—the ball; night with its shameless revels and unbridled licentiousness; slumbers restless as the whirl of a vortex, or brutish as the sleep of a cyclops. If to this be added, that Spencer, better than any other blood, understood the mysteries of a cravat—the snuffing of a candle with a hair-trigger—the gait of a horse—and the management of a tilbury, you will have almost as correct a picture of the fashionable idler, as my poor friend Leopold, himself, could have embodied. An idler, with the appliances of wealth, in this huge, creviced, and white-washed lazar-house—this vast receptacle of simular virtues and polished depravity—this mass of profanation and wickedness nameless or named—misnomered society—an idler, I say, is a fine and a useful thing! Were he a lineal descendant of all the wealthy fools, that ever lived and died unknown; what matters it! The blindness of fortune has pampered him into influence: the mantle of opulence cloaks the barrenness of his heart, the nullity of his intellect, and, in the opinion of brother duccets, he ranks higher than the child of genius—whose life is frequently a life of glorious necessities—whose only inheritance, the inheritance of fame!

It happened, on that day, that wearied with the burthen of his elegant person, Spencer stepped into the artist's homely tenement:

"I say, Leopold, my dear fellow, my tilbury is at the door; Behold how brightly breaks the morning!" as the song has it. What say you to a trip to the Lakes? I have a new bay, whose paces I should like to try. Besides, it would recruit me some; for last night's *séance*, at H—, the broker's, has done me up most cursedly! Coming back, we'll dine, with a few friends, at Dumas'; and then I shall be prime for a hand at *écarté* this evening, with that stupid old woman and ineffable bore, Mrs. —, who rubbed me last night, *le plus cavalièrement du monde*. She has such a knack of turning up the kings, too! Indeed, when the last hands went round, she had the deal. Well! up goes the king of hearts—and she fastened a more loving look on the piece of painted pasteboard, than ever she threw on that minnikin of a husband of her's! *Appropos* of kings—I say, Leopold, do you know that I

bought a genuine Murillo, yesterday, from an old Spanish Jew? A real, smoky *three-fourths* of the flower of Arragon—the beautiful Juana de Castro! That *fellow* Murillo paints well enough, but hang me, if I like his touch, generally; it is too formal—too starched; it lacks the lecherousness, the *morbidazzu* of Tiziano; he is only fit for Beggars, or your *Madonna col bambino*! But come, I am bored—tired to death; and you, too, *must* be tired with your highways of colours and cart-loads of brushes!”

“By the bones of Raphael! but I am not,” said Leopold, still intent on his work; “there’s gold and fame in these brushes. Besides, my dear Spencer, I must give the finishing touches to my Ugolino; twelve long and wearisome months have I!”

“Nonsense,” replied Spencer, interrupting the artist’s apology, and from a golden box most gracefully ballasting his nose with a profusion of rose-coloured snuff; “Nonsense! and leave your double-headed monster—your bicephalous incubus, which you have baptized under the name of a *painting*.”

“Spencer, I cannot; I have spent the whole morning in study, and rekindled my flagging spirits, from the description of Tydæus gnawing the brains of Menalippus. By-the-bye, do you know that Marc says, that Dante filched that terribly beautiful episode of Ugolino’s feasting on Ruggieri’s head, from the Thebais of Statius? For my part, I care not whence he took it; but on *that* shall I build my name, if there be power in brushes and paint. See! there I want the deep streak of fiendish revenge, which should convulse the features of a man, who mumbles a skull: *come if pan per fame si manduca*! That mouth, too, is not sufficiently ghastly yet—the lines must be thinner and deeper—the lips lack the unearthly hue of hell—that hand should be more lank and fleshless—and that tuft of black and knotted hair, which he has torn from his tormentor’s crown to wipe his mouth, in the midst of his feast of eternal vengeance—that tuft requires a few drops of blood, to relieve the paleness of his haggard features! Indeed, Mandeville, I may not go with you to-day; as my patron saint, the divine Salvatora, used to say, I feel the breath of the demon, and let me improve the inspirations of hell in my hellish work!”

“Again, I say nonsense—and put by your Ugolino! If you trust to the old traitor and his daub for bread, the limner, like his subject formerly, may die of hunger some of these days! Good! eh! isn’t it, Leopold? But *allons, caro mio*, and let’s be merry.”

And Fritzman, casting a longing look on his *chef d’œuvre*, laid aside his brush and palette, with a heavy sigh; for he knew, from woful experience, that he could no more devote his attention to his painting, than turn his thoughts to *her*, while burthened with the intolerable friendship of the fashionable bore.

The dinner was truly sumptuous. The pretty, coquettish wife of the French restaurateur, in — street, had really outdone her wonted zeal and amiability. The fare served up for Spencer and two or three of his friends, recruited for the occasion, was a most excellent commentary on the

chemistry of cooking and the pleasures of taste. The rich wines of Lafitte and Beyerman had been freely poured and as freely drained; the sparkling vintage of Aï had spouted to the ceiling and foamed in the glass; the blueish-flames of a burning bowl of punch, like the blazing contents of a witch’s cauldron, flickered from a silver tripod, and cast a magic reflex on the crimson curtains, which screened the room where our free livers were holding their revel, now fast encroaching on the hours of night. There was but one confused medley of wild shouts—half sung burthens—wild laughter—merry sarcasms—and clashing dishes. Spencer smoked, drank, and toasted against all holders. The blue flarings of the punch-bowl, placed immediately before him, flooded his countenance with lurid and vampyre hues; his eyes, glaring like two carbuncles, out of their wearied sockets, wild, fixed and stupefied by the excesses of this disgusting orgy, stamped his features with the hideousness of the arch-fiend, presiding over the infernal banquet, which Klopstock describes.

“Ha! ha! ha! d—me, boys, but the joke is a capital one! by this glass of punch! you must be let into the secret. Why, Leopold, ha! ha! ha!”—and he pointed to the artist, who, duly sober, sat thoughtfully apart. “Leopold is about to be married! and he has read the Wife of Bath, and understands the physiology of marriage, too! ha! ha! ha!”

“Madcap—fool!” muttered Leopold; while the other bottle companions swelled the chorus of laughter against the artist.

“I hope he marries a snug fortune—or a handsome face, at least,” said one of the co-assailers.

“Some young, candid, innocent and virtuous article, no doubt; as they are all—all candid, innocent and virtuous!” added a young fop, half witling, half rake—whose health, fortune, and character were equally shattered into ruin.

“Good!” hiccupped Spencer; “I like this amazingly! Candor and innocence!—Who ever saw a ghost? A virtuous woman, indeed! A fine subject for a sentimental tale. I say, Leopold, did you ever meet with the black swan—the how do you call it?—*nigroque simillima cyano*—a *vir-tu-ous* woman!”

And then there rose a confusion of bacchanalian yells, of fiendish merriment, and hurled up glasses, which crossed and hustled each other. This tumult, however, was stopped by the manly and indignant tones of the artist’s voice, which conveyed this answer to Spencer’s ears:

“Mandeville! recal those words, or, by heaven! I hold you for a base liar and craven slanderer!”

“Ha! that thing of canvass and paint is growing insolent, it strikes me,” replied Spencer, as an empty, but ill-directed bottle, whizzed by his head, and put an end to his jibes.

On a tepid morning, in the first days of the month of April, a fresh and balmy breeze murmured through the foliage of a wood, which enjoys a gloomy celebrity in the annals of duelling. The sod was diapered with the enamel of early Spring flowers;—the violet betrayed its lowly bed, by the richness of its perfume; while the rays of a southern sun poured on the

bosom of nature an alchemy of warmth, love, and life. Two young men came to a stand, under a secluded clump of trees. One of them, the elder, with a look of satisfaction, drew his watch, and observed to his thoughtful companion:

"See, Leopold, it lacks yet of ten; and we are the first on the ground."

"So I perceive, my dear friend;—they'll be here in time, no doubt. Should I fall—mind that I claim the fulfilment of this, my last request, at your hands. See *her*;—recall to her mind the warmth, the devotedness, the delirium, that have stamped the feelings of my heart, during our happy, happy days of virtuous love. Tell her that dark as my life has been, she was as a friendly star to my being; and that its every—its latest hour was devoted to her! Say that dying—I blessed her who blessed me, while I lived—and, friend, this bunch of flowers—enough;—you understand me!"

And a proud look—a look, that defied the terrors of death, crossed the features of the young artist; his brow was lowering, and his eye bent earthward;—for about that very spot, a day or two before, after an evening's ramble, he had seated himself beside his Nina. His blood might, perhaps, tinge the grass, whence the virgin hands of his affianced had plucked the half-withered violets, which he madly pressed against his bosom. Death, he feared not. But his aged mother, whom he exposed to totter alone to her grave, in this cold, ungenerous, and belying world—the sport of unfeeling mockery—the prey of merciless indigence. His old mother, whom he loved with a love apart from all earthly affections!—His old mother, who, in a few minutes perchance, would have no son to soothe the bitterness of her widowed days! Nina—his own, dear Nina!—his betrothed—the morning-star of dawning manhood—his pride, when success attended him—his solace, when calumny banquipped on his name—the pure spirit that nerved his hand to glorious exertions! And his painting, too!—the child of his genius—his Ugolino, which was to have poured a reversion of immortality on his brow—his Ugolino, which he may leave unfinished!

There was more than death in that thought; for with the perishing flesh that wrapped him, his name, too, would pass away into nothingness. The cup of life was yet brimful in his hands; his lips clung to it, in one long draught of happiness—purchased by so many toils—so many studies—so many vigils—so many tortments. All this, and die!—Die, perhaps, under the hand of a brainless fop!

But short time was allowed him, for such bitter reflections. Mandeville Spencer, accompanied by another fashionable, made his *entrée*—made his *entrée*, I say, because he stepped up to the ground, like an actor on the boards, with affected ease and politeness. His dress and person, in every respect similar to those *outré* models of fashion, hung up from a tailor's window, seemed to have received the strictest attentions, required by the statutes of elegant life.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen, if I have been the cause of any tedious delay;—but really my beast was so restive, that I was compelled to stop two or three times;" said Mandeville, with

the meaningless simper of what is termed high society.

The ground was measured:—a brace of richly-mounted Parkers—God forgive me, but they smelt of musk—were taken from a rose-wood case, loaded and delivered to the parties.

"Now then!"—said Spencer, facing off with admirable nonchalance. The word was given, and a smile of unutterable contempt curled the lip of the young artist, as he fired.

"Lost ball, by heaven!" muttered Mandeville's second, who leisurely contemplated the scene, through an azure-enamelled binocle.

The idler levelled his weapon—and Fritzman reeled—mortally wounded—struck to the heart—shot through the cluster of violets, which should have guarded that noble heart, better than a triple breast-plate. He tottered to the turf;—the flowers, which had been trodden by the foot of his love, were crimsoned with his blood;—and as he fell, the death-rattle sounded like a hollow moan, and Nina's name gurgled out of his throat, with a stream of frothy gore.

"Dead!" whispered the surgeon—a sort of implement, which generally accompanies the duelling apparatus; for philanthropy is an indispensable quality in this age of refined feelings and enlightened civilization.

Mandeville dashed down his pistol with violence—it seems to be the custom now, when you have demolished your man—and carried his hand to his head; but fearing, no doubt, to disarray the crowning of his top-knot, he satisfied himself with convulsively pressing it against his brow. His friend, intervening in the midst of the catastrophe, succeeded in forcing him away from this scene of tragedy with quite a theatrical éclat; not, however, until he had picked, wiped and encased the splendid Parkers.

"Lucky shot of yours, Mandeville!"—said the second, tapping him on the shoulder.

"A first-rate young fellow;—sorry, upon honour!"—added Spencer, as they got up into the dashing tilbury.

On the evening of that gloomy day, the fall of Leopold Fritzman was the topic of conversation, in the several coffee-houses of the city; and Mandeville's second bitterly complained, that,

"Curse him! if his friend had not nearly shivered one of his pistols—matchless pistols—in the anguish of his feelings!"

"Sir," said she, "why comes he not himself? Is he sick? Is he living?"

Great God! how terrible was that last question! I could not bear the keen, shivering accents of that agonized voice. I answered not—I cursed my imprudence, for assuming a task beyond my powers of self-command—and gazed upon the fair and distracted being, with a look of unmeaning stupidity.

"Speak—oh, speak!" she resumed, in wilder tones. "An answer, for the love of heaven! Can my fancies be true? Oh! tell me the naked truth; I can bear it. Speak;—uncertainty is death!"

And an involuntary tear, wrung by the strange

accents which accompanied her appeal, was the only answer that I could give.

She leaned her head against the window, near which we stood; she looked as if she had been suddenly petrified—and her bloodless features mocked the paleness of marble. At length, slowly raising her head:

"And, sir, is it really true? I know not—I cannot tell—how life has stood the shock of my feelings. But now I am—I feel more calm. I can bear all;—I *must* hear all."

What a horrid calm!—The calm, which follows the sweeping of the storm, and reveals the ruin which it has left in its rush of desolation! What a horrid calm, thought I, contrasting the ghastly wanness of her countenance, with the dark flow of her raven hair—listening to the husky, guttural sounds, forced out of her chest—and harrowed by the ravages which despair had worked in a few minutes on those beautiful features. She had suddenly faded and shrivelled away, like the leaf, touched by the first nippings of the blast—stripped of even the yellowish tints, which autumn paints on the withered foliage. Her eyes, swollen, wild and haggard, had lost all the winning softness—the dewy languish, which fascinated me as I entered the room:—grief, poignant, bitter, and comfortless, rolled in their sunken orbits. Ay! those eyes, which a moment before sparkled with the splendour of untold fortunes, were veiled in a cloud of sorrow, dark and cheerless and hopeless as the pall of death. Simply and summarily, avoiding to bear too much on the more heart-rending details, I then related to her the events which had given rise to my melancholy errand; and dwelt, as fervently as I could, on the last wishes and thoughts of her dead lover. She no longer wept. Straining her ear to my lips, like a zealous physician, who watches the progress of a mortal disease, she greedily listened to my concluding words. And then her eye, momentarily lighting up, glistened with the sombre and unearthly glare, which comes from the deep-seated regions of the crushed spirit.

"And not a token—not a dying memorial from him?"

"From his bosom, Miss—this bunch of flowers!"—And I gave her the last pledge of affection, embalmed—sainted—and canonized—in the life-blood of her departed lover. Oh! had you felt, as I did, the large, burning tears, which scalded my hand, and thrilled every fibre of my heart;—then could you have known how boundless is the gratitude of woman, and that woman—a woman wrung by sorrow, and maddened by love!

She pressed my hands, and in a smothered voice—with a feverish look, in which her melancholy happiness glimmered through the conflict of nameless agonies:

"Thanks—thanks! You, probably, love!"—said she. "Be ever happy, then. Oh! may you never lose the love and the blessings of her whom you have enshrined in your heart!"

Here her utterance was choked by her sobs—she again and convulsively pressed my hand—signed me to the door of the apartment, and disappeared with her treasure of buried love.

For many a day, this pathetic scene, con-founded in my dreams of the night, occurred to

me as a bodiless fiction. But the remembrance of the young girl's most trifling word—her nobleness of soul—her purity of feelings, threw her full on my mind, as one of those dear creatures of love and devotedness, so sparsely scattered over this world of falsehood and treachery. Since the impressive hour, which saw me standing by her side, a messenger of woe, I had often thought of the heroism of that young girl, and almost worshipped the majesty of her grief—the holiness of her affections.

Several months ago, while perusing a paper, which lay on my table, my attention was mechanically drawn by one of those paragraphs which are, sometimes, a record of human happiness,—and not unfrequently an index of human folly. It ran briefly thus:—"Married—To Miss Nina B——, Mandeville Spencer, Esq. both of this city." The paper dropped from my hand, as if its pages had suddenly been impressed with the whole weight of the type, which had helped to fill up its surface.

Woman's faith and woman's trust! Where then is the love, which, among the ancients, held the ministry of kindling and quenching the torch of life? Where the cheering *athanasia* of love, which harmonized the strife of existence, and soothed the horrors of death? Such was the opening of a very railing monologue—when the voice of my friend, Charles, who had stolen on me, unperceived, fell with these words on my ears:

"What! Marc, my boy—has your flower of love—the fair Calanthe—proved faithless? Or has she sunk under the monotony of the platonic; and, like a new Androgyne, furnished her constancy with a pair of wings, in search of another half?"

"No, no, Charles," I exclaimed, "Calanthe, as you call her, is as true to love as you have been to friendship: and you know that we have been friends in boyhood and youth—in youth and in manhood—in weal and in woe—in storm and in shine—through good and evil report! Only my sight was blasted, just now, with the *épousailles* of Nina B—— and Mandeville Spencer, that inexpressible fop, and honourable murderer of my poor friend, Leopold Fritzman, whose keenest death-pang was parting from *his* Nina—his dear Nina!"

Charles shrugged his shoulders, and contracted his supercilious brow into an expression of emphatic irony; while from remarks evidently intended for himself, as he glided out of the room, I caught the following expressions:

"Oh, yes—*Crede ratem ventis: animum ne crede puellis*. One of the masters has said so; and Ovid had touched every chord of that false instrument—a woman's heart! Ay! trust a helmsless bark to the fury of the winds; but trust your soul to a woman! That girl, too! Like all of her sex; fitful as flying clouds—changeable as chameleons—and true, only true to inconsistency! Their very life is a lie: 'it is not in the harmony of things;' and he, who trusts, deserves to be deceived; for in their whims, they can be, at will, gentle as Raphaël's angels—terrible as Milton's devils!"

I almost wished that Charles had not been my friend—a friend, tried by the touchstone of adversity—so that I might have forced a retrac-

tion from him. But to hear *him*—the polished scholar—him of the high-thoughted spirit—of the generous heart—of the lofty intellect—speak thus, and to me, chilled my illusions, and disenchanted life. Yet again the bleeding image of Leopold, falling under the weapon of a rose-water coxcomb, stood before my mind's eye, and arraigned the fickleness of the heartless woman who had sacrificed his memory. The memory of him, who bartered away his share of posterity—the life-breath of his second and better existence—his precious heir-loom of fame—all to avenge an indirect insult, offered to her by his assassin—the slanderer, whom she had wedded. There was something heinous and appalling in the thought; and I almost caught myself, repeating after my friend:—"Only true to inconstancy; gentle as Raphaël's angels—terrible as Milton's devils!"



Written for the Lady's Book.

## SCRIPTURE ANTHOLOGY.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

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### THE FLOOD.

The earth also was corrupt before God: and the earth was filled with violence.

And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me: for the earth is filled with violence through them; and behold I will destroy them with the earth.

And behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth to destroy all flesh wherein is the breath of life from under heaven, and every thing that is in the earth shall die.—*Genesis. vi. 11. 13. 17.*

THE patriarchs slept, and o'er their virtues stole Oblivion deep as rested on their graves, Unheeded and forgotten. From the mind, The memory of the holy man of prayer, Who taught the pious multitudes to call Upon Creation's Lord, beneath the tent Of the blue heaven—spread sky, had passed away— Pure Enoch's counsellings—his walk with God, And bright ascent on fiery Cherubim, Were blotted from remembrance: darkly swept The torrent of corruption, and 'the sons Of God' were borne along by ruin's tide.

They lusted after pleasure, and the hours That erst were spent in prayer and praise to heaven, While fate the sun sunk o'er the western hills, And darkness, monitor of death, came on, They dreamed away in listening to the shell Of Jubal's daughters, or beneath the trees In dalliance, or in mazes of the dance, Joined with the jewelled maids of Tubal Cain.

By music's witchery charmed, and every sense Druak with the love of beauty, they forgot Their pious sires, and in the tents of sin Espoused the daughters of the murderous race, With the hot seal of heaven's displeasure stamp'd. No weary penitent, with tearful eyes, And feelings like a bruised reed, addressed

His sighs to heaven; nor on the altar laid The bleeding victim; nor did prayer or praise At morn or evening, to the Eternal throne Rise with the breath of incense; for the Lord Was not in all their thoughts; but every heart, E'en in th' imaginations of the mind, Was only evil.

In the mother's breast  
Lust maddened like a plague-spot—daughters caught  
The damning taint, and veiled, in loosened robes  
Of harlotry, their beauties—children learned  
To troll the wanton's carol, and the lips  
Of infants, in precocious guilt, were turned  
To sin, lisping obscenity. Rapine pressed  
Upon the widow and the orphan: Rage  
Knitted his brazen brow and gnashed his teeth;  
Pale Envy gnawed her thin and livid lips;  
Dark Malice drugged his brother's cup with bane;  
Hate struck with piercing eye his victim's soul,  
And Murder, with envenomed steel, his heart;  
War trod with iron heel upon the neck  
Of slaughtered foes, and from his nodding plumes  
Shook the red dews of death; and Violence  
Bid Havoc speed o'er earth, till it became  
One wide and dread Aceldama of blood.

The impious in impiety had grown  
To fearful greatness, and the perfect few  
Who were in better days the "salt of earth,"  
Had lost their savour; and all human flesh,  
From moral taint, became a putrid mass,  
That to th' Eternal's throne for vengeance called,  
Until the end of every living thing  
Came up before him.  
Amid this gloom of moral darkness, shone  
The piety of Noah, like the star  
That through the rent of heaven-involving clouds,  
Streams brilliant o'er the sable brow of night;  
In all his generations pure, he preached  
The dignity of virtue and her joys,  
By all th' eloquence of a holy life;  
And 'mid the scoffings and the jeers of men  
Who joyed in blasphemy and blood, proclaimed  
Truth, righteousness and judgment; and disclosed  
As, with prophetic hand, he raised the veil  
That curtain'd future time, th' uplifted arm  
Of dread Omnipotence for vengeance bared.

But on their ears the melting words that broke  
From his full heart, fell as the idle wind;  
And Lust still spread her rosy couch, and Sin  
With syren song, lured to the feast of Crime;  
And still the tabret sped the wanton dance,  
And the red wine-cup cheered the wassail on,  
While fate advanced, with soft and stealthy tread,  
Th' avenging minister of an angry God.

The sun was at the portals of the west,  
And as the mountain summits flashed with gold,  
And the green islands lifted up their heads  
Rejoicing in the parting smile of day,  
The patriarch stood, and then rehearsed again  
His tale of mercy. Trembling grew his voice,  
Warm gushed the tear drops down his furrowed cheek,  
And in an agony of woe he tore  
His aged locks and smote his hoary beard,  
As with the guilty race he plead in vain;  
And saw in pity's fading smile, the cheek

Of heaven turn pale, and at the awful frown  
Of God in anger shudder and grow black.

By fear and sacred instinct moved, the birds  
That glance their plumage through the leafy grove,  
Or skim the silver surface of the deep  
Are strangely tame; and all the bestial tribes  
Of plain or forest, in continuous line,  
Move onward to the ark; and there in peace  
Together rest—the lion with the lamb,  
The sportive kid stretched at the leopard's side,  
While men with reason blessed, insensate spurn  
The proffered refuge, and with fury blind,  
Mock at the coming ruin.

Safely housed  
Within the sheltering ark with those that God  
Has given him, the pious preacher feels  
The proffered peace his message bore, return  
To bless *himself*; and having proved to them,  
A savour unto death, perfume his soul  
With that sweet essence which a holy life  
From every good and pious act exhales.

How fearful is thy punishment, oh sin!  
The awful curse of one transgression bade  
The sun of Righteousness in Eden's grove  
Go down in darkness, and the fiery sword  
With threatening blaze flame round the tree of life;  
Sowed on the *vital* air the seeds of death;  
With poisons drugged the juices of the earth;  
Displaced for thistle and for thorn, the rose,  
And blasted with sterility the ground,  
That by the sweat wrung from his weary brow  
Man might his bread obtain, until his frame  
Resolve to earth again—dust unto dust.

The primal curse of sin that smote the earth  
Was blent with mercy; but an angry God  
For ruthless vengeance girdeth now himself,  
And lifts the arm of chastisement, oh earth!  
That thou throughout all coming time mayst bear,  
As a memorial of the curse of sin,  
The cicatrices of the scourge of God  
Upon thy giant sides.

The sun went down  
And murky masses of black heaving clouds  
Like undulations of the mighty deep,  
Rolled onward by the storm, o'erspread the sky,  
Darkened the sombre twilight into gloom,  
In sackcloth clothed the pale and fearful moon  
And veiled from view the starry eyes of night.

Round from the zenith to th' horizon's verge  
Extends the grim obscure—the funeral robe  
Of Chaos for creation, o'er whose folds  
The lightning binds its girdle: warring winds,  
The strong-lunged heralds of the storm, resound  
The blast of desolation, and the sea  
And every hill and echoing mountain join  
The general wail of ruin.

On the leaves  
The pattering raindrops fall, and then the storm  
In fury bursts and on the quaking plain  
Pours down the dread artillery of the skies.  
From pole to pole the thunder booms along  
The echoing vault—the vivid lightnings flash  
And rend the ebon reservoirs of heaven,

That hold the watery treasures of the clouds.  
Down through the opening channels rush amain  
The "waters from above" upon the ground,  
The hidden fountains of the mighty deep  
Are broken up, and the tumultuous sea  
That stretched his boundless arms and folded earth  
In close embrace, is maddened into foam,  
And like a bridegroom, in whose ruthless breast  
Love is exchanged for hate, turns darkly fierce  
And rends his sorrowing bride.

As widely spreads  
The watery ruin, with the tempest's voice  
Comes from the tents of wickedness a cry  
Of fearful anguish: there the tabrets sound—  
The feast—the dance have ceased, and o'er the cheeks  
Flushed with the wine cup, and with lust is thrown  
An ashy pallor. On the mountain tops  
Stand awe struck myriads, and the lightning's glare  
Reveals their frantic gestures, and their hands  
Upraised to heaven for mercy: but the storm  
In fury waxes fiercer—brighter gleam  
The lurid lightnings—louder roar the winds—  
The torrent thicker pours—the billowy waves  
Rise higher—o'er their banks the rivers rush  
With headlong sway—the seas outswell their shores,  
And surging high o'er hill and mountain top  
One shoreless ocean rolls around the globe.

Brookeville, Md.

## THE HEIRESS WITH THE PRETTY FOOT.

"By-the-bye, Fred., are you a marrying man?"  
said Charles Russell to his bachelor friend,  
Ferdick Somerville, as they discussed a cool bot-  
tle together at the Star and Garter, at Rich-  
mond. "By-the-bye, Fred., are you a marrying  
man?"

"My dear Charles, with a patrimony of one  
hundred a year, and an allowance from my aunt  
of a second, for gloves and shoe-strings, how  
can I entertain such an idea? But why do you  
ask?"

"Because I have just heard a strange whim  
which my cousin Ellen has taken into her head;  
and, 'pon my soul, if she perseveres in it, I  
should like some good fellow like yourself, who  
will take care of her and her couple of thousands  
a-year, to be the eccentric partner."

Fred's curiosity was now raised. He entreat-  
ed to be made acquainted with this strange  
whim: and a fresh bottle having been placed  
before the friends, it was not long before the  
generous operation of the wine, and our friend  
Fred's inquiries, prevented Russell from bur-  
thening himself any longer with the secret.

And the secret was this:—Ellen Cameron, a  
high-spirited and self-willed girl of two-and-  
twenty years of age, and an unincumbered in-  
come of as many hundreds, having been dis-  
gusted at the treatment which a fair relative had  
received from one whom, after an attachment of  
some years, she had made her husband, vowed  
that, if ever she married, it should be to a man  
to whom she should be introduced, for the first  
time, at the altar where she was to become his  
bride.

It was a strange idea, doubtless: but young girls, who are mistresses both of themselves and their fortunes, are apt to have strange notions. Ellen was one of these. With a good heart, an excellent understanding, and a cultivated taste, she had just so much of oddity in her disposition as prompted her to make, and enabled her to persevere in, this extraordinary determination.

The strangeness of the notion seemed to possess charms for the somewhat romantic mind of Somerville, who, having inquired as narrowly into the state of the case, as Russell's relationship to the lady would admit, expressed himself willing, could she be prevailed on to accept him, to undergo the ceremonies of introduction and marriage at the same moment.

"But tell me, my dear Russell, do you know any thing objectionable in her temper or disposition?"

"Nothing, upon my word, Fred. No woman is perfect; and Ellen has her failings: but despite certain eccentricities and peculiarities, I do believe you would live very happily together."

"But, my dear Russell, I always vowed I never would marry even an angel, if she exhibited a *superabundance of foot and ankle*. Tell me, has my fair incognita a pretty foot?"

"On my word, she has—*there is not the fellow to it, I can assure you*. But I tell you what, although it is almost unfair to Ellen, yet I will let you into a secret: she will be at the Opera to-morrow night—you may get a peep at her there."

Full particulars of what box she was to occupy, together with other means of identifying her, were asked and given.

The following night saw Fred. at the Opera, before Spagnoletti's magic tap had given the signal for the commencement of the overture. His eyes were instantly turned upon the box that was destined to contain the object of his search; but that, of course, was empty. During the whole of the first act of the Opera, his attention was rivetted to that spot, but not a soul broke in upon its solitude.

During the *divertissement*, which followed, and exhibited attractions so powerful as to seduce the eyes of our hero from the object on which they had so long been fixed, the box was filled; and when Fred. turned his eyes again in that direction, he felt convinced that the most prominent personage which it contained was the eccentric Ellen!

His glass was now directed for some momentous minutes to the box; and when he removed it to return the salutation of his friend Russell, who now approached him, he was muttering to himself, "By heavens! she is certainly a fine girl!" Nor did he exhibit any selfishness with regard to this feeling: he never attempted to keep it to himself, but instantly confessed as much to Russell.

"She is certainly a very fine girl. Can't you introduce me to your cousin, my dear friend?" said he.

"Then the two thousand a-year have no charms for you, Fred.." was the reply.

"Faith! but they have though, and so has your cousin;—therefore, the sooner you say a good word for me the better."

Whether or not Charles, who adjourned to his cousin's, introduced the subject of his friend's admiration of her that evening, we cannot take upon ourselves to assert; but certain it is, that Ellen's Opera glass was, for the remainder of the night, much more frequently directed to the part of the pit which was occupied by her aspirant, than to any other.

The subject was introduced, however, at *some* period, and, after sundry blushings and hesitations, Russell's wooing, in his friend's name, sped favourably; and six weeks after the eventful dinner at Richmond, saw a travelling chariot, with four of Newman's quickest, draw up at St. George's, Hanover Square, and deposit at the snug and sly vestry-door, the bridegroom expectant of Ellen Cameron and her twenty-two hundred pounds per annum.

Here he was met by his friend Russell, whose obvious confusion and anxiety could not escape the notice of Fred. Somerville. He was about to inquire into the cause which produced this effect, when he was prevented by the arrival of the bride.

He would have flown to assist her from her carriage; but Russell seized him, and, motioning him to withdraw, succeeded in leading him into the body of the church:—not, however, before he had discovered that his intended had a *very pretty foot*, which was certainly without its fellow—for he saw she had but one!

He was at first bitterly enraged at the deception which had been practised upon him; but Russell soon calmed his irritation by a very satisfactory explanation of his conduct.

Well assured of Fred's worth, and his cousin's amiability, he had felt convinced in his own mind that their union would prove a happy one; but the circumstance of Ellen having unfortunately been deprived of one of her legs, he feared, would prejudice Fred. against her. His anxiety for the happiness of both parties had tempted him, therefore, to conceal this fact—for, knowing as he did, Fred's devotion to a *pretty foot*, he feared least this enthusiastic admiration of the *extreme* of feminine beauty should lose him an amiable and wealthy woman, had he been told at once, that, although she had a *singularly* pretty foot, she had but one!

That this explanation was satisfactory, we have asserted already; and it was made evident by the fact of the worthy clergyman being called upon immediately to perform the matrimonial service,—to say nothing of the worthy clerk receiving triple fees upon the occasion.

The marriage created a good deal of attention at the time, and many ill-natured jokes were cut upon the parties; but they heeded them not, and have been rewarded for it by a succession of many happy years. One of these malicious witticisms only will we record.

"So, Fred. Somerville has married a woman of property, I hear—*old*, of course"—said a young guardsman at Brooks's.

"Not exactly old," was the answer, from a quondam rival of Fred's—"not exactly old, but with one foot in the grave."

It is easier to pretend what you are not, than to hide what you really are; but he that can accomplish both, has little to learn in hypocrisy.



## THE SPECTACLES.

Mr. Editor,

SIR.—There is one epithet which seems made expressly to describe my aunt. She was a very romantic old lady. Had the word "romantic" never existed before, it must have been invented expressly on her account. At nineteen she refused a baronet with ten thousand a year, and married on love and nothing. I never understood how she and her husband lived, the twelve-month before he was killed in Spain. An ensign's pay, now-a-days, will scarcely find him in epaulettes. But live they did, for at the end of this said year he was shot, leading a forlorn hope, and leaving a widow and child, as his monument stated, "inconsolable." Mrs. Loraine never forced the marble to lie—under a mistake. She wore black, and white pocket-handkerchiefs, to the last. The death of a distant relation made her quite independent; and she forthwith established herself in the prettiest cottage that Richmond, the modern Arcady of pretty cottages, ever invented. A willow on the lawn dropped the rain of its green leaves into the Thames; roses looked in at the windows, and geraniums out at the doors. Some people said it was damp; but, as my aunt justly observed "Some people have no soul." Here she devoted herself to the education of Lucy, her pretty little fairy of a daughter:—that is to say, she always curled Lucy's long fair hair herself; and instead of the usual recitation of "Pity the Sorrows of a Poor old Man," and "Oh hear a Pensive Prisoner's Prayer!" the little creature repeated, "If you would view fair Melrose aright" and Childe Harold's "Good night." Certainly her system was not "conducted on the most approved principles:"—there was no bread and water, no *ograhies*, and her botany only distinguished a rose from a lily, and developed itself in a taste for violets. Still it succeeded, for at seventeen Lucy was the nearest approach to an Angel that I, at least, ever saw. How well I remember the summer parlour, into which daylight never entered! My aunt had a lingering weakness in favour of a still fine complexion. Nature and art alike lent their aid; there were French blinds, and a Virginian creeper in great profusion; a harp stood in one window, where I generally stood too; while a stand of myrtles and roses occupied the other. My aunt's arm-chair was drawn a little aside towards a small work-table, on which usually lay an open volume of some favourite poet; near was a stool for her feet, and her daughter, for there Lucy delighted to sit, reading aloud page after page, and expecting every one to sympathize in her admiration. Rousseau states that Telemachus was the first love of his Sophie. Lucy had a series of such ideal passions;—like most very gentle and timid people, she had a taste for the desperate. "Lord Cranstoun," goblin page and all, was not equal to "Roderick Dhu,"—and I am afraid that she had an innocent weakness in favour of "Marmion." The "Corsair" was her grand passion, all; especially when she identified him with after Lara.

Just at this period I departed for the Continent and certainly a pair of very blue eyes "shed

frequent sunshine o'er my path." I saw them amid the snows of Mount Blanc—and in the "palpable obscure" of La Scala, at Milan. I came home, and heard that Lucy was going to be married to George Fanshawe—George Fanshawe, the dullest, the meanest, the ugliest of mortals. I heard all about it—one always hears what is disagreeable. Mrs. Loraine and her daughter were driving out one evening: a cloud came over the moon, and a dizziness over the postilion, and the pony-phæton was all but overturned. Fortunately—I use the word, because it is the established one on such occasions, though I differ from the received opinion—fortunately a gentleman was riding past—he of course rescued the ladies, and equally of course, was ever after called their preserver. By-the-bye I hate the word, it puts me so in mind of a flannel waistcoat. The next day he called to make inquiries; the day after he called to make more;—and so he went on inquiring through the summer. Poor Mrs. Loraine was greatly surprised when on the first of September, he brought down a brace of partridges, and his proposals for her daughter;—still more astonished was she to learn that the said proposals had received as much consent as Lucy could give without her mother's. Mrs. Loraine would have expected her daughter to go into a consumption, had she thrown the slightest obstacle in the way of her happiness; but the happiness itself greatly surprised her. George Fanshawe was, in her eyes, the very antipodes of what a lover ought to be. He laughed loud, and was given to laughing. He had never read Lord Byron, and listened with all possible inattention. Moreover, like all handsome women, who have married very handsome men, she thought much of personal appearance, and there was only one word that could explain, Mr. George Fanshawe's appearance—he was ugly, decidedly ugly: not "plain but intelligent," not "sallow but so interesting;" no, ugly was the only adjective that could stand before his substantive. I have only one excuse to make for Lucy: he was her first lover, and as M<sup>d</sup>le. de Launay says, "our first and last conquests are those we truly value." The love-making went on, and Mrs. Loraine had then an additional misery; it was how much the style of dress had changed since her young days: she herself was married in a white chip gypsy hat, tied under the chin with a pink silk handkerchief. This gypsy hat is an infallible index in my mind to the knowledge of two circumstances,—first that the gentleman who dwells upon their charm with a "pastoral melancholy" is about forty, they having been in fashion some twenty years since: and secondly, that he was in love with some pretty face under them about that time. She would so liked her daughter to have been married in the same dress she had worn just eighteen years before,—white lawn, pink ribbons, and a Brussel lace veil. However, her ideas on the morality of dress, which means fashion, were too fixed to allow of her offering any opposition to the established custom of white satin and blonde.

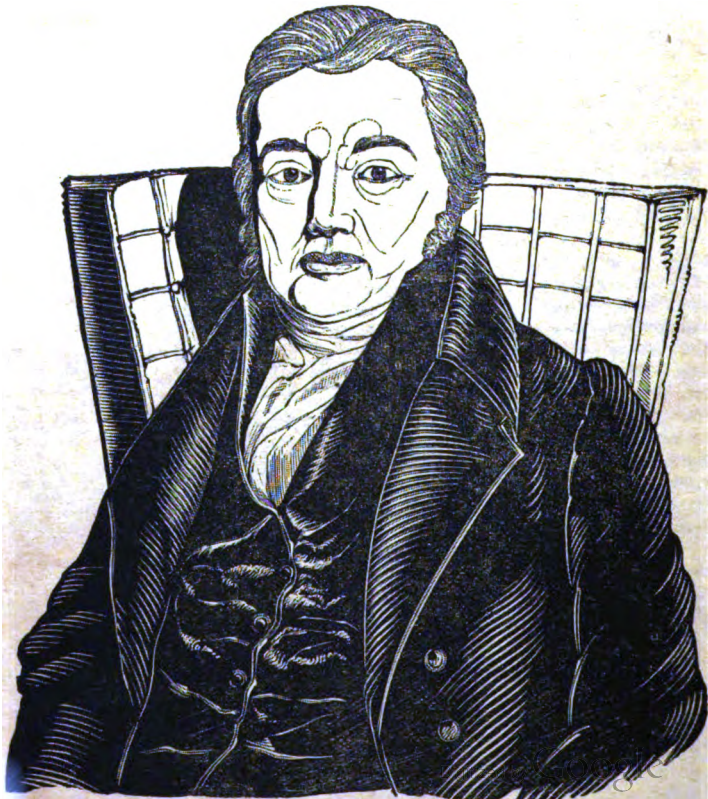
Mr. G. Fanshawe was a clock-worker lover, he was wound up to calling at one particular hour, and from that he rarely deviated. Two o'clock saw him seated in Mrs. Loraine's shadowy parlour, and, it is a remarkable fact, he was



GALLERY OF PORTRAITS.



SAMUEL ROGERS.



never five minutes before his time. One morning, however, he was summoned on a trial of some poachers. Riding past the cottage, he thought that it would save sending a servant, if he called to say he might be detained all day. He dismounted, entered, and walked up the gravel walk: the sound of Lucy's harp came from the window; he approached near where he saw my sweet cousin seated. I do not think that I have mentioned before that she was my cousin. The blind was drawn up, and the room was full of sunshine. Lucy started from her harp in extreme confusion; this, however, Mr. George Fanshawe was too polite to allow, and he handed the lady most unwillingly back to her place in the window. She stammered, she blushed, she hesitated much more than he thought there was any occasion for: still he proceeded to state the cause of his early visit, and to beg her to give his compliments to Mrs. Loraine. As he was going, he said, "Lucy what do you wear spectacles for?" She made him no answer, but rushed up stairs to her mother's dressing room. "I have seen him, I have seen him," exclaimed she, throwing herself into her mother's arms. "Seen whom?" asked Mrs. Loraine, whose imagination was divided between thieves and lovers. "I have seen Mr. Fanshawe!" "And is that all?" replied mamma, quite disappointed. "Oh, but I never saw him before; he came in while I was practising, so I saw him; and I never can marry him, now I have seen him."

The fact was, that Lucy, like all young ladies of the present day, was very short-sighted, and, to conquer the difficulties of Mozart and Rossini, she always practised in spectacles. Now, a heroine (and that was my cousin's natural vocation) could not be supposed to wear spectacles—and these spectacles were kept as great a mystery as a murder, or a ghost. Lucy went about the world seeing half and imagining the rest. Her declaration was quite a relief to my aunt, though she thought it decent to remonstrate a little; but Lucy began to cry, and then advice took the shape of caresses. Well, Mr. George Fanshawe was dismissed, with three useful additions to his stock of general knowledge—first not to call on his lady-love before breakfast, secondly to ascertain whether she wears spectacles, thirdly to request in the first instance that she will look at him through them. They say, though, that such a proceeding will make others unnecessary. Your obedient servant,

CHARLES LORRAINE.

Postscript.—I have been to see Lucy, who looks very lovely, and Mrs. Loraine calls her "The Victim of an Illusion."—Postscript 2. I was married to Lucy this morning, and she has seen me through her spectacles.

Be very slow to believe that you are wiser than all others; it is a fatal but common error. Where one has been saved by a true estimation of another's weakness, thousands have been destroyed by a false appreciation of their own strength. Napoleon could calculate the *former* well, but to his miscalculations of the *latter* may be ascribed his downfall.

## SAMUEL ROGERS.

Samuel Rogers, a distinguished living poet. His father was a banker in London. Mr. Rogers is also a banker, and master of an ample fortune, which he has always been content to enjoy in private life. His first appearance as an author was in 1787, when he published an Ode to Superstition, with other poems. After an interval of five years, this was succeeded by the Pleasures of Memory, which fixed his reputation as a poet. His Epistle to a Friend, with other poems, appeared in 1798, and the Vision of Columbus in 1814. Since then he has sent from the press *Jacqueline*, a Tale which accompanied Lord Byron's *Lara* (1814); *Human Life*, a Poem (1819); and *Italy*, a Poem (1822). The power of touching the finer feelings, and of describing visual and mental objects with truth and effect, a graceful style, a happy choice of expression, and a melodious flow of verse, are the principal characteristics of the poetry of Mr. Rogers. Without being an imitator of Goldsmith, he belongs to the school of that poet. Byron says of him "We are all wrong except Rogers, Crabbe and Campbell."

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, an English poet, born in 1773, at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, where his father, who had a numerous family, was a clergyman. By the influence of friends, Coleridge, who was the youngest son, was admitted into the *Blue-coat school*, as it is called, Christ's hospital, London, a well-known charitable institution. Here he received an excellent education, and distinguished himself, even then, by uncommon talents and by his eccentricities. In his 19th year, he entered Jesus' college, Cambridge. Poetry and metaphysics were his favourite studies. A volume of his poetical attempts appeared in 1794, and excited great expectations, which he has but partially satisfied, owing to his invincible indolence and fickleness. In the same year appeared his *Fall of Robespierre*, a historical drama, which was well received. He did not escape the enthusiasm for liberty and equality, which then prevailed. At Oxford, he met with congenial spirits in the poet Southey, since so celebrated, and Robert Lovell. The three young enthusiasts left the academical halls with the view of reforming the political world. They agreed to begin in Bristol. Coleridge delivered lectures on the approaching happiness of the human race by means of republicanism, with unbounded applause from many enthusiastic young people. *Conciones ad Populum*, or Addresses to the People, and a Protest against certain bills, then pending, for suppressing seditious meetings, also excited a great sensation in Bristol. In other cities, he was less successful, and his journal, the *Watchman*, attracted but little notice. He was indemnified by the success of a second volume of poems, which passed through several editions. Despairing of the reform of the old world, the young preachers of liberty took the resolution of carrying their theory into execution in the new, by the foundation of a state, which should bear the name of

*Pantisocracy.* It was a great pity that this project was broken off by their acquaintance with three beautiful sisters, of the name of Fricker, whom Coleridge, Southey and Lovell married. Coleridge took up his abode in Nether-Stowey, near Bridgewater, where he formed an intimacy with the poet Wordsworth. Having no fixed support, he suffered some pecuniary embarrassments, but was fortunately relieved by the celebrated Messrs. Wedgwood, who enabled him to complete his studies in Germany. He learned German in Ratzeburg. His *Biographia Literaria* gives some account of his residence in Germany. Among other things, it contains some remarks on Ebeling, and an account of a conversation with Klopstock, in which the latter gives his opinion of Lessing, Goethe, Wieland, Kotzebue, and others. Coleridge then went by the way of Hanover to Gottingen, where he attended the lectures of Blumenbach and Eichhorn. After his return, he wrote the leading articles for the *Morning Post*, translated some dramas of Schiller, and accompanied Sir Alexander Ball, as secretary, to Malta. He returned from thence, however, without having obtained any permanent situation.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## WOMAN'S REVENGE.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

By Miss Mary E Macmichael.

"Earth hath no rage like love to hatred turned,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

In a richly furnished apartment, sat Clara de Courcy. The maiden was seated at a table, with her head resting upon a hand that was like wax, and as diminutive as a girl's of twelve summers. Her countenance was partially concealed by her position, but enough of it was visible to show that it was spiritual, and would have had enchantment and exquisite beauty, but that the brow, which was unusually lofty, and white as parian marble, was too haughtily bent, and the lip disdainfully curled; but there was a loveliness even in her scorn.

She raised her head, and shook back the light brown ringlets, that lay like shadowy gold upon her temples; her look was calm and youthful;—sweet, but strangely supercilious. The hazle eye was full of sublime thought and melancholy feeling, and the snowy purity of her cheek, contrasted with the living damask of her lip. Her's was a face majestic and severe—an index of a soul, daring in conception and resolute in action—unyielding and changeless in its purposes. Pride, immeasurable, indomitable pride, was stamped in all its lines. It was but too evident, that all her passions were subordinate to the sin by which the Angels fell and devils triumphed. She felt that she was no common person, and conceived it a duty she owed herself to be more lofty and high-minded than her sex generally are; but her pride fascinated while it awed; she seemed a condescending seraph. She

was accomplished more by heaven than by education; her's was a gigantic intellect. Her gifts were like the summer-breezes that sport around; and like the sun, she shone as brightly in the lowliest valley as on the loftiest mountain. She was a lovely line of poetry in a world of prose—a blossom dropped from Paradise to shame all the flowers of earth.

She arose, and sought the casement. As the pale light of the moon fell upon her small and slender figure, that wanted only height to give it dignity, tinging her whole countenance with a visionary lustre, she seemed a being born to command, one not belonging to this earth, but a sainted spirit.

It was a fair and lovely night, well fitted to inspire the heart with melancholy tenderness, and unseal the well-springs of imagination. The sky was calm and cloudless, and the moon careered proudly through the blue vault of heaven. Grove and garden lay quietly beneath the dreamy spell of silence and shade that hung upon all objects. Sweet is the mysterious shadowing of a summer night! Every leaf and flower diffuses fragrance upon the breeze that murmurs along, and the whispering of the zephyr, and the rustle of the forest leaves, shed a delicious sadness upon the soul.

There was a well-known tread in the passage, a gentle tap at the door, and her lover stood before her. He was a tall, handsome man, with a nobly poetical head, sable ringlets, an ample forehead, that could look well nigh proud as Clara's, and an eagle-eye, the glance of which was like sunlight flashing upon a scymetar.

"Clara—adored Clara!" he exclaimed in a deep, low, impassioned tone; "I have tarried long at the trysting-place, and methought the moon was less bright, the stream less musical, and the air less fragrant than it was wont; it was because they wanted the presence of my own—my beautiful—my beloved Clara."

"Twere worse than vain to linger upon the reply of the maiden, or the dialogue that ensued. Suffice it to say, that the blushing hues of the morn were stealing over the sky, ere the lady waved a farewell. The myrtle trembled in the breeze; the rose bared its damask bosom to the bee, and the sweet violet, rearing its modest head, with the lily of the vale, breathed deep perfume upon the air. Sweet was the incense of Summer flowers—but sweeter far was the vow of fidelity until death, that sealed the parting moment.

The silent grove and glade, the shadowy sequestered dell, where the little brook made pleasant music as it ran bubbling from the roots of the knotted oak; and the deep blue of the sky, peeping through the trees, whose bright verdure cast a sweet shade upon the earth, giving depth and animation to the scene; these were the favourite haunts where Charles Beverly did frequently pour out his impassioned soul at the feet of his mistress, and wooed her with all the fervour and tenderness of seeming truth. A glance, a fond sweet look from her love-lighting eye—a smile of hope, as she turned away blushing from his too fond gaze, was all he asked in return for his deep mine of affection; for Clara must be knelt to, and sought long and ardently, ere she would yield up the priceless treasure of her

young and unwon heart; for a woman's world, ay, and I fear me, oftentimes her heaven, lies in the little she may call her own—'tis but little that she may—the heart of him whom she hath chosen, whereon to rest her hopes, and centre her fathomless attachment.

Clara De Courcy was the daughter of a respectable clergyman, in easy circumstances, who resided within a few miles of the city of Londonderry. She had been liberally educated, and possessing an uncommon quick perception and brilliant talents, was very superior in mental attainments to most of those with whom she associated. At a party given by a relative, in honour of her seventeenth birth-day, she became acquainted with Captain Beverly, of the British army, who was then stationed in Londonderry. He had been for several years in the Peninsula, and returned full of glory and honour; his name was a passport to any society, and his bland and courteous demeanour soon established him a favourite with all.

Possessed of a fine person, a pleasing voice, lively conversation, and easy vivacity, and just turned of thirty, he seemed in the full tide of fortune. Fascinated by Clara's appearance, and the powers of her mind, he professed to think life were but a blank without her. Her beauty alone, was a fit dowry for a princess; alike lovely in all stations, and alike to be desired. In her presence he was in ecstasies; he went on from love to infatuation; protested disinterested affection—total disregard of all future or present expectations. Could she do less than believe him? She was all the world to him, and he the happiest, the most attentive of lovers. His heart was fixed; the world might go round and the seasons change, but they could not affect his love. All his feelings, his associations, were here combined, and nature must alter ere he could. But ah! the inconstancy of man.

It was a beautiful evening towards the latter part of Summer, that, mounting his horse, he took his usual way, to the mansion of the De Courcy's. Clara was alone when he entered, and his manners were colder than moonlight.

"Are you ill, Charles?" she asked, in an anxious tone,—"you seem dispirited!"

"You are observant to-night," he answered coldly.

She saw that he was disordered, and prepared refreshments with her own hands. He asked her to play, and she did so; at one moment he hung enraptured upon the strain, and seemed fond as usual; but, in the next, his eye wandered, and he seemed still more ill at ease. Clara noticed the change, but attributed it to illness and endeavoured to divert his mind from sadness. An hour passed over,—he was silent, and more icy than death, at least to the heart of Clara. It was now getting late, and he declined, upon the plea of business, staying all night, as had been his custom. She sunk into silence and despondency.

"You are angry, Miss Clara, but you used not to be so."

"I am sad," she murmured, "but not angry."

"I am surely not mistaken," he rejoined, "you have not spoken a word this half hour." "Pardon me," she cried, as she seated herself by his side, "there is no temper in me

to-night,—but sorrow at the change in your behaviour."

He arose, and said, he must depart.

"Good night," said he, "we shall meet to-morrow."

A scarcely audible "God bless you," came from his lips,—an instant—and he was gone. In her bosom he left repining;—but she sighed not, neither did she weep. Soon after he wrote her a note, stating that "his views were changed,—his mind, but not his affections, altered." Oh, the pure unmingled agony of spirit which was all her own, in her communings with herself—hopes had been blighted—affections crushed. The requital of trust had been treachery, and innocence had learned where the knowledge had been bitterness. Her pride had received a jarring shock, but it came to her aid.

"What!" said she, "shall it be said that Clara De Courcy shrunk like the supple reed before the blast?—Forbid it, Heaven! Sooner," (and she clasped her hands upon her brow,) "shall this head lie low in the tomb—this hand moulder into dust, and this form pass away as a vision from the earth." She threw herself upon her knees, and thanked God for the deliverance ere it was too late, from one with whom principle was but a by-word, and whose conduct was a reproach.

She arose from her devotions, and collecting every memento she had ever received from the faithless one, sent them to him, together with a note, that ran thus:

"Miss De Courcy returns to Captain Beverly, gifts that to her are perfectly valueless, and that perchance he may wish to resume. And she deems that, after what has passed, it would be incompatible with her dignity to consider him in the light of an acquaintance;—and that from henceforth, and forever, their destinies must be wide as the heavens and earth asunder; and hopes that Captain Beverly will fully understand, that when they again meet, it must be as perfect strangers."

The canker of the heart eats not soon away. She cast aside all embarrassment, laughed, sang, danced and played, as she was used to do; went into company—into amusement; was as much admired, and as much sought after as ever. Her heart was not broken!

Another lady had caught Beverly's eye, nearer his own age than Clara—handsome, accomplished, and of desirable wealth. Time passed on, and she thought not of him. At length it was known that preparations were being made for his marriage. The house was taken, all the furniture and elegancies procured, and the visits of congratulation passed on both sides. Clara heard all this without a pang,—she had discarded him from her memory,—she had several eligible offers made her in the meantime, but preferred staying as she was, until she had fully tested their constancy.

Things were in this state, when an uncle of her's, who was passionately fond of her, assured her that he had heard him, (unknown to Beverly,) in a public room before company, boast of having "jilted Miss De Courcy;" and darker, and much broader hints, invented by malice, relative to her best inheritance—fair fame. She heard this, but she heard no more. She left



the room; but the tide of feeling will have its way, and it now bore in its passage the freshness and the vigour of life. Here then was the consummation of villany—scorn, contumely, and insult was all the wretch merited. The link of past emotions was broken! He had been the friend of her heart—the lover of her youth, and her bosom had been soft enough to pity, if not to pardon his frailties. But that was past! This one act of infamy had been sufficient to turn the generous emotions of her nature into rivers of overflowing gall, and she panted for vengeance as the panther does for his prey. The iron had fairly entered her soul, and she drained to its dregs the bowl of hatred. She spoke not—moved not—groaned not,—but her breast laboured heavily with suppressed emotion, and there was a quivering anguish beyond what physical ailment could bestow. A prey to the keenest misery, to agony almost insupportable, she found no relief in tears—no drop of moisture found its way to her eyes. The gloomy grandeur of her brow—the severe chiselling of the lip, might have served as a model for some vengeful deity. “Once,” she exclaimed, speaking aloud, with an energy that shook her frame, “I dreamed I loved thee; but now I transcendently hate—I renounce—I abhor thee! Thou hast converted me from a woman into a demon, and by the soul of my sainted mother, I will have revenge ere I die.” She then laid down and tried to sleep,—but her throbbing temples, and heated blood, rendered the effort vain. Strange, wild images rose up before her eyes—fire seemed circling through her veils, and burning in her heart; she talked with no one to hear—she raved—she struggled—and then came a long term of forgetfulness, deep and noiseless as the gulf of oblivion, at the end of which she awoke, as from a profound sleep. When she arose, she had forgotten nothing of all that had passed, and she sat pondering for nearly an hour, letting the bitter stream of thought flow on. Finally she settled upon a mode of action, and she was then quite tranquil.

During the remainder of the day, she attended placidly to the duties imposed by her situation. She was determined to deceive all with regard to her serenity. That night she chatted with—played for—and entertained her company more captivantly than she had ever done before; they were enchanted.

At the dark and silent hour of midnight, when all the guests had departed, and no sound could be heard, save the wind sighing fitfully, as it rustled by her chamber-windows, she wrote Beverly to this effect:

“To Captain Beverly.

“I am about to undertake a long and perilous journey; I have an invincible desire, ere I start, to see you once again; 'tis more than likely that we shall never meet on this side the grave, and it will smooth my passage to the tomb to hold a few minutes' conversation with you; meet me this evening, at seven o'clock, at the Golden Dell, our old bower of meeting. By the memory of that regard you once professed to bear me, by the deep love of all your kindred,

and by your strongest hopes of Heaven, I conjure you to grant me this last interview.

“CLARA DE COURCY.”

As early as possible on the ensuing day, this epistle was sent. He answered her in these words:—

“To Miss De Courcy.

“I had thought our acquaintance had ceased forever;—but, as your life appears to hang upon the request, I will grant it, upon condition that it be very brief, as the time appointed by you is the eve of my marriage with the loveliest of her sex, and 'twill be a task to tear myself from her presence.

CHARLES BEVERLY.”

This was enough. “My God,” said she, “I thank thee thou hast nerved me for the deed.” She went abroad, and received her visits that day, with a smooth brow and smiling lip; she knew that she had in her hidden soul that which parted her from her kind,—and triumphed in such agonizing consciousness.

\* \* \* \* \*

At six o'clock, she sat alone in the room in which she had so often received vows of love that was to be deeper than life, stronger than death, from Beverly. Her brain was in a whirl—her blood was in a flame; she had scarce a definite notion of what she herself was about to do. She felt, as one may feel, who endeavours to strain the nerves, shattered by illness, to the endurance of some dreadful, yet necessary pain.

She emerged into the open air; it was filled with the fresh breath of perfume; the blue-vault of heaven seemed to greet her with a smile.

It was terrible to leave this beautiful world so young—she had not seen twenty summers—so soon. The effort was heart-breaking to part from all she loved. She thought of his note, and pity and remorse were obliterated!

At the appointed time, Clara sought the place of meeting, attached to the grounds. As she neared the spot, she saw Beverly through the trees, holding his hat in his right hand; with his left he was adjusting a ringlet. Ere he was aware of her presence, she fixed her eyes upon him with a look of deep, deadly, concentrated hatred; she advanced a pace or two, and before he could make a movement, drew her right hand from her bosom, clasped tightly a pocket-pistol, (procured for the purpose) took deliberate aim at his heart, and fired. He reeled an instant, leapt into the air, and fell with a scarcely audible groan, deluging the earth with his blood. Not a movement—not a shudder—there he lay, now a living man—and now—a corpse!

She waited not to gaze upon the features of the dead; the quivering limbs had hardly stiffened in the icy embrace of death, when she buried a dagger up to the hilt in her own bosom.

Her father, hearing the report, hastened to the spot.

“Gracious God!” he exclaimed, “my child.” The wound was deep, but she still lived. He knelt by her side, and raised her in his arms; her eyes rolled unmeaningly in her head—“Oh! Clara,” he shrieked, “look up my darling,



leave me not alone." She turned towards him her dying gaze, and endeavoured to press his hand; the eyes opened—the under jaw fell, and he held a corse in his arms.

There lay the deceiver and deceived; both handsome, both young, and both noble; both formed for happy years, and, for the richest brightener of the happiest years—mutual love. Yet there they lay, silent, cold, motionless, heartless; their whole current of life and joy stopped in an instant, and passed untimely away into a land of shadows.

Mr. De Courcy recovered from his swoon to see the weltering bodies before him, and again relapsed into insensibility. For two days he got out of one fit only to fall into another; on the third, "the weary was at rest." May he rest in peace!

They buried Captain Beverly with the honours of war. The drum beat, and the muskets discharged with all the solemnity of a soldier's obsequies!

In a small church-yard, in the city of London-derry, covered by the simple turf, sleep Clara de Courcy and her Father, with the tale of her sorrows unknown, and her beauty unrecorded!

"That isle is now all desolate and bare,  
Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away,  
None but her own and Father's grave are there.  
And nothing outward tells of human clay!  
Ye could not tell where lies a thing so fair;  
There is no stone to mark the spot,  
No tongue to say what was."

Written for the Lady's Book.

## AN ELEGY

WRITTEN ON THE

## APPROACH OF SPRING.

STERN Winter hence with all his train removes,  
And crystal skies, and limpid streams are seen;  
Thick branching foliage decorates the groves,  
Reviving herbage clothes the fields in green.  
Yet scenes more lovely still shall crown the year,  
When Spring's fair bounties are in full display'd;  
The smile of beauty every vale shall wear,  
The voice of song enliven every shade:  
And many a floweret bloom in soft array,  
And many a lambkin prance along the mead;  
And many a warbler carol through the day,  
While fragrance, health and melody succeed.  
Ah! why to hapless man alone denied  
To taste the bliss inferior Beings boast?  
Ah! why this fate, that fear and pain divide  
His few short hours on earth's delightful coast?  
Ah! cease—no more of Providence complain;  
'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe;  
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,  
And pallis each joy indulged by Heaven below.  
Yet still there be a rare, a chosen few,  
Whom folly's cobweb net did ne'er enthrall;  
Who still have kept sound reason's rules in view;  
Just to themselves, and good and kind to all.  
Happy those few, whom pleasure's syren song  
From virtue's tranquil road did ne'er entice;

How different from the vain bewildered throng  
Lost in the thorny labyrinths of vice!

To them even vernal nature looks more gay—

For them more lively hues the fields adorn;

To them more fair, the fairest smile of May;

To them more sweet, the sweetest breath of morn.

Blows not a floweret in the enamelled vale,

Shines not a pebble where the rivulet strays,

Sports not an insect in the spicy gale,

But claims their wonder and excites their praise.

Such joys were mine, when in life's morning beams,

'Midst peaceful, rural scenes, I liv'd immur'd:

Ah! fatal day, when wild ambition's dreams

From those delightful haunts my steps allured.

Ah! happy hours, beyond recovery fled:

What share I now that can your loss repay;

While with sad gloomy thoughts my mind's o'erspread,

That veil the light of life's meridian ray?

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,

The rude stone-fence, with fragrant wall-flowers

gay,

The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield

Than all the pomp imperial domes display.

Yet even here, amidst these secret shades,

These simple scenes of unproved delight,

Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,

And death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

Ah! why should man, proud insect of a day,

Go all his vain short life a sorrowing;

From wisdom's rules still prone to go astray,

While feeling's blind impulses following?

What sombre scenes, in life's illusive dream,

Crowd thick and fast to swell the list of woe;

While hideous spectres, in the twilight gleam

Of future fate, forestal misfortune's blow.

Headlong and vain, through care, and toil, and strife,

Some painted phantom destined to pursue,

We flutter down the rapid stream of life,

And vainly *suffer*, and as vainly *do*.

Ah! hapless mortals—vain, presumptuous, blind,

Unskilled to toss on life's tempestuous sea;

The happy frame of a disciplined mind

They miss, and suffer various misery.

And erring fancy's rainbow-scenes allure;

And many a gloomy labyrinth we roam;

And many a pang from wayward fate endure,

Ere the poor soul can find its peaceful home.

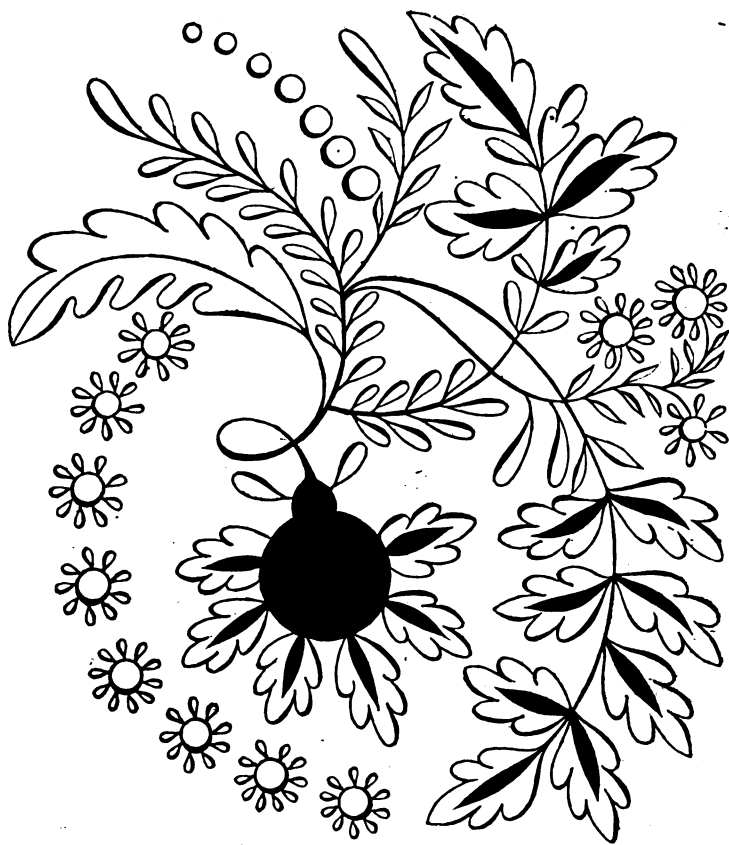
And shall no son of song our fate deplore,

Or mournful ditty o'er our sufferings raise?

May God each erring soul to peace restore,

And lead us all in wisdom's flowery ways.

Accustom yourself to submit on all and every occasion, and on the most minute, no less than on the most important circumstances of life, to a small present evil, to obtain a greater distant good. This will give decision, tone, and energy to the mind, which, thus disciplined, will often reap victory from defeat, and honour from repulse. Having acquired this invaluable habit of rational preference, and just appreciation, start for that *prize that endureth for ever*; you will have little left to learn. The advantages you will possess over common minds, will be those of the veteran over the recruit.



*Washington Irving*

*Brouhail*

*Emerywick*

## INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

"It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom Fortune has left to shift for themselves!" Such was my feeling ejaculation when, full of penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and, for the most part, pecked up, the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather jacket so tightly, that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand and were pretty nearly out at the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of every thing, and, amongst the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends, amongst whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required but little explanation, for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls nor title-deeds; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted application;—for another I wanted capital: "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice—insure your life for a few thousands; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live forever; and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an Insurance Office, where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed certain little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labours of the Inquisition, amongst whom the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share, and ogled that of his absent neighbour, I surmised that some of my fellow-sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every

crevice of their constitutions, by noses which could smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast high. How indeed could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed, when surrounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another? Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labours of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural lives, were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in foundation for such a project. In vain did the Board endeavour to persuade them that they were half dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, swore that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as eels themselves. Alas! they were first ordered into an adjoining room, which I soon learnt was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some indeed had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees;—another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth;—and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with any thing like satisfaction was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, sir?" inquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest man in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No. The rheumatism. Nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"Oh, he died young; but then he was killed in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No: they were all killed in rows, too."

"Pray, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"May be I shall, some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, never fear! I am the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which is not often."

"What, sir, you can drink a little?"

"Three bottles, with ease."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face, and look apoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Devil a bit. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles!"—

"Never you mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and-a-half in future. Besides, I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose amongst the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The words "row," and "three bottles," ran, hurry-scurry, round the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but, as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady, with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to show herself, and be entitled to twenty thousand pounds, for which her *late husband* had insured his life.

"Zounds," thought I, "twenty thousand pounds and a widow."

"Ah, Madam," observed the chairman, "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man!—She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favourable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile, which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external teguments, "allow me to introduce Mr. —, a particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of your dying sort."

The directors turned their eyes towards me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a good broad chest," said one. "I dare say your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders too," said another. "Not likely to be knocked down in a row."

"Strong in the legs, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third. "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be farther examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was war-

ranted sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" inquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand that lady to her carriage," I responded; and I kept my word.—She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number —, sir, in — street," said John; and away they went.

We walked steadily along—the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarum way of life,—drink moderately, leave off fox-hunting, and sell my spirited horses; which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity for your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely make it a stipulation?"

"Your wife!"

"Yes. That pretty disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but, if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought of me against the purchase-money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said cormorant, his features again straining their buck-skins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, *gratis*."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before, had it not been for the Epsom Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust to the world, would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case, it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day, I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half way up stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing-room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed

a little heaven of sportive Cupids—the carpet a wilderness of turtle-doves. The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter—the vases presented nothing but heart's-ease and love-les-bleeding; the very canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise-shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants; and would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen years' purchase. Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and looked round, for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in a tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Grey," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half-finished drawing of Apollo, which was, equally without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewed the seductive tomes of Moore, Campbell, and Byron. "This witch," thought I, "is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus! I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple grey, wholly without ornament, and her dark-brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognize me. I was not quite prepared for this, and, in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breakings forth of a young and buoyant spirit, under ridiculous circumstances, for the encouragements of volatile coquetry; and, for a moment, I was in doubt whether I should not apologize and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers!—Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down! "Madam," I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father and her lamented husband, absence, and the East Indies, liver complaints and Life Insurance—with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation and preter-plu-perfect impertinence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father or his promising little heir-apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Ah, Madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural. I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never

thought he would have died so soon after his marriage. He had not time—he had not time, Madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you."

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Grey and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. "Permit me, however, to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest too, and a trifle stronger on the legs, as they say at the Insurance Office."—The widow looked comically at the recollections which I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile; and this, in turn, expanded into a laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty on the stilts; but put us upon fair ground, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalized, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look, when I volunteered to call the next day, and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eye sedulously upon the pavement, to be sure that the coal-holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived, I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigncy in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going missionary to New Zealand. I wrote to him, in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow fever, or devoured by cannibals, but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months, at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand, and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day.—The poem was long, her singing exquisite, my anecdote of New Zealand irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves till it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for my increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the

flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogized my modesty till it was well nigh burnt to a cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third and the fourth and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took upon me to call and remain, without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality;—and, at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, at once, to decide the question with the Insurance Office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and, as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly, that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father, and the liver complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

"Nonsense!—Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so—and then so.—What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered. "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor, swindling, disreputable vagabond,—— but I love you to my soul."

The work dropped upon her knee.

\* \* \* \* \*

In about a fortnight from this time, I addressed the following note to my friend:—

*Dear Sir,*

"It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies, or a missionary in New Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there."



When young, we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age. Manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; the ripe and fertile season of action, when alone we can hope to find the head to contrive, united with the hand to execute.

## NED SHEEHY'S EXCUSE.

NED SHEEHY was a servant-man to Richard Gumbleton, esquire, of Mountbally, Gumbletonmore, in the north of the county of Cork; and a better servant than Ned was not to be found in that honest county, from Cape Clear to the Kilworth Mountains; for nobody—no, not his worst enemy—could say a word against him, only that he was rather given to drinking, idling, lying, and loitering, especially the last; for send Ned of a five minute message at nine o'clock in the morning, and you were a lucky man if you saw him before dinner. If there happened to be a public-house in the way, or even a little out of it, Ned was sure to mark it as dead as a pointer; and knowing every body, and every body liking him, it is not to be wondered at he had so much to say and to hear that the time slipped away as if the sun somehow or other had knocked two hours into one.

But when he came home, he never was short of an excuse: he had, for that matter, five hundred ready upon the tip of his tongue; so much so, that I doubt if even the very reverend doctor Swift, for many years Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, could match him in that particular, though his reverence had a pretty way of his own of writing things which brought him into very decent company. In fact, Ned would fret a saint, but then he was so good-humoured a fellow, and really so handy about a house,—for, as he said himself, he was as good as a lady's-maid—that his master could not find it in his heart to part with him.

In your grand houses—not that I am saying that Richard Gumbleton, esquire, of Mountbally, Gumbletonmore, did not keep a good house, but a plain country gentleman, although he is second cousin to the last high-sheriff of the county, cannot have all the army of servants that the lord-lieutenant has in the castle of Dublin—I say in your grand houses, you can have a servant for every kind of thing, but in Mountbally, Gumbletonmore, Ned was expected to please master and mistress; or, as counsellor Curran said,—by the same token the counsellor was a little dark man—one day that he dined there, on his way to the Clonmel assizes—Ned was minister for the home and foreign departments.

But to make a long story short, Ned Sheehy was a good butler, and a right good one too, and as for a groom, let him alone with a horse; he could dress it, or ride it, or shoe it, or physic it, or do any thing with it but make it speak—he was a second whisperer!—there was not his match in the barony, or the next one either. A pack of hounds he could manage well, ay, and ride after them with the boldest man in the land. It was Ned who leaped the old bounds ditch at the turn of the boren of the lands of Reenascreena, after the English captain pulled up on looking at it, and cried out it was "No go." Ned rode that day Brian Boro, Mr. Gumbleton's famous chestnut, and people call it Ned Sheehy's leap to this hour.

So, you see, it was hard to do without him, however, many a scolding he got; and although his master often said of an evening, "I'll turn off Ned," he always forgot to do so in the morning. These threats mended Ned not a bit; indeed he

was mending the other way, like bad fish in hot weather.

One cold winter's day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Gumbleton said to him,

"Ned," said he, "go take Modderaroo down to black Falvy, the horse doctor, and bid him look at her knees; for Doctor Jenkinson who rode her home last night, has hurt her somehow. I suppose he thought a parson's horse ought to go upon its knees: but, indeed, it was I was the fool to give her to him at all, for he sits twenty stone if he sits a pound, and knows no more of riding, particularly after his third bottle, than I do of preaching. Now mind and be back in an hour at furthest, for I want to have the plate cleaned up properly for dinner, as sir Augustus O'Toole, you know, is to dine here to-day—Don't loiter for your life."

"Is it I, sir?" says Ned. "Well that beats any thing; as if I'd stop out a minute!" So, mounting Modderaroo, off he set.

Four, five, six o'clock came, and so did sir Augustus and lady O'Toole, and the four misses O'Toole, and Mr. O'Toole, and Mr. Edward O'Toole, and Mr. James O'Toole, which were all the young O'Tooles that were at home, but no Ned Sheehy appeared to clean the plate, or to lay the tablecloth, or even to put dinner on. It is needless to say how Mr. and Mrs. Dick Gumbleton fretted and fumed; but it was all to no use. They did their best, however, only it was a disgrace to see long Jem the stable boy, and Bill the gosssoon that used to go of errands, waiting, without any body to direct them, when there was a real baronet and his lady at table: for sir Augustus was none of your knights. But a good bottle of claret makes up for much, and it was not one only they had that night. However it is not to be concealed that Mr. Dick Gumbleton went to bed very cross, and he awoke still crosser.

He heard that Ned had not made his appearance for the whole night; so he dressed himself in a great fret, and, taking his horsewhip in his hand, he said,

"There is no further use in tolerating this scoundrel: I'll go look for him, and if I find him, I'll cut the soul out of his vagabond body! I will by—"

"Don't swear, Dick dear," said Mrs. Gumbleton (for she was always a mild woman, being daughter of fighting Toma Crofts, who shot a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, in the cool of the evening, after the Mallow races, one after the other), "don't swear Dick dear," said she; "but do, my dear, oblige me by cutting the flesh off his bones, for he richly deserves it. I was quite ashamed of lady O'Toole, yesterday; I was 'pon honour."

Out sallied Mr. Gumbleton; and he had not far to walk; for, not more than two hundred yards from the house, he found Ned lying fast asleep under a ditch (a hedge), and Modderaroo standing by him, poor beast, shaking every limb. The loud snoring of Ned, who was lying with his head upon a stone as easy and as comfortable as if it had been a bed of down or a hop-bag, drew him to the spot, and Mr. Gumbleton at once perceived, from the disarray of Ned's face and person, that he had been engaged in some perilous adventure during the night. Ned appeared not to have descended in the most regular manner;

for one of his shoes remained sticking in the stirrup, and his hat, having rolled down a little slope, was embedded in green mud. Mr. Gumbleton, however, did not give himself much trouble to make a curious survey, but with a vigorous application of his thong soon banished sleep from the eyes of Ned Sheehy.

"Ned!" thundered his master in great indignation,—and on this occasion it was not a word and blow, for with that one word came half a dozen: "Get up, you scoundrel," said he.

Ned roared lustily, and no wonder, for his master's hand was not one of the lightest; and he cried out, between sleeping and waking—"O, sir!—don't be angry, sir!—don't be angry, and I'll roast you easier—easy as a lamb!"

"Roast me easier, you vagabond!" said Mr. Gumbleton: "what do you mean?—I'll roast you my lad. Where were you all night?—Modderaroo will never get over it.—Pack out of my service, you worthless villain, this moment; and, indeed, you may give God thanks that I don't get you transported."

"Thank God, master dear," said Ned, who was now perfectly awakened—"it's yourself anyhow. There never was a gentleman in the whole county ever did so good a turn to a poor man as your honour has been after doing to me: the Lord reward you for that same. Oh! but strike me again, and let me feel that it is yourself, master dear;—may whiskey be my poison—"

"It will be your poison, you good-for-nothing scoundrel," said Mr. Gumbleton.

"Well, then *may* whiskey be my poison," said Ned, "if 't was not I was in the blackest of misfortunes, and they were before me, whichever way I turned 'twas no matter. Your honour sent me last night, sure enough, with Modderaroo to Mr. Falvy's—I don't deny it—why should I? for reason enough I have to remember what happened."

"Ned, my man," said Mr. Gumbleton, "I'll listen to none of your excuses; just take the mare into the stable and yourself off, for I vow to—"

"Begging your honour's pardon," said Ned earnestly, "for interrupting your honour; but, master, master! make no vows—they are bad things; I never made but one in all my life, which was, to drink nothing at all for a year and a day, and 't is myself repented of it for the clean twelvemonth after. But if your honour would only listen to reason; I'll just take in the poor baste, and if your honour don't pardon me this one time may I never see another day's luck or grace."

"I know you, Ned," said Mr. Gumbleton. "Whatever your luck has been, you never had any grace to lose: but I don't intend discussing the matter with you. Take in the mare, sir."

Ned obeyed, and his master saw him to the stables. Here he reiterated his commands to quit, and Ned Sheehy's excuse for himself began. That it was heard uninterruptedly is more than I can affirm; but as interruptions, like explanations, spoil a story, we must let Ned tell it his own way.

"No wonder your honour," said he, "should be a bit angry—grand company coming to the



house and all, and no regular serving-man to wait, only long Jem: so I don't blame your honour the least for being fretted like: but when all's heard, you will see that no poor man is more to be pitied for last night than myself. Fin Mac Coul never went through more in his born days than I did, though he was a great *joint* (giant,) and I only a man.

"I had not rode half a mile from the house, when it came on, as your honour must have perceived clearly, mighty dark all of a sudden, for all the world as if the sun had tumbled down plump out of the fine clear blue sky. It was not so late, being only four o'clock at the most, but it was as black as your honour's hat. Well I didn't care much, seeing I knew the road as well as I knew the way to my mouth, whether I saw it or not, and I put the mare into a smart canter; but as I turned down by the corner of Terence Leahy's field—sure your honour ought to know the place well—just at the very spot the fox was killed when your honour came in first out of a whole field of a hundred and fifty gentlemen, and may be more, all of them brave riders."

(Mr. Gumbleton smiled.)

"Just then, there, I heard the low cry of the good people wafting upon the wind. 'How early you are at work, my little fellows!' says I to myself; and, dark as it was, having no wish for such company, I thought it best to get out of their way; so I turned the horse a little up to the left, thinking to get down by the boreen, that is that way, and so round to Falvy's: but there I heard the voice plainer and plainer close behind, and I could hear these words:—

'Ned! Ned!  
By my cap so red!  
You're as good, Ned,  
As a man that is dead.'

'A clean pair of spurs is all that's for it now,' said I; so off I set as hard as I could lick, and in my hurry knew no more where I was a going than I do the road to the hill of Tarah. Away I galloped on for some time, until I came to the noise of a stream, roaring away by itself in the darkness. 'What river is this?' said I to myself—for there was nobody else to ask—'I thought,' says I, 'I knew every inch of ground, and of water too, within twenty miles, and never the river surely is there in this direction.' So I stopped to look about: but I might have spared myself that trouble, for I could not see as much as my hand. I did n't know what to do; but I thought in myself, it's a queer river, surely, if somebody does not live near it; and I shouted out as loud as I could, Murder! Murder!—fire!—robbery!—any thing that would be natural in such a place—but not a sound did I hear except my own voice echoed back to me, like a hundred pack of hounds in full cry above and below, right and left. This did n't do at all; so I dismounted, and guided myself along the stream, directed by the noise of the water, as cautious as if I was treading upon eggs, holding poor Modderaroo by the bridle, who shook, the poor brute, all over in a tremble, like my old grandmother, rest her soul anyhow! in the ague. Well, sir, the heart was sinking in me, and I was giving my-

self up, when, as good luck would have it, I saw a light. 'Maybe,' said I, 'my good fellow, you are only a jacky lantern, and want to bog me and Modderaroo.' But I looked at the light hard, and I thought it was too *study* (steady) for a jacky lantern. 'I'll try you,' says I—'so here goes;' and walking as quick as a thief, I came towards it, being very near plumping into the river once or twice, and being stuck up to my middle, as your honour may perceive cleanly the marks of, two or three times in the *slob*. At last I made the light out, and it coming from a bit of a house by the road side; so I went to the door and gave three kicks at it, as strong as I could.

"Open the door for Ned Sheehy," said a voice inside. Now, besides that I could not, for the life of me, make out how any one inside should know me before I spoke a word at all, I did not like the sound of that voice, 't was so hoarse and so hollow, just like a dead man's!—so I said nothing immediately. The same voice spoke again, and said, 'Why don't you open the door to Ned Sheehy?' 'How pat my name is to you,' said I, without speaking out, 'on tip of your tongue, like butter;' and I was between two minds about staying or going when what should the door do but open, and out came a man holding a candle in his hand, and he had upon him a face as white as a sheet.

"Why, then, Ned Sheehy," says he, 'how grand you're grown, that you won't come in and see a friend, as you're passing by.'

"Pray, sir," says I, looking at him—though that face of his was enough to dumbfounder any honest man like myself—'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I make so bold as to ask if you are not Jack Myers that was drowned seven years ago, next Martinmas, in the ford of Ah-na-fourish?'

"Suppose I was," says he; 'has not a man a right to be drowned in the ford facing his own cabin-door any day of the week that he likes, from Sunday morning to Saturday night?'

"I'm not denying that same, Mr. Myers, sir," says I, 'if 't is yourself is to the fore speaking to me.'

"Well," says he, 'no more words about that matter now: sure you and I, Ned, were friends of old; come in and take a glass; and here's a good fire before you, and nobody shall hurt or harm you, and I to the fore, and myself able to do it.'

"Now, your honour, though 't was much to drink with a man that was drowned seven years before, in the ford of Ah-na-fourish, facing his own door, yet the glass was hard to be withstood—to say nothing of the fire that was blazing within—for the night was mortal cold. So tying Modderaroo to the hasp of the door—if I don't love the creature as I love my own life—I went in with Jack Myers.

"Civil enough he was—I'll never say otherwise to my dying hour—for he handed me a stool by the fire and bid me sit down and make myself comfortable. But his face, as I said before, was as white as the snow on the hills, and his two eyes fell dead on me, like the eyes of a cod without any life in them. Just as I was going to put the glass to my lips, a voice—'t was the same that I heard bidding the door be opened—spoke out of a cupboard that was convenient to

the left hand side of the chimney, and said, 'Have you any news for me, Ned Sheehy?'

"The never a word, sir," says I, making answer before I tasted the whisky, all out of civility; and, to speak the truth, never the least could I remember at that moment of what had happened to me or how I got there; for I was quite bothered with the fright.

"Have you no news," says the voice, 'Ned, to tell me, from Mountbally Gumbletonmore: or from the Mill; or about Moll Trantum that was married last week to Bryan Oge, and you at the wedding?'

"No, sir," says I, 'never the word.'

"What brought you in here, Ned, then?" says the voice. I could say nothing; for, whatever other people might do, I never could frame an excuse; and I was loth to say it was on account of the glass and the fire, for that would be to speak the truth.

"Turn the scoundrel out," says the voice: and at the sound of it, who would I see but Jack Myers making over to me with a lump of a stick in his hand, and it clenched on the stick so wicked. For certain, I did not stop to feel the weight of the blow; so, dropping the glass, and it full of the stuff too, I bolted out of the door, and never rested from running away, for as good, I believe, as twenty miles, till I found myself in a big wood.

"The Lord preserve me! what will become of me now!" says I. 'Oh, Ned Sheehy!' says I, speaking to myself, 'my man, you're in a pretty hobble; and to leave poor Modderaroo after you!' But the words were not well out of my mouth, when I heard the dimmallest ullagoane in the world, enough to break any one's heart that was not broke before, with the grief entirely; and it was not long till I could plainly see four men coming towards me, with a great black coffin on their shoulders. 'I'd better get up in a tree,' says I, 'for they say 't is not lucky to meet a corpse: I'm in the way of misfortune to-night, if ever man was.'

"I could not help wondering how a *berrin* (funeral) should come there in the lone wood at that time of night, seeing it could not be far from the dead hour. But it was little good for me thinking, for they soon came under the very tree I was roosting in, and down they put the coffin, and began to make a fine fire under me. I'll be smothered alive now, thinks I, and that will be the end of me: but I was afraid to stir for the life, or to speak out to bid them just to make their fire under some other tree, if it would be all the same thing to them. Presently they opened the coffin, and out they dragged as fine looking a man as you'd meet with in a day's walk.

"Where's the spit?" says one.

"Here 't is," says another, handing it over; and for certain they spitted him, and began to turn him before the fire.

"If they are not going to eat him, thinks I, like the *Hannibals* father Quinlan told us about in his *sarmin* last Sunday.

"Who'll turn the spit while we go for the other ingredients?" says one of them that brought the coffin, and a big ugly-looking blackguard he was.

"Who'd turn the spit but Ned Sheehy?" says another.

"Burn you! thinks I, how should you know that I was here so handy to you up in the tree?"

"Come down, Ned Sheehy, and turn the spit," says he.

"I'm not here at all, at all, sir," says I, putting my hand over my face, that he might not see me.

"That won't do for you, my man," says he; 'you'd better come down, or maybe I'd make you.'

"I'm coming sir," says I; for 't is always right to make a virtue of necessity. So down I came, and there they left me turning the spit in the middle of the wide wood.

"Don't scorch me, Ned Sheehy, you vagabond," says the man on the spit.

"And my lord, sir, and ar'n't you dead, sir," says I, 'and your honour taken out of the coffin and all?'

"I ar'n't," says he.

"But surely you are, sir," says I, 'for 't is to no use now for me denying that I saw your honour, and I up in the tree.'

"I ar'n't," says he again, speaking quite short and snappish.

"So I said no more, until presently he called out to me to turn him easy, or that maybe 't would be the worse turn for myself.

"Will that do, sir?" says I, turning him as easy as I could.

"That 's too easy," says he: so I turned him faster.

"That 's too fast," says he; so finding that, turn him which way I would, I could not please him, I got into a bit of a fret at last, and desired him to turn himself, for a grumbling spalpeen as he was, if he liked it better.

"Away I ran, away he came hopping, spit and all, after me, and he but half-roasted. 'Murder!' says I, shouting out; 'I'm done for at long last—now or never!'—when all of a sudden, and 't was really wonderful, not knowing were I was rightly, I found myself at the door of the very little cabin by the road-side that I had bolted out of from Jack Myers; and there was Modderaroo standing hard by.

"Open the door for Ned Sheehy," says the voice,—for 't was shut against me,—and the door flew open in an instant. In I ran, without stop or stay, thinking it better to be beat by Jack Myers, he being an old friend of mine, than to be spitted like a Michaelmas goose by a man that I knew nothing about, either of him or his family, one or the other.

"Have you any news for me?" says the voice, putting just the same question to me that it did before.

"Yes, sir," says I, 'and plenty;' so I mentioned all that had happened to me in the big wood, and how I got up in the tree, and how I was made come down again, and put to turning the spit, roasting the gentleman, and how I could not please him, turn him fast or easy, although I tried my best, and how he ran after me at last, spit and all.

"If you had told me this before, you would not have been turned out in the cold," said the voice.

"And how could I tell it to you, sir," says I, 'before it happened?'

"No matter," says he, 'you may sleep now

till morning on that bundle of hay in the corner there, and only I was your friend, you'd have been *kilt* entirely.' So down I lay, but I was dreaming, dreaming all the rest of the night, and when you, master dear, woke me with that blessed blow, I thought 't was the man on the spit had hold of me, and could hardly believe my eyes when I found myself in your honour's presence, and poor Modderaroo safe and sound by my side: but how I came there is more than I can say, if 't was not Jack Myers, although he did make the offer to strike me, or some one among the good people that befriended me."

"It is all a drunken dream, you scoundrel," said Mr. Gumbleton; "have I not had fifty such excuses from you?"

"But never one, your honour, that really happened before," said Ned, with unblushing front. "Howsomever, since your honour fancies 't is drinking I was, I'd rather never drink again to the world's end, than lose so good a master as yourself, and if I'm forgiven this once, and get another trial——"

"Well," said Mr. Gumbleton, "you may, for this once, go into Mountbally Gumbletonmore again; let me see that you keep your promise as to not drinking, or mind the consequences; and, above all, let me hear no more of the good people, for I don't believe a single word about them, whatever I may do of bad ones."

So saying, Mr. Gumbleton turned on his heel, and Ned's countenance relaxed into its usual expression.

"Now I would not be after saying about the good people what the master said last," exclaimed Peggy, the maid, who was within hearing, and who, by the way, had an eye after Ned: "I would not be after saying such a thing; the good people, maybe, will make him feel the *differ* (difference) to his cost."

Nor was Peggy wrong, for, whether Ned Sheehy dreamt of the Fir Darrig or not, within a fortnight after, two of Mr. Gumbleton's cows, the best milkers in the parish, ran dry, and before the week was out Modderaroo was lying dead in the stone quarry.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### A SKETCH.

BY MISS M. E. MACMICHAEL.

THEY told me of her history. Her love  
Was a neglected flame, that had consumed  
The altar where it kindled. Oh! how fraught  
With bitterness is unrequited love;  
To know that we have cast life's hope away  
On a vain shadow!  
Her's was a gentle passion; quiet, still—  
As woman's love should be—  
All tenderness and silence—only known  
By the soft meaning of a downcast eye,  
Which almost feared to look its timid thoughts;  
A sigh scarce heard, a blush scarce visible,  
Alone might give it utterance! Love is  
A beautiful feeling in a woman's heart,  
When felt as only woman love can feel;

Pure as the snow-fall, when its latest shower  
Sinks on Spring flowers; deep as a cave-locked fountain,

And changeless as the cypress's dark leaves,  
And like them sad! She nourished  
Fond hopes, and sweet anxieties, and fed  
A passion unreturned, till he she loved  
Was wedded to another; then she grew  
Moody and discontented. There was one  
Had power to soothe her in her fitfulness—  
Her gentle sister—but that sister died,  
And the unhappy girl was left alone,  
To wander forth a maniac.

#### The light

That erewhile brightened in her innocent mind,  
Quickly burn'd out: and a dull, thick gloom,  
Palpable with a mass of uncouth shapes,  
Sat brooding o'er her brain. Her hope was fled:  
And 'mid the ruins of a perishing heart,  
Once rich in all that makes life beautiful,  
The wasted stream of young affection traced  
Its slow and toilsome way. Objects that once  
Had been familiar to her inmost thoughts,  
The flowers that in her better days she nurs'd,—  
The bird that ate its morsel from her hand,  
And sung its quickening carols to her ear,—  
The harp o'er which in ecstasy she leaned;—  
The book, companion of her lonelier hours,—  
Even the stars, on which she us'd to gaze  
With a mute, tearful, yet delicious sense  
Of spiritual enjoyment, charm'd no more,  
And all her favourite and frequented haunts,  
The murmuring brook-side, and the moon-lit dell,  
Were now abhor'd. She sought them not,  
And shunned her own accustomed dwelling, while  
That lowly grave in which her sister lay,  
Was to her as a—home!

### ALEXANDER POPE.



Alexander Pope, a celebrated poet, was born, May 22, 1688, in Lombard street, London. His father, a linen draper, in which trade he amassed a considerable fortune, retired from business, and settled at Binfield, in Berkshire, soon after the birth of his son. Both parents were Roman Catholics, and, as Pope tells us, were of gentle blood. He himself was born deformed, small in size, and delicate in constitution. The groundwork of learning he acquired at two private schools, and from two priests, who were employed as his tutors; for the rest he was indebted to his own persevering studies. Before he was twelve years old he formed a play from

Ogilby's Homer, which was acted by his school-fellows. Poetry he began early to compose, or, to use his own words, he "lisp'd in numbers." His Pastorals were written when he was sixteen, and they obtained him the friendship of many eminent characters. They were succeeded by The Essay on Criticism, The Messiah, The Rape of the Lock, The Temple of Fame, Windsor Forest, and The Epistle from Eloisa: and his reputation as a poet was thus firmly established. The translation of the Iliad, by which he gained above five thousand pounds, was completed in 1720. With the aid of Broome and Fenton he afterwards added a version of The Odyssey. In 1721, he undertook an edition of Shakspeare: a task in which he failed. With the exception of The Essay on Man, which was first published in 1733, and completed in the following year, his pen was chiefly devoted to satire during the remainder of his literary career. The first three books of The Dunciad appeared in 1723; the fourth, suggested by Warburton, was not written till 1742, and he injured the poem by substituting Cibber as the hero in place of Theobald. He died May 30, 1744.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.



Anna Letitia Barbauld, was born at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, in 1743, and received an excellent education from her father, the Rev. Dr. Aiken. In 1772, she published a volume of poems, which gave her a high place among her poetical contemporaries; and, in the following year, she joined her brother in giving to the press a volume of Miscellanies. Her marriage took place in 1774. For the last forty years of her life, she resided in the vicinity of the metropolis: first at Hampstead, and next at Stoke Newington, at which latter place she died, on the 9th of April, 1825. Her literary productions are numerous. Among the most prominent of them may be named, Early Lessons and Hymns, in prose; a poetical epistle to Mr. Wilberforce; Eighteen Hundred and Eleven, a poem; and Biographical and Critical Essays, prefixed to a selection from the Tatler, Spectator and Guardian, to Richardson's Correspondence, and to an edition of the best English novels.

Those who bequeath unto themselves a pompous funeral, are at just so much expense to inform the world of something that had much better have been concealed;—namely, that their vanity has survived themselves.

RULES FOR HYGIENE.

EXTRACTS.—No. III.

XXIV.

"Nothing is more conducive to bodily health than long walks in Winter, when the air is pure and bracing, and the cold excites quickness of motion. Nor has any of the seasons a more beneficial influence on our health than Winter. But this we counteract, by being continually in the heated air of our parlours, by which we lay a foundation for the disorders of the Spring, which we then erroneously ascribe to that season."

XXV.

"Exercise, at all seasons of the year, should be proportioned to the powers. For those who are very weak, it is better, in general, to take three short walks, than one long one. It ought to be constantly inculcated on mothers and nursery-maids, that delicate children should not be allowed to walk long at a time; but strong children will almost always be much benefited by a great deal of exercise."

XXVI.

"Whoever examines the account of long lived handed down to us, will generally find that, to the very last, they used some exercise as walkers."

XXVII.

"It is found that the dyspeptic, the bilious, and the nervous, whose organs of digestion are weak, find, in general, animal food the most suitable; that those who live chiefly on flesh-meat can longer endure personal exertion, than such as live upon vegetables alone; and that men inhabiting Northern regions, where the vigour of the system is liable to be much weakened and even exhausted, by extremes of temperature, and especially by the depressing agency of cold, require large quantities of animal food, as being the most stimulant and invigorating, in order thereby to counteract the injurious effects of their climate."

XXVIII.

"Large trees, with thick foliage, should not be suffered near the windows of a house; for besides obstructing the access of day-light and fresh air, and rendering the rooms damp, their exhalations in the evening and during the night, are unwholesome. Trees should be planted at the distance of eight or ten yards from the house, in order not to prevent the access of air."

XXIX.

"In the sultry days of Summer, we should be particularly on our guard against overheating the body. In Autumn, we should not dress too lightly;—and, in the mornings and evenings, somewhat warmer. In fact, we ought to avoid every thing that appears likely to check or repel perspiration. The baneful custom of regulating the dress by the almanac, rather than by the vicissitudes of the weather, must necessarily be productive of many disagreeable consequences."

XXX.

"We never should remove from a strongly

heated apartment into a fresh and cold air, unless provided with a warmer dress. After violent exercise, we ought not to undress immediately, sit on the grass, or use the cold bath. Those who neglect these rules, often bring on a painful and lingering consumption, which too frequently baffles the efforts of the faculty, and annually makes dreadful havoc among the young and gay of both sexes, and also among persons of middle age."

## XXXI.

"Plutarch advises to keep the head cool and the feet warm—not to take medicines on every slight indisposition—but rather to let nature relieve herself, by fasting a day."

## XXXII.

"Sitting-rooms ought, if possible, to be above the ground-floor, or on the next story. They should be so constructed, as to admit a free current of air. But, if that cannot be done, they should be frequently aired, by opening the windows, in dry weather, or by fumigating them either with vinegar dropped upon hot stones, or evaporated in a basin over a lamp, or by burned sugar."

## XXXIII.

"The mouth should be rinsed every morning, after dinner, and at night. This frequent washing of the mouth is necessary,—because, otherwise, the viscid slime and small particles of food which settle in the interstices of the teeth, are very apt to putrify,—and, if not removed, will infect the breath, and gradually injure the teeth themselves."

## XXXIV.

"It is necessary, especially in hot weather, to wash the feet frequently, as they perspire much, and are more exposed to dust, than any other part of the human frame. The water should be warm, but not too much so, because hot water, thus used, relaxes the fibres, drives the blood upwards, and occasions head-aches. The proper degree of heat for young persons to wash in, is between 96° and 98° of Fahrenheit; and, for the aged, between 98° and 100°, or somewhat more than milk-warm."

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## THE CRUISE.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

"THE small things of life are the terrible," says a popular writer of our day, and the saying is true. Let us all look back on the most important events of our life, and in what slight accidents have they originated! The following story seems to be but a succession of unlucky chances, and yet each was a link in the dark chain of human destiny.

Its scene lies in one of the gayest sea towns of Devonshire—one of those bathing-places which, for about three months in every year, is astonished at its own gayety, and, when the season is over, is obliged to be content with its own society, and its own natural loveliness. Gayety, in a place of this kind, is a dif-

ferent sort of gayety to that in London. It is more familiar—more a thing of fits and snatches—belongs to the open air—and has a touch of wildness from the green-wood tree. No one more enjoyed the brief dissipation of her native town, than Edith Trevanion. The heiress and beauty of the neighbourhood, the darling of her father, (mother she had none,) the delight of her circle, human life seemed to have made an exception in her favour. The troubles that vex the most prosperous existed not for her. Poverty she only knew by the pleasure of relieving it. Sickness and death had left her house at too early a period for her remembrance, for her mother died when she was a child in arms. Within the last few months, a still deeper happiness had girdled her around. She was engaged to a young man, of family and fortune equal to her own:—and, moreover, Arthur Raleigh was a very handsome young man. However, wherever there is any love in the case, there is never any want of a few miseries as well. Arthur was of a jealous temper, and this is a sore temptation to a petted beauty. Edith knew her power, and did not dislike using it. Truly and entirely attached herself—loving, too, with all the gay confidence of unbroken spirits and first affection—she could not enter into, and therefore could not allow for all the tender anxieties of her lover; she excused a little feminine teasing to herself, as a wholesome sort of moral discipline. It was an absolute duty to cure him of such a fault as jealousy. What would he be, when once she was fairly married to him?

In the meantime, the War-Office combined with fate against the unfortunate lover—a regiment was suddenly quartered in the town. This was really too much. Poor Arthur was haunted by red coats. They lounged through the streets, they rode through shady lanes, they danced in the assembly-rooms, they lunched here and they dined there; and when at last night arrived, it was "dreams and not sleep that came into his head." His visions were all of "the scarlet colour." No young lady's head in all the place could run more upon "the officers" than his own. Both the Majors were married—that was something to be thankful for; but the Colonel was single, and younger, and better looking than the generality of Colonels; and the junior officers were an unusually fine set of men—at least so they seemed to Arthur Raleigh. During the first month of their stay, he took them all in their turns. One day it was the fascinating Captain—the next it was the handsome Lieutenant—till it even reached the interesting Ensign.

At last, these flying fears settled into a good earnest fit, which had Captain Delaford for its object. The whole regiment was considered charming enough; but Captain Delaford was the most charming of all. We Londoners know nothing of hearts carried by beat of drum. "The officers" conveys no meaning to our ear. We have an idea that the guards are very gentlemanlike, but the military go for nothing in the great system of London dissipation. A young lady, even in Knightsbridge, would stare to be asked—"If the barracks did not make the neighbourhood very gay?" It would be something like the fair damsel at St. Helena, asking "if England was

not exceedingly dull after the fleet sailed?"—But, in a country town, a regiment is a very grand affair indeed! Parties are made for and by the officers; they light up a ball, and the young ladies feel that it is an opportunity for attachments, happy and unhappy; and, as Mr. Bennet, in "Pride and Prejudice," justly observed, "next to being engaged, it is something to be crossed in love." Edith Trevanion liked the increased gayety;—she liked too, the admiration and the attention. But her heart was irrevocably gone, and the very thought of change never came into her head.

But the more she was conscious of her own attachment, the less could she bear to have it made a perpetual subject of doubt. It was one very hot morning—for the summer had been unusually warm and long—that they were standing on a terrace which ran on the shady side of the house. They were walking up and down, a little to Arthur's discontent—for he had been asking her to ride, which Edith refused, on account of the extreme heat. She was herself in such gay spirits. Her father had just surprised her, and such surprises are very agreeable, by a set of turquoises; and she was convinced herself, and wanted to convince every body else, that blue was the loveliest colour in the world. "It is the colour of the sky, of violets,"—"and," interrupted Arthur, "as Captain Delaford would say, of your eyes. I am sure that is just one of his pretty speeches." "Not quite," replied Edith; "you have a scowl where he has a smile—and you ought to put on an irresistible air while speaking." "An irresistible air!" exclaimed Arthur. "So you think him irresistible!" "At least our whole town does, and you would not have me opposed to general opinion!—You know what an enemy you are to singularity in our sex." Arthur made no answer, but amused himself with picking off the heads of divers unoffending flowers. Edith began a curious examination of a bunch of Provence roses, which she held in her hand. Her own sweet mouth, with the smile dimpling round it, was like one of the buds, when the soft red first breaks through the green envelope. "But, at least," said Arthur, "you will not dance with Captain Delaford. I make a point of your not doing it." Now Raleigh was very wrong to make a point of any such trifle. It set the whole spirit of feminine insubordination up in arms. Besides, this very jealousy was an angry subject with Edith. She felt herself unworthily judged—and, moreover, her taste called in question. The very idea that she could think of such a man for one moment—she, who quite piqued herself on having such an ideal standard of perfection!—it was such a bad compliment. Captain Delaford, all smiles, sighs, and *douceurs* to every lady he came near;—he who cut out all his conversation by a pattern—well, it was too provoking! Had Arthur chosen to be jealous of the Colonel, who was pale and silent—therefore set down as having had an unhappy passion, and "so interesting;"—or even the young ensign, who was such a sweet poet, and had written some exquisite verses in her album, about moonlight, and blighted affection—either of these would have been some credit. But Cap-

tain Delaford—the singing, flirting, universal Captain Delaford—it was really too bad!

"Not dance with him!" exclaimed she, with the prettiest air of surprise in the world. "Why, I would sooner dance with him than any one else,—he is the best waltzer in the room." "And I am the worst," interrupted Arthur, angrily, conscious of his own unjustifiable deficiency in that important accomplishment.

"But that you take what to you doth belong,—  
It were a fault to snatch words off my tongue,"

maliciously quoted the lady. "Well, at all events," said Raleigh, looking as angry as a gentleman well could do, "you shall not be troubled with me:—I will not dance with you!" "Truly that will be a loss!" cried Edith; "why I shall never get over the disappointment! Well, well, I must see how charming I can make myself. Perhaps Captain Delaford may ask me a second time."—"And there he comes, Madam!" exclaimed Arthur, who saw the very gentleman in question galloping up the avenue. No pleasant sight, for he looked remarkably well on horseback, and the lover saw, or fancied that he saw, Edith watching admiringly. Had he looked a little closer, he would have seen that her eyes were filled with tears, and that she had only turned aside to conceal them. But Arthur was too angry to observe. "I will not interrupt your *tête-à-tête*, Madam. I now understand why it was too hot to ride with me this morning;" and, without waiting for an answer, he sprang from the terrace, and was soon lost to sight among the coppices below. Edith remained to do the honours to her visitor with what grace she might. But anger gave her spirit, and she contented herself with turning in mind the dignified resentment she would display when they met at dinner.

Never had Edith looked more beautiful than when she paused on the threshold of the old gothic library, where the guests were assembled for dinner, to still a little fluttering at the heart before she entered the room, where she expected to meet Arthur. She entered, a little flush on her cheek, and a little sparkle in her clear blue eyes. Her father came towards her, and drew her arms in his. He was almost as proud as fond of his lovely child. She gave one quick glance round the library. Arthur was not there. Captain Delaford came forward with a smile and a compliment. She scarcely answered him; and it was a positive relief when an old baronet, who had been sent into the world to be a bore, and who from his cradle had fulfilled his destiny, came forward, and handed her to the dinner-table. There was one or two late arrivals;—they little knew how quickly the heart of the fair mistress of the house beat at their entrance. The longest dinner that Edith had ever known was at length over;—but a yet longer evening was to come. She went with a large party from their house to the ball, and she danced the first dance with Captain Delaford. Ah, the restraints of society! Her pulse beat feverishly;—her eyes were filled with tears;—she was anxious—restless; and she had to appear gay, polite, and occupied with the scene

before her. How often, during the course of that evening, did she go through a course of manœuvres to obtain a place near the door;—and then, ashamed of her motive, leave it hastily, only to return again! Still Arthur never came.

The party returned to the hall;—and it was as much as Edith could do to appear the attentive and well-bred mistress of the house. Generally speaking, the little supper at home, after the dance, had been so gay; to-night it was positively dull—all said they were tired. The visitors took up their candles, and as the door closed upon the last, Edith threw herself into her father's arms, and burst into tears. Half in sobs, and half in words, her story was told, and Mr. Trevanion was at first very angry with Arthur Raleigh's want of temper. But Edith could not bear to hear him blamed;—and she now made all sorts of excuses for the jealousy which, in the morning, seemed to her so unpardonable. It was a lovely night, when, feverish and restless, she flung open the windows of her dressing-room. The moon was shining in a cloudless sky, and the sea in the distance was tremulous with light. But there was a weight on Edith's spirits which she could not shake off. The clouds were beginning to redden in the east before she went to bed, and the last words of her lips were, "Where is Arthur?" Where, indeed, was he? When he left Edith, he rushed in a paroxysm of rage to the sea-side, and there, bare-headed, he amused himself with walking up and down, cursing woman's fickleness and all good waltzers in his heart. Suddenly a little boat shot round one of the small capes which so gracefully indent the coast, a youth sprang out, and approaching Arthur, unperceived, passed his arm through the wanderer's, and addressed him in the well-known

"Why, bare-headed are you come,  
Or why come you at all?"

It was an old college friend; and Arthur, between anger and confidence, was soon moved to tell his story. "I will tell you what you shall do; come with me into my boat—my yacht waits me in the offing; we will have a pleasant sail, a gay supper,—and to-morrow, you, having so shown with what spirit you can act, shall to-morrow go and beg your fair tyrant's pardon—or, what is far better, let her beg your's." Arthur was just in that sort of mood, when we are ready to let any one decide for us rather than ourselves. He went with his friend, had a gay supper, and did what he could to drown a few of Edith's frowns in Champaigne. He woke the next morning with a head-ache, and the agreeable intelligence that they were driven out to sea. It was a week before they could land: and, when they did, of course Arthur's first thought was to hasten to Edith. For this purpose he was put in at the very creek which he had left the week before. "You look so handsome in my foraging cap," said his gay companion, "that you must carry every thing before you."

Arthur's step was as heavy as his spirits. He could not disguise from himself that his strange absence must have inflicted a degree of

most cruel anxiety, and he dreaded to see Edith again. The sound of the bell tolling for a funeral, did not add to his cheerfulness. He had to pass by the little church-yard, and saw a group of people in the one corner. Surely they were gathered round the old vault of the Trevanions. He entered—the rattle of the earth on the coffin struck upon his ear—the vault was open, and the clergyman was reading the last sacred words that part the dead from the living. He asked one question, and the wretched young man heard the name of Edith Trevanion. His sudden disappearance, and his hat having been found on the sea-shore, led to the belief that he had destroyed himself. This report had been hastily communicated to Edith, and she had broken a blood-vessel. Death followed instantly. In the small church-yard, whose old yews are seen at a small distance out at sea, is an old-fashioned monument—it is the vault of the Trevanion family. The last inscription is—

"Edith Trevanion, aged 19."

## CHAPTER ON FEMALE FEATURES.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

*Forehead.*—There are fashions in beauty as well as dress. In some parts of Africa no lady can be charming under twenty-one stone.

"King Chihu put nine queens to death;  
Convict on Statute, *Ivory Teeth.*"

In Shakspeare's time, it was the fashion to have high foreheads, probably out of compliment to Queen Elizabeth. They were thought to be equally beautiful and indicative of wisdom; and if the portraits of the great men of that day are to be trusted, wisdom and high foreheads were certainly often found together. Of late years, physiognomists have declared for the wisdom of strait and compact foreheads, rather than high ones. I must own I have seen very silly persons with both. It must be allowed, at the same time, that a very retreating forehead is apt to be no accompaniment of wit. With regard to high ones, they are often confounded with foreheads merely bald; and baldness, whether natural or otherwise, is never handsome; though in men it sometimes takes the character of simplicity and firmness. According to the Greeks, who are reckoned to have been the greatest judges of beauty, the high forehead never bore the palm.

A certain conciseness carried it. "A forehead," says Junius, in his Treatise on Ancient Art, "should be smooth and even, white, delicate, short, and of an open and cheerful character." The Latin is briefer. Ariosto has expressed it in two words, perhaps in one—

"Di terso avorio era la fonte lieta."  
*Orlan. Fur., Canto VII.*  
"Terse ivory was her forehead glad."

A large bare forehead gives a woman a masculine and defying look. The word of effrontery comes from it. The hair should be brought over such a forehead, as vines are trailed over a naked wall.



*Eyes.*—The finest eyes are those that unite sense and sweetness. They should be able to say much, and all charmingly. The look of sense is proportioned to the depth from which the thought seems to issue; the look of sweetness to an habitual readiness of sympathy, an unaffected willingness to please and be pleased. We need not be jealous of

“Eyes affectionate and glad,  
That seem to love whatever they look upon.”  
*Gertrude of Wyoming.*

They have always a good stock in reserve for their favourites; especially if, like those mentioned by the poet, they are conversant with books and nature. Voluptuaries know not what they talk about, when they profess not to care for sense in a woman. Pedantry is one thing: sense, taste, and apprehensiveness are another. Give me an eye that draws equally from head above and heart beneath; that is equally full of ideas and feelings, of intuition and sensation. If either must predominate, let it be the heart. Mere beauty is nothing at any time but a doll, and should be packed up and sent to Brobdignag. The colour of the eye is a very secondary matter. Black eyes are thought the brightest, blue the most feminine, grey the keenest. It depends entirely on the spirit within. I have seen all these colours change characters; though I must own, that when a blue eye looks ungentle, it seems more out of character than the extremest diversity expressed by others. The ancients appear to have associated the idea of gladness with blue eyes; which is the colour given to his heroines by the author just alluded to. Anacreon attributes a blue or a grey eye to his mistress, it is difficult to say which; but he adds, that it is tempered with the moist delicacy of the eye of Venus. The other look was Minerva's, and required softening. It is not easy to distinguish the shades of the various colours anciently given to eyes; the blues and greys, sea-blues, sea-greys, and even cat-greys. But it is clear that the expression is everything. The poet demanded this or that colour according as he thought it favourable to the expression of acuteness, majesty, tenderness, or a mixture of all. Black eyes were most lauded; doubtless, because in a southern country the greatest number of beloved eyes must be of that colour. But on the same account of the predominance of black, the abstract taste was in favour of lighter eyes and fair complexions. Hair being of a great variety of tint, the poet had great license in wishing or feigning on that point. Many a head of hair was exalted into gold, that gave slight colour for the pretension; nor is it to be doubted, that auburn, and red, and yellow, and sand-coloured, and brown with the least surface of gold, all took the same illustrious epithet on occasion. With regard to eyes, the ancients insisted much on one point, which gave rise to many happy expressions. 'This was a certain mixture of pungency with the look of sweetness. Sometimes they call it severity, sometimes sternness, and even acidity and terror. The usual word was gorgon-looking. Something of a frown was implied, mixed with a radiant earnestness. This was commonly spoken of men's eyes. Anacreon, giving directions for the portrait of a youth, says—

“Dark and gorgon be his eye,  
Tempered with hilarity.”

A taste of it, however, was sometimes desired in the eyes of ladies. Theagenes, in Heliodorus's “Ethiopics,” describing his mistress Chariclea, tells us, that even when a child something great, and with a divinity in it, shone out of her eyes, and encountered his, as he examined them with a mixture of the gorgon and the alluring. Perhaps the best word in general for translating gorgon would be *fervent*; something earnest, fiery, and pressing onward. Anacreon, with his usual exquisite taste, allays the fierceness of the term with the word *kekerasmenon*, tempered. The nice point is, to see that the terror itself be not terrible, but only a poignancy brought in to assist the sweetness. It is the salt in the tart: the subtle sting of the essence. It is the eye intellectual, what the apple of the eye is to the eye itself,—the dark part of it, the core, the innermost look; the concentration and burning-glass of the rays of love. I think, however, that Anacreon did better than Heliodorus, when he avoided attributing this look to his mistress, and confined it to the other sex. He tells us that she had a look of Minerva as well as Venus; but it is Minerva without the gorgon. There is sense and apprehensiveness, but nothing to alarm. No drawback upon beauty ought to be more guarded against than a character of violence about the eyes. I have seen it become very touching, when the violence had been conquered by suffering and reflection, and a generous turn of mind: nor, perhaps, does a richer soil for the production of all good things take place anywhere than over these spent volcanoes. But the experiment is dangerous, and the event rare.

Large eyes were admired in Greece, where they still prevail. They are the finest of all when they have the internal look; which is not common. The stag or antelope eye of the oriental is beautiful and laming, but is accused of looking skittish and indifferent. “The epithet of stag-eyed,” says Lady Wortley Montague, speaking of a Turkish love-song, “pleases me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes.” We lose in depth of expression, when we go to inferior animals for comparisons with human beauty. Homer calls Juno ox-eyed; and the epithet suits well with the eyes of that goddess, because she may be supposed, with all her beauty, to want a certain humanity. Her large eye looks at you with a royal indifference. Shakspeare has kissed them, and made them human. Speaking of violets, he describes them as being

“Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.”

This is shutting up their pride, and subjecting them to the lips of love. Large eyes may become more touching under this circumstance than any others: because of the field they give for the veins to wander in, and the trembling amplitude of the ball beneath. Little eyes must be good tempered, or they are ruined. They have no other resource. But this will beautify them enough. They are made for laughing, and should do their duty. In Charles the Second's time, it

was the fashion to have sleepy, half-shut eyes, sly and meretricious. They took an expression, beautiful and warrantable on occasion, and made a commonplace of it, and a vice. So little do "men of pleasure" understand the business from which they take their title. A good warm-hearted poet shall shed more light upon real voluptuousness and beauty, in one verse from his pen, than a thousand rakes shall arrive at, swimming in claret, and bound on as many voyages of discovery.

In attending to the hair and eyes, I have forgotten the eyebrows, and the shape of the head. They shall be dispatched before we come to the lips: as the table is cleared before the dessert. This is an irreverent simile, nor do I like it; though the pleasure even of eating and drinking, to those who enjoy it with temperance, may be traced beyond the palate. The utmost refinements on that point are, I allow, wide of the mark on this. The idea of beauty, however, is lawfully associated with that of cherries and peaches; as Eve set forth the dessert in Paradise.

*Eyebrows.*—Eyebrows used to obtain more applause than they do now. Shakspeare seems to jest upon this eminence, when he speaks of a lover

"Sighing like furance, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress's eyebrow."

Marot mentions a poem on an eyebrow which was the talk of the court of Francis the First. The taste of the Greeks on this point was remarkable. They admired eyebrows that almost met. It depends upon the character of the rest of the face. Meeting eyebrows may give a sense and animation to looks that might otherwise be over-feminine. They have certainly not a foolish look. Anacreon's mistress has them:

"Taking care her eyebrows be  
Not apart, nor mingled neither,  
But as hers are, stol'n together,  
Met by stealth, yet leaving too,  
O'er the eyes their darkest hue."

In the Idyl of Theocritus, before mentioned, one of the speakers values himself upon the effect his beauty has had on a girl with joined eyebrows.

"Passing a bower last evening with my cows,  
A girl looked out, a girl with meeting brows,  
'Beautiful! beautiful!' cried she. I heeded,  
But went on, looking down, and gave her not a word."

This taste in female beauty appears to have been confined to the ancients. Boccaccio, in his "Ameto," the precursor of the "Decameron," where he gives several pictures of beautiful women, speaks more than once of disjoined eyebrows. Chaucer, in the "Court of Love," is equally express in favour of "a due distance." An arched eyebrow was always in request; but I think it is doubtful whether we are to understand that the eyebrows were always desired to form separate arches, or to give an arched character to the brow considered in unison. In either case the curve should be very delicate. A strait eyebrow is better than the very arching one,

which has a look of wonder and silliness. To have it immediately over the eye is preferable, for the same reason, to its being too high and lifted. The Greeks liked eyes leaning upwards towards each other; which indeed is a rare beauty, and the reverse of the animal character. If the brows over these took a similar direction, they would form an arch together. Perhaps a sort of double curve was required, the particular one over the eye, and the general one in the look altogether. But these are unnecessary refinements. Where great distance of taste is allowed, the point in question can be of little consequence. I cannot think, however, with Ariosto, that fair locks with black eyebrows are desirable. I see, by an article in the Italian catalogue, that the taste provoked a dissertation. It is to be found, however, in "Achilles Tatius," and in the poem beginning

"Lydia, bella puella, candida,"

attributed to Gallus. A moderate distinction is desirable, especially where the hair is very light. Hear Burns, in a passage full of life and sweetness:

"Sae flaxen were her ringlets,  
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,  
Bewitchingly o'er-arching  
Twa laughing een o' bonny blue."

It is agreed on all hands, that a female eyebrow ought to be delicate, and nicely pencilled. Dante says of his mistress's, that it looked as if it was painted.

"The eyebrow,  
Polished and dark, as though the brush had drawn it"

Brows ought to be calm and even.

"Upon her eyelids many graces sat,  
Under the shadows of her own brows."  
Faery Queen.

## RECEIPTS.

### *Pomatum for the Lips.*

Mix an ounce of spermaceti with an ounce of the oil of bitter almonds and a little powdered cochineal; melt all together, strain it through a cloth in a little rose water, and rub the lips at night.

### *Fine Wash for any Redness in the Face.*

Boil two ounces of barley, in a chopin or English wine bottle of water, to four gills or half a bottle; and beating two ounces of blanched almonds to a paste, mix them with a little of the barley water. When cold, warm them, and squeeze them through a cloth; then dissolve a penny worth of camphor in a table-spoonful of brandy or any strong spirits. Mix them together, and wash the face with the liquid every night when going to bed. This, says the original receipt, is the best wash ever made for the face.

# STILL SO GENTLY O'ER ME STEALING,

THE MUCH ADMIRER CAVATINE SONG BY MR. WOOD,

*With rapturous applause, in Bellini's Opera of La Sonnambula.*

*Allargato e Moderato.*

*Ped.*

*p* *fz*

*fz* *pp* *fz*

Still so gently o'er me stealing, Mem'ry will bring back the feeling, Spite of

*pp* *fz*

all my grief re-vealing, That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still; Tho' some

*f*

other swain may charm thee, Ah! no o — ther e'er can warm me; Yet ne'er fear I will not

harm thee, No! thou false one, no, no! I fond — ly love thee still, Ah! ne'er fear, I will not

*colla voce.*

harm thee, ne'er fear, I will not harm thee, no, false one, no! I love thee, I love thee, false one,

*lento.*

still. Still so gently o'er me

stealing Mem'ry will bring back the feeling, Spite of all my grief, re-vealing, that I love thee, love thee

*cres* *mf* *colla parte.* *a tempo.*

still; I love thee still, I love thee

still, I love thee still, I love thee still, I love thee still.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

Our friend Brooks has really surpassed himself in the illustration of our April plate. It is a new vein he has opened, as we of the mining State say, and a rich one it is like to be. He has hit the proper humour, and is not the first that has commenced with Melpomene and ended with Thalia. We say unto him—Go on.

**ERRATA**—page 148, 2d column, 12th line, for Lycians read Rhodians.—AUTHOR.

Our friend, Marc Smeton, is uncommonly severe upon the fair sex,—but, in our extensive acquaintance with female society, it has never been our misfortune to meet with a Nina B—.

It will be seen by our present cover that we have commenced the publication of two new works. But

small editions have been published and no second one will be issued. The works are remarkable for their cheapness, and the Trials can be bound uniform with the Marryatt Novels. We fear that our patrons may be mistaken as to the nature of the work. It is no dry detail, suitable only for the Lawyer quoting Blackstone, Coke, &c. but an account of each trial as it occurred, with all the minuteness of evidence that such eminent cases are likely to bring forth. We have commenced this publication thinking it would be acceptable, from having noticed with what avidity the mere newspaper report of an interesting case is sought after! As we have mentioned, the edition is a small one, and application had better be made at once.

The Sketch Book of Character is an agreeable melange of different individuals, wonderful for something above the common mass of mankind—persons that have been remarkable for their tendency to Fanaticism and Credulity—others that have been singu-

lar for Voluntary Human Sufferings and Privations—others for their Cruelty, Miserly Habits—Self-Deluded Individuals, &c. A separate department is filled with Interesting Occurrences,—but the main part of the work is taken up with an Account of Extraordinary Individuals.

We are again delayed in the delivery of the *Marryatt Novels*—through no fault of ours, but through the Public themselves. They have patronized the work to such an extent that, although we keep one Power Press constantly at work, we cannot get them off fast enough. However it is a pleasant complaint and can be remedied. By the 10th of this month we will have a larger edition than either of the former two, ready for delivery, and no delay will take place with the orders received. When completed the work will be bound with *Peter Simple*, *Jacob Faithful*, *The Pirate*, *Three Cutters* and *Moonshine*, and *Japhet*, in first volume—*Frank Mildmay*, *King's Own*, *Newton Foster* and *Pacha of Many Tales* in second volume. They will not be published exactly in that order, but will be completed to end so. *Frank Mildmay*, which is No. 1 of vol. 2, has already been published, and *Japhet*, which is last of vol. 1, will bring up the rear guard of the whole work. This is one of the benefits of publishing a work where each number is complete in itself. It matters not how you get them so you *do* get them.

We have received a note, from some fair Lady, we presume, requesting us to give another description of *Love* than that found in the February Number. This shall be done, and another fair lady has it now in hand. There was one little matter about the letter that surprised us. Pray, fair Dame, how did you manage to obliterate so effectually, Uncle Sam's post mark, for it had been marked and was effaced, leaving us completely without a clue to your whereabouts?

One of the many annoyances publishers are put to is the receiving a letter with 25 cents postage charged on it, and sometimes 50, requesting, or rather demanding a Number in place of one that has miscarried. This is, as a friend of ours, who would not swear, used to observe, "buttering the bacon of base-ness"—a happy alliteration. Now be it from henceforth duly observed, that if by accident we do get another such letter, for we do not often take letters that are unpaid, we will merely turn it, as the politician sometimes does his coat, and re-direct it to the person sending it. Where a Number does not come to hand, mention the circumstance to the Postmaster, and in nine cases out of ten, he will inform the publisher; for, in general, they are very polite. But No! indignation seizes the subscriber—the vile publisher has not sent his Number. To him goes a letter, as if he could control the roads and mails during the past really Siberian winter.

"A Sketch," by Miss Macmichael, is beautiful. We are much indebted to this lady for her contributions, and hope she may long continue them.

It is conceded by all, that our March number is the prettiest and best yet issued from our Press. It may be so—but this we will say, it is not better than several numbers we have in our mind's eye, although it contained eight original articles;—future numbers may contain more. Would that our friends of the press could receive our numbers, as issued here, without being rolled or injured by mail transportation.

We copy the following account of the Citizens' Ball from the Gentlemen's *Vade Mecum*. Having been present, we can vouch for its accuracy, and particularly for the *Spermacti*. One unfortunate wight had his coat (not of many colours, (completely covered with the oleaginous product of the largest of

Fish,—and we really felt for the Lady engaged so busily in making what was bad, absolutely worse, by spreading it over that part which had previously escaped. Ourselves, in some slight degree, suffered from the "Sovereignest thing on earth for an inward bruise:—"—but Bogle, that prince of waiters, who has been commemorated in immortal verse, with that aptitude that has always characterized him, soon rid us of the objection:—

"The Citizens' Ball, in aid of the fund for the relief of disabled firemen, which took place on Thursday night, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, was truly a magnificent affair, and fully answered the expectations of those who were most active in getting it up. Every thing passed off admirably well, and all who were present appeared greatly to enjoy the amusements of the evening,

The theatre was floored over from the boxes to the back of the stage, and the beautiful masquerade scene from *Gustavus* being set, the extent of the ball room, thus formed, appeared to be immense: a succession of colonnades, illuminated by variegated lamps, extending as far as the eye could reach. Viewed from the front, the whole bore the aspect of a fairy palace; the arching roof, supported on slender columns, which took the place of the wings, and scarcely interrupted the prospect to the right and left of the stage, where on each hand, the area seemed unbounded. The decorations of the house were tastefully disposed: flags, banners, trumpets, spears, and shields, being beautifully arranged together. Over the pit, and over the stage, were two immense chandeliers, which brilliantly illuminated the scene; but, unluckily, were rather too liberal of their spermacti favours, which, however excellent it may be for an inward bruise, is by no means so congenial to wearing apparel as *Domine Samson* thought the air of *Woodburne* to be. The *coup d'ail* was altogether striking, and we question whether a more splendid scene could have been presented, had the managers exhausted their ingenuity to contrive it.

The beauty and fashion of the city appeared to be congregated on the occasion; and if Baltimore, Cincinnati, and Boston, are anxious to settle the question of relative beauty and grace, they would have found an array on Thursday evening which would have enforced them to surrender the apple to Philadelphia. Among the gentlemen, we observed nearly all our own distinguished men, with many strangers, officers of the Army and Navy, in full uniform, whose presence added materially to the brilliance of the scene, and lent it an imposing aspect. Each tier of boxes was filled with groups of ladies, gaily attired, while the floor was no less crowded; perhaps too much so, until the night wore away into morning, but no one felt disposed to complain of the number present. It heightened the exhilaration of the house and gave a fillip to the spirits, far exceeding that caught from any other means of awaking a joyous feeling.

Dancing was kept up almost "until day-light did appear," or it may be that the sun was up before the votaries of *Terpsichore* ceased their sports, for when we withdrew, at a very late hour, there were no signs of flagging among those who remained. The band was sounding merrily, and the dancers held out with untired spirit.

The number of persons present is said to have been over two thousand;—and they will all have occasion to remember, with pleasure, the Citizens' Ball on St. Patrick's Day.

The following gentlemen officiated as Managers:—William M. Meredith, William W. Fisher, William Jackson, George M. Dallas, John G. Watmough, Benjamin Matthias, Henry J. Williams, Peter A. Keyser, Robert Hare, jr. John M. Scott, Nicholas Biddle, John Siter, jr. George W. South, William M. Camac, Albert M. Hale, Charles Schaffer, jr. John S. Warner, John Swift, Morton M. Michael, William D. Lewis, Thomas C. Rockhill, Louis A. Godey, William H. Hart, Joseph P. Norris, junior, George H. Thompson, Henry Willing, Henry D. Gilpin, Andrew C. Barclay, Henry Hobart Smith, E. C. Nesbit.







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# THE LITTLE BOOK

1882

1882

1882

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1882



# THE LADY'S BOOK.

MAY, 1886.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## PEEPING INTO FUTURITY.

BY MISS C. GOOCH.

It was on a bright January morning, such as we frequently enjoy at the North, though the earth was covered with snow, the weather was serene—nay, mild, and the sun bright in a cloudless sky. I was standing at a window, not quite decided whether to enjoy the fine weather, by walking out, or to make what housewives call “a profitable day,” by adhering steadily to my work, and my books. The question was decided for me, by the appearance of a well-appointed sleigh, that, whirling round the corner, drove rapidly to our door. Before I could reach it, the door of the morning-room was thrown open, and in dashed my cheerful friends.

“Good morning, Cousin Jane,” cried my *cousin by adoption*, “you must come with us; it is an extempore affair, got up ten minutes since, or your ladyship should have had a more regular invitation.”

I wanted no persuasion;—and, before his speech was fairly finished, was in my chamber, arranging my bonnet, and wrapping myself in a cloak and boa.

A minute more saw me seated in a fine sleigh, with four spirited horses, pleasant friends round me, plenty of buffalo-skins beneath—and the world before us! I felt as exhilarated, as gayety of scene, pleasant motion, delightful companions, merry-sounding bells, and the thoughtlessness of “Miss in her teens,” could make me.

I like these impromptu excursions—these off-hand parties, much better than those for which the invitations are issued, long beforehand. When so much space is allowed to anticipation, the reality seldom answers the expectation.

Onward we went, over the fleecy-looking, sparkling carpet of old father Winter;—he had stripped the foliage from the trees, but had hung their leafless branches with pendant icicles, that glancing brightly in the sunbeams, seemed, in their many-coloured and gem-like beauty, like the magic garden of Aladdin. As you gazed on these coldly-glittering branches, you could scarce imagine that they would again be dressed in the green of Spring, and the birds sing amid their blossoms' perfume; but joyous voices, laughing eyes, rosy cheeks, and sunny smiles were around me, and I felt half-inclined to exclaim, with Frank, “Oh, that Winter would last forever!”

After a delightful drive of nine or ten miles,

our attention was attracted by a double sleigh, standing at the door of a small, mean-looking house, about a hundred yards from the road. The miserable-looking lane that led to it, was completely blocked up with snow—no snug barn or comfortable out-houses, surrounded it—not a tree was near, but one shattered stump, that seemed to rear its solitary limb to heaven, as if upbraiding injustice, or deprecating future vengeance. The wall on one side of the lane was thrown down, evidently for the purpose of affording ingress to the sleigh we saw at the door.

“What a dismal-looking place!” cried Lucy, “surely, that is not an hotel!”—Our companions laughed.

“No,” said one, “it is the hall of the Sybil, or, in other words, the habitation of Mrs. Hanson, the famous fortune-teller. What say you, young ladies, will you go and consult her?”

Of course, we all disclaimed any such desire,—one would not do such a thing for the world,—another had no faith in fortune-tellers,—a third would not have her fortune told, if she was sure it would be told true,—and all agreed, that they should be ashamed to show their faces, after having been engaged in so shocking an affair.

We drove on a mile farther, and stopped at an hotel, to refresh our steeds and ourselves. After a proper time, we turned our horses' heads homeward. We rode with undiminished *spirit* and gayety, till we were near to the house of the fortune-teller, when Henry S—, after searching his pockets, looking in his hat, &c. declared that he had lost his pocket-book—that he must have dropped it in the stable, and desired to get out and go in search of it. The other gentlemen unanimously declared their intention to return and assist him, provided we would consent to remain in some house, till they returned. I proposed that we should all go back, but it was voted not feasible,—so we were obliged to consent to their proposal. It so happened, that the nearest house was that of Mrs. Hanson. “We shall be gone but a short time,” said they,—“that will do;” and, without giving us time to object, they drove through the gap to the door.

All was quiet in the house, and around it,—the sleigh we had seen, had departed; and, to

confess the truth, if eyes could be trusted, none of us deeply lamented that accident compelled us to be, for a short period, visitors of the *wise woman*. As we approached the door, I remarked that Cousin John whispered to Mary, and, at the same time, slipped something into her hand; she laughed, shook her head, and said—"very well!"

The door was opened by a little girl, who made way for us to enter—then, before shutting the door, peered out to see if any person was there, looked for a minute upon the retreating sleigh, and finally condescended to usher us into the august presence of her mistress. While we awaited her movements, Mary whispered—"Now that we are here, we may as well have our fortunes told; John desired me to give her this money, to ensure civility—so come quick, before the return of our beaux." Following the little girl, we entered the inner apartment, the sanctum sanctorum of the celebrated Mother Hanson.

Reader! did you ever see a witch? If you did not, what kind of an idea have you formed of one? I had formed mine from the illustrations of Shakspeare;—and, ridiculous as was the idea, I expected to see, in Mrs. Hanson, a long, lank, wrinkled, malignant looking hag, in rags and tatters!—What then was my disappointment, to be received by a comely, well dressed matron, "fair, fat, and forty," who met us with a smile of cordial good-humour!

"Please to sit down, ladies. Lyddy! bring along the chairs, and make some more fire—the ladies are almost froze, poor dears. Come, my dears, sit down. Get out of the way, you little plagues," (to a couple of sturdy children, who stood staring at us, with their fingers in their mouths;) "Lyddy, I say, take the children out to the sleigh, and keep 'em quiet—go!"

"There's no sleigh out there, nor nothing," whined Lydia; "it's gone away."

"Oh!" drawled the woman, "well, it can't be helped; take 'em up garret, then,—do you hear?"

We now declared, that, if it was for our accommodation they were to be removed, it would give us pain to have them sent into the cold;—and Mary, putting a bill into the hand of the woman, requested she would give us a peep into futurity. Mrs. Hanson looked with evident satisfaction at the note, and then at us, with an inquiring air:—"This is to pay for all four of you, my dears, a'n't it?"—"Tis jest the money, and I ha'n't a cent of change, to save your lives."

"Oh, yes!" said Mary, "it is for all of us. I did not know your price;—but, if it's enough, I'm contented."

"Well! to be sure, ma'am, I'll do my best to satisfy you,—a dollar and-a-quarter is my set price, to genteel people; to be sure, if a poor girl ha'n't got the money, why I a'n't *peticular* with her; but please tell me your names, my dears!"

"No, indeed!" cried we all, "you must discover our names by your art."

"Oh, well! so I *could*, but it will take too much time; well! let us begin."

She took from a drawer a pack of cards, and, presenting them to Lucy, desired her to shuffle them, while she prepared a table;—which pre-

paration consisted in taking off some trumpery, and dusting it.

In the coldest heart is concealed a vein of romance—in the wisest head is a hidden, latent wish, to pry into futurity. Oh, the future, the future—the dim, the misty, the shadowy future!—What an irresistible charm it possesses, for all mankind! The past fades from our memory!—the present we fear to enjoy, because of the future! How anxious we all are, from the prince and the philosopher, to the slave and the peasant, to look a little way up the mysterious vista of time and eternity! From the ancient and proud astrologer, who wore out his eyes in gazing upon the stars, and his mind in calculating their influences—down, down to the ignorant old woman, who draws her humbler auguries from a pack of cards and a tea-cup, all have had their dupes and their disciples.

Sneer not, oh lordly man, therefore, at us poor damsels, though I do acknowledge that I felt an interest in the predictions I was to hear—I was ashamed of myself! Oh, how little did I think that the after-lives of my companions would be so materially affected by the words of a woman whom we all despised as an imposter, whose pretensions we laughed at, and professed to disbelieve!

You would seldom see three more lovely girls than my companions, but each in a style of loveliness so different, so distinct from each other, that they seemed like finished patterns of different styles of beauty, sent out by dame nature, as specimens of her workmanship. Lucy was a *brunette*, with a complexion clear as the waters of the Susquehanna, a fine intellectual forehead, an expression of softness in her large, dark liquid eye, and a compression—I can think of no better term, of her rich crimson lips, that promised—but oh, how falsely!—decision of character. Her long dark hair, drawn back from her forehead, and wreathed in its silky magnificence round her head, gave to her countenance a foreign character. An Italian gentleman told me, that she resembled the ladies of Florence in form and feature—need I say, then, that her form was as perfect, as her face was charming.

Mary, the arch, the sportive Mary, was below the middle height, but her Titania figure reminded one of Scott's lines—

"E'en the light hare-bell rais'd its head,  
Elastic from her airy tread."

She and Lucy might have sat, for personifications of day and night—for she was as brilliant a blonde, as it was possible to be, without insipidity. Her dark-blue laughing eyes, were full of expression. The gay smile that played round her beautiful mouth, displayed a splendid set of teeth, and called into transient existence a hundred dimples. Her luxuriant light-brown hair, absolutely glittered in the sun;—and the faint delicate bloom of her cheek, deepened into the brightest pink, with the slightest emotion.

Fanny was neither a *blonde* nor a *brunette*—neither tall nor short; and I have heard it asserted, that her features were irregular. This must have been discovered by some person who saw her sleeping, for I never could catch them long

enough in repose to judge. Her eyes were neither blue nor black; she said they were grey,—but it was impossible to tell;—well-opened and brilliant, they united the deep, intense expression of the dark, with the bright cheerfulness of the blue. Just so it was with the rest of her features,—one moment, you would call her mouth large,—the next, it was pursed in pretended pout, till it was like that of an infant. Her nose was neither Roman nor Grecian,—but a very pretty nose, notwithstanding; but I do believe the charm that made her appear beautiful, was the perfect good-humour that irradiated every feature. Her dark-brown hair was short, and curled, naturally, I believe, over her head in glossy ringlets. She was never pale—at least I never saw her so;—but I have witnessed the rich colour that mantled on her cheek, spread to her very temples, and as suddenly retreat to its accustomed boundaries. I never could decide whether or not, she possessed real talent,—one minute, she would make a remark that would do credit to a philosopher,—the next, when we expected something wise or witty, she would say some common-place, that would suit a child of five years old. But, take her altogether, she was a delightful creature.

All this time, we have left poor Lucy shuffling the cards, which she did with a lofty air of contempt, as if she scorned herself, for condescending to such mummery. She cut, and gave them to the woman, who, after looking at them a few minutes, assumed a graver look than I thought her fat, good-humoured face could wear, and, looking up at Lucy, she said—“Young lady! I see *that* in your fortune, I must tell to you alone!” So saying, she rose;—and, throwing open the door of a small bed-room, entered it, motioning to Lucy to follow her. “Nonsense!” cried Lucy—yet she went. They were absent about fifteen minutes; when they returned, and we asked Lucy what was the great prediction, to my surprize she was scarcely able to restrain her tears! Her face and lips were totally destitute of colour;—she looked like a marble statue.

“Don’t mind me,” she muttered, “I am well, only a little nervous;”—and the large tears, no longer to be restrained, burst from her eyes.

“Come, come, my dear,” said Mrs. Hanson, “don’t be frightened;—I dare say it will all come right at last. You are frightening the other ladies from hearing their fortunes!”

“Hearing *our* fortunes!” cried Fanny; “no! I am quite contented with this specimen!—What have you done to terrify her thus?”

“I have told her the *truth*,” said the woman; “and, if that a’n’t so pleasant, it a’n’t my fault.”

Lucy had now recovered her composure, and entreated that we would hear what the woman could find to say,—she felt curious to know if she told us anything true.

“Oh, to be sure!” said the laughing Mary, “I am determined to hear mine,—so begin, Mrs. Hanson.”

The woman did not propose to tell her in private; but, after examining the pack, spread on a table before her, commenced as follows:—

“Well! I suppose you expect me to tell you something that you know, that you may know what to calculate on! Well! your father is a

rich man;—he has ships and houses,—and you have a sister, and she is married,—and you have two brothers;—oh, you might have been married before now, yourself, but it’s your own fault!—Here’s a whole heap of letters, and a little picture and a ring,—you’re going to receive a letter, very soon too; and, oh my! here’s a gentleman that has a good heart for you,—he’s got plenty of money too,—you’ll see him before long; but, take care of a dark complexion woman!—she pretends to be a friend to you, but ’tis all make believe,—she’s right deceitful; and here’s another, a light complexion one, that’s as bad as t’other, and talks about you behind your back,—they’ll make you a proper sight of trouble, if you don’t take care. Good gracious! here’s a funeral,—you’re to be there, and you’ll see these two women; you’ll be in a heap of company afore long,—and you’ll see the gentleman I told you of,—and these deceitful friends will be there,—you’ll find them out afore long; you’re going to have a present, and a great parcel of fine things,—and you’re going to dance,—and there’s more than one gentleman has a good heart for you.”

This, eked out with nods and winks, is the substance of the jargon addressed to Mary; it was so utterly ridiculous, such a *melange* of ignorance and vulgarity, that I expected every moment that Mary would burst into a laugh; but, to my astonishment, she stood gravely thinking over what she had heard, and repeated—“a dark and a light!—who *can* they be?”

“Come,” cried the fortune-teller, “which of you young ladies’ fortunes, shall I tell next?”

“Neither!” said Fanny, firmly; “for myself, at least, I have no desire to hear any such trash!”

“Trash, indeed!” screamed the wise woman, “trash yourself!—I can tell you things you don’t think on,—trash, indeed!”

“Don’t be in a passion, Mother witch, or fortune-teller, or whatever you call yourself,” said a voice from the window.

We started and screamed, as in duty bound—for there was the mischief-loving face of Philip Warner, one of the veriest pickles I ever had the fortune to know, but so kind-hearted, so frank and generous in his disposition, that we forgave his boyish pranks, for the sake of his nobler qualities. The greatest absurdity about Philip was, an immoderate fondness for quotations, and the most sovereign disregard of whether they *were* or were not apposite to the occasion. He had once belonged to a Thespian society, and garnished his discourse with scraps of plays and poetry, in an inconvenient profusion. He now bolted into the door, exclaiming—“How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags!—what is’t ye do?” Mrs. Hanson, whose knowledge of Shakspeare was probably very limited, whose temper was already a little ruffled—and misled by our confusion, which she perhaps mistook for terror, seized a pair of stout tongs from the corner, and throwing down a chair or two, in her passion, screamed—“Who are you?—you good-for-nothing, prying, listening fellow!—to come a-calling me a witch and a hag, and—all that! You think I don’t know you, ha!—but I guess it would put money in my pocket to let old Reed know where he

can find you—you'd soon walk off to the stone-jug, I take it." Rattling off this elegant speech with incredible volubility, she stood brandishing her tongue, in her collected might. "Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of that eye!" shouted Philip, tumbling himself into a chair, to laugh more at his ease,—in which amusement we heartily joined him, to the great displeasure of our fat landlady, who, thinking she was laughed at, and not being able to account for it otherwise, concluded she had been, in some manner, imposed on. There is no one likes to be duped;—many a man had much rather be thought a knave than a simpleton: but, to make a *fool* of the *wise* woman—to bewilder a witch, is certainly an affront not to be lightly passed over! "Out of my house," cried the virago, "out of my house, this moment; I see how it is,—you're all of a pack. Go down *sulkur*, Lyddy, and untie the dog;—I'll give 'em enough on't, afore I've done with 'em." At that moment, the deep, loud, angry bark of a dog, rose from beneath, with frightful distinctness. We did not wait for a second bidding. Shrieking—half in terror, and half in mirth, we rushed to the door, followed by the fortune-teller with her tongue—and, for aught I knew, by her dog!

We felt happy to gain the open air,—but we were destined not to get to our sleigh, without another accident. The house was built on the summit of a hill, or rather the ground from the front of the building sloped away in rapid descent, for about forty yards, terminating in a little valley, or rather dell, through which brawled a rapid brook. The declivity was now one sheet of ice. Carried by our own impetuosity past the level ground, we found it impossible to stop;—and found ourselves rapidly approaching the brook, with the comfortable prospect of wading directly into it, when some of our friends, who were now pursuing us, called aloud: "Sit down on the ice—sit down—sit down!" Down we threw ourselves, but just in time to prevent falling in the water, and gladly accepted the arms of our beaux, to get to the sleigh.

The young men rallied us on our adventure, and finally acknowledged that the loss of the pocket-book was but a *ruse*, to give us an opportunity of consulting the oracle. A bright beam of pleasure flashed over the countenance of Lucy:—"Ah!" cried she, "and you told her what to say, then?" "No! on my word and honour," was the reply; "we never thought of the thing, till we stopped at the hotel;—it was not preconcerted, I assure you." Lucy's countenance darkened, and a cloud was on the brow of Mary.

We met a fortnight after, at the house of Mrs. —, the mother of Fanny. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and forms of manly grace and female beauty, floated round them, to strains of lively music. Fanny looked yet more lovely than I had ever seen her, in her simple white dress, with a very few flowers placed among her clustering curls;—she looked a spirit of innocence and joy. Fanny always looked pleased;—and, this evening, every thing conspired to give her pleasure. Among other concomitants to make her happy, was the attentions

and attachment of Mr. Fielding, a young gentleman of good character, education, and fortune. With these advantages, and a handsome person, no wonder Fanny was pleased with her conquest. Lucy and myself were seated together, conversing about Fanny and Mr. Fielding, and just glancing at a probable wedding, when Mary approached. She did not look as she was wont to do,—and we ceased our conversation rather suddenly, perhaps, for she crimsoned as she spoke to us;—and, instead of sitting with us, walked away, and joined another group of acquaintances, with whom she stood laughing and talking, though I could see her eye frequently fixed on us, with an expression that did not please me. We had not an opportunity of speaking with her again, during the evening.

Three weeks from that day, we were again at the same house;—but, oh! on how different an occasion! A long train of carriages were at the door,—the rooms were crowded, but not with youth and beauty;—in the centre of the large drawing-room, stood a coffin;—in that narrow house, reposed the young, the lovely, the amiable Fanny! But ten days since, she was in perfect health, looking forward to years of life and happiness,—now, she lies still and lifeless, heedless of the sorrow of her father, insensible of the distraction of her mother!—Can it be, that this is Fanny?

A number of her most intimate friends, of whom I was one, had, without any previous concert, merely from their own feelings, put on black ribbons. As her parents had removed from a distant State, they had but few relations in the city;—of course, the companions of their daughter were requested to take their seats as mourners. Mary, Lucy and myself, were of the number, and chanced to go in one carriage. Mary wore no ribbons;—and remarked, fretfully, that "she thought it a great piece of affectation; she believed there was very little friendship in the world." I felt my eyes fill with tears;—I saw that I had lost two friends, instead of one.

From that day, suspicion and credulity reared a barrier between Mary and us. She was never at home when we called, nor did she return our visits;—in fact, a total estrangement took place. Had her noble-minded brother John been at home, things would have been different; but, shortly after the sleigh-ride I have mentioned, to the surprise of everybody, he went to Bordeaux, as supercargo of one of his father's ships. Lucy too, was melancholy, very melancholy. I knew not the cause;—and, at her request, I, after one or two attempts, ceased inquiry.

Months rolled on, and made but little alteration in our society. The vessel in which Cousin John had departed, returned, but John returned not with her. John wished, while in France, as was very natural, to see more of the country, and was departing for Paris. Just after this news arrived, there was an event in our coterie; Mary was to be married!—And, of all people in the world, to Philip Warner!—Nobody ever thought of it! But he was amiable and clever, in spite of his nonsense, so I hoped she would be happy.

Mary, Lucy, poor Fanny and myself, had an hundred times agreed, that whichever was mar-



ried first, should have the others for brides'-maids. Alas! for the past days of love and kindness—of perfect and girlish confidence! We called—we fancied ourselves friends; we thought that we had perfect reliances on each other's steadiness of affection;—yet now, reserve and coldness had chilled our feelings—the why and wherefore, I knew not. I was not surprised that two other young ladies had been asked as brides'-maids; it was no more than I expected,—but I did expect an invitation to the wedding; and, when I found myself totally neglected, I felt the slight deeply. A sense of what was due to myself, however, forbade my making a remark upon the subject.

Even Philip, the good-humoured Philip, had lately shunned me, and had even crossed over the way to avoid meeting me! I began to have a morbid feeling, that I was to be deserted by all my acquaintances and friends.

I had not seen Lucy for some time, and determined to call upon her. I found her in very low spirits, complaining of ill health, and looking the picture of gloom. Every thing round her looked altered—no flowers in the room, though she was formerly so fond of them! There was none of that careless, cheerful disorder, that told of late visitants—no little preparations for amusement—no books or pamphlets on the tables—all were gone, and the piano was locked! The tables and chairs sat as primly and precisely round the room, as if, like Gulliver's, they were screwed to the floor! Instead of our usual chat, we sat like two images; what she thought of, I knew not,—but I thought that she ought to confide in me enough to say, that I was not a cause of, or connected with her trouble, and that I would not again intrude myself into her presence. To relieve our dulness, I entreated Lucy to sing to me. She opened the piano with a mournful smile, saying—"I have not played for some time," and sang to a plaintive tune the following words:—

I pluck not the lily—I wear not the rose;  
Joy! these are thine!  
But I'll seek, when the night-shade gloomily blows—  
My wreath to twine!

I feast not at banquet—I dance not at ball;  
Mirth! these are thine!  
But where the moon-beams over the cold grave-yard  
fall—  
That shall be mine!

As she sung the last verse, the door opened, and Philip Warner presented himself! We received him coldly;—but, without paying any attention to our *chills*, he seized our hands, and with considerable agitation, entreated that both would go with him to Mary;—that she would have come to us, but that she had cried till she was not fit to be seen! "Cried! oh, my God! what—what has happened?" groaned Lucy. Before he could answer, she had fainted. Nothing alarms me more than to see any one faint; I am not subject to fainting myself, and hardly know what to do for those that are. Assisted by Philip, I did the best I could; I rang the bell, though I knew it would be useless, as she had told me that there was no one at that time in the house but herself. We rubbed her hands,

threw water in her face, wet her with Cologne water, all to no purpose. "A doctor!" cried I;—"a doctor!" echoed Philip, and darted out of the house. Before he returned, low groans announced her reviving consciousness;—but glad was I when Philip returned, accompanied by a physician. The doctor came provided with the proper stimulants, which he applied so successfully, that in a short time she was able to look around, and recollect what had taken place. As soon as the absence of the physician allowed her to speak, she extended her hand to Philip, and drawing him toward her, asked, in a broken voice, to hear the truth. Philip, by no means inclined for another swoon, felt perplexed what to say. She saw it;—and, grasping his hand with both her's, said, in a voice low but perfectly distinct—it was like the voice of the dead speaking to the living—"Is John—dead?" Philip looked bewildered; "John dead! oh no, he is expected home soon,—but Charles Bettisworth is dying. You have heard, I suppose, that he was thrown from a gig, and seriously injured?—Mortification has taken place; and he sent for me this morning, to clear scores, as he called it, before he died. I hardly know how to go on. Mary was to have told you,—but Lucy is not able to go, and I cannot ask you to leave her; I must explain the thing myself. You do not forget the sleigh-ride we had last winter, when Bettisworth was with us? I feel ashamed to confess that we were so boyish as to trick you all into the fortune-tellers;—you knew *this* before, but you do not know the worst of it; Bettisworth suggested and contrived the whole. At the hotel, he pretended important business with a man, a mile or two distant;—and, taking a horse, went, as we thought, to see him. Lucy! he went to the fortune-teller, and gave her his instructions, and paid her for telling the falsehoods he put into her mouth!—Now, do you understand? He told her what to tell each of you, more particularly Mary and Lucy;—he taught her how to distinguish you and her. He had some cause, he says, to feel angry with you, Lucy;—he says you had once received his attentions with encouragement and approbation;—that he considered you engaged to him, but that suddenly, without giving any explanation, you jilted him; that he discovered that you were receiving attention from another, and determined to revenge himself for what he calls your heartless coquetry. Forgive me, but I promised to tell you all! As I said before, he dictated to the woman what to say to all of you, particularly to the tallest of the four, which was Lucy. To her she was to hint of plighted vows and broken hearts—of pledges and letters interchanged, but not returned—of prosecution and disgrace; to speak of another lover, who was fated to end his life in the prison of the State, to expiate a dreadful crime; and that she herself was doomed to *die*, within a twelvemonth after she married. You know all the hag told you;—I merely recapitulate the heads, to convince you that my account is correct. I fear that it has injured both you and Mary, but I fervently hope not so much, but can be repaired. What she told Mary, was intended to break off her friendship for you,—it succeeded too well;

but you will both forgive Mary—I know you will—she has always loved you; but the words of that worthless woman, aided by the machinations of Bettisworth, whose integrity she did not suspect, made her think you both treacherous;—she feels now truly repentant and abashed.

He paused, and Lucy raised herself from the sofa, where she had reclined with her face enveloped in her shawl, and drawing herself up, with a touch of her former haughtiness, replied—“That this was the substance of what she told me, I do not deny, or that it has influenced my conduct; but Bettisworth has not told you all. It was his own misconduct that forfeited my esteem. There was no room for misconception or mistake; I was myself a concealed witness of his depravity. It was a subject that could not be spoken of between us; I sent him a note, simply referring him to his conscience, why I requested my letters and a lock of hair should be returned, sending, at the same time, his letters and a few trifles I had at different times accepted. He did not answer my note, nor did he send the letters; I concluded that he intended to come himself, and demand an explanation, but he did not; and when, a day or two after, I met him accidentally, he alluded to it in the most careless manner, merely saying that he should keep my letters as security, that I should not injure him. This conduct convinced me that he knew the cause of my anger. There was nothing in the letters that would have injured me, but I shrank, as every young girl would, from having them displayed; I had no person to whom I could appeal, but my aunt,—and there were reasons to forbid my mentioning it to her. I took what I thought the safest way;—I kept silence, and treated him with politeness, hoping that when he saw I did not attempt to injure him, that his better feeling would prompt him to return my letters. I was astounded at the full knowledge the woman possessed of circumstances that I thought known to Charles and myself alone;—little did I think, what an unmanly advantage he was taking! I knew myself a stranger to Mrs. Hanson;—and the vile creature swore solemnly that she had heard it from no one, and I might rely upon the truth of her predictions. Oh! fool that I was, to believe her! I freely forgive Mary;—she is no more to blame than myself; and, as soon as my aunt or any of the family returns, Kate and I will visit her.”

We did visit her, and renewed in a great degree our intimacy—for I cannot, in conscience, call that friendship, which the vague predictions of a vulgar woman could shake to its foundation. John, as my readers probably surmise, was engaged to Lucy; influenced by the fate foretold, she had written to decline the connection, declaring her respect and esteem to be undiminished, but that powerful reasons, which she could not explain, must entirely prevent any union;—and entreating him, if he valued her happiness, to ask no questions, nor allude to the affair again.

John was now expected home, and Lucy looked forward to his return with intense anxiety. Charles Bettisworth died;—but returned to her, by Philip, her letters and hair. Mary was married;—we were brides'-maids;—she would take

no denial; and, to avoid offending the other ladies, had four maids to attend her. She looked upon Lucy as her sister, and endeavoured, by every endearment, to make us both forget that she had ever doubted our integrity, or slighted our friendship.

What says Allen Ramsay?

“No woman yet, so fiercely set,  
But she'll forgive—but not forget!”

That was just our case;—we forgave heartily, but we could not forget.

One day I called to see Lucy, and found her in great agitation; her complexion was fluctuating—one moment, the rich crimson of her cheeks gave additional lustre to her flashing eye;—the next, that eye gleamed mournfully over a cheek pale as monumental marble. She could not sit still; but wandered about the room, without any aim but to keep herself in constant motion. A vessel had just arrived from Bordeaux, and she was in momentary expectation of hearing from, if not of seeing John.

At her request, I remained with her, but with the discreet resolution, of leaving her, if John himself made his appearance. The door-bell rang, and steps were heard approaching; pale as death, Lucy, unable to stand, seated herself on the sofa, with her eye fixed on the door. It opened, and—Mary walked into the drawing-room! She shook our hands, inquired after our health, and then seated herself, evidently the bearer of tidings she feared to communicate. Wishing to relieve her, I asked if they had received any letters by the *Nautilus*? “Yes!” was the brief reply. “May I ask from whom?” “From John.” “Then he has not returned?” “No!” I looked at Lucy;—she made me a sign to go on. “What did he write?—did he say when he should return?—had he received your letters?” “Oh, dear!” cried Mary, “he is not coming home; he is going to Martinique, to see after the property of —. Oh, Lucy! he is married!” A burst of tears followed this announcement. I caught Lucy's hand; I dreaded another swoon; but I was wrong. Lucy rose, and, motioning us not to follow, left the room. In a few minutes she returned, and seated herself, with a lofty air and flushed brow. “Let us never recur to any thing connected with this unfortunate business again,” said she; “I have no cause of anger against one now living; I wish your brother, my dear Mary, happy, most sincerely, he is not to blame. Did I say that I had no one to blame? Oh, yes! myself—my foolish self! Oh, Mary! if it should be your lot to have daughters, promise me that it shall be your constant lesson, never to pry into futurity, in jest or earnest. Such attempts, if we do not believe in them, are useless; if we do, they are worse than useless,—they are poisonously pernicious!”

Afflictions sent by Providence, melt the constancy of the noble minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay, liquifies gold; and in the strong manifestations of divine power, Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE RETURN VISITS.

ELLEN G., only daughter of an old and infirm Colonel of the last war, had lately been united in marriage to Charles L., a young lawyer of some talents and fair prospects. Their union completed the happiness of two families, which had long been on the most friendly and social terms. Charles, whose education had been formed under the eye of his father, was not only endowed with all the charms of an elegant exterior and address, but with the most enlightened mind—liberal and attentive whenever there was any thing to be learnt. Ellen was not of those young ladies who regard marriage as an opportunity for withdrawing themselves from the watchful care of a tender and anxious parent, to enter into all the frivolities of the great world. Before submitting to the yoke of Hymen, she had studied whatever would lighten or increase its weight, and, in secret, formed in her mind a system which would insure her happiness, and that of the man to whom her destiny would be united.

Ten days had elapsed since their marriage, and, as customary, they prepared to make the return visits—a custom and ceremony affording to some an opportunity for showing their riches and splendour, while to others a moment of observation. This latter was the intention of Ellen, and as they belonged to a very extensive circle of relatives and friends, their visits would extend to the most remote parts of the city. Knowing that she would see persons both more and less favoured by fortune, her dress was such as would seem not to rival with the first, nor humiliate the latter. It was at the same time elegant and modest. Her diamonds and jewelry were left at home, and so were her choicest laces and shawls; she even was so particular as to make use of a hack in lieu of her father's carriage.

It was her desire to vary as much as possible her visits, that the contrasts would be the more striking; and that the differences of age, manners, rank, and fortune, would be more impressive. She provided herself with a book, in which her feelings—the result of each visit—were carefully entered, to form, in after life, a code of conjugal instruction.

They commenced by first visiting ——— street, so as not to interrupt her friends who dine at 12 o'clock, precisely. They called upon an old uncle of her husband, who for many years had retired from the busy scenes of life. Her uncle loved to talk of days gone by, with an air of bonhomie peculiar to his age. They were met at the door by an old servant, as antique in appearance as his master. Two fine grey hounds came bounding to the door, and the sweet voice of a canary bird, which hung suspended in a cage from the ceiling, next attracted their attention. The old man himself was seated in an arm-chair, near the fire, wrapped up in a camelot bangup, his feet in slippers, listening very attentively to his dear old wife, who read aloud a tale in one of the public prints. The reader was near her seventieth year, but still animated and cheerful, and dressed with the greatest neatness; her dress light-coloured, over which was a pretty apron, and her hands were in half-gloves.

Their entrance interrupted her, and arising, she welcomed with every expression of pleasure the newly married couple. Ellen's simple habiliments pleased the old lady, while her modest manners prepossessed her in her opinion. Charles, charmed his uncle by tales of the olden times, of the late war, of General Washington; and by affording, in the course of conversation, an opportunity to the old man of fighting his battles over again. He entered into a narration of the loves of his youthful days, and the aunt told Ellen the history of all her conquests; her numerous admirers; the pangs her marriage produced on the hearts of them; and the preference which she had given to her husband; and finished by wishing for Charles and Ellen a union as long and as happy as her own.

"Acknowledge," said Ellen, when they had left the house, "that we were ignorant of the frankness of heart, and the purity of manners of that good old age, from which this kind couple still retain their sentiments."

"Indeed," answered her husband, "we did not until now know how to appreciate them."

"Ah!" said Ellen, affectionately squeezing his hand, "may we continue to love each other after fifty years of marriage, as at present, and it will be sufficient." Then taking her book, she traced these lines:

"An age of happiness—sweet picture for a model."

From thence they went to ——— street, to see a cousin of Charles', who had been married but a few months to a rich heiress, a lady who had preferred him to the suitable matches of her parents' choice, and even against their wishes. Their hack stopped before a rich colonnade of white marble, and they ascended to the door over a flight of splendid steps. Two coloured valets opened the door, when they rung the bell, and left them in an anti-chamber. Afterwards returning, they were led into a magnificent parlour, ornamented with every kind of luxury that opulence could procure. Nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before the mistress of the house made her appearance. She had just left her bed; an elegant morning dress, or negligée, scarcely covered her shoulders, and her long blonde ringlets fell negligently upon the most beautiful neck in the world. Her eyes, half closed, were languid and pale, and she seemed altogether feeble and fatigued. Throwing herself on a sofa, she made Ellen take a seat by her side, who perceived by the scrutinizing glance of *La Belle Indolente*, that she thought her dress plain and unfashionable. "I have passed the whole night at a ball," said she, "and if it had not been you, upon honour, I should not have been visible."

"We are extremely sorry," answered Charles, "to have disturbed your rest."

"My rest! oh, I have been troubled with a painful inability to sleep; you don't know how my veins are swelled, my nerves agitated."

"When one is so much sought for in society as yourself," said Charles, "it is difficult to enter in its dissipations without suffering from the fatigue. But how is your good husband?"

"I don't know, I assure you; I have scarcely seen him these three days."

"Perhaps he is in the country?" asked Charles.

"No, indeed, his mornings are generally spent

in his gig; he dines out with his friends, and I with mine; rarely we meet, except in the evening at a party or at the theatre, and we seldom see each other." In pronouncing these latter words she let escape an involuntary sigh, and which was not passed unheeded by the penetration of Ellen. The conversation became tiresome and languid, and after a few customary compliments, the new married couple regained their carriage, where Ellen hastened to enter in her book these lines.

"Not even one year of happiness—anticipated divorce, painful picture, and a model to be shunned."

After several unimportant visits, unnecessary to be mentioned, they went to visit a young lawyer; the chum and college friend of Charles. He had been married several years to a young and interesting orphan, whose education he had in some measure been obliged to finish. Brought up from infancy by parents of harsh and unhappy dispositions, she was a prey to an ungovernable timidity. If her husband sometimes persisted in her appearing in the great world, she was so simple, so fearful, that it looked upon her as if just arrived from the country, and incapable of entering into the fashionable conversation of the day. Ellen and Charles had both formed the same opinion of her, and pitied the poor man who was united to such a being. They were taken immediately and without ceremony into a parlour, remarkable for the order and taste of its arrangement. They heard a voice in an adjoining room, accompanied by the piano, singing one of the most difficult pieces of Rossini, with an astonishing degree of accuracy and perfection. Presently the door opened, and the young and timid lady made her appearance. By degrees she became less timid, and ended by performing the honours of her house with a charming elegance, and a cordiality so engaging, that Ellen and her husband were surprised and ashamed of their haughty and unjust impression.

The young lawyer now returned from Court and joined with his sweet wife in enlivening the conversation. She, encouraged by the presence of the husband, whom she adored, gave loose to the freedom of her mind, and the full play of her imagination. Her mind was deeply instructed, her taste the most perfect, and all together, proved to the young couple that the lady that launches out in all the rivalry of society, is not often so worthy as the timid and silent one, who, in retirement, can study the ridicule from which she is free, and profits in secret by the passing scenes of life whilst others are the actors. This visit left a deep impression in the heart of Ellen, and she expressed to the young lady assurances of the highest and sincerest esteem and affection, and traced these lines in her book.

"Unknown treasure—rare merit—happy union—and a friendship to cultivate."

The agreeable surprise which they had experienced in this interesting interview, caused them to forget the hour, and they had but little time left to finish their visits.

"It is time," said Charles, "to call upon Mrs. C., residing in — street, who imagines herself endowed with a *bel-esprit*, the light advantage of which charms for a moment, then sinks into indifference."

This lady was one of those (and there are many) who, deprived by nature of beauty, have recourse to an ignorant vivacity of mind as a charm by which to attract attention. Some have minds, treasures indeed, of intelligence and wit—more valuable, more lasting than a fading complexion, and a form that *must* bend with the weight of years. But she was not of these. They arrived at her door, prepared to hear the chronicler of the day relate a thousand follies. But what was their surprise on finding a cool seriousness—a strange negligence of manners, language, and toilet. One might have said, that, despoiled of all the self-deception with which she encircled herself in public, there scarcely remained a remembrance of it; and that fatigued by the efforts which she made there to please, she now lulled herself into a quiet repose, to appear again with more advantage. Negligently reclining on a sofa, holding in one hand a collection of choice anecdotes with which she was stocking her memory, Mrs. C. received their visit with a cold dignity: not even a smile upon her lips, and without one *plaisanterie* in her conversation. She spoke of sentiment, of retirement, and of domestic economy, with a tone so dry, so awkward, that Ellen had to hide, as well as she could, her yawnings, and to take leave as soon as politeness permitted.

"Such," said Charles, "are these professional wits: these pretty talkers, who tell a thousand extravagances, seasoned, as they think, with a few citations thrown in at hazard. Nothing is so seducing in outward appearance; nothing so sorrowful in the interior, as these laughers by profession; and when they can no longer bear the palm in public, they return to a mortified and quiet retirement, a prey to all the ill humour of neglect."

"Ah! well," said Ellen, "I will not expose myself again to the whims of the good lady," and wrote in her book:

"Talents of tinsel—parlour furniture—and an unenviable existence."

"Let us call upon Mr. R.," said Charles, as their carriage turned the corner of — street. "R. has received a place in the customs, and to obtain which for him I was much interested. He supports an aged mother, and a wife and three children."

"Come, then," said Ellen, with much pleasure, "I shall be much surprised if we do not find fruit for some interesting notes, which will well pay me for the trouble of taking them."

They went up by a flight of clean white stairs to the door. At the sound of the bell, a little boy of eight or ten years of age, came to open it, and who led them into a small antechamber, which seemed the dining room, and where two very young ladies were laying the table. A second door opened and Mr. R. entered. At the sight of Charles, he ran and embraced him, saying, "What! dear Charles, how kind you are to allow us the pleasure of knowing your wife. Were you not present at my wedding? Have you not ever proved a true friend—one interested in my happiness?"

"Well, well," answered Charles, "allow me to introduce my wife to you, who is very desirous of obtaining the acquaintance and friendship of

yours. Mrs. R. now entered, her little apron which she had put on, whilst attending to the preparation of dinner, in hand, and tenderly embraced both Ellen and her husband. Her dress was neat and plain,—her manners, without being abrupt, were common,—and becoming the watchful wife and the tender mother. Her fresh and blooming features announced the peaceful and quiet mind,—that domestic happiness, which is so great a charm in married life. She presented to them her two daughters and son, the latter of whom appeared at the door, pushing the chair of his aged and infirm grandmother into the dining-room.

"If you wish to make our happiness for this day perfect," exclaimed R., "partake of our family meal;—we have a fine fish, which Louisa takes pride in preparing."

"I would accept with pleasure," answered Charles, "were we not desirous of continuing our visits."

"It is two o'clock," said R., "every one is at dinner;—and, if you will but favour us with your company, you may rise so soon as you please."

It was impossible to resist so friendly an invitation, thought Ellen, while she read the same feeling in the eyes of her husband. Mrs. R. went to finish the arrangement of the table, and Ellen's eyes ran over the neatness of the room, with a secret promise of cultivating the friendship of one so congenially formed with herself.

"It is my desire," spoke Mr. R., "to seek that happiness and comfort in the bosom of my family,—in my humble home,—which the great world denies, and which is so seldom found in it. How few are blessed with a happy home!—How many seek one in vain, surrounded by every luxury, splendour and show!"

They were seated at the table of their friend, whilst he related the story of his domestic amusements, in which some of the happiest moments of his life were spent. Charles and his friend were delighted with each other, and laughed at the remembrance of their past days. Ellen, seated by the side of Louisa R., could not but feel that, of all her visits, none were so worthy of note as the present. Finally, it getting late, they took their leave;—and Ellen, upon regaining her carriage, traced the following lines:

"Happy mediocrity preferable to opulence,—manners of the golden age;—friends to preserve."

Before returning home, they called upon more of Charles' acquaintances, and Ellen did not once neglect her notes. The fancied superiority of an upstart, just risen to wealth,—the etiquette of the formal,—the grave features of the would-be lettered,—the intolerance of the religious devotee,—struck sensibly her heart, leaving an impression upon it, that this world contains characters so different, that, if we desire their acquaintance, each must be humoured and treated with deference. All the splendid show of opulence which they met with at the houses of the great, did not value, in her opinion, the humble home,—but the happy home of Mr. R. and Louisa.

Returning home, she closed her remarks with the following:

"Hymen is a part of life's journey, in the course of which we must expect to find both flowers and thorns,—smiling meadows and frowning precipices,—and learn to be calm amidst the tempest of the passions. Forget not, young travellers, that the surest means of avoiding its dangers, is to follow the humble path, free from rivalry and ostentation. One unpleasant feeling cherished, often disunites two hearts, which would otherwise have travelled happily together;—and the forgiving disposition—the candid and sincere—smooths the roughest way;—and they arrive at its end, blessing the hour

—"When first they met."

B.

## THE ANTHOLOGIA OF SELECTED POETRY.

### NUMBER IX.

"Collecta revirescunt."

#### PHILLIS'S AGE.

How old may Phillis be, you ask,  
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages;  
To answer is no easy task,  
For she has really two ages.  
Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,  
Her patches, paint and jewels on;  
All day let envy view her face,  
And Phillis is but twenty-one.  
Paint, patches, jewels, laid aside,  
At night, astronomer's agree,  
The evening has the day belied,  
And Phillis is full forty-three.

#### ON FAME.

Say, what is Fame? A brilliant empty shade,  
Like vapours painted by the breath of morn;  
Which chill the mountain's brow (in clouds array'd)  
And starve the head their glitt'ring robes adorn.

Ah! what avails the slowly-moving hearse,  
The shrine that eulogy is wont to raise;  
The splendid tomb, bedeck'd with funeral verse,  
The shout of millions or the peal of praise.

O! what is Fame, enrolled in Glory's page,  
Pursued with vigour, and with ardour sought;  
For which in ev'ry clime and ev'ry age,  
The poet labour'd and the hero fought!

'Tis oft a bubble, that thro' æther flies,  
That sports awhile, evaporates—and dies.

#### A CURE FOR LOVE.

Tie one end of a rope fast over a beam,  
And make a slip noose at the other extreme;  
Then just underneath let a cricket be set,  
On which let the lover most manfully get;

Then over his head let the micket be g<sup>o</sup>t,  
 And under one ear be well settled the knot,  
 The cricket kick'd down let him take a fair swing,  
 And leave all the rest of the work to the string.

## ON SMOKING.

The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,  
 Makes half a sentence at a time enough;  
 The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,  
 Then pause and puff—and speak and pause again;  
 Such often, like the tube they so admire,  
 Important triflers! have more smoke than fire;  
 Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,  
 Unfriendly to society's chief joys.

## ON A HASTY MARRIAGE.

Married! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!  
 But poor 's the joy, no coin possessing.  
 In ancient time when folk did wed,  
 'Twas to be one at board and bed;  
 But hard 's his case who can't afford  
 His charmer either bed or board.

## CHARACTER OF AN OLD BAKE.

Scorn'd by the wise, detested by the good,  
 Nor understanding aught, nor understood;  
 Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous and pert;  
 Proud, without spirit; vain, without desert;  
 Affecting passions vice has long subdued;  
 Desperately gay—and impotently lewd;  
 And as thy weak companions round thee sit,  
 For eminence in folly deemed a wit.

## HEARTY WELCOME.

*Inscribed over a Gentleman's chimney-piece, near  
 Barnsley.*

To my best, my friends are free;  
 Free with that, and free with me;  
 Free to pass the harmless joke,  
 And the tube sedately smoke.

## CHARACTER OF A GOOD MAN.

An easy mien, engaging in address,  
 Looks which, at once, each winning grace expresses;  
 A life, where love and truth are ever join'd,  
 A nature ever great, and ever kind;  
 A wisdom solid, and a judgment clear,  
 The smile indulgent, and a soul sincere;  
 Meek without meanness, gentle and humane,  
 Fond of improving, but yet never vain;  
 So justly good, so faithful to his friend,  
 Ever obliging, cautious to offend;  
 A mind, where gen'rous pity stands confess'd;  
 Ready to ease and succour the distress'd;  
 If these respect and admiration raise,

They surely must demand our greatest praise;  
 In one bright view th' accomplish'd youth we see—  
 These virtues all are thine—and thou art he.

## THE FATE OF BEAUTY.

Would you, ye fair, but think on this,  
 That beauty must decay;  
 That pleasures, and all earthly bliss  
 For ever pass away.

The rose, that in the morning blooms,  
 We liken unto you;  
 Its tints, and date, and rich perfumes,  
 Sure mark the emblem true.

The silver lily, dipt in light,  
 Virtue's bright typic flow'r,  
 Fragrant at morn, lies cropt at night  
 By Fancy's wanton pow'r.

A shadow, smoke, a breath, we say,  
 Are much like beauty's date;  
 As transient as the vernal ray  
 Is all frail woman's fate.

## THE GIPSEY.

In the Autumn of the year 1785, as the sun by its lengthening shadows marked the close of day, two persons were observed pursuing their weary way in Dove Dale, at some distance from Ashbourn.

They were both women, and of the wandering tribe of gipsies; by their appearance, they seemed to be mother and daughter, as one of them was somewhat advanced in years, whilst the other could scarce have reckoned seventeen summers to have passed away. The elder of the two bore all the distinguishing marks of her tribe, a deep swarthy complexion, with hair and eyes of the blackest shade, whilst the youngest had much more the air of being sun-burnt by constant exposure, than the hereditary look of her mother; her hair was not of the same raven black, but of the darkest brown, and her eyes of hazel: a chequered handkerchief, of which red was the predominating colour, was tied round the face, the knot beneath the chin being fastened with some pretensions to neatness; her height was scarcely above the middle stature, and the pure natural symmetry of her form needed no aid to show it off to the greatest advantage. A gown of dark stuff, made to fit exactly to the figure, and a short cloak, worn in common with the tribe, were alone distinguishable from the mother's by their tasty arrangement.

They had been pursuing their course for some time in silence, the elder leading the way, and the younger following, with much appearance of fatigue, until a sudden turn brought them to a wide expansive view of the country. The mother looked around for a moment, as if in search of some object;—but after a short time she ascended an acclivity,—and her daughter, who still continued to follow, threw herself tired and listlessly on the ground at her feet.

The keen glances of the mother swept along the view, until they became fixed upon some object, and her quick breathings showed it was not without emotion she looked upon the spot. Her gaze was so long in the same direction, that the daughter, too, looked up, but could perceive nothing but a gentleman's mansion, elegant in truth, but not sufficient to call forth remark from a foot-sore wanderer.

"What is there, mother, that should so fix your attention on yonder house?"

"Much! much! for to me it speaks of days gone by; and the dark spirit of evil reminds me of times of sorrow, when I look upon it."

"And yet, mother, many years have passed since you have looked upon it;—for, in all our wanderings, we have not rested here."

"Never! that thy young remembrance can call to mind, but to me it seems as it were but yesterday. Look, Naomi, and see how proud it stands, how beautiful is all around, and bethink thee of the vast wealth of him that owns it, for he is great, and rich, and powerful."

"Ah! mother, he must, indeed, be happy, and little heeds what it is to be tired and weary! Why is it Jabeth tarries so long with the tents?—for I am worn with fatigue."

"Did'st say happy, child—happy! No, no! he cannot know what happiness is,—there is a cankering sorrow at his heart, night and day; it must be before him when he wakes, and his sleep be troubled with his grief;—he is proud, and would hide his feelings from the world;—but can be shut out from himself the hideous, uncertain thought, that must drive him almost to madness?"

"Then, mother, I do not envy him with all his wealth;—and, tired and weary, I am happier, without aught to make me sad, than if I had the cares that riches bring."

"But it is not that wealth and power make him unhappy,—he had those, and yet tasted happiness in its purest state;—but a dark cloud came across him, and all was desolation: his riches, had they been ten times told, could not purchase back what he has lost."

"And has he no companion to assuage his grief?"

"Such as a wife may be, whose sorrow is even greater than his own;—for she, like a woman, cannot hide her feelings from the world,—but, as a flower crushed suddenly to the earth by some rude weight, she lives, but cannot regain her former state."

"And is her grief from the same cause?"

"The same blow struck them together."

"Alas! I pity them."

"Pity them!—for the woman I may at times feel, knowing from sad experience what she must suffer; but for him, I can curse him—vent all my maledictions against him."

"Mother, why should you be thus angered with him?"

"Deep and loud shall my curses still be against you, proud Luke Bradley."

"Bradley!"

"Aye, for that is his detested name."

"Bradley! mother;—why is it that name sounds to me as one I have heard before?"

"It may be some place we have cast our tents against, and you recall it to your mind."

"No, mother, it is not so—for it seems to me a confused idea of something I cannot well remember; the sound is familiar, and yet I know not when or how I heard it."

"Thou hast dreamt perhaps of something, and the name perchance is thus fixed on your remembrance."

"Well, mother, it does seem as if it were a dream; and yet it cannot be, for I almost think I do remember!"

"Do not tell me your dreams,—I am in no humour to listen to them now."

"Nay, it is not a dream, for I do think that I remember me that with the name I can recall something of!"

"Naomi, cease this idle nonsense, and look if you see Jabeth with the tents, for we shall rest here."

"I see him in the distance;—what can make him loiter thus?"

"I know not; but tell me, mother, more of this Luke Bradley, for I know not why, yet I feel I could listen to you for hours, if you would speak about him. What is the cause of his grief?"

"I know not—I have told you all I know."

"But you said, the same sorrow affected his poor wife—tell me then of her."

"I know nothing of either of them. I told you but what report told me."

"But why curse him?"

"He has been a bitter enemy to our race, and for that I do and ever shall curse him."

"But there are many that have been thus bitter against us, and you have not cursed them as you have done this Luke Bradley."

"Naomi, my child, your questions weary me, for I am tired like yourself, and would rest awhile."

Naomi forbore to press her mother further; but, as she continued to recline on the ground, she leaned her head upon her hand, and remained gazing intently on the mansion; it was like many she had seen in her wanderings, and from the doors of which she had been rudely thrust, with either an ill-timed jest, or an angry threat; there was nothing in it that should fix her attention, and yet she felt a pleasure in looking at it;—in vain did she endeavour to remember when or how she had heard this name of Bradley, for she could find no clue to it, and she briefly ran over in her mind the history of her life; but in this there was little to remark: it was one course of wanderings from place to place, and few eventful circumstances; she had been treated by her mother and Jabeth with the greatest kindness, and brought up with more than the usual care bestowed upon children of their race. That Jabeth was not her father, she knew, since he had been with her mother after their fashion, only within her remembrance, and her father had died when she was a child, and she remembered him not.

Her mother, except at the general meetings of the tribe, was little with those of her kind;—she wandered with Jabeth and herself, and seemed to avoid encamping with any others she met in her way; there were times when she was much oppressed with grief for some loss sustained in early life, and when the dark spirit was on her, she seemed to avoid even the pre-



sence of her child, whom she, however, always treated in the fondest manner. It occurred to Naomi, that once when she had lain awake, unable to sleep, her mother had risen from the tent, and gone forth into the open air, much troubled in spirit, and she seemed wailing for her loss; after a pause of a few minutes, her complainings were changed to deep maledictions, and she was convinced that her mother had more than once mentioned the name of Bradley. Of this she had thought but little at the time, but now it was recalled with all the freshness of yesterday. Who, or what, could this Bradley be, or how had he injured her? She could remember, that on the night she had first heard the name spoken by her mother, it sounded familiar to her, but could think of no reason why it should be so; and even now was there the same indistinctness.

She saw that any further questions to her mother would only make her angry, as her recollection of the spot had worked upon her feelings, and she would remain for some time in one of her wild moods. Neither Naomi nor her mother exchanged a word until the arrival of Jabeth, when the tents were fixed, a hasty meal prepared, and eaten in silence, save a few words spoken by Jabeth and Naomi. Thamar arranged the small tent occupied by her daughter, and retired to her own, without breaking the silence, and Naomi soon forgot in a deep sleep the conjectures she had been so busied about.

On the following morning Naomi accompanied her mother, as she took her course beside the Dove, down the vale; she had not asked her whither they were going, since she knew it could not be far distant, as the tents were to remain where they had been placed for some days. Thamar spoke not, for she had scarce done so during the morning, and Naomi followed in silence, the beauty of the scene, in some degree, attracting her attention,—for it was, indeed, a lovely spot,—but to her mother it seemed not so, for she scarce looked upon it; and, if she did, it was with an air of sorrow. After some time they left the river, beside which they had been hitherto pursuing their way, and turning to the left, stopt before a mansion, which Naomi thought was the one she had seen in the distance;—the gate was open, as intruders were rarely found in that remote spot, and they entered;—before them was a beautiful lawn which fronted the house, and on which a gentleman and lady were walking, amusing themselves with the gambols of a couple of spaniels playing together on the grass.

The age of the gentleman might be about forty-five, and despite an air of melancholy that was stamped upon his features, he was still a handsome man; his wife was some years younger, and bore the appearance of one who had been really beautiful; but sorrow had evidently done much to weigh her down; it seemed as if a saddened expression was on her features, which time had made habitual. Once or twice she smiled, as the animals sported around her,—but it was faintly, and as if the heart had not responded.

The gentleman, happening to look towards the gate, perceived Thamar and her daughter, who had entered; at the sight of them, his

anger seemed suddenly roused,—for, turning furiously towards them, he said,

"What vile hags have we here?"

"They are gipsies Luke, doubtless come to beg."

"Lady," said Thamar, "I came not to beg."

"Then to steal," said the gentleman.

"I came not to steal," again replied Thamar.

"Ye had best be gone, ye and your cursed tribe, or I will have you set in the stocks, to brood over your wickedness."

"Nay, Luke, be not harsh with them;—hear at least what they have to say."

"Lady, I thank you for your kind word, though I did not much heed his angry threat."

"Speak, woman, at once, and say what you want, since you come not to beg or steal."

"Luke Bradley, I come humbly to pray you to listen to me!"

"Well, well!"

"Will you give me back my poor boy?"

"Your boy!—what boy does the woman mean?"

"The child you took from me, now fifteen years ago; oh! give him to me again."

"I know not what you mean."

"The child your cruel laws took from me, and forced far, far away, where I could not follow him."

"Your child robbed me, and was justly punished."

"'T is false,—he never robbed you,—he was innocent; oh, Luke Bradley, give him to me again, let me see him once more, for now he must be grown to manhood, and he was like to me as child could be; oh, if you but knew what it is to yearn for a child you have not seen for years, and know not what may be its fate, you could not have it in your heart to refuse me."

Mrs. Bradley buried her face in her hands, and turned away;—the recollection of something painfully recurring to her. Her husband seemed moved,—for he answered, in a husky voice,

"Woman, woman, I have not your child."

"But you took him from me,—and that which ye have taken, ye can give back."

"Oh, Luke, let the woman have her child, for she must deeply feel its loss."

"Mary, if it were in my power, she should not ask in vain."

"Oh! Man, man, you can give him to me, if you would; why could not his tender years save him from your ruthless laws!—for he was scarcely more than eight years old, and barely knew right from wrong; he was not a fit subject for vengeance, even had he done what you alleged against him, and which I swear he did not."

"The case was clear against him, but I thought not his sentence would have been so severe."

"What matters your thoughts when they were too late; you should have stayed your hand, and forborne to press against one so young. Did you not think of the mother's anguish, when you tore from her her child? No, you knew not—you cared not, for her feelings, for she was a despised thing, an outcast, a houseless wanderer; and yet she loved her child more than those of gentler blood, for she had borne and watched it amidst sufferings and sorrow ye

dreamt not of; it was to her a daily, hourly solace; and, oh! how fondly she did look at it in its growth, and think how like it was to herself, the same stamp of countenance and complexion, the same raven-hair, the same dark eyes, all, all her very counterpart, and yet you tore him from her arms, sent him far away, and, from that time, she has not looked upon him again. In that hour, Luke Bradley, I prayed to curse you—to wither up your heart's glad feelings—and to place grief and sorrow in their stead.—It has come to pass. Now, if you will give me back my boy, I will pray again: my prayer may be listened to—you may forget your sorrow, and be happy again. Luke Bradley, will you give me back my boy?"

"Woman, woman, I am troubled for you; and, were it in my power, would do as you wish!"

"It is in your power —."

"Would it were so, you should not suffer longer."

"Tell me, my good woman," said Mrs. Bradley, "is that your child?"

"She is!"

"I have looked long at her, and yet she bears no traces of thine."

"Then, she is like her father."

"How know I that?"

"Because you have my word for it, which is all you ever can have."

"Woman, I grieve to see one like her brought up in thy wild way of life; I feel for her an interest; why, I know not—but still I do feel drawn towards her, and if you will consent that she shall stay with me, she shall be cared for, as kindly even as you could wish."

"Why should I part with my child?"

"You shall have money!"

"Can gold wipe out the ties of flesh and blood!—or do you think, because you are rich and powerful, you can buy the affections of a mother for her child?"

"Have you no wish to see her well placed in the world, beyond the chance of want?"

"She is happy as she is, and covets not more."

"Tell me, girl, would you stay with me?"

"My mother has been ever kind to me."

"And so will I."

"But not as a mother."

"Yes, all a mother can be."

"Lady, there is a tie that links us in our wild way of life ye know not of; it is more than the affection ye bear towards your children, because —."

"Girl! I have no children."

"Then, Lady, you know not what a mother feels for her child."

"Oh! that I had never known it;—and I might have been spared long years of suffering."

"I am sorry, Lady, your child is dead, for you speak kindly, and I think must have grieved much at its death."

"Alas! alas! she did not die!"

"And yet you mourn for her, Lady."

"Oh, my poor Jane! you were the sweetest child that ever a mother's eyes looked upon; and now, oh! heavens, what may be your lot! I cannot bear the thought."

"Lady," said Thamar, "since you feel thus

for the loss of your child, think with pity upon me; plead for me with your husband to give me back my poor boy, and I will pray, after our form, that your child may be restored to you. Lady, there may be more in my beseechings than in thine—you may again be happy; plead for me, Lady—plead for me!"

"Woman, I will do all for you I can."

"Then, Lady, I will bless you."

"You will not leave your child with me."

"She is all that calls me mother."

"Think of what you refuse."

"Think, Lady, of my lonely wanderings without her I love. How sad all things will be to me, wanting her I have so long cherished!—what a blank life will then be to me!"

"But you can remain near her;—you shall want for nothing."

"Lady, the wide world is my home, and the shelter of a house suits me not; we have our habits, as you have yours; and we cannot break from them, and assume others, more than you can reconcile yourself to ours;—it cannot be. Come, Naomi, let us to our tents, for Jabeth awaits us; Lady, we shall soon meet again, and the time may come that I shall speak to thee more of what you would wish to hear—I shall not forget you meant me kindly."

Naomi and her mother turned away, and slowly took the road towards their encampment, Thamar resuming her former silence, which was not broken till they arrived at the tents.

Thamar had caused much wonder to her daughter, by pleading to Bradley for her son; it was the first time Naomi had ever heard there had been another of her race who called Thamar mother, and she now found some clue, though an imperfect one, to the bitter hatred borne towards the name of Bradley; but, whilst she could, in some degree, perceive the reason of her mother's feelings, there was much she could not understand, nor could she imagine why she had thus been kept in ignorance of circumstances so nearly relating to herself.

The cause of Thamar's bitter hatred has been partly explained, but it will be better understood by a brief sketch of the object of her hostility.

Mr. Bradley was a gentleman of great wealth, living near Ashbourn, in Derbyshire, and the mansion in which he resided had passed from father to son for many generations: they were looked upon as one of the oldest families in the county, in addition to their possessing considerable influence from the immense landed property which they had been constantly increasing. The present possessor of the family property had married early in life, adding to his vast wealth by so doing. He had the character of being somewhat proud and stern, arising, perhaps, from the early indulgence of one born to share so largely in the world's favours, but this was not apparent save to those who knew him but little, since it soon wore off by intimacy. He was devotedly attached to his wife, who returned his affection to the utmost, and life seemed to promise all that happiness could bestow.

Mr. Bradley had hoped that his eldest child should prove a son, but it was willed otherwise, it was a girl: though this was some disappoint-

ment to his hopes, he loved it with all the affection a father could feel for his first and only child, and watched it with the same anxious solicitude as its mother; it was a sure passport to his good graces for any one to remark how like the child was to him, for in truth it did give early tokens of future resemblance. At times he might regret for a moment that it had not been a boy, but this soon passed away, and he forgot in the infant playfulness of his pretty Jane that he had ever wished it other than it was. When the child was about two years old, it chanced that some gipsies had fixed their encampment in Dove Dale, not far from the residence of Mr. Bradley; for a time they were harmless enough, and allowed to remain in peace, but this soon wore away, and the farmers began to complain loudly of the loss of poultry and other trifles about the farm-yards, which were believed to find their way into the iron kettles of the wanderers, and whose absence therefore was considered as very desirable. The gentry, too, began to find fault, in concert with their tenants, as they missed sundry articles in the shape of plate, and things of value that were portable, yet so cleverly was it managed, that the delinquent always contrived to evade detection, until one unlucky rascal of a boy was found trotting towards the tents with something beneath his jacket which he strove to conceal, and on being searched part of the contents of Mr. Bradley's plate chest was found upon him.

As this was the only one they were enabled to catch under any suspicious circumstances, it was determined to make him an example to the rest: in vain the mother besought Mr. Bradley to spare her child and not appear against him, but he replied that the nuisance had become so great that some one must be punished. The mother replied that her child had been the dupe of some older party, and was too young to know the consequence of an act which she was even sure he had not committed, though it might seem against him.

The boy, however, was tried, Mr. Bradley appearing against him, and sentenced to be transported for life, a private intimation being at the time conveyed to Mr. Bradley, that in consequence of his tender years the sentence would not be rigorously enforced, but he would be separated from his tribe, taught some honest trade, and if his conduct merited it at a future day, receive a pardon.

The mother considered Mr. Bradley as the author of her misery, and vowed the most bitter vengeance against him, which, however, was little heeded. The gipsies almost immediately afterwards removed from the neighbourhood, and nothing further was heard of them.

The circumstance was altogether forgotten, for in fact it had been scarcely thought of, save by the mother, and the farmers again felt that their poultry yards were safe from the intruders.

Mrs. Bradley was one summer's day, shortly after this, playing with her child on the lawn before the house, looking at it with a mother's fondness, as it tumbled upon the grass, when her attention was called to something taking place in the house, and she left the child for a few minutes to itself. On her return to the lawn,

which was almost immediately, to her great surprise, the little girl was no where to be seen; she thought, at first, it might have strayed into the plantations, and these she examined in the most rigid manner; but without finding the object of her search, and despite the persevering and almost unceasing efforts that were made to discover whither it could have wandered, no clue could be found to afford the least hope.

Rewards were offered by the distracted parents to those who could give any information that might lead to its discovery, but in vain, for no one came to claim them, and all the endeavours of the servants and neighbours, persevered in for many days, were fruitless, for the child was never found.

Neither Mr. Bradley, nor his wife from that time ever regained their usual state of mind, they had no other children to reconcile them to their loss, and were ever recurring to their "pretty Jane," thinking whether it were dead or living, and, if alive, what might be its fate. The cause, or means of its disappearance remained altogether a mystery. Mr. Bradley, in addition to his grief, at finding himself childless, saw, with sorrow, that his wife was ever accusing herself for the loss of her child, and but for her negligence, it might still have been with her. It was in vain he strove to console her, and showed that she was not to blame; it preyed daily and hourly on her spirits, and though she felt his kindness in framing excuses, she could not forgive herself.

Mrs. Bradley had been much moved by Thamar's earnest supplication for her son to be restored to her, since it forcibly recalled the loss of her own child, and she felt for her as a mother, promising that if aught could be done, she would assist her. Her husband, in compliance with her wish, wrote to the Secretary of State, who did not long allow a person of Mr. Bradley's influence in the county to remain without an answer; he informed him that the last returns had stated that the boy (now grown to manhood) was going on well, and had been taught a trade which he might, if he wished, follow with advantage; and since Mr. Bradley had interested himself in his behalf, the Secretary had inclosed his pardon, and orders had been sent out to furnish him a passage home.

Thamar had remained for some days in Dove Dale, where they had fixed their tents, loth to leave, and yet scarce knowing why she stopt: there were associations connected with the spot which though they reminded her of the cause of her unhappiness, yet recalled to her moments when she had been happy. The country around seemed familiar to her, and she felt more contented than she had been for years; perhaps, too, there was a lingering hope that something might be done by Bradley to restore her son, and this idea, which she could not divest herself of, kept her from removing.

It might have been a fortnight they had remained thus in the Dale, though each day passed so like to one another, that time was scarcely marked, when Thamar, who was busied without the tent, observed a carriage stop at some short distance from the spot where she was—a lady descended, and seemed coming towards them; as she looked more intently she thought

she could recognize the figure of Mrs. Bradley, and a few minutes confirmed her suspicions.

As Mrs. Bradley approached, Thamar strove to think what could be the object of her visit, since she was assured it was to herself, and she, felt convinced in her own mind that she was come to renew her offers to take Naomi under her protection, and she as quickly determined to refuse her.

"Woman," said Mrs. Bradley, "you have not been lately to us: I had thought to see you again."

"What should I seek? I would not beg, no, nor steal from you—what cause had I then to go amongst you?"

"You would have found kindness from us."

"Kindness from Luke Bradley?"

"Yes, woman," said Mrs. Bradley, somewhat sternly, "from my husband you might have found it."

"But not towards myself, and yet, for the sake of others, perhaps, I might—it is but little, however, I have to expect from him."

"The temper of your mind causes you to see things with an ill-favoured aspect."

"Lady, it may be so—he took from me what, as a mother, I prized more than all the world. I besought—I prayed to him to spare my child, to think of its tender years—all, all that a mother could say I did; and he would not listen to me; my boy was torn from me—and from that hour to this I have not looked upon him again; and yet, Lady, you think I should expect kindness from Luke Bradley—to you he may be good and kind: I cannot gainsay it; but towards a poor wretched being like myself, the sight of whom is loathsome to him, what is there to expect? You have seen life only on its brightest side, and know not what such as I have to bear; our feelings are as quick and as keen as yours, but there are none to heed them, and we must suffer in silence where we are wronged."

"Woman, your opinions are at variance with the world; the difference of right and wrong is not properly considered by you, and when you suffer for want of its due observance, you blame those against whom you have raised your hands."

"Lady, my boy was innocent."

"I hope he was so."

"Indeed, indeed, he was."

"It is of little use now to consider whether or not he was so, the law deemed him otherwise, and he suffered perhaps, as you say innocently. My husband, unkind as he may have appeared to you, thought his sentence far too severe, and has applied for, and obtained his pardon—here it is."

"His pardon, Lady! do I hear you rightly, and shall I see my boy again—my own dear Nemah: methinks I see him now, dark and beautiful beyond all his race, his long black hair falling around, his wild eyes, his form light and active: oh! what must he have grown to as a man? Lady, Lady, I have not felt as I do now for many a long year; may He that you look to in your hour of need never refuse to listen to your entreaties."

"You will also find that orders have been sent to give him a passage home."

"Lady, it is to you I owe all this; I cannot

say how deeply I feel what you have done for me; and this will set him free again; what does it say? for to me it is all a blank, I cannot tell the meaning of these characters: Lady, I beseech you, read them to me, that I may hear what they say."

Mrs. Bradley opened the paper and read the contents, whilst Thamar listened with the deepest attention.

"And he is free to wander with me once more; to be my companion, my own Nemah. Oh, Lady! I had never thought to be so happy: my dear, dear child, we shall meet again; but Lady, you seem in sorrow, your eyes are filled with tears."

"It is the thought of something your words have brought to my recollection."

"And you are truly sad."

"It will pass away."

"Lady, I feel for you, for something seems to weigh very heavy on your mind."

"There is, indeed, a heavy sorrow on my mind."

"And is there nothing, Lady, could assuage this grief?"

"Alas! I fear me not; but, woman, question me no further, for there is a sadness on my spirits that will not let me dwell upon its cause."

Thamar passed her hand across her brow, and seemed for a few moments much agitated, once or twice her lips moved as about to speak, but she checked herself.

"What is it, woman, moves you thus?" said Mrs. Bradley.

"Lady, there is a conflict of feelings within my breast urging me different ways. I would do what is right, but there is something clinging round my heart that will not let me—a moment and I shall be myself again—the struggle for mastery will be over. Naomi," she said placing her hand upon her forehead, and gazing intently in her face, "let me look upon these features; you have not my wild eye—nor raven hair—nor dark complexion; nor aught that doth resemble me, and yet do I love you as though you were my very image."

"Mother, you have ever been to me all that kindness could be."

"Yes, Naomi, our wanderings have been together, our resting place ever the same—our joys, our grief—no, not that, for you have not yet known sorrow, and may you never do so; but in all else, we have shared together what the world brought forth, and never have you looked to the future in hopes of better days."

"Mother, what could I look for; there is nothing I have desired."

"Oh! Naomi, I have loved you but too well; nay, look not so, for I am not in anger. You know I never spoke unkindly to you, and would not do so now."

"Nay, mother, I am sure you would not."

"Jabeth, put together the tents that we may leave this spot, our course now lies far away."

"Woman, before you go I would have you listen to me."

"Lady, I know what you would say."

"And you will not consent?"

"Let me reflect awhile—I owe you much, and would repay your kindness, but you know not what it costs me."

"You shall have whatever you desire; all that wealth can purchase."

"Your kindness has done what all your riches never could—nay, had your wealth been ten times greater even than it is, it would have been the same to me, for poor as I am you could not have purchased my affection; but you have found the only way to move me: listen, and with patience, for you will need it."

Thamar paused awhile, as if in hesitation, looking at the same time with much fondness on Naomi. After a few moments she turned towards Mrs. Bradley.

"When my poor boy was taken from me, I looked to your husband as the cause of all my sorrow. I was childless, for he had taken from me my only child, and, Lady, you know not in our wild life what are our affections, nor how I mourned my loss. Deep and bitter vengeance did I vow against him, and all belonging to him, and many a sleepless night did I pass, thinking how one so humble as myself could strike a blow that should be felt. I had remarked, that in your arms you bore a child, on whom you looked with all a mother's fondness for her first-born. I saw you press it to your lips as it stretched out its little arms towards you, and I perceived how anxiously its father watched as it played about, fearful, at each moment, lest it should fall. I saw how he loved it, even as I had done my own poor boy, and then I knew he was in my power. My tribe had left, seeking a far distant scene; but I went not with them. I lurked about the grounds in your neighbourhood avoiding the sight of all, and watching for my opportunity. It came at last. I saw the child one day playing on the lawn, its mother had left it for a moment, and none were near to watch it. I sprang from my concealment, seized it in my arms, and flew, rather than ran, with my prize. I knew the bye-ways and paths about, and before night, was many miles away. Lady, I know not how it was, but I thought I should have hated that child, even as I had done its father; and yet I grew to love it almost as I had done my own. I watched and cherished it with as much kindness as its mother could have done, for its sake I forsook my tribe, since I would not that it should be amongst those who had ruined my poor boy, and I have wandered with none, save Jabeth from that time.

"And the girl!" exclaimed, Mrs. Bradley, in a frantic manner, "does it live?"

"It does."

"Tell me, woman, in Heaven's name, I beseech you, what have you done with it?"

"Lady, she stands before you: did not your heart tell you so?"

"It did, it did!" said Mrs. Bradley, pressing her daughter to her bosom. "I felt drawn towards you from the first moment we met: and are you thus restored to me, my own dear Jane, after so many sad years have past? and now I look, there are your father's features, for you ever promised to be like him."

"Lady, said I not she was like her father?"

"You did—and she is beautiful," said Mrs. Bradley, as her eye beamed with proud satisfaction.

"I know not if you wish them," said Thamar, "but here are the clothes she wore when I took

her from you, I have kept them ever since: you may remember them; and now, lady, we part for ever."

"No, no! do not go, stay with us; you and your son shall be placed far beyond the reach of want, so you will remain: your time shall be passed as you like; you shall not be controlled, but do not leave us."

"Lady, I say again, the wide world is my home, and I must wander as I have ever done. My habits and customs forbid me to do otherwise; you, lady, may be happy now you have found your daughter, and may you love her as I have done. Naomi, let me press you to my heart, it is the last time I ever shall do so, for in time you will forget me?"

"No, Thamar, that time will never come!"

"And you will think of me sometimes."

"Oh! Thamar, do not leave us, let me join my mother in her entreaties that you will stay with us!"

"Naomi, it is the only thing I ever did refuse you, and it is the last. Fare thee well, my sweet girl, and may you never know the sorrows of the world. Come, Jabeth, let us onward, our resting place is far away. Come, come;" and she turned away to hide her emotion, which the altered tones of her voice had almost betrayed; they descended from the rising ground on which the tents had been fixed, and as the winding path was about to hide them from the sight of Mrs. Bradley and her daughter, Thamar turned once more toward them, and waving her hands as if to say farewell, followed the path, and was lost to their view.

Jane Bradley remained gazing on the spot where she had last seen Thamar for some minutes. "Thamar!" she exclaimed, "Thamar!" and, hiding her face in her mother's bosom, gave free vent to her feelings.

"Weep not, my child," said Mrs. Bradley, "for though you have lost one, who has been ever kind to you, there are those will love and cherish you with all the affection a parent can feel! Think of the bright prospect that is opening to you, and though you may not forget the past, you will soon learn to remember it but as dream of youth."

To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience,—this is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp to be satisfied with its *own* acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.

Relations take the greatest liberties, and give the least assistance. If a stranger cannot help us with his purse, he will not insult us with his comments; but with relations, it mostly happens, that they are the veriest misers with regard to their property, but perfect prodigals in the article of advice.

Sensibility would be a good portress, if she had but one hand: with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.

From the Girl's Own Book.



### CALISTHENICS.

THIS hard name is given to a gentler sort of gymnastics, suited to girls. The exercises have been very generally introduced into the schools in England, and are getting into favour in this country. Many people think them dangerous, because they confound them with the ruder and more daring gymnastics of boys; but such exercises are selected as are free from danger; and it is believed that they tend to produce vigorous muscles, graceful motion, and symmetry of form.

#### *Circular Movement of the Arms.*

FIG. 1. In this exercise, one arm, at first hanging by the side, is moved backward; it then passes up by the ear, and is brought down in front. The hand, which is kept folded, thus describes a circle from the shoulder.

This is first to be done with one arm, then

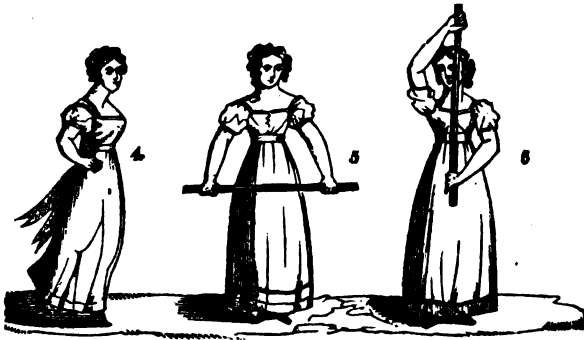
with the other, and lastly, with both together—slowly, steadily, and swiftly.

#### *Pointing to the Ground.*

FIG. 2. The hands are first raised above the head, and then decline forward, the body bending, and the performer points the hands as low towards the ground as possible, but without bending the legs.

#### *The Spectre March.*

FIG. 3. The hands are to be placed on the hips, the thumbs turned back, and the performers, raising themselves on their toes, are then to move forward by a rapid succession of very small springs, keeping the whole frame as erect as possible.



#### *The Dancing Step.*

FIG. 4. The hands should be placed as above. A small hop is then to be made on the toes, with one foot, the other stepping forward and repeating the hop; and the performer thus moves forward, by a step and a hop, with each foot alternately.

#### *Exercises with the Wand.*

The wand for this purpose should be light and smooth, but not of a nature to bend. It is first to be taken hold of near the extremities, by each hand, with the knuckles outward, as shewn in fig. 5: then raised to the perpendicular position of fig. 6, the right hand being uppermost. The left then takes its place; this should be performed rapidly for some time.



From the position *fig. 6*, the wand is to be raised above the head, as shewn in *fig. 7*; it is then to be passed behind, as in *fig. 8*, and final-

ly returned into the first position of the wand, by a reverse progress of the arms, as in *fig. 9*.



The wand is to be held as before, except that the knuckles are turned behind; it is then (see *fig. 10*) to be raised parallel with the shoulders, each hand being turned alternately inward, so that the end of the wand passes between the fore arm and the shoulder.

It is then to be lifted above the head, as in *fig. 11*, and brought down behind, as at *fig. 12*. It is finally returned to the position *fig. 9*. These exercises should be repeated many times, till the pupil is very expert and rapid.

## 'TIS FANCY'S SKETCH.

BY MISS C. GOOCH.

O woe to my heart! when in luckless hour,  
I defied and scoffed at the Boy God's power,  
I mocked at the victims that bore his chain,  
And called their vassalage idle and vain,  
Declared that my heart was a charmed spot,  
Where love's poisoned arrow could enter not.  
The God heard my boastings and irefully vowed  
That yet to his altar my heart should be bowed,  
And that still more full his revenge should be,  
I should love one fondly that loved not me.  
Thus vowed the God and sooth vowed he,  
For where is feeling there love will be.  
But, the lip wears the same bright smile of old,  
The step is as light and the glance as cold,  
And the laugh is heard instead of the sigh,  
Oh! Cupid, where—where is thy victory?  
The God smiled in scorn, as with deadly art,  
To his bow he fitted a poisoned dart:  
Aye look at yon apple, how wholesome and fair,  
But cut to the core and the worm is there:  
So a smile decks the lips that fain would rave,  
Like sunshine gilding a new-made grave;  
And the laugh is heard instead of the sigh,  
Because pride is mightier there than I.

## THE BRIGAND'S CHILD:

AN ADVENTURE IN THE APENNINES.

I WAS journeying among some of the rugged and romantic scenery of Italy, when my guide suddenly stopped, and by his amazed looks plainly indicated the presence of danger. It was past mid-day, and we were impatient to reach our destination ere nightfall. I had scarcely asked the postillions what had occasioned the stoppage, when a bullet whizzed past us, and looking in the direction whence it came, I saw a half-dozen or more fierce-looking fellows with presented rifles, taking aim at us. Perceiving death to be so near, and desirous of averting it, I signified to the brigands my perfect readiness to give up all that I possessed, and only required the preservation of our lives. My words had the effect of arresting the brigands' purpose, and they came down from their position, informing us, however, that we must accompany them to their commander, who had solemnly sworn to kill every Englishman that fell into his power, in order to revenge the death of his brother, who had fallen in an action with a party of Englishmen some days before. This was not pleasant intelligence; my life seemed only spared for a moment, for the brigands assured me that their



chief was implacable, and my guide had previously entertained me with some narratives of the ferocity of Michael Barossini, the recollection of which served to corroborate the testimony of the robbers. I afterwards learned that this savage chief had ordered his men to bring every Englishman they found on the road before him, that he might have the luxury of putting them to death himself, and that two days before he had sacrificed a fellow-countryman of mine to his revenge. I was blindfolded, and conducted through glades and ravines for some considerable time, and when the handkerchief was taken from my eyes, I found myself in the presence of the dreaded brigand, Michael Barossini. He was a man of herculean proportions, with large dark eyes, and matted locks, thickly falling over his sun burnt cheeks. He eyed me with savage ferocity, but there was still something noble in his appearance which led me to expect that my appeal to his mercy would not be ineffectual. But the death of his brother was too young in his memory, and all my words were of no avail. "The Englishman's blood must be shed," he cried, "to satisfy my murdered brother."

Entreaties were of no avail; he was firm and resolute, and having given me a few moments for preparation, he turned away to fondle his child, a boy of about three years old, who came running towards him. I thought it strange that after deciding upon such an atrocious act, and with the expectation of slaughtering a fellow-creature in his mind, he could caress his child, and display so much of human emotion. At length, putting the little boy from him, he turned savagely towards me, and ordered his men to conduct me to the place of execution.

This was the brink of a precipice which it was fearful to look down from. "Gracious Heaven!" I cried, "you are not going to dash me down this precipice." "Not alive," growled one of the banditti: "you will fall down when the Captain has nicked you, and spare us the trouble." The few moments that ensued was solemn and awful. I stood upon the brink of eternity; the savage herculean brigand was preparing his rifle for the death shot, and the brigands were gathering around him anxious for the horrid sight that was to ensue. At length, every thing was ready; Michael Barossini took up his position, and ordered his men to stand away from him; the rifle was uplifted, and the savage eyes of the brigand were taking aim at my heart; at that moment the brigand's child, who had no knowledge of the dreadful proceedings that were going on, came dancing up towards me. A thought struck me that this child might be made the instrument of my preservation. I darted forward, snatched the boy in my arms, and then cried out to the brigand to fire!

The rifle fell from Barossini's hand, and he was coming towards me as if for the purpose of tearing the child from my breast. But I drew towards the precipice and holding the boy stretched over it, I demanded my life as the condition of the safety of the boy.

Barossini stung to the quick, seized upon his rifle, and was presenting it again, when his wife rushed upon him, held his arm, and besought him to save her child.

The scene was solemn and striking. The natural feelings of the man were combatting with the savage ferocity of the brigand. Barossini remained with his eyes fixed upon me, and his child, who still remained suspended over the precipice, and crying aloud for his father to save him. The mother hung upon the brigand's arm, and endeavoured to move him from his purpose. Nature triumphed, and he cried, "Give me my child, and go."

"And what security shall I have for my safety?" I enquired.

"The brigand's honour," was Barossini's reply.

Seeing that I hesitated, he continued, "You do not know me. You have not heard of Michael Barossini, or you would have known that, brigand though he be, his word has never yet been broken. But here, stranger," he continued, throwing a dagger towards me, "take that and the boy with you, till my men shall have placed you in safety."

The nobleness of this action was in striking contrast with his previous conduct. I took the dagger, and gave my honour that the boy should be returned in safety. "I expect it," Barossini replied, "so long as the boy is safe, you are safe also." He looked at the boy as if wishing to embrace him, but evidently thinking that the action might make me suspicious, he mastered his feelings. But the mother could not assume such heroism. She saw the boy in my one hand, while the other held the brigand's dagger, and she came towards me beseeching me that I would permit her to kiss her child!

The look, the tone, the action of the woman were all so touching, that whatever little heroism I may have possessed forsook me, and placing the trembling boy in his mother's arms, I cried, "Barossini, I will not take away your child!" The brigand's features relaxed not: but after regarding me for some seconds, he remarked: "You shall not lose any thing, Englishman, by your humanity and your respect for the feelings of the mother of my child:" and then turning towards his men he gave them some directions, and as they departed, he entreated me to remain with him a few moments. "I am glad to see you have so much confidence in an enemy," he said. "You have won my admiration. For your sake I make peace with all your countrymen." The brigands now returned, and Barossini informed me that they were ready to conduct me to the road, and that they should attend me so far as there might be the least danger of falling in with the brigands of his party. I thanked him, and asked one favour, that he would return some miniatures which were among the property the brigands had captured. They will return them to you, was Barossini's reply. "Farewell." I kissed the little urchin that had been the instrument of my preservation, and departed. On my arrival in the road, I found the chaise exactly on the spot where it had been stopped, with the guide and postillions in waiting. But what surprised me most of all, was to find that not an article of my property was missing. The brigand had restored the whole.

## THE FEMALE COSTUME

IN THE REIGN OF RICHARD II.



THE female costume of this reign was splendid and fantastic. The party-coloured dresses of the previous reigns were still in vogue, with numerous varieties of the cote-hardie, the waist-coat or spencer-like vest, some of them probably Bohemian fashions introduced by Queen Anne. Gower, in his 'Confessio Amantis,' particularly alludes to the "new guise of Beme," and describes, in the same poem, a route of ladies mounted on fair white ambling horses, with

splendid saddles, "evrich one ride on side," (i. e. sideways,) another fashion said to have been introduced by Anne of Bohemia, and at this time a mark of rank. They were clothed all alike in rich copes and kirtles, "departed white and blue," and embroidered all over with the most fanciful devices; their bodies were long and small, and they had crowns on their heads, the least costly of which could not be purchased "for all the gold of Cræsus' hall."



The engravings, appended to this article, represent five female figures, taken from various illuminations of this period. Figures *a* and *b* exhibit very clearly the sideless garment faced

with fur, and terminating in long full skirts, and worn over the kirtle. Figure *c* shows a lady "in kirtle alone," as the ancient romances tell us they sometimes served in hall, with the "gentill body and middle small," much spoken of in this and the previous century, and the girdle over the hips with the gysire attached to it, part of which only is seen in figure *b*. In figure *d* the exterior garment is so long as to be gathered up and carried over the arm; and figure *e* presents us with a shorter but more splendid variety of it, with an opening up the side bordered with ermine.

The long white tippets or streamers from the elbow are still worn, but towards the close of the reign they are less frequent, and when they do occur, are wider, and of the same stuff as the dress. The gowns, kirtles, and mantles were frequently emblazoned with armorial bearings (like the jupons or surcoats of the knights, or the tabard of the herald, which first appears about this time,\*) or covered with devices (as we have just learned from Gower) and mottoes, like the garments of the other sex. "Bien et loyaulment" is a motto, mentioned by Chaucer, as worked on the facings and borders of a lady's dress, and the trains of the gowns were so enormously long that a tract was written by some divine in this reign, entitled 'Contra Caudas Dominarum' (against the dresses of the ladies.)

The parson, in the 'Canterbury Tales,' speaks in general terms of the outrageous array of the women.

In this reign we hear of four and twenty ladies† riding from the tower to the jousts in Smithfield, leading four and twenty knights in chains of gold and silver. The knights, ladies, and all other attendants at the tournaments having their dresses, shields, and trappings decorated with Richard's livery of the white hart, with a crown of gold round its neck, and a chain hanging thereto.‡

The hair was worn in a gold fret or caul of network, surmounted frequently by a chaplet of goldsmith's work, a coronet, or a veil, according to the wearer's rank or fancy.

"A fret of golde she had next her here."

CHAUCER, '*Legend of Good Women*.'

"An everich on her head

A rich fret of golde, which withouten drede

Was full of stately net stones set,

And every lady had a chapelet

On her head of branches fair and green," &c.

IBID. '*The Flowre and the Leaf*.'

In this latter instance the chaplet is allegorical, but it is continually seen in illuminations of this

period, composed of jewels disposed like natural flowers. Of less exalted dames we have a portrait or two in the 'Canterbury Tales.' The Wanton Wife of Bath wore coverchiefs

"full fine of ground,

I darste swere that they weighed a pound,  
the Sondag were upon her hedde,

Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet redde,

Full streite yteyed and shoon full moist and newe,

Upon an ambler easily she sat,

Ywimpled well and on hire hede an hat

As brode as is a bokeler or a targe.

A fote mantel about hire hippes large,

And on hire feet a pair of spores sharpe."

The carpenter's wife's outer garment is not described, but her girdle was barred with silk; her apron or barn-cloth was as white as morning milk. She had a broad silken fillet round her head, a leather purse attached to her girdle "tasselled with silk and pearled with latoun," (that is, studded or impearled with metal buttons, vide that worn in fig. *c*;) on her low collar she wore a brooch as big as the boss of a buckler, and her shoes were laced high upon her legs.

Fig. *a*, from Royal MS. 16, G. 5; *b*, Royal MS. 20, C. 1; *c* and *d*, Harleian, 4379; *e*, from the Liber Regalis, Westminster Abbey.

#### LINES FOR THE LADY'S BOOK.

Yes—I know he will come; but, alas! it will be  
Like the sunshine which comes to illumine the sea,  
When the storm is all over, the wreck hath been  
made,

The fearful oath spoken, the fervent prayer said.  
He will come—but his presence will be as the shower,  
Which falls on the leaf of a summer-scorch'd flower,  
Too late to revive it: and, ah! 'tis too late,  
To save me that worst pang, inflicted by Fate,—  
To feel the dear shrine, where our young vows were  
told,

Turning cold as the marble men knelt to of old.  
And I, too, have knelt—but enough—not again,  
E'en in prayer, will I dwell on that long cherished  
name,

Which could once, like a spell disperse every cloud  
That might come, life's horizon to darken or shroud.  
Yet when friends throng around me and whisper of  
gladness,

Or praise my pale charms, to dispel my soul's sad-  
ness;

If they only could know how I turn from all praise,  
Which comes not from him, like the sun's cheering  
rays,

In pity from all their fond flatteries they'd cease,  
And leave me to rest, though it would not be peace!

IMOGEN.

Logic is a large drawer, containing some useful instruments, and many more that are superfluous. But a wise man will look into it for two purposes, to avail himself of those instruments that are really useful, and to admire the ingenuity with which those that are not so, are assorted and arranged.

\* Previous to the fifteenth century heralds are represented with merely an escutcheon or badge at their girdles; and Chaucer, in the 'Flower and the Leaf,' alludes expressly to this fashion:—

"And after them came a great company  
Of heraudis and pursevaunts eke  
Arrayed in clothes of white velvet,  
And every man had on a chapelet  
Scotchonis and eke horse harneis indele  
They had in rute of them who fore them yede."

† Froissart says "sixty."

‡ Caxton, Addition to Polychronicon, c. 6, fol. 397. We should not quote Caxton for the reign of Richard II. were he not supported by Froissart.

From the Portland Magazine.

## THE DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Two heavy blows were struck on the huge brass knocker of a house in Back-street, rather late one evening, when that beautiful street was far less thickly inhabited than at the present day. The kitchen girl, who served as cook, chambermaid, footman and porter, opened the door and confronted a tall, well-dressed gentleman, who inquired for the master of the house. Without a moment's delay, the stranger was ushered into the comfortable sitting-room occupied by Mr. —, who laid down the Portland Gazette, and removed his feet from their exalted position over the fire-place, to receive his visitor. There was something extremely interesting in the appearance of the stranger; his age might be about forty, but his features were handsome and stamped with a cast of settled melancholy, while his manner had that air of quiet, gentle breeding which results from a useful intercourse with men and books. He surrendered his hat to the red-handed servant, and taking the chair she had planted for him on the hearth-rug, opened his business. After inquiring if Mr. — was not a stockholder in the Cumberland Bank, he stated his wish to purchase twenty shares in that institution at as low per centage as possible.

While he was speaking, the look of easy hospitality passed from the stockholder's features, which instantly changed to their usual crafty business expression—he compressed his lips, crossed one leg over the other, and drummed on the stand beside him with the air of a man debating about an offer he can well afford to refuse.

"Really, I don't know," he said with a becoming share of indifference, "stock in our bank is first-rate property—if I sell twenty shares I shall want a handsome premium. How much do you expect to pay?"

The stranger replied, by asking how the Cumberland stock then stood.

"High—always high," replied the other, avoiding a direct answer, "ours is a safe institution—yields fine dividends—the only bank in the state that held out specie payments through the last war—shares always above par," he was running on in praise of his hobby, but the stranger again brought him to the point, by saying that he had left a daughter at the inn near by, who would be anxious for his return, and that he must solicit a direct answer to his proposition.

"Well, what do you say to eight per cent?" replied the capitalist.

"That is more than I am prepared to pay—the best stocks in Boston were not more than five when I left."

"You are from Boston, then," inquired, or rather affirmed the stockholder, losing sight of his bargain in the eagerness of his curiosity.

The stranger calmly replied that he was.

"Came this morning in the sloop Mary Ann, I suppose?" persisted the inquirer.

"Yes," was the dry answer, which would have silenced any man born south of New England; but Mr. —, a heavy stockholder in a wealthy state bank, had a comfortable sense of his own importance. What is money good for if it will not enable its possessor to be ill-bred when he pleases? Nothing certainly. Mr. — had an undoubted right to ask impertinent questions—he could afford it—so he went on regardless of the annoyance of his victim.

"Brought your family, you say?"

"All that remains to me," replied the stranger in a broken voice, while an expression of anguish contracted his high forehead and trembled on his lips, unregarded by his ruthless questioner, who continued,—

"Probably you intend to settle in Portland?"

"No, Sir."

"Back in the country then?"

"Yes."

"On the Kennebec?"

"No, the Androscoggin."

"Why, what can such a person as you appear to be, expect to do away back in the woods?—oh, I see—got men up there getting out lumber—fine season for logging."

The stranger saw that there were no hopes of concluding his business till he had furnished the stockholder with his history, past, present and to come; so in a few hurried words he stated that he was a native of Maine, but had spent most of his life in Boston as a merchant—that he had amassed a large property there, which had been greatly diminished by the villany of one he had trusted. His voice faltered as he went on to say, that his wife and two children had died in the same year, leaving him one daughter, with whom he was removing to a little farm that he had purchased in Oxford county.

The curiosity of the capitalist being satisfied he no longer hesitated to close his bargain, which was finally settled by the stranger's paying two thousand one hundred and twenty dollars—we like to be particular in money matters—for which he received the requisite twenty shares of stock in the good old Cumberland Bank. Mr. — politely attended his visitor to the door, and, wishing him a good evening, returned to his sitting room. He took up the roll of bank bills he had just received, looked them all over carefully, counted them three times, and then deposited them in an old black wallet with the comfortable smile of a successful bargainer.

Meanwhile the stranger made his way to Peck's tavern, still to be found, but with other occupants, at the corner of Maine and Beaver streets. He entered a private room where he had left his daughter, a delicate girl of fourteen.

She was in deep mourning, and her glossy curls, almost as black as her dress, were confined back by a circular comb of wrought shell, and drooped over her neck and shoulders as she bent with a willowy gracefulness toward the fire; her tiny hands clasped on her knee, and her large dark eyes fixed mournfully on the blaze. Tears were stealing unheeded down her cheeks and fell like a shower of pearls into her lap, and she was too much absorbed to notice the entrance of her father, till he had almost reached the low stool on which she was seated. Hastily drawing her hand over her eyes and shaking her curls forward in a vain endeavour to hide her tearful cheek, she arose and stood before him as if detected in some evil. Mr. Suthgate seated himself, and drawing the beautiful child to his knee inquired if his absence had seemed tedious; and then, seeing the tears on her face, as he kissed her, said in a tone of gentle chiding,

"Shame, Grace, your eyes are full of tears—surely you were not afraid to stay alone."

"No, Papa, but—" she hesitated, and the tears again sprang to her eyes.

"But what, child?"

"I was thinking of mamma and of all she said to me that night, and I cried for fear that I could not do all she wished: she told me to fill her place—to be all that she had been to you; but oh, Papa! I never, never can be so good;"—and the motherless girl threw her arms about her father's neck and sobbed on the bosom to which he pressed her, while his tears rained over her head, and a prayer was swelling his heart—a prayer of thanksgiving, that when the blossom of his happiness was blasted, a bud was left in its place so full of purity and rich promise.

"Papa," said the young orphan, raising her innocent face from the paternal bosom, "do you think mamma can hear me now when I promise to obey her wishes as near as I can?—it seems to me sometimes, when I kneel to say my prayers, as if I could feel her breath on my forehead as she whispers prayerful words into my heart—then I close my eyes, and strange, sweet thoughts seem rising and turning to words, till I can scarcely utter them for happiness—and then there is such a still contented feeling, comes over me—Father, am I wicked, am I forgetful, because I do not feel so sorry that poor mamma is dead at such times?"

"No, my sweet child, it is the balm which God himself administers to the broken heart—but for such merciful comfortings your father too must have sunk to the grave. But sit down and listen to me, Grace—you know nothing of the life we are to lead in our new habitation. It was your sainted mother's request that you should be removed from the city to the quiet of a country life, where you should become the pupil of your father, and take upon you such charges as will serve to render you useful in the humble lot my broken spirits and impoverished fortune has left to us. Grace, can you cheerfully undertake the hardships of a life so monotonous?"

"I can, Father," replied the gentle child, raising the meek eyes she had inherited from her lost mother to his face, with the confidence of a pure heart untried in the struggles of life. Again she was pressed to her parent's bosom, and

again he thanked God that so much happiness was left to him.

Early the next morning, Mr. Suthgate and his daughter started on their journey to the interior. At Paris they left the public conveyance and proceeded in a hired chaise. As they penetrated into the country toward Woodstock, the scenery, hitherto cultivated and pastoral, swelled gradually into irregular hills, broken occasionally into huge precipices, thrusting their granite crags through their covering of underwood and forest-trees. As they proceeded, spots of picturesque grandeur broke upon the view at every turn of the road. Now our travellers were in the depths of a valley, and then a bleak precipice shot its cliffs over their heads as they wound up the brow of a hill, while the waters of a mountain-lake lay sleeping beneath them, in the dense shadow thrown by an unbroken rocky causeway frowning on the opposite shore, surmounted by a range of blasted trees, and appearing like a close file of dusky giants, each brandishing his spear against the sky. In these wild hills the cross-roads were rough and dangerous. More than once Mr. Suthgate and poor Grace were obliged to leave the chaise and pick their way through the stones, choking the road, and not unfrequently bounding down the steep, loosened by the horse, in his struggle for a sure foothold, as he toiled on with the empty chaise. The day was waning when our travellers reached the end of their journey. For more than a mile their road had run along the very summit of a hill, exceedingly broken, yet commanding a fine view of the country. Suddenly it swept back from an eminence running parallel, and the road turned sharply down into a little valley of some twenty acres. Through a chasm between the two hills a mountain-stream dashed in a sheet of foam to the valley, and wound in a considerable body through an opening in the north. Just in the curve of the hill stood a small, neatly finished house, with a meadow spreading its green bosom in front, and a small garden, hedged by rows of currant bushes and cherry trees, both ruddy with fruit, stretching to a precipice at the back. Mr. Suthgate checked his horse at the bend of the road, and pointing to the valley as it lay, serene and beautiful, in the bosom of the hills, said,

"There, Grace, is our farm—look at it—then look abroad, and say if the whole is not even more beautiful than I have described it."

Grace bent eagerly forward, and for some moments remained breathlessly gazing on the sublime scenery around her. Lesser declivities than the one on which they stood, were swelling away on either side like a succession of broken waves, till their undulations were lost in the distant landscape, spreading away to the horizon in a sea of forest trees. Cultivated farms occasionally broke the monotonous foliage of a hill side, or smiled in the valleys like spots of joy in the waste of life; while here and there stupendous fragments of rock appeared their rifted heads from the bosom of the wilderness like the battlements of a darker world, their sides dashed sparingly with stunted trees, dead pines basking up their naked sides, and the green monarchs of the forest crowding to their feet as if to do them homage. The sun was on the verge of the horizon showering its 'powdered gold' over a por-

tion of the west, and melting into purple twilight over the still bosom of the forest. Regardless of fatigue, the father and daughter sat gazing upon the scene, wrapped in the mournful thoughts which so naturally steal upon the mind when the day is expiring. Neither spoke, for both were thinking of her who had been the sun of their little world.

"Halloo there—what's the difficulty," inquired a lusty farmer, riding up the hill with a bag of newly ground meal thrown across his horse by way of saddle — "halloo — does your horse shy, or have you lost a linchpin?"

Mr. Suthgate took up his reins, and answering that nothing was the matter, was proceeding down the hill—but his new friend soon came on a level with him and drew up for a parley.

"Rather guess I've seen that 'ere horse o' yourn afore, hav'nt I?—don't he belong on Paris Hill?"

Mr. Suthgate replied that it did.

"Sartin on't the first minit — any news stirrin'?"

Mr. Suthgate replied that he knew of none.

"Belong on Paris Hill, ha?"

"No, in Boston."

"Boston! — why you an't the man that's bought Mr. Dean's place down below here, are you?"

"Yes, I have purchased the farm at the foot of the hill."

"Wal, now I thought so—glad to see you, Mr. Suthgate—that's your name they tell me—hope you'll be neighbourly—I live in the black house you've just past,"—and the good-hearted fellow reached over and shook Mr. Suthgate's hand, as if he had been swingling flax for a wagger; then resuming his perpendicular on the meal-bag, he continued,

"That's your daughter, I s'pose?"

"Yes, my only child."

"I've got one just about her age—I'll send her over to scrape acquaintance to-morrow—you'll find my oldest girl waiting for you."

Grace smiled gently, and said she should be happy to see his daughter.

"Yes, I warrant you'll be like two peas in a pod—you'll find all your things in order. Mr. Suthgate—we went down and helped unload the goods night afore last—they are all put up just as you wrote—if there's any thing more to do I'll ride back with you."

Mr. Suthgate thanked him as his kindness deserved, but declined troubling him.

"Wal good night then—if any thing's wanted you'll know where to send—my name's Hinman,"—then the kind farmer settled himself on his meal-bag, and admonishing his horse with his stirrupless foot trotted leisurely toward home, while his new neighbours proceeded to their habitation.

As Mr. Hinman had taught them to expect, they found his daughter waiting their arrival, and, after a slight supper, Grace received her father's kiss and went to her little chamber. Her heart swelled as she entered it. The furniture was that of her bed chamber in Boston—the same white counterpane was on the bed—and the night wind came through the small open sashes laden with the breath of wild flowers, and played with its invisible fingers among the snowy

folks of the same muslin curtains that had draped her windows at home.

"How very, very good it was in dear papa to think of bringing all these things here," were the grateful thoughts with which the young girl sunk to sleep.

Mr. Suthgate had selected the occupation of a farmer as that in which he should close his life; but with his new station he still retained all the refinements of his former one. His was an intellect that never could become subservient to the propensities; benevolence and true religion seemed a ruling portion of his nature, and he had sought the quiet of a country life, rather from a disinclination to remain longer in a pursuit, which too often debases all the faculties of the soul into an accordance with the one great passion for gain, than because his fallen fortunes had rendered retirement absolutely necessary. He had transported to his remote farm such of his household-gods as were most associated with the memory of his deceased wife. The library out of which they had read together—the globes from which they had given lessons to their child—the mathematical instruments, whose uses they had studied—the piano she had touched,—all were placed in the little parlor which, with a kitchen, bed-room and porch, constituted the lower part of the house. Sarah Hinman, a good-natured girl, perfectly at home in all the branches of housewifery, remained several weeks with her new neighbours, in order to instruct the inexperienced Grace in her various duties; then the father and daughter were left to the quiet enjoyment of their home. Three years had passed away and time had yielded its balm to the hearts of the widower and orphan, yet had wrought but little change in the person of Mr. Suthgate. If his ample forehead was not quite so smooth and white, the glow of a contented spirit broke over it with a compensating lustre: and the few additional lines about his mouth took nothing from the benevolence of his smile. His face was slightly sunburnt, and his hands embrowned with labor; but a robust form, with habits cheerful and healthy, had taken the place of his former pale and melancholy expression of countenance, and the gentle Grace never once thought of the hardness of his hand when it was laid in blessing on her head.

The change that had come over Grace Suthgate was beautiful. She had gained but little in height, but her form was more gracefully rounded, her hair more abundant, and her clear white cheek dimpled sweetly when she smiled; while her lips, like strawberries, in brightness and color, took away the appearance of ill-health, which her perfect whiteness might otherwise have conveyed. Pure in person and more pure in mind was Grace Suthgate; and it was beautiful to see her, after performing the labor of her little household, draw a stool to her father's feet, even as she had done when a child; and, with her knitting-work in her hand, and a book upon her knee, spend the long winter evening in adding to her stock of mental wealth; now and then laying down her work and leaning on her father's knee, with her sweet eyes raised to his, as he explained a passage which had puzzled her. Every night since her mother's death had the good girl prayed, that she might be enabled to fulfil the du-

ties that death had imposed on her youth; and every day Mr. Suthgate felt more strongly the benevolence of God in granting him a child, so lovely and so good, to cheer the solitude of his heart. She was to him a companion, child and friend, strengthening her intellect to meet his, and drinking with avidity the moral or scientific lessons he loved to teach her. It was scarcely possible for two persons to be thrown more completely on each other for happiness, yet they never lacked resources. Together they planted their little garden with vegetables and flowers, honeysuckles were taught to trail over their parlor window, red and white rosebushes formed a little wilderness about the house, and a young apple orchard, at the foot of the meadow, gave rich promise of fruit in after summers.

Mr. Hinman, who was their nearest neighbour, lived a mile distant over the hill; and about three miles from the outlet of the valley was a cluster of four or five houses, a grist-mill and a store. A few months after their arrival in the valley, Sarah Hinman had been married and had removed from the neighbourhood; while Nancy, the younger daughter, fully verified her father's prediction, by showing her rosy face at Mr. Suthgate's, at least twice each week. One morning Nancy came running down the steep beyond the house, with her bonnet hanging by the strings and flying out behind, and her large hazel eyes dancing with delight.

"Grace—Grace Suthgate! where are you?" she exclaimed, running from one room to another till she found the object of her search in the porch, moulding and stamping delicate little cakes from a heap of golden butter lying in a tray before her,—"Oh, I'm so tired—I'm so happy—who do you think has come?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, Nancy."

"But guess—guess."

"Well, your sister and her husband."

"No, James, brother James—and he has not been at home before in six years—you can't think how handsome he is—his hair is all combed up in the tip of the mode, and his coat reaches almost to his heels, and shines just like satin; and then he has got such a proud, pert kind of way, just as all the gentle folks have;—I'm so glad I could jump over the house,"—and the happy girl began to dance around the room like a crazy creature: then pulling her bonnet over her head she darted away, saying, "Well, I must go, for I ran away, just to tell you that James and I are coming down here;—he says he's failed in business, and is going to stay at home all winter—but I'll tell the rest when I come again, so be ready for us, for he takes a great deal of notice, I can tell you."

Before she had finished her speech the restless girl was half way down the meadow, leaving Grace to her conjectures about the time of the promised visit. Of James Hinman she had never heard, except when Nancy, with pardonable vanity, occasionally boasted of her brother, the merchant, in Boston. In truth there was little known of his recent life, even by his own family. He had left home in his nineteenth year, because his industrious father had reproached him for idleness on the farm. Nothing was heard of him until nearly three years had passed, when a letter came, stating that he occupied the situation

of clerk in a dry-good store, in Boston. Another year elapsed and then came a second, written in a bold, flourishing hand, and announcing the fact that Mr. Hinman's son had become a merchant.

There was a tone of consequential arrogance running through Mr. James Hinman's epistle, by no means palatable to his honest father. He wrote patronizingly to the whole family; was for removing his unmarried sister to the city, that she might be accomplished; and hoped that his father would not think of visiting him, without first providing himself with a new suit of broad-cloth as he assured him that his 'best coat' would be sadly out of fashion in Boston. This was the unkindest cut of all. Mr. Hinman could bear that his son should be idle and run away—that he should seldom write and never visit home; but when he presumed to insinuate that his blue coat was not exactly the thing—the venerable garment that had performed duty on his wedding-day, and clothed his broad shoulders every Sabbath, to say nothing of town-meeting and muster days, for the last twenty-five years—when James Hinman dared to do this, the father was convinced that he must be utterly degenerate, and with a heavy heart he prepared to ascertain the facts of his son's situation. Early one fine morning his horse was brought to the door, and an old pair of saddle-bags thrown over his back, with one end stuffed with oats for the beast, and the other equally well filled with a box of baked beans, six dozen dough-nuts, and a lump of cheese for the man. Mr. Hinman shook hands with his wife and daughter, tried the stirrup with his foot, and raised himself cautiously to his seat on the saddle-bags; then taking a bundle from his wife, which contained the aforesaid wedding-coat, with other things to match, he swung it on his arm; and with his nether limbs snugly cushioned against the oats and dough-nuts, started in a sober trot for Boston.

The events of Hinman's journey were never made public; but it was observed that he never boasted of his son after his return, and that he hated every thing in the shape of a dandy. When the hopeful youth returned home, and announced his intention of remaining there for an indefinite space of time, giving for a reason that his business had been ruined and his property lost by the villany of a partner, Mr. Hinman answered bluntly, that he was welcome to stay at home so long as he behaved himself—but as for the story about loss of property he did not believe a word of it, inasmuch as Jim had never been worth a dollar in his life, nor never was like to be unless he changed his ways.

It was nearly evening, on the same day that Nancy Hinman had announced her brother's arrival, when she called with him to pay their promised visit. During their walk the young gentleman edified his sister with an account of some dozen of the most fashionable ladies in Boston, who had evinced unequivocal symptoms of attachment to him, but to none of whom had he deigned to give the least encouragement. The innocent Nancy, fully impressed with her brother's importance, began to tremble for her friend, who she was certain must become the thirteenth victim to the invincible attractions which had already done so much execution. But to her sur-



prise, Grace was by no means so completely captivated as she had anticipated. She had seen too many of the really high bred during her mother's life time, not to feel an instinctive repugnance to the second-hand airs and underbred pretensions which characterized James Hinman; and from the period of his first visit the sweet girl experienced a feeling of dislike while in his company, which she condemned as uncharitable, yet could not entirely overcome. Not so with the gentleman; whatever had been his cruelty to the city ladies, he seemed by no means inclined to practise any in his intercourse with the beautiful country girl. He haunted her like her shadow, broke in upon her walks, obtruded himself upon her during her morning avocations, and entirely broke up the pleasant evenings she had delighted to spend with her father. These intrusions but served to confirm Grace in her dislike, and to render his society an evil which she struggled to bear patiently.

One morning in the early part of June, about a month after young Hinman's arrival, he called at Mr. Suthgate's with an offering of flowers, as ill-assorted as his own character. Grace accepted them, and saw him depart, with the earnest hope that his visit would not be repeated that day. A pleasant shower came up in the afternoon, which confined Mr. Suthgate to the house. Before the tea-things were removed from the parlour, the rain had abated. Grace drew her father's seat to one of the front windows and opened the sash, that he might enjoy the delicious air, as it came up from its revelry among the wild flowers. Their little farm would have made a beautiful picture, as it lay outspread before them. The meadow, with its springing grass, sloped gently from the door, gemmed all over with rain drops and with a profusion of dandelions, that had unfolded their golden crowns at the first pattering summons of the shower. The river's brink was blue with violets, and the opposite hill towered against the sky, clothed in the pale green foliage of Spring, broken by the snowy blossoms of the hawthorn, or the crimson buds of the white-oak, as they blushed into life. The swollen water-fall foamed onward to its outlet, and a dozen mountain-streams, children of the storm, made bold music as they left their caverns, tossing their spray, scattering foam like snow-flakes on the green moss, and dashing from cliff to cliff down the face of the hill. A rainbow flung its brilliant arch from east to west, just over the water-fall, and the black clouds, rolling in solemn grandeur to the horizon, melted away into fleecy billows, as the sun poured its light upon them.

"Oh, how *she* would have enjoyed this," muttered Mr. Suthgate, drawing his hand across his wet eyes.

Grace threw her arms around his neck and whispered, in a voice that was thrillingly sweet, when she deeply felt—"Yes, Father, but how much greater must her enjoyment be in the brighter scenes to which she is gone; or how do we know that her pure spirit may not be here, communing with ours even now? I have often thought such things, when I have been wakeful in the still night."

Mr. Suthgate made no answer; his heart was busy with the past, and he abruptly left the

room. When he returned, James Hinman was seated by his daughter, and seemed to be waiting her reply to something he had been saying. His look was anxious and his manner impatient, while she seemed lost in astonishment and something very like anger; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes opened wide, and her lips slightly divided, like the unfolding of a rose-bud. Hinman started from his chair, as Mr. Suthgate entered, and began to walk the room impatiently. Just then a knocking was heard at the door. As Mr. Suthgate left the room at the summons, Hinman hastily approached Grace, and said—

"I will call again to-morrow, and then I shall hope to receive the answer your flattering embarrassment has deprived me of."

Grace was about to speak, but that moment her father returned, followed by a young gentleman, whose features struck Grace as familiar, yet whom she could not instantly recognize. The stranger lifted his hat from the mass of brown hair, brushed up from his broad forehead, in the fashion of the day, and, with his hand extended, advanced eagerly toward her. Grace gave him her hand irresolutely, and looked inquiringly into his face.

"What! have you forgotten me?" exclaimed he, evidently mortified with his reception.

"My daughter can scarcely be expected to detect her old play-fellow in the man before her," said Mr. Suthgate, smiling, as he glanced at the manly face and finely proportioned form of the stranger;—"Grace, it is your cousin, Henry Blair."

The young man had his eyes fixed admiringly on his cousin, as her father spoke. Instantly her features lighted up with a beautiful expression of joy; and her hand, which was still in his, warmly returned his clasp.

"I never should have recognized you," she said, "you are so much taller, and your eyes—" she hesitated and blushed deeply, for the bright blue orbs of which she spoke, met her's with such an expression of pleasure, that somehow they confused her.

"My eyes," said he, laughing, so as to display the edges of a set of teeth, even and exquisitely white—"My eyes must be sad bunglers, if they do not say that this is the happiest moment I have known since I used to torment you with my pranks. But I am come to live my childhood over again, if you dare venture to give me a home for a few weeks."

Grace smiled, and her father expressed his pleasure. As Blair turned to place his hat on a table, his eyes fell on James Hinman. Instantly his features underwent a change; and, with a cold haughty air of recognition, he passed on, without appearing to observe the hand which the other, though with evident constraint, had extended. Hinman dropped his hand, the blood rushed over his face, the veins on his forehead swelled with suppressed rage, and a dusky glow broke from his eyes;—yet he did not for a moment lose the affected softness of his manner;—he lingered awhile in the room, and then departed, without addressing Blair.

"You have met that young man before, it would seem," observed Mr. Suthgate, as Hinman left the room.

"Yes," replied Blair, "but I certainly did

not expect to meet him in the house of my mother's brother."

"His father is our nearest and best neighbour;—but do you know aught of his character, which should prevent us from receiving him as a visitor?"

"Nothing, from personal observation, but he is said to have swindled his partner out of a considerable amount, and his character is generally suspicious."

"I feared as much," said Mr. Suthgate, thoughtfully, "yet, for his father's sake, we cannot change our conduct with regard to him; but take a seat, Harry, and tell us how you happened to drop in upon us so suddenly."

"Indeed, I can hardly inform you, Uncle. I had finished my studies, and you being my nearest relative, now that my parents are gone, I took it into my head to visit your little farm, and talk over old times with my sweet cousin here—and now, with your permission, I will partake of the cold chicken she has provided so expeditiously;"—and, without further ceremony, he seated himself by the tray of refreshments which Grace had just brought in, and to which, it must be admitted, he did all reasonable justice.

In the afternoon of the third day after Harry Blair's arrival, Grace went to the foot of the nearest hill to gather flowers for her parlour. After collecting a quantity of violets from a grassy knoll, she was attracted by a wild cherry-tree growing a little farther up the steep. She clambered to it, and was breaking off some of its snowy blossoms, when a stone came rolling down the hill, and lodged in a bush close by her side. Startled from her employment, Grace looked up, and saw James Hinman standing just above her. He sprang to her side, and, in his smooth, silky manner, apologized for not having called, as he had promised, to receive her answer to his proposals. Grace, at first, felt something like alarm at his sudden appearance; but, collecting her thoughts, she mildly but firmly refused the hand which had been confidently offered her on the day of the shower. Hinman stood for a moment, after she had done speaking, evidently striving to subdue some strong passion, struggling for utterance.

"I hope I am not to consider this answer as decisive," he at length said, in a constrained voice.

"I can give no other now, or ever," replied Grace, firmly.

"I know to whom I must impute this refusal!" said he, suddenly giving loose to his anger; then, moving fiercely a step forward, he seized Grace by the wrist, and fixing his gleaming eyes on her face, said—"Grace Suthgate, tell me, word for word, what that upstart, Blair, said of me last Monday afternoon."

The poor girl trembled and turned pale, for the expression of his face was savage; but, before she could answer, the bushes above them were rudely parted, and her cousin, with a vigorous bound, planted himself, face to face, with her assailant.

"A villain!" he exclaimed, seizing him by the collar, and shaking him, as if he were an infant in his hands, "a villain, I said you were

that!" he repeated, just as Hinman drew his hand back to give him a blow.

Blair saw the motion, and, with a dexterous movement, lifted the wretch from his feet, and hurled him down the hill. The descent was not above seven feet, but he rolled some distance into the meadow, so powerful had been the impetus given. For a moment, he lay like one dead;—then, slowly rising, he came close to the brink of the underwood. His face was ashy pale, a slight foam was on his lips, and his eyes gleamed like those of a rattle-snake. He shook his clenched hand at Blair, who was supporting the frightened maiden, and said, in a low, hissing voice, that sounded scarcely human, "Henry Blair, I will be revenged!" then he turned, and, passing along the skirts of the hill, went up the road which led to his father's house.

The next six weeks had its history, but we shall not record it, holding it almost sacrilege to lay bare the workings of a heart so pure as that of Grace Suthgate. It was an epoch in the history of her feelings; she was sad, she knew not why, and thrillingly happy, without studying the cause. The gentle girl loved her cousin, Harry Blair,—nor had she, 'unsought, been won.'

One glorious morning, when the hills were vocal with bird-songs, and every thing rejoiced in the sun-light, Mr. Suthgate and Henry Blair equipped themselves for a day's shooting among the hills. While his uncle was preparing the shot-bags and powder-flasks, the young man joined Grace, who was trying to fasten up a honeysuckle, which had been broken down by the weight of its own luxuriance, and now lay trailing its red blossoms in the grass.

"Cousin," said Henry, as he stood half concealed by the mass of foliage he was holding up for her to secure, "Cousin, you know what we were speaking of, last night; may I mention the subject to your father, while we are away?"

Grace began to tremble—the knot she was tying slipped, and down came the honeysuckle, with all its wreath of blossoms, on the suppliant's head. Grace laughed and blushed, and tried to extricate him; but somehow, as her hands wandered among the leaves, one of them was taken prisoner.

"Say yes, or I will never forgive you," exclaimed Henry, with a voice broken with laughter. The little hand struggled to free itself. He grasped it tighter. "Speak, Grace—say yes—do, I entreat you." He began to grow serious. The girl hesitated, and blushed deeper than before. She was glad that he could not see her, as she uttered the required monosyllable;—while he, the rogue, had his sparkling eyes fixed on her all the while, from an opening in the blossoms.

There never was a happier fellow than Henry Blair, as he shouldered his gun that morning, and followed his uncle to the hills, but Grace was a little nervous all day. She did not doubt that her father would sanction the proposal her cousin had made her, still there was an uneasy flutter at her heart, which left her cheeks in a continued glow, when she thought of their return. She had just finished her preparations for tea, when James Hinman abruptly entered the house. He too had evidently been on the hills,

for a shot-bag was slung across his breast, and he held a rifle in his hand. Grace had not spoken to him since his affray with her cousin, and was naturally a little terrified at his appearance. He smiled scornfully, as he observed her pallid cheek;—and, sitting down his gun, stood directly before her.

"Grace Suthgate," he said, in a bitter tone, "I have come to ask you for the last time—will you marry me?"

"I have answered that question, when more mildly propounded," replied the maiden, with dignity; "and, though your manner does not deserve that even a refusal should be repeated, I again say, that I never will."

Hinman broke into a low mocking laugh.

"You did not answer Blair thus," he said, fixing his malicious eyes on her for a moment; then, taking up his rifle, he left the house as abruptly as he had entered it.

Grace was slightly terrified, but she was ignorant of the length of evil to which the human heart may go, and soon regained her composure. Her tea was ready; and, with a house-keeper's anxiety, she seated herself by a window, to watch for the return of the sportsmen. A foot-path wound down the opposite hill, and the body of a large tree formed a rustic bridge across the river, connecting that path with one leading to the house. She had been watching for some time, when the objects of her solicitude appeared. They were some distance apart; one stood on a rock near the foot of the hill, and the other occupied a projection a little to the right. Both were preparing to discharge their pieces. Grace supposed the one on the rock to be her cousin, as he wore the fur-cap which had distinguished Blair in the morning; the other, she had no doubt, was her father. She saw him lift his rifle to his shoulder; but, while he was settling his aim, a bird fluttered by the window, and diverted her attention. That moment came the loud report of the discharged rifle, followed by a sharp cry. Grace sprang to her feet, and saw her cousin stagger back, reel to and fro for a moment, and then fall heavily from the rock. The poor girl stood still, as if death had frozen her to marble; the blood ran cold in her veins, her eyes were fixed in horror on the body, and it seemed as if she could hear the crackling of the brushwood, as it rolled slowly down the hill, almost to the brink of the river. It lay motionless—the white lips of the poor girl parted—she drew a long, sobbing breath, and sprang forward. Her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, as she passed through the meadow, and then darted over the rude log that spanned the river. The body lay a few paces farther on. Blood was on the clothes, and several drops stained one of the hands, which fell loose and nerveless on the grass. One step more, and she saw the face—it was her father's! Harry Blair was bending over him—his face was deadly pale, his limbs shook, and he was making ineffectual attempts to open the vest of the prostrate man. A little back, stood James Hinman. He too was pale, and seemed much agitated. A desperate calmness came over the orphan—she stopped down, and laid her hand on the heart of her parent—there was no motion. "He is dead!" dropped in measured words from her

marble lips, and still she gazed on. Suddenly she stood upright, and looking wildly from Blair to Hinman, exclaimed, "One of you killed him!"—then, stepping before the latter, she fixed her keen look on him, and said—"James Hinman, it was you!"

Hinman shrunk back, and turned pale, but still found words to deny the charge.

"Do not deny the crime—do not—I saw it all;—the gun was lifted, even while I looked;—you stood there, by that blasted tree."

"There is the murderer," said Hinman, pointing to Blair, who sat on a fragment of rock by the body, with his face buried in his hands, through which tears were gushing, broken by convulsive sobs, while his whole frame was shaken with terrible anguish.

Even at that fearful moment, there was a gleam of satisfaction in Hinman's eye. Grace made no answer—the stony calmness of her features relaxed, and she fell senseless at the feet of her murdered father.

The horror-stricken group were seen by two men passing toward the village, who assisted in conveying the dead body to the house. As they were about to bear it away, old Hinman joined them; his strength seemed entirely to have left him, and, without speaking a word, he stood gazing wildly at the corpse, as it was carried with difficulty across the foot-bridge. With a heavy groan, he turned to the insensible girl, and attempted to raise her in his arms; but so completely was his great strength prostrated, that he tottered under the light form, which a few minutes before would have been to him but as an infant. His son made a motion, as if to assist him. The old man turned fiercely, the blood of hot anger rushed into his swarthy cheek, and he pushed the wretch back, exclaiming in a deep threatening voice, "Dare to lay your hands on the poor lamb, and I'll level you as I would a fat ox!"—then laying the pale head of the fainting girl on his shoulder, he folded her to his broad chest, very tenderly, and bore her over the log bridge, to the house.

James Hinman remained, for a moment, with an expression of doubt and alarm in his face. "Could it be—has he?—but no, no—the fear is preposterous—he must have seen us from the meadow," he muttered; and then, advancing to Blair, who still sat on the rock, stupified with horror, he lightly touched his shoulder, and, in a smooth, hypocritical voice, said, "All are out of sight—now, Blair, is the time to save yourself."

The poor heart-broken youth raised his face, pale and collapsed with agony; his eyes fell on the spot where the corpse had been; the grass was trampled and matted down with blood;—shuddering, he buried his face again in his hands, and, said, in a voice of hopeless misery, "Do you wish for more!—am I not a murderer?"

"True," replied Hinman, anxiously, "but look to your own safety—there is yet time for escape."

Blair dropped his hand slowly from his face, and his dim eyes met the anxious look of his persuader, with an expression of heart-broken misery, that appalled and softened even him, and his voice had something of true feeling in its tones, as he strove to persuade him from the spot. The sufferer appeared not to comprehend

his object, and it would seem that no definite wish to escape actuated him, though he arose, and staggered a few paces forward. He would have fallen, but that Hinman caught him by the arm.

"Yes, help me—hold me up—I am weak and heart-sick," he murmured, leaning heavily on the shoulder of his supporter.

Hinman looked anxiously toward the house. One of the men was mounting his horse. "Look," he exclaimed, pointing to the rider, as he galloped toward the village—"it will soon be too late—go with me, I will secrete you till night." He threw his arms around Blair, and strove to draw him from the place of death; but the intellect of the sufferer seemed bound up in one idea only.

"He was dead, I know it—quite dead—I shot him—is it not enough?" he continued to repeat, without moving a step, while his weight fell heavier and heavier on his companion.

"Go with me, I entreat," exclaimed Hinman, impatiently; then hoping to arouse him, he added, "It might have been the loss of blood—he may not be dead."

These words had their effect—Blair started upright, drew a quick, gasping breath, and walked rapidly toward the house.

Hinman followed him to the brink of the river, and vehemently entreated him to return, and not to run headlong into danger. Blair paid no attention, but moved swiftly toward the house. The baffled villain uttered an execration, stood irresolute for a moment, and then followed him, muttering, "The fool! will force me too far—I would not have a trial; but, if he will run headlong, let him take the worst."

Old Hinman bore the senseless Grace to her chamber, and, laying her on the bed, chafed her cold hands in his hard palms, poured water over her face, and strove, by every means in his power to restore her to consciousness. It was in vain; cold and marble-like, she lay on the white counterpane, with the water-drops rolling from her cheeks and polished forehead, coldly, as if they were dripping from chiseled stone, while her whole frame seemed stiffening in death. It was more than a common fainting fit, which bound the faculties, and chilled the frame of poor Grace Suthgate.

"It's of no use," said Mr. Hinman, and his words came chokingly from his throat; "It's of no use—I'm afeared she's dead, and I don't know but it will be a mercy if she is, poor, fatherless and motherless creature—I'll go home and send my woman or Nancy—poor Nance—it'll almost kill her;" and laying the little hand he had been chafing, softly on the bosom of the orphan, he removed the black ringlets which lay wet and uncured from off her face, and turned away.

When Nancy Hinman entered the chamber of her wretched friend, she found her sitting up on the bed, her eyes fixed on the opposite window, and her features still settled in a death-like calm. Nancy, who had never seen grief expressed but by tears, was surprised at her seeming resignation, and while the drops gathered in her own bright eyes, she threw her arms around the sufferer, whispering, "Oh Grace, dear Grace, you can't tell how I feel for you."

There was no answer, no motion in the sufferer.

"Grace, oh Grace, you are cruel!—wont you take notice of me?—what have I done that you wont speak?"

"Hush, hush! not so loud, you disturb me—I know you, I know you all, but it hurts me to speak—open the window—I want air—my breath pains me," whispered the mourner, but without turning her eyes, or moving a limb.

Nancy raised the sash, and seated herself beside it. She saw Grace press her hand to her forehead; and, after a few moments, sink back to her pillow. She was uncertain whether she slept or not; but, for four long hours, there was no word spoken between them. The sun was down—its tints of gold died slowly from the horizon—the stars came out in their splendor—the moon rose as it had done the preceding night—all without remained the same;—and yet, in that house, there was not a heart which had not been changed, as with years of sorrow. How insignificant we are! The very flowers we tread upon, bloom as sweetly, when our hearts are broken, as when the music of happiness is thrilling through them. The moonlight falls alike on the lovers in their bower, and the widow by the tomb of her husband. But, oh! how different are its effects! To the first, it is the deepener of joy; to the other, a mockery of sorrow. Our hearts are stricken, withered, blasted, while the rose bursts its germ, and smiles itself out of life; yet the world goes on, as heedless of our agony, as of its fallen leaves. We die, a few tears are dropped, a few moans are made—the hearts which ours have clung to, droop for an hour, and this is all. No other thing in nature is disturbed, save the few green clouds, which are torn to admit us to the bosom of the earth. The waves of time roll over our empty places, and all things are as if we had never been. Alas! how insignificant we are!

It was late when the hum of voices, which had ascended from below, all the evening, died away. One by one, the people from the neighbouring village departed, and Nancy Hinman, sad almost for the first time in her life, sat alone by the little window of her friend's chamber. As the clattering of the last departing horse died on the air, she arose, and went to the bed-side of the sufferer. She lay still, as if asleep. Her eyes were closed, but there was a tremulous motion in the shadowy lashes sweeping her cheek, and a working of her features, as the moonbeams lay full upon them, which would have disproved all appearance of recent slumber, had Nancy Hinman been a close observer. She—kind girl—bent down and kissed the pale forehead of the mourner, wept over her for a time, and then stole softly back to her seat, where she soon dropped into a heavy slumber.

As the young girl lay with her arms folded on the window-sill, her bright cheeks pillowed upon them, and her frank brow exposed, by her curls, as the night-wind lifted them playfully from her temples, Grace arose and stole softly from the room. The poor girl had been awake, listening to the voices from below, as a culprit within sound of the hammers which rivet his scaffold. A thin partition only divided her from the women who were making her father's

shroud. She heard them consult on the form and measurement; she heard the good Mrs. Hinman caution them to speak softly, that they might not disturb her; she knew, by the bustle, when those below were laying out the dead; and yet she did not move, nor uncloset her aching eyes—but lay four long hours, with her intellect quickened to painful acuteness, and her heart cramping within her, like a thing of distinct life. When all was still, and her young watcher asleep, she stole down to mourn by the dead. She passed through the kitchen; two men were stretched along the chairs asleep, while another sat in a shadowy corner, with his face turned toward the wall. Grace was too wretched to notice them, and glided unseen to the parlour. She opened the door, and the corpse of her father lay before her. The face was uncovered; the grave-clothes glimmered in the dim light, and were slightly rustled by a current of air, which swept over a honeysuckle at an open sash, and filled the room with fragrance. The poor orphan's heart grew faint; it was the same vine she had nailed to the casement in the morning. The dewy blossoms she had trifled with then, were now breaking the moonlight, as it trembled through them, and flickered over the face of the dead. Slowly the orphan advanced; she started, and her heart leaped within her, for the light quivering over the face of the corpse, gave it the appearance of life. She bent her cheek; it met one cold and stiffened; her heart contracted itself again. She sunk on her knees, and strove to pray. Her throat was dry, and agony almost choked her. With locked hands, and large drops breaking over her upturned brow, she struggled for words of prayer. A painful effort, and they broke from her lips:—"Oh God! oh God! help me to bear this mine affliction." Straightway, warm tears rushed to her eyes, the grasp of agony was taken from her heart, and she wept freely. Long and holy was the communion Grace Suthgate held with her God, there, by her father's death-couch. Her heart was pervaded with a sweet and invisible influence; a calm, blessed feeling, such as human pen can never describe, took possession of her spirit; and she, who had knelt down in her agony, arose resigned—nay, happy. The light was still on her father's face, and a smile, pure and holy, such as his mortal lips had never known, lay like a promise of heaven upon it. Grace stooped, and pressed her lips to the cold clay. As she raised her head, another shadow fell athwart the corpse. It was her cousin who stood before her. Very pale he was, and his countenance looked solemn and death-like, in the dim light. Grace moved not, nor shrunk as he laid his cold hand on hers. She knew that he had killed her father;—but she knew also, that his will had no part in the deed. He spoke, and his voice was low and very mournful.

"I did not think to find you here—they told me you were ill—I came to look on the dead, while my keepers slept—to-morrow, I go to be tried for his murder,—you cannot think me guilty of an intent to kill your father, Grace."

"No," replied the orphan, "no—could you be here, by his side, had you harboured a thought of murder?"

"I thank you—from my broken heart I thank

you," said he, trembling violently, and leaning against the window-frame for support.

As his hand grasped the casement, it crushed a flowering branch of the honeysuckle, which had fallen in at the open sash. He raised his hand, and carefully removed the bruised flowers; and, when he looked up, his eyes were full of tears.

"They are fresh and blooming yet—a day has not withered them," he said, in a sorrowful voice, accompanied by one of those painful smiles which spring from the very dregs of misery; then, with a sudden gesture of despair, he turned to the body outstretched before him, and exclaimed, with a burst of bitter feeling, "Oh Grace, Grace! can this be real!—parted forever;—you fatherless—I—I—a murderer!—and all in a few hours. This morning—but this morning—and we stood there, so happy, so full of hope—oh, my God! why was I permitted to work all this woe?"

Grace laid her hand on his. She yielded to none of the regretful feelings which crowded to her heart. It is not the nature of prayer to strengthen the soul for a time, as does human resolution, and then lay it bare again to the ravages of the passions. No!—faith and resignation may need guarding, but their strength is equal to the need of their possessor. Grace, I have said, placed her hand on that of her cousin. She, the bereaved, was about to administer consolation to the bereaver. The light of a pure spirit broke over his face—her black hair fell back from her pale forehead, as she raised it to look upon him;—and she appeared, in her spiritual beauty, like a ministering angel, rather than a mourner sorrowing over the dead. Her lips were parted to speak, when a heavy tread and a rough voice was heard in the passage.

"I am missed," exclaimed Blair; "they will intrude even here. Grace, you have given me comfort—me who—" his voice was choked with grief—he grasped her hand with convulsive violence, and left the room.

The morning sun shone in upon the corpse, and Grace Suthgate was still kneeling by it. She knew not that the dawn had broken—she cared not that the flowers were awake, and rejoicing in their dew. The rattle of the wheels which had borne Henry Blair to prison, was still sounding in her ears. She was praying for him, and her entreaties went up to the Most High as a rich incense; for they sprung from a heart, which, like flowers, yielded its sweetness in greatest abundance, when it was most severely bruised. She unclosed not her eyes;—and her voice, like tones of broken music, ceased not to ascend, till the promise of strength and faith was vouchsafed to her.

Those who came to prepare for the funeral, looked on the calm brow of the young girl, and wondered.

Mr. Suthgate was buried on his own ground, just beneath the precipice, at the back of the house. A large maple overshadowed his grave, and wild roses blossomed thickly about it. One thing was remarkable regarding the funeral—old Mr. Hinman was not present—nor had he been at the house since the morning of his master's death. It was said that he was ill; but, when Nancy returned to nurse him, he reproved

her sharply for deserting the poor orphan, and commanded her to return, and not leave her again until she was sent for. In vain, Nancy, who truly loved her father, besought him to allow her to remain with him. "Grace was calm," she said, "and kept about the house all the time, never appearing as if any thing had happened, only once in a while, when some of her father's books or things came in the way; and then she would go about her work, with the tears dropping from her eyes, for an hour at a time; and her smile had a strange kind of look about it, just as if it would say, oh, how my heart aches!" Old Hinman sat in his great easy-chair, with his hands clasped on his knees, and large tears rolling one by one down his cheeks, as Nancy gave this simple description of her friend's suffering. His daughter looked in his care-worn face, and her heart was pained, for she had never seen him sick before.

"Do let me stay with you, father—Grace does not need me—there is no work to do, for she don't eat scarcely any thing;—and brother James comes night and morning to feed the stock, and take care of things."

At the mention of his son's name, Mr. Hinman suddenly unlocked his hands, and turned remarkably pale. He half started from his chair, and with trembling lips exclaimed, "Don't name him—I tell you don't name him;"—then, suddenly checking himself, he fell back to his seat, adding, "Leave the room, Nancy, you've done no harm."

It would be almost impossible for a person to be left more completely alone, than was Grace Suthgate, by the death of her father. Brought up entirely in his society, living almost alone with him from childhood, she had centered all the earthly affections of her humble and loving heart in his existence. Never, in her whole lifetime, could she remember a harsh word or act coming from him. No second object had found a place in her heart, till the arrival of Henry Blair; and, even then, the love she bore her parent seemed to expand with her capacity to love another. Suddenly, in a moment as it were, the support of her life, the oak to which she was the vine, was cut down forever; and she, the loved and cherished, became an isolated creature in the wide, wicked world. It is strange that she did not die then—that her heart, so pure and tender, had not broken, in the uprooting of its gentle tendencies. It might, but for Him who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb. Grace had one earthly hope left, to which she clung with feminine tenacity—that was Henry Blair. She knew that she never could marry him with her father's blood on his hands, however innocent he might be; yet she could hear from him sometimes; and it was a luxury to pity him—to feel that one in the world, who shared her lineage, would remember her with the tenderness she had been wont to inspire. She had no fear for the event of his trial—it was a form, she thought, necessary to his character. To be acquitted publicly by his fellow-men, might lessen his own regret; and it gave her comfort to anticipate the time of his release, though she knew that she should see him no more.

While Nancy Hinman was making her un-

successful visit to her father, James had taken the opportunity to visit Grace, who received him kindly, for he had performed many friendly offices for her since her bereavement. His face wore a show of sympathy, and his manner was even more than commonly soft and insinuating. After some hesitation, he informed her that Henry Blair's trial would come on in about a week, and inquired if she could mention any witnesses whom she wished to have summoned in his behalf. Grace thanked him, and answered calmly, that she supposed none were necessary to his exculpation, save himself, he being the only person present. Hinman seemed embarrassed. He arose, walked across the room, and returned to his seat.

"I fear," he said, with some hesitation, "I fear you misconceive the nature of my evidence—I am sorry to say it would be little in favour of your cousin."

Grace looked up in astonishment. "Mr. Hinman," she said, in a faltering voice, "you do not mean to say that you know aught more than that my father died by the accidental discharge of his nephew's gun?"

"Miss Suthgate, it grieves me to say I do. I would give my right hand that I did not—for my knowledge, after what has passed, may be construed into malice. I knew Blair in Boston, but we did not assimilate—he was passionate and haughty—I—but that is unimportant. You know what has passed between us here. I was to blame, perhaps—certain I am that I was rude to you—but, if ever a man deserved to be forgiven for outrage, I—"

Grace who had been growing faint and weak, with apprehension, interrupted him, "Do not, do not torture me, I pray you—but tell me the worst at once."

"Miss Suthgate," replied Hinman, solemnly, "you have not forgotten that I called here on the afternoon of your father's death—you may remember what passed between us, but you cannot conceive of the bitter disappointment with which I left your presence. I had been out upon the hills alone—I did not feel in the mood for returning home, after your unkind severity, and wandered, I know not how, to the opposite hill. As I stood resting on my rifle, and indulging in the moody thoughts your rejection had given rise to, it so happened that your father and cousin passed without perceiving me. Blair was eagerly pressing some request he had previously made—they stopped a few paces from me—I was not in a fit temper for joining them, and remained quiet. I soon learned that Blair had been asking for your hand in marriage. Your father was gentle, but steady in his refusal. Blair grew angry, and became more and more peremptory and impetuous in his demand. Your father looked surprised and displeased. At length Blair descended to abusive epithets and harsh language. Your father turned sorrowfully away, and as your cousin followed with fresh arguments, he said aloud, and with some asperity, 'Henry Blair, ask her not of me, she is my all, the sweet copy of her mother—I cannot tear her from my home, to place her in the bosom of one who has no command over his own passions.' Again, your cousin broke in with vehement expostulations. His uncle shook off the youth's

hand from his arm, exclaiming, with some warmth, 'Harry, I will listen to no more—nothing but death can separate me from my child,'—and, as if to avoid further importunity, he hurried down the hill, and, stepping upon that rock yonder, was preparing to discharge his gun. Blair was always passionate. Then, his disappointment drove him to fury. Seizing his rifle, he lifted it to his shoulder, exclaiming, 'Then by your death be it!'—and, before I could prevent the fatal act, he had fired. You know the rest, yet I would add my belief, that the deed of guilt was perpetrated, from the blind fury of the moment, and not from premeditated malice. I have now told you what my evidence must be before a court of justice."

Grace made no answer or comment. She was sitting with her elbows on her work-table and her face buried in her hands. Not a sob nor a groan broke from her lips as this proof of crime was laid before her, and she was so still, that it almost seemed that her breathing had stopped. She remained thus immovable and speechless for a time as if stupified with the guilt of her last earthly object of love. Still her mind was busy; all the transactions of the last few weeks flashed through it in quick review. There was one hope. Hinman hated her cousin—he might have spoken falsely. She resolved to go to the blasted pine and mark the position of the fatal rock—if it was concealed—if a bush or a tree, large enough to hide the form of a man, grew between that and the spot where she had seen her cousin standing, she determined to believe in his innocence; if not, her heart sickened at the alternative, for then Hinman's story must be true. Without speaking, and heedless that any one was present, she arose and left the house. Hinman saw the direction she was taking, and followed her unnoticed. She walked very slowly, as if fearing too early conviction. She paused a moment at the spot of trampled grass where her father's body had rested, and then went up the hill. She reached the old pine, and turned slowly with her face to the rock. It projected out from the face of the hill, and there was no tree—no bush to obstruct the view—even the crevices and spots of moss were plainly discernible. Her father had been *murdered*. A pang came over her, as if her heart had been cleft in twain by a sharp knife. Visions of the gallows—the halter—and her cousin, *the murderer*, for a victim, flashed through her mind. Her brain reeled, and she would have fallen headlong from the eminence, had not James Hinman sprang from behind a neighbouring tree and caught her in his arms.

He sat down on a bare root of the pine and laid her head on his bosom. What were the thoughts swelling that bosom it beseems us not to say. Certain we are, that Grace Sutgate, the pure and beautiful, would never have remained there, had strength been given her to remove from a pillow so polluted. But she heeded not her resting place, for she might have been stretched upon the rack without knowing it, so busy was her sick mind with thoughts of guilt and death. She turned her head a little, and opened her meek eyes to his, as they were bent on her with an expression which she had never met be-

fore. 'Is there no hope, no doubt—must he die?' It was as the dove appealing to the serpent,

"Grace Sutgate," said Hinman, slowly and impressively, "there is a way—I *can* save him—marry me, and I *will*."

A cold shudder crept over the poor girl—she broke feebly from his arms, and sat upright on the ground. "I would go home," she said, "I would be alone."

"Promise that you will think of what I have said," replied Hinman, supporting her, as she arose and moved away.

"I will think—I will pray to do right," she said, shrinking from his arm, and collecting her strength to descend the hill.

Hinman followed her at a distance, till she reached the house. When there, she shut herself in her room, and kneeling with her Bible before her, searched diligently for such passages as related to capital punishment. She read, reflected and prayed, and her opinion was formed from the best of sources. She had no doubt of her cousin's guilt. She knew it to be impossible that he should have killed her father *accidentally*, situated as the two parties were at the time of the murder. She herself saw him raise the rifle deliberately to his shoulder; and, though her eyes had been turned before the precise aim was taken, she had seen the effect. What would her evidence be but a confirmation of Hinman's?—and, of the truth of his statement, she had almost positive proof, for how could he have known that Blair had asked her of her father, as had been agreed upon in the morning of the fatal day, unless he had indeed heard the conversation he affirmed to have taken place between the uncle and nephew? Yet, fully convinced of the crime as she was, the young girl felt justified in saving the life of a human being at any sacrifice, even though he had committed the grievous crime of slaying a fellow-man—her own almost idolized parent—in a moment of insane passion. There was no medium punishment; it was death or acquittal with Blair; and Grace Sutgate was one of those who shuddered at the sanguinary cry for human life, which is still continued by our laws, while those very laws punish blasphemy against the Most High with *imprisonment and fine*.

Legislators!—ye who make a common spectacle of human suffering, hardening the hearts of the public thereby, refer us not to the scripture for a justification of your cruel demand of blood for blood!—Have not the same scriptures said, he who blasphemeth against the Lord shall be punished with death? Is not this as plain as the law against murder, and have ye not refined it down by human legislation? Nay, is there a single divine law which ye in your courts of justice render to the letter, save this—'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Paris Hill, even with its multiplied inhabitants, seldom contained so dense a crowd as that collected to witness the trial of Henry Blair. From eight to ten in the morning, people had been flocking to the village from all directions, some on foot, some on horseback, and others



crowded into the numerous wagons which lined the fences on either side of the main street.

"Halloo, you Zeph Potter, jest wait a minute, and I'll be your company," cried Benjamin Wheeler, a tall, lathy farmer, as he tucked a wooden rum-bottle under his arm, and hauled a tin pail of butter and an empty molasses jug from under his wagon seat.

"Wal, come along then, for these 'ere dried apples an't none of the lightest, I can tell you," replied Zephaniah, stopping short and settling a well packed bag more firmly on his shoulder, "come, hurry along, for I've got a tarnal long list o' notions to get, afore I can go in to see that college chap hauled over the coals."

Benjamin gathered his merchandize together, and the two began to navigate their way through the noisy crowd collected before the store they wished to enter.

"By gracious, look at them 'are goggles," exclaimed Zephaniah, facing round to a man, who, with green spectacles on his nose, and two huge law books under his arm, was making his way to the court-house.

As Zephaniah stood gaping after the green-eyed lawyer, some roguish wight in the crowd plucked at the bag behind, the string gave way, and half of his load made for itself a quick passage to the ground.

"Now, if that an't too bad," exclaimed Zephaniah, setting down his bag, and patiently stuffing the strings of apples back to their place. As he was so employed, his friend Ben, who was always up to a joke, took his molasses jug and pail in one hand, while he knocked Zeph's hat over his eyes with the other.

"I say there, you Ben Wheeler, if you'd jest as lieve, I'll take care of my own hat," cried the sufferer, tugging to get the refractory chapeau from over his great nose, which projected like a wedge between it and his face.

Ben broke off short in the horse-laugh which followed his manly exploit, and drew back with instinctive respect, for a young female in deep mourning passed him at the moment, leaning on the arm of the county sheriff. Her large sorrowful eyes were raised for a moment, as she passed the boisterous man, as if in wonder that any thing could be merry at such a time.

"It was her father the chap killed," whispered Ben to his friend, who had set his nose at liberty, and was again shouldering his bag.

"You don't say so!—wal, I swow, I hope they'll hang the varmint."

While the two friends were making their way to the store, Grace Suthgate had entered the court-house. Her thick mourning veil was drawn over her face, as she took the most remote station on the seat prepared for the witnesses, and drew her black shawl tightly around her person, as if that could conceal her from observation. The room was crowded, the judges and jury had taken their places, and Henry Blair was at the bar. His face was pale, and bore a settled expression, as if he had called forth all his resolution to go through the approaching trial; yet occasionally, when he encountered the curious glances of the crowd, his brow would flush crimson, his lip curl haughtily; and those who gazed, shrunk from the flashes of his indignant eye. When Grace entered, the proud

composure of his look vanished, a mist came over the eyes,—and, with a half-stifled groan, he grasped the railing of the bar with both his hands,—and, letting his face fall on them, remained till the clerk arose to arraign him. The charge was that of wilful murder. Grace Suthgate bent forward in painful anxiety, as the indictment was read; and, when the clerk turned to the prisoner, and demanded, in a loud and solemn voice, 'Guilty, or not guilty,' she threw her veil suddenly back, and fixed one long piercing look on the face of the accused. He saw that pale, anxious face, exposed unheeding to the public gaze; and his eyes were unflinchingly fixed on hers, as he answered, in a firm and distinct voice, 'Not guilty of an *intent* to kill.'

The black veil was suddenly dropped, and those who sat near the orphan heard one long broken sigh, and then saw tear-drops, large and bright, glimmering beneath the thick crape, as they fell in rapid succession to her lap.

The attorney-general rose to open the trial. His address was eloquent, brief, and conclusive. He manifested more of sympathy for the accused, than is usual with the opposing counsel in such cases, but yet expressed his entire conviction of the prisoner's guilt. He asserted that he should bring witnesses to prove that the prisoner at the bar had deliberately shot the deceased, after a dispute which had arisen between them, while on a shooting excursion. An appearance of surprize was visible in Blair's countenance, during the whole of the attorney's speech. Once he sprang to his feet, as if to interrupt it, but resumed his seat again in silence. The attorney-general closed, by requesting permission to introduce Grace Suthgate, the daughter of the deceased, in behalf of the State. Every eye was turned to the young witness, as she arose and took her place on the stand. The clerk requested her to draw the glove from her right hand. She obeyed, and a murmur of pity and admiration ran through the crowd, as her still white face was exposed to the public gaze. She was told to raise her hand, that the oath might be administered. The poor girl turned her face piteously toward the attorney-general, as if to appeal for protection. Her lips parted, but she could not articulate a word, while the ungloved hand grasped the railing before her for support.

"Do not be frightened, young lady," said the attorney, soothingly, and evidently affected by her appearance, "you have the sympathy of all present."

An expression of thrilling gratitude rushed into the face of the prisoner, who had been gazing on the witness with intense interest. The attorney caught the look, and his voice was even more respectfully gentle, when he again addressed the witness.

"Raise your hand, my dear young lady," he said, "you have nothing to fear—I will not fatigue you—my questions shall be brief—permit the oath to be administered, I entreat you."

He was about to say something more to encourage her, for he supposed her embarrassed by the fixed gaze of the multitude, and the uncommon silence which reigned even to the remotest corners of the room, so intense was the interest excited; but, as he uttered the last words, she

raised her eyes, and while a slight colour broke over her face, expressed the determination not to be sworn, or to bear witness in the trial. There was nothing like bravado or boldness in her denial; her voice was sweet and firm, and she looked determined, but gentle as a dove.

The attorney-general saw that entreaty would be of no avail. "I am sorry to hear this refusal," he said, "are you advised that the court has power to compel you to speak?"

"I know that it has the power to punish, but I cannot bear witness in this case," she mildly replied, drawing her veil, and moving from the stand.

The judges and jury gazed on her in astonishment, while the perplexed attorney, who knew that she had refused to appear before them, till compelled by the sheriff, turned to the presiding judges, and, though with evident reluctance, requested that a committal might be made out against her.

"Give her time to reflect," replied the humane magistrate, loath to inflict imprisonment on a being so delicate, "if she continues obstinate, after the other witnesses for the State have testified, I shall be obliged to proceed against her."

The attorney bowed his acquiescence, and the business of the court went on. The name of James Hinman was next called. There was a slight bustle near the door, as that personage separated himself from the crowd, and advanced toward the stand. Grace uttered a faint cry, on his appearance; and, falling back in her seat, watched him with agonizing solicitude, as he took his station on the witness-stand, and raised his hand to be sworn. His presence was a death-blow to her hopes. Half her patrimony, consisting of the bank-stock her father had owned in Portland, she had given to bribe his absence; and that being insufficient, she, in her desperation, had promised her own hand in marriage, if he would refrain from giving evidence against her cousin. Yet, great as had been her sacrifice, there he stood, about to repeat the same fearful story which he had once told to her. The wretched girl closed her eyes, and listened to the proceedings of the court, in utter hopelessness.

Being questioned by the attorney-general, Hinman proceeded to relate, that, on the day of Mr. Suthgate's death, he had been out alone, shooting in the woods, and that as he had stopped to rest awhile by a certain pine-tree, growing on the face of the hill opposite Mr. Suthgate's house, the deceased and the prisoner at the bar had passed him. They were conversing cheerfully, and were evidently in high spirits. He added, that, not being in a mood for company, he had remained quiet, while the two sat down on some fragments of rock near by. Their heads were both uncovered, and Mr. Suthgate's hat, together with the fur-cap of the prisoner, was thrown on the dead leaves at their feet. As they were resting themselves, a large bird sailed over the pine, and settled on a tree, near the foot of the hill. Mr. Suthgate snatched Blair's cap, which lay nearest him, and ran to a neighbouring rock, from which he could get a better aim at the bird. His rifle missed fire. While hastily re-loading it, he placed the stock against the stem of a bush, with the muzzle opposite

his breast, as he forced down the charge. He was returning the ramrod, when something, probably a twig of the bush, touched the trigger, and the rifle was discharged into his bosom. At this moment, the prisoner at the bar fired off his rifle, preparatory to entering the house; but the witness was certain that the act was harmless, and that Mr. Suthgate came to his death by the accidental discharge of his own gun.

As Hinman pronounced the last sentence, the prisoner sprang to his feet, with an expression of thrilling joy, which met, with an answering glow in the heart of every person present, save one—James Hinman; he turned his eyes on the prisoner, and their expression was that of a cat, trifling with the mouse, it still intends to destroy. That expression changed, as he looked toward Grace. She was sitting as the joyful surprise of his last words had left her, bending gently forward, her hands clasped, her lips apart, and her very soul beaming in gratitude through her eyes; but the instant she saw the glance cast from the witness to the prisoner, her heart sickened with doubt—she had seen that look before.

The attorney-general, who had expected a far different story from his witness, cross-questioned him closely, but his answers were ready and consistent. Two or three unimportant persons were then examined, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence. His counsel expressed himself ready to submit the case to the jury, without further plea, trusting entirely to the evidence introduced by the State, for the acquittal of his client. The attorney-general acquiesced, and, after a brief address from the court, in which the presiding judge expressed his clear conviction of the prisoner's innocence, the case was given to the jury. Without leaving the box they rendered a verdict of *not guilty*. All proceedings against Grace were of course relinquished; and Henry Blair was discharged. In the bustle attending the breaking up of the court, Hinman contrived to get by the side of Blair, as he was leaving the bar. Putting his mouth close to his ear, he whispered, "*I have sworn falsely, but you are not the less a murderer.*" The acquitted prisoner started and recoiled, as if from the hiss of a serpent.

Hinman left his venomous arrow to rankle in the heart of his victim and turned carelessly toward Grace, to whom he addressed a few low, earnest words. She arose, and went with him from the court room. One look of anguish she cast on Blair. He dared not approach, for he felt that, notwithstanding his acquittal, the curse of her father's blood was still upon him. Bewildered by the events of the trial, and terrified by the rude jesting of the crowd, Grace was conducted to a chaise, into which Hinman followed her, before she was fully conscious of his object. The poor girl looked out among the multitude in search of the man who had brought her from home: every face was strange, and she drew back into the chaise, resigned and hopeless. It was a relief to her, when she saw that he intended to carry her home. Had he chosen any other direction, she must have submitted, for she was helpless in his hands. They had travelled nearly an hour in silence, when Hinman suddenly checked his horse, and taking her hand in his, said—

"Miss Suthgate, my sweet Grace, look upon me—I have performed your conditions—your cousin is free—when am I to claim my lovely reward!"

"Then it *was* all false, and you have forsworn," exclaimed the wretched girl, tearing her hands from his grasp, and looking around the lonely spot, as if for help.

Hinman forcibly retook her hands. "Let us understand each other," he said sternly; "I will not be trifled with—did you not promise to give yourself in marriage to me, immediately after the liberation of Henry Blair, on condition that I would absent myself, or refuse to give evidence against him?—have I not performed the condition to the letter?"

"Oh no, no!—I never dreamed that you could swear falsely—I only asked absence, not perjury—not perjury."

"One question, Miss Suthgate, and I have done—are you prepared to fulfil your promise, to be mine three days from this?—the certificate of the town-clerk is in my pocket—do not shrink and shudder, as if I were a reptile, but answer me."

"What can I say!—how can I act!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly, "will nothing soften you?—I have money—alas, no, I have given that to you already—but oh, have pity on me—I am alone, parentless—why do you seek me!—my heart is withered up—sorrow has blighted me—I can never love aught earthly again. Take me home, I entreat you—leave me to spend my humble and sorrowful life alone, till I can lie down by my father's grave, and be at rest—do this, and I will bless you; but, oh do not drive me to the deadly sin of marrying you unloved—of wedding one perjured before heaven!"

Hinman gazed coldly on the beautiful creature, as she uttered this rapid and passionate appeal. With strong determination, he kept down the expression of mortified pride, which sprung to his lips, when she said that she could not love him; but the blood in spite of his efforts, rushed over his forehead, at the close of this speech.

"It is well," he said, "I have your answer;" and, gathering up the reins, he deliberately turned his horse's head, and drove back toward Paris.

"Why do you turn back?" enquired Grace, timidly.

"To unsay the oath you complain of—the murderer shall not escape me."

On went the horse; his every foot-fall came like a knell to the heart of the tortured girl. The village spires were becoming more distinct each moment; distant shouts, and the hum of many voices, were on the air. Slowly, she reached out her hand, and grasped the reins. "I promise," she said, in a husky whisper.

Hinman turned his horse.

Poor Grace Suthgate; she little knew that our laws permit of no second trial for the same offence, or that James Hinman would as soon have thrust his hand into a heated furnace, as to have acknowledged his recent perjury; but it mattered not—she was in the paw of the lion.

"Nancy, will you draw that curtain?—I would

not look on my father's grave to-night," said Grace Suthgate, sorrowfully, as the nimble fingers of her friend were busily twining a pink wreath among her black tresses, preparatory to the bridal.

Nancy stepped lightly across the parlor, and drew the curtain, then returning, she said, "Come now, Grace, look in the glass, and, see if I hav'nt fixed your hair beautifully—I'm so glad you let me get that white frock, for James would have thought you did not care for him, if you had'nt fixed up a little."

"It is very pretty," said Grace, going to the glass, and smiling a sad smile of patient endurance, "I could wear this, or any thing, Nancy, to please you."

"That's my own sweet sister," exclaimed Nancy, kissing her gaily.

"Sister—oh yes, you have been more than that to me, Nancy."

"Not that, but my *real* sister," replied the happy girl, clasping her hand over the bride's neck, and looking roguishly into her eyes.

Grace turned away to hide the anguish of her heart. Nancy thought her friend had a strange way of being happy, for she had no idea that any one could be otherwise, on her wedding night.

"Grace never did laugh and talk like other folks," she said to herself, as she stood by the glass, twisting her own bright curls round her fingers, and arranging them about her rosy face; but her thoughts soon took a new direction.

"Don't you think it odd that James did'nt ask father and marm to the wedding?—I'm sure I don't see what makes him so private about it; I don't suppose father would come, for he's too sick; but I should have thought brother might have asked him."

"Nancy," said the bride, with sudden animation, "does your father know of—of—what is to happen here to-night?"

"I'm sure I can't tell—James told me not to say a word about it, but I suppose they'll be as mad as fire at me, if I don't—I'll tell you what it is, I've a good mind to run home now, and jest give father a sly hint—but there comes James and the minister up the road now; never mind, I can sly out the back door;" and, without further deliberation, Nancy threw a shawl over her head, and, gathering up the skirt of her white dress, started on her expedition.

Hinman and his companion must have loitered on the way, for it was full twenty minutes after Nancy's departure, before they entered the house. Hinman left the divine in the kitchen, while he went to the parlor in search of his bride. She, poor thing, had been schooling her heart for his reception. Meekly, and without any visible signs of repugnance, she allowed him to draw a seat to her side, and to take her hand in his.

"I am happy to see you so composed," he said, passing his arm gently about her waist—"the clergyman is in the next room—may I call him in now!—but where is Nancy?"

"She has stepped out, but will return directly," answered the victim, in a low, patient voice, though her heart was almost bursting with suppressed anguish.

"No matter—a few minutes can be of no consequence," replied Hinman, notwithstanding he was secretly annoyed at the delay.

Grace timidly withdrew her shrinking form from his arm, and arose, for her powers of self-command were leaving her. Emboldened by the unresisting gentleness of her manner, Hinman also left his seat, and while still retaining her hand in his, he threw his arm again around her waist, and drawing her suddenly to his bosom, pressed a kiss on her lips. The poor bride struggled a moment, as if she had been girt by the coil of a serpent; a shiver ran through her frame, and she lay fainting in his arms.

Hinman laid the insensible girl on the sofa, and went calmly into the kitchen for water. He had placed his arm under her head, and was sprinkling her face, when the door suddenly opened, and his father entered, followed by Nancy. It was no wonder that young Hinman dropped the pale head from his arm, and sprang upon his feet, in the astonishment of the moment; for never was human being so changed as was the man before him.

His tall, robust form had fallen away, till his clothes hung loosely on his limbs, as if they had been made for a much larger person. His hair, but a few months before scarcely tinged with silver, now hung in thick gray masses over his forehead; his eyes were sunken, and the skin lay in wrinkles on his lean cheeks, formerly so full and ruddy. His whole appearance was that of a man who had suffered imprisonment for a long season. Nancy Hinman stood behind him, with her hair blown about her face, and her white dress wet deep with dew.

"Leave the room," said the old man, turning toward her. He waited till the door was closed, and then advanced sternly to his son, on whom he fixed his sunken eyes, with deep and threatening meaning.

"Dar'd you to think of marrying *her*?" he demanded, pointing to the insensible Grace.

James was about to speak. The old man prevented him. "Don't open your lips, but leave the house."

Hinman drew himself up, and haughtily returned his father's glance:—"I am of age," he said, "and shall act my own pleasure."

The old man's face became bloodless—he cast a rapid glance round the room, and then advancing close to his son, he laid his hand on his shoulder and whispered a few words in his ear. James Hinman sprang from under his father's hand, as if it had contained an instrument of death. His face was colourless, and he stood cowering and trembling like a whipped hound, under the old man's eye.

"Go," said the father, sternly pointing to the door, "go—I would'nt have your blood on my head—go!"

Hinman walked to the door. He was about to open it, when the old man turned, and stretched his arms towards him. His thin lips trembled, and tears rolled over his wrinkled cheek.

"James," he said in a broken voice, "James, I will never see you agin on this side the grave; take this, and if there's any good in you, repent of your sinful doings;" and, placing a shot-bag half full of silver, in his discarded son's hand,

he turned away, covered his face, and wept aloud.

When Grace opened her eyes, James Hinman had gone, and his father was kneeling before the sofa on which she lay.

"Grace Suthgate," said the old man, "I have treated you most cruelly—I have been sick and did'nt know of what was passing out of doors, or I'd never have let things go so far. It's a hard thing to turn agin one's own flesh and blood. It's like death for me to say it, but Grace Suthgate, it was my son, my only son, that killed your father. No wonder you start, and stare so wildly—no wonder—who'd have thought it of him, that I used to be so proud of, when he was a little fellow, following me to the meadow, when I went out a mowing, and bringing my dinner and a bitter-bottle, when I sat down to rest—who'd have thought that he'd shoot a man down before my eyes!"

Here the wretched old man buried his face in his hands, and sobbed till the room was filled with his voice of mourning. After awhile, he raised his face.

"I hav'nt slept a night since I knew it—you've been in trouble, but look here—has sorrow taken off your flesh like that?"

He held his hand before the light; the skin was shrivelled, and his long bony fingers seemed almost entirely fleshless.

"I never expected to come out agin, and I shut myself up alone, that I need not see the boy, as he passed in and out—but I shall feel easier, now I've told you the truth. I believe I should have died, if I'd kept pining over it alone—but now I feel better. But I'll tell you just all I know about the wicked deed, and then if you've a mind to complain agin the boy, I can't find fault—but it'll kill me and the poor old woman, and little Nancy, that thinks so well of him yet."

Grace strove to comfort the poor old farmer. She assured him, that she would take no measures against his son, and that the secret of his crime should never be divulged, except to Henry Blair. This promise tranquilized the old man; and, before he left her, she had gathered from him all that he knew of her father's death.

On the morning of the murder, Nancy Hinman had called on some errand to her friend, and had entered the parlor in search of her, just as Blair was assisting her to nail the honeysuckle to the window, where she accidentally heard the conversation, in which it was settled, that Mr. Suthgate's consent for the union of the cousins should be asked, while the uncle and nephew were at their sport. With girlish love of fun Nancy stole out of the house unnoticed, resolving in her heart to torment Grace about her love scene, the first time she could find her alone. While going home, she met her brother, and, in the careless gaiety of her heart, related the conversation she had heard, and described the laughable predicament of poor Blair, when the honeysuckle broke loose over him. Having shared her merry thoughts, she tripped home, ignorant of the train of evils she had lighted. James was equipped for a day's shooting, when he met his sister, and he proceeded alone to the hills. Solitude, to him, served only to engender evil thoughts. The indignity he had received from Blair, rankled in

his heart, and his sister's narrative served to mature an indistinct wish to be revenged into a determined resolution. Though Hinman was a villain, his predominating passion was vanity; he coveted money more because it enabled him to gratify his inordinate self-love, than from any inherent passion for wealth in the abstract. This leading feature in his character had been outraged by Blair, and deeply mortified by Miss Suthgate's refusal. He had loved Grace, as far as he was capable of loving any thing, and the thought that she had rejected him for Blair, his enemy, aroused all the feelings of bitterness and malice that strongly characterized him. He resolved to see Grace once more; and, if she still remained obstinate in her refusal, to—he dared not think plainly to himself, what he intended to do; but thoughts of murder lay deep in his heart. 'She shall never be his,' he muttered between his clenched teeth, as he entered the house, where Grace was alone. In what state of mind he departed, we have before related.

Old Hinman had, on that afternoon, been mowing in Mr Suthgate's meadow; the day was warm, and the old man laid down his scythe, and went up the brow of the hill, to drink of a spring whose waters he knew to be pure and limpid. As he was balancing himself on his hands and knees, with his lips to the water, he heard a crackling of brushwood near by, and, on looking up, saw his son James a few paces from him; and, further on, a man whom he supposed from his cap, to be young Blair, with his head turned, as if looking at something in a distant tree. Just above him, stood another man with a hat on, whom he took for Mr. Suthgate, but whose back was toward him. He saw him raise his gun, as if to discharge it in the air. Turning to look on his son, at the instant, he saw him raise his piece, and take deliberate aim at the man on the rock. Before he could speak, both guns mingled their sound, in a simultaneous discharge. The man on the rock gave a sudden spring, and turned his face. The horror-stricken parent heard his son exclaim, 'By all the furies, I have mistaken my man!' and then saw him dash into the brushwood, through which he took a circuitous route to where the body was lying. The appalled father heard young Blair utter a cry of terror, as he rushed down the hill, and he knew that, the youth supposed himself the accidental murderer. All this happened in a minute's time. The old man saw it all. Can it be wondered at, if he shrunk from exposing the crime of his first-born? Is it strange that, thinking the violent death of his neighbour, would be considered accidental, he shut himself up, and there pined, with concealed sorrow, ignorant of all that passed between the fearful day of his son's guilt, and that scarcely less awful night, when the murderer sought to marry the orphan of his victim?

Gentle reader,—suppose six years to have passed, and permit me to change the scene from the Androscoggin, to the drawing-room of a wealthy and promising young lawyer, in Boston. It was elegantly furnished—books and prints lay about, though centre-tables were not then in fashion—numerous paintings, which the connoisseurs pronounced as gems, lined the wall,

and a rich Brussels carpet covered the floor. Before the fire, which burned cheerfully on the marble-hearth, sat a lady habited in a black satin-dress. She was reading in a large easy-chair, with one little foot resting on an ottoman, and the other half buried in the nap of a superb rug. So elegantly rounded was her form, and so smooth was her cheek, that it would seem almost impossible that she could be mother to the beautiful children, who sat a little back, playing on the carpet. One, a fine manly boy, of four years, with dark curly hair, bright black eyes, a bold forehead, and a most mischievous smile, contrasted beautifully with the little girl at his feet, in a pink frock and white pantalettes, who raised her soft blue eyes, and shook back her sunny hair, with such a graceful motion, as the baby man strove to make her understand an assertion he had been making.

"Mamma, mamma, is not sister named after you?" cried the little fellow, running to the lady by the fire, and leaning across her lap, while the little girl clambered up behind her seat, and putting her tiny hand on the comb which confined her mother's hair, bent her rosy face over, and whispered coaxingly, "Mamma, may I?"

Before the mother could answer, the comb was brandished in the air, and down came a shower of glossy tresses over her wrought lace cap.

"Oh Grace, you rogue," exclaimed the mother, reaching her hand back, and patting the little girl's cheek; "Well, master Henry, what were you inquiring of me?"

"Only, Mamma,—," the sentence was not finished, for that moment the door opened, and our old friend, Henry Blair, entered. The children ran forward to meet him, and his beautiful wife stood blushing, and laughing at the figure she made, with the ottoman overturned on the rug, and her hair hanging like a veil almost to her feet.

Blair seemed uncommonly serious. He took a seat, and lifting the little girl to his knee, kissed her; and then, turning to his wife, said, "Grace, you know I was called upon to advocate the cause of a man imprisoned on various charges of forgery;—his trial is over."

"And what is the result?" inquired Grace, stopping on her way to the glass.

"He is convicted, and sentenced, on the different indictments, to twelve years in the state-prison; but you know this person, Grace; his name is not French, but—"

"James Hinman!" exclaimed Grace, dropping the hair she had gathered up, and drawing close to her husband, as if there was danger in the name.

"It is no other," replied Blair, "but he is so much altered in appearance, you would hardly know him."

"I hope his father and dear Nancy will not hear of his arrest," said the wife, seating herself and gazing thoughtfully on the fire; "bad as he was, they loved him; and now, the old man is growing more happy, and Nancy is married, it would entirely unsettle them again."

"His change of name will prevent his trial getting abroad," replied Blair, but his wife did not hear him; her thoughts were with her father's grave, on the banks of the Androscoggin.

FAC SIMILE OF FRANKLIN'S WRITING.

Philad<sup>a</sup> July 5. 1775

W<sup>m</sup> Prahari,\*

You are a Member of Parliament,  
and one of that Majority which has  
doomed my Country to Destruction.  
— You have begun to burn our Towns  
and murder our People. — Look upon  
your Hands! — They are stained with the  
Blood of <sup>your</sup> Relations! — You and I were  
long Friends: — You are now my En-  
emy, — and

I am,

Yours,  
B Franklin

Written for the Lady's Book.

## A CHAPTER FROM MY OLD DIARY.

BY MISS MARY E. MACMICHAEL.

IN the January of 18—, I was approaching the Post Office on Chesnut street; and I checked the quick step of Winter, to contemplate the variety of expression in a group collected round that interesting deposit of all that influences the human heart—of comfort, sorrow, love, benevolence, anger, artifice, avarice, charity, ambition, folly, extravagance, sentiment, politics, business, &c. This was a knot of gentlemen earnestly engaged in discussing the merits and probable success of horses, previous to their appearance at the next races; and they were gaily anticipating, how many conquests of ladies' hearts—how many delightful balls, and morning walks, to chat over the gayeties of the preceding evening with the fair partners of its pleasures, they would severally enjoy. It was a fine clear day—but the air was chilling as unkindness—and the side-paths were so slippery, that the foot-passengers stood an excellent chance of measuring their length, oftener perhaps than might be agreeable. But my attention was soon particularly attracted by an elderly female, on the opposite side, who was creeping along with great seeming fear, and endeavouring, if possible, to support herself against the houses. I hesitated an instant, and, crossing over, apologized for what might be deemed impertinence, and offered her my arm, as I had no difficulty in walking upon ice. With many expressions of gratitude, and kindly feelings, she complied with my request. She was somewhat advanced in life; and, though poorly clad, there was so much gentility in her appearance, and blandness in her manners, that I was interested, and did not regret the step I had taken. She told me "that she lived in Chester street, (in the upper part of the city,) and had been in Front street to procure some liverwort for her daughter, who was very ill, and that had been recommended." My direction homeward lay in the Northern district;—and I determined, internally, to see her safe, ere I left her. When we reached the door of her humble dwelling, I was anxious to depart, but the matron insisted so much upon my entering, that I disliked to wound her feelings by a refusal. The room into which she ushered me was small, and meanly furnished, but clean to a degree; its sole occupant was a female, who might have been about twenty-five years of age. Her features were expressive of mildness and dignity;—and the soft blue eye was descriptive of character, and of that sort, which interests almost as much as perfect beauty;—but, oh how pale, how downcast, was that sweet countenance!—disease had been busy with her frame, and consumption seemed about to claim its legitimate prey. "My daughter," said the mother, (as she arose slowly to welcome her parent,) "this young lady has kindly brought me home,

and, but for her assistance, I must inevitably have fallen." A sudden smile irradiated her countenance, as she extended her hand, and thanked me for my civility. She seated herself beside me, and led at once, with the instinctive tact of an elevated mind, to those subjects of remark that were best calculated to lure me into confidence and freedom. Encouraged by the kindness of her manner, as well as beguiled by a face that was chastened by the impress of a meek and gentle spirit, the restraint which a scene so new, naturally imposed on me, was soon dissipated, like snow in the sunshine; and it required but little discernment to discover in her conversation a high and cultivated tone of thought and feeling, according but ill with the lowliness of her condition. After a few general remarks, she said, with a melancholy tone, "I am far from well at present,—my spirits have left me sadly of late;—you will perhaps smile, but I fancy my time in this world will be short." I ventured to hope that she might live many years, and regain her former health and strength. "The seeds of decay," said she, placidly, "are too deeply sown to be eradicated; nor do I wish to live,—life for me has no charms; my illness is here—here;" and she laid her hand upon her heart: "this is withered—broken. I have, during my confinement to the house, briefly sketched my history; as you appear to be interested, I think it but justice to myself to give it you, if you will accept it." She reached down a black bag that hung near her, and took therefrom a roll of white paper, as I thought, and handed it to me. I received it gladly, for I was desirous of knowing more of her history. I looked at the mother; she seemed to be mourning silently, but deeply, over the blasted energies of her child. Her cheek was wan—and, in her smile, there was no gladness. I soon after took leave, and sought my home. On my way thither, my mind was confused with various conjectures relative to those whom I had left. They were, I knew, foreigners. but I knew not to what clime they belonged. I thought of her, still young and bearing the traces of loveliness, so eager for the tomb; the tones of her voice, too, seemed holier than those of earth, and their rich solemnity still lingered on my ear. A crowd of visionary suppositions floated through my brain, but they were soon dispelled, and the unquiet tone of my mind gave place to the joyous knowledge that I had reached my place of abode.

Midnight came—conversation had ceased—the family had retired. I opened the envelope with avidity; I was anxious to know more of her, whose voice haunted me like a pleasant dream. It was enclosed in a sheet of snowy paper, written in a neat, legible hand, and ran thus:



## "THE STRANGER'S STORY."

My name is Adela Somers. I was born in another land—among other people—in Bristol, England. I was the only child of a respectable tradesman; of my birth, parentage, or expectations, it were superfluous to speak. In an evil hour, I became acquainted with Henry Chadwick. The usual arts of seduction were employed by him for my ruin, and succeeded. Caution slept, and I ceased to be virtuous. Peace, from that moment, I have never known; the demon remorse clutched its talons in my heart, and has haunted me by night and by day—keeping me down to the rack of mind ever since—for I had fallen into a bottomless pit of guilt and error. The knowledge of my shame fell upon my father's head like a stroke of God's lightning;—the consequences were terrible;—he grieved, and would not be comforted. In his agony, he uttered curses upon me; oh, how witheringly did they fall on my heart, like molten lead!—Then my cup of misery mantled to the brim. My mother implored him to recalc the dreadful imprecation, and he did so; but, when he smiled upon me, it was colder than a wintry sunbeam, and his manners told me but too plainly, that I could never be again the object of his love, and that the place which I had once filled in his affections was mine no longer. I read too, in the shrunken form, the ashy cheek, and the hollow eye of my mother, a dreadful tale of grief and suffering. She smiled;—but her smiles, though kind and benignant as ever, were no longer those of gayety. She endeavoured to minister comfort to others, whilst it was but too evident that the canker-worm that gnaws away the heart-strings silently, was preying on her vitals. Trust me, the deepest sorrow hath the fewest words; it is deep and noiseless as the Gulf of Oblivion, and will soon work out its own evil. She beheld, with unutterable anguish, the blight of those hopes which she had so fondly cherished for me; she mourned that decay and corruption should gather on an immortal plant, which she had received in high trust, to prepare for a holier sphere. The child of her pride had sullied her fair name, and forfeited that place in society to which her ambition had aspired. My own existence too was purely mechanical, dragged on like a weary chain, from which I lacked resolution to free myself. Hope had resigned her thousand rainbow colours, which can give beauty and promise to the gloomiest hour. True it is, that the hopes of youth are sweet, and its spirits buoyant; but how soon are those hopes disappointed, and those spirits broken down forever! In me, the qualities most natural to the young, were destroyed; suspicion had taken the place of confidence—reserve of reliance—and distrust, instead of the ready belief in all that was good and beautiful. Knowledge had come too soon;—knowledge of evil, unqualified by the general charities which a longer experience infallibly brings;—the poetry of life was but a dream—its fairy-land a departed vision. I had known many bright hours;—I had seen the young blossomings of love springing up like flowers in a garden—giving beauty and freshness to all around; but, alas! those bright hours vanished—those

brilliant dreams passed away—and then my soul sank within itself, and lay like some cold spot in the desert, where no ray of sunshine ever shone—no flower of beauty ever bloomed! It is sad to see the green and splendid hopes of youth decay—all that the heart has fondly clung around, perish and depart—the brightest, dearest, fondest of life's joys fade away as a dream, when one awaketh. I had played the losing game of yielding all;—I could not look for consolation in the world, for I had cast aside, as an old garment, its law;—I could not, above all, repose on myself, for I had lost the security of my own virtue.

About this time, my father was taken ill, of typhus fever. I stood at his bed-side;—in his delirium, he reproached me as the author of all his sufferings;—I gazed upon his haggard countenance, and fiery eye-balls. I had always a morbid dread of this disease. Its slow and silent approach—in the dreadful gripe with which it seizes upon the life-strings—in the entire prostration of strength—in the fearful tempest of delirium with which the spirit is cast down, and overwhelmed in the dreadful phantoms that are conjured up, and hover round the pillow of the sufferer—to me, they brought unconquerable fear, deep and awful. My father had lost all the powers and attributes of an intellectual being; I still shudder, when I think, that he was swept as a hurricane into the grave. The last day of his illness, he raved incessantly of his daughter; he seemed aware of his approaching dissolution, but unconscious of aught else. Of his own death, he made light;—it was my situation alone that embittered his last moments. In an agony of horror indescribable, I knelt by his dying couch, and conjured him by the love of God, and the blood and sufferings of our common Saviour, to grant me some token of recognition—some sign of forgiveness. I besought his blessing;—I knew the Lord would pardon me. He gave it not; the gurgling of death was in his throat, and the quivering limbs showed that life was not extinct;—I raised his drooping head gently in my arms;—the eyes were fixed and lustreless. Oh God! the concentration of agony of that moment was dilated in years of ordinary misery! The pulsation of his heart became, every moment, feebler and less frequent—the convulsive actions of the muscles gradually ceased, and my arms no longer embraced a living parent, but a cold and rigid corse. Never, oh never, shall that sight, and that day, pass away from my mind, and be forgotten!

"Oh God! it is a fearful thing,  
To see the human soul take wing,  
In any shape—in any mood!"

Let me pass over a period of three weeks, of which I knew nothing. I awoke, as from a dream, and found my mother kneeling at my bed-side, in the humility of prayer; and I trust that the sound of thanksgiving, as it rose from her voice to that God, whose Almighty arm has since upheld and supported me, was heard! On the day of my recovery, the sun was bright;—but, to my jaundiced eye, the heavens appeared cloudy;—a balmy and refreshing breeze played around me, but I felt not its soothing

power;—my heart was chilled. One dark, freezing, dreadful idea haunted my imagination, that, by some unseen, mysterious power, found a ready echo within my breast, always at hand to repeat it. The hand of Time wrote then a deep furrow upon my spirit. My existence was aimless—joyless—brooding over a past, whose every recollection was a bitterness;—a future, without aim that could elevate or attach, was before me:

“And life to those whose sun of hope is set,  
Seems Death, without its blessing—to forget!  
When earth hath lost its charm, and over all,  
The sullen spirit throws its gloomy pall—  
The glorious sky—the rapture of the air,  
Have nought but clouds and coldness for despair!”

Some six months after the decease of my father, I received a letter from my betrayer, (then in America,) beseeching my forgiveness. He was, he said, compelled to leave the country—the wrath of his uncle, (whose property he was heir to,) blazed so high, when he proposed marrying me, that he had finally settled in Boston, and had a competency; and he assured me by all he held dear upon the earth, and beyond the earth, that, if I would follow him, he would make me his wedded wife. My mother was overjoyed at the thoughts of my retrieving my character, and we accordingly disposed of our little property, and prepared to cross the wide extended world of waters.

After a tedious voyage, we arrived in the above-mentioned city. As soon as we had procured lodgings, I addressed a note to Henry Chadwick, (the direction was in his letter,) apprizing him of my arrival. It was ten o'clock ere the note reached him;—and, in less than an hour, I had an answer; it petrified me. He stated, that, ‘from my delay, he thought I would not come, and that he had married in haste—but that he loved me fervently as ever—and offered me a maintenance upon my own terms; and said, in conclusion, that he would do himself the pleasure of waiting upon me, at noon, the following day.’ At six o'clock the next morning, we left word that, when the gentleman called, he should be told ‘that we had gone, for a few days, to reside in the upper part of the city; and meant to return to England, at the earliest opportunity.’ With some difficulty, we found a friend of ours who had left the country seven years before. His family treated us very kindly, and we staid with them for several days, until we could obtain some means of subsistence. That night, my soul went down into the depths of memory. The events of the last three days—of my whole existence—passed in rapid review before my mental vision. The thought of my father—of the wildness of my youth—of all I had been—of all I had done—of all I had endured—crowded into my mind with fearful rapidity; and then my soul was blackened by the revelations—the knowledge I had obtained of my future fate—my guilt. Now I saw the vanity of the hopes I had indulged—of my parent’s dark foreboding, and its realization—despair brooded within the

deep recesses of my heart. I could not pray—I dared not pray—and I resigned myself, conscience-stricken, and self-abased. Remorse shrieked in my ears, and with scorpion lash impelled me onward. The events of my past life rose up in dreadful array before me; and, without losing the sense of my present misery, I endured the agonizing consciousness of happiness fled forever! My eyes filled with tears—I could see no longer—my very brain seemed blinded. All was blank despair—but even that has its limits;—beyond, yawns the gulf of insensibility;—I knew no more until the next morning.

We have been here ten months; and, through the medium of our kind friends, we have been enabled to procure needle-work enough to well-nigh support us in our very humble way. I have known the embittered feeling—the disappointed illusion—and the betrayed hope. In the midst of the world, I am like a withered leaf of the last year, amid the green fresh foliage of the Spring; it is time that I should fall from the bough, and give place to brighter things. There is joy and gladness in all around me, while I, in the gloomy reflection of my own thoughts, seem but a blot upon the face of creation. My heart is like a ruined and deserted city, where the winged step of joy and the seven-stringed lute of hope have ceased to echo each other—where happiness, ‘that gay to-morrow of the mind, which never comes,’ lies cold and dead upon its own threshold—where dust is dry and arid over all, and where there is no sign of habitation—no promise of change. I have been too profoundly disabused of life’s illusions, ever again to allow their engrossment; I have nothing left to do—but die. I have but one pang in leaving this earth,—it is my mother; but she is old, and decay is veiled, so that she will follow ere long. Death to me has no terrors;—it is a ‘consummation devoutly to be wished;’—the axe is welcome to the withered bough; and, when we are released from the cumbrous clods of clay that shroud our spirits, the hope that cheers is, that we shall be carried to those imperishable mansions above us, where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the bright and beautiful things that fade before us here, and pass away like shadows, will stay in our presence forever! And now, my tale is ended;—may the blessing of a blighted and a breaking heart rest upon you;—farewell!”

I perused this narrative with deep, absorbing feeling; but, although I felt a strong interest in the individual, I did not think it would be quite proper to visit her. She was a person to whom I should have felt gratified in rendering any assistance, for her story had powerfully excited my nature in her behalf. She was, indeed, a wanderer from the paths of virtue; and though, by the unbending rules of society, such a person may be held an outcast on earth, we know that there is more joy in heaven over one repentant sinner, than over ninety and nine of those whose unswerving, and perhaps

untempted virtue, has held on its way victorious, and rejoicing. Man knew her error; but God, who alone can read the inmost heart, knew the strength of the preceding temptation, and the depth and sincerity of that penitence by which it was afterwards deplored.

Days, weeks, and even months, rolled on; the Winter had passed, and it was nearly Summer, when I called to inquire of Adela Somers. With the season, she had passed from earth—she had acted her part in the grand drama of life;—and now, where was she? In darkness—darkness so impenetrable, that eye could not follow, or theory fathom or explain it. What was the consolation irradiating such darkness?—a beaming ray of religion, of pious hope—a Creator trusted in. The mortal part expires, but the soul springs to behold renewed existence in eternal life, when the dust shall return whence it came, and the spirit to God who gave it. To die is appointed to human nature; but, when the awful summons arrives, the body's pangs may be absorbed in the blessed hope of everlasting life, and in the spirit's ascent to immortality.

The mother and a few friends followed her to the silent tomb, and dropped many tears, as they saw her cold relics laid beneath the green sod; but did the birds sing less sweetly, the sun shine less brightly, because a worm of dust had returned to dust?

“Harsh was the world to her,—  
Now may death minister  
Balm for each ill:  
Low on sweet nature's breast,  
Let the meek heart find rest.  
Deep—deep—and still!”

SAMUEL JOHNSON.



Samuel Johnson, one of the greatest literary characters of the eighteenth century, was the son of a bookseller; was born in 1709, at Litchfield; and completed his education at Pembroke College, Oxford. After having been usher at Market Bosworth school, and having married Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mercer, and vainly endeavoured to establish an academy at Edial, he settled in the metropolis in 1737. In the following year he published his *London*, a satire,

which established his poetical reputation, and was praised by Pope. For some years his subsistence was chiefly derived from supplying biographical and miscellaneous articles, including the debates in parliament, to the *Gentlemen's Magazine*. His *Life of Savage* appeared in 1744. From 1747 to 1755, he was engaged on his *English Dictionary*. In the interval, however, he gave to the world *The Vanity of Human Wishes*; *The Rambler*; and the tragedy of *Irene*. These labours, however, were more productive of fame than of profit. He was still obliged to toil to provide for the passing day, and thus necessity called into existence the *Idler*, *Rasselas*, and various productions of less consequence. At length, in 1762, a pension of £300 was granted to him by the crown; and, in 1765, a large increase was made to his comforts by his becoming intimate with the family of Mr. Thrale. In the course of the last twenty years of his life he produced his political pamphlets; an edition of *Shakspeare*; a *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*; and the *Lives of the Poets*. He died December 13, 1784.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.



Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born October 31, 1751, at Dublin; was educated at Harrow, and studied the law at Lincoln's Inn; but was not called to the Bar. He married early in life, and, having exhausted his pecuniary resources, he looked to literature for his immediate subsistence. His first dramatic attempt was *The Rivals*, which was but imperfectly successful. *The Duenna*, however, and *The School for Scandal*, placed him foremost among living dramatists; and he sustained his reputation by *The Critic*. In 1776, he became one of the proprietors of *Drury Lane Theatre*; and in 1780 he was elected member for Stafford. For two and thirty years he pursued a splendid parliamentary career, during which he was unrivalled in wit, and had few equals in eloquence. One of his greatest efforts of oratory was his speech, as manager, upon the impeachment of *Hastings*. He was thrice in office, for short periods, under the *Rockingham*, *coalition* and *whig* administrations. In his latter years he drank deeply of the cup of bitterness. His profuse habits involved him deeply in debt; the destruction of *Drury Lane*

Theatre, by fire, contributed to his ruin; his failure to obtain a seat in parliament deprived him of protection from arrest; his person was more than once seized by the harpies of the law; and, amidst difficulties, fears and sorrows, this highly gifted man sank to the grave on the 7th of July, 1816. His Poems and Plays were collected, in two volumes, by Moore, who also wrote a Life of him.

### CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

"What is thy name?"

"Thou'lt be afraid to hear it!"—*Macbeth*.

I BELIEVE I may confidently appeal to the whole circle of our acquaintance, whether both myself and my wife were not universally respected as Mr. and Mrs. Mark Somers, of Bentinck-street and Englefield-green—at both of which residences, our parties, though not numerous, were fashionable and select;—and our dinners, though rare, quite as profuse of plate and French wines, as was consistent with our income. Indeed, I have reason to think they were rather more so—for we were generally condemned to a fast after a feast—often denying ourselves permanent comforts for the sake of an occasional luxury. However, we were as happy as two people could be, who were doomed to support existence on little better than two thousand a year; and so we might have continued, but that my wife's uncle, Mr. Timothy Higginbotham, of Hoxton, a great manufacturer of bricks, chose to convert himself into clay, for the benefit of future brickmakers, leaving the whole of his immense fortune to his only relative, Mrs. Mark Somers. A great misfortune, truly! methinks I hear the reader exclaim. Alas! it proved so to me—for it was vitiated and tainted with one condition, which poisoned all the happiness it might have otherwise conferred—namely, that I should take and wear the abhorred name of Higginbotham! I had ever been squeamish, fastidious, fantastical about names, the more so as I had always considered my own particularly euphonous and genteel;—and, to be robbed of it thus unexpectedly, and made the nominal representative of a vile Hoxton dealer in argillaceous parallelograms—the thought was intolerable. Too well was I aware that all our friends and acquaintance would revenge themselves for our accession of fortune, by an unmerciful railery and interminable quizzing of its hideous appendage. Already did the hideous appellation hiss in mine ears by day, and haunt me in my dreams. The faces of my friends danced before my imagination, so completely mantled over and flickering with ridicule, that there was not room to stick a single pin in them, without transfixing some cursed jibe or jeer, some latent irony, or open and malicious snigger. I shall be told that this was a preposterous source of misery;—perhaps so, but still it was, and is one;—and others have been plunged into as deep an affliction, by causes apparently more trivial. "Would any one believe," says the learned Walderstein, in his Diary, "that I

have been often wretched, because, for the last twenty years, I have never been able to sneeze three times together!" How cheerfully would I consent never to sneeze again, for the whole remainder of my life, if I could only disburthen myself of this miserable, mean, and degrading *sobriquet*.

So humiliating and insupportable did it appear to me, that I seriously proposed to my wife an abandonment of the legacy upon such grievous terms, extolling our present happiness, and urging the sufficiency of our means for all rational gratifications; but she laughed at my arguments, and was inexorable to my most pathetic entreaties. "T will be but nine days' wonder," she exclaimed, "and we must brazen the thing out as well as we can, consoling ourselves with the pleasures of a substance, for any temporary pains that may be inflicted by a mere name. What's in a name! as Shakspeare says. A rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet." "Ay, and a great deal sweeter," I replied, "if any other could be substituted for this unfortunate one of Higginbotham, I would have said, but that ominous Amen stuck in my throat. 'Besides,'" continued I, "does not Shakspeare elsewhere assert that 'he who filches from me my good name,' makes me poor indeed?" "Well, then, my dear," replied my wife, "Shakspeare tells a story, for you have been made rich, not poor, by the process." "Rich in worldly things," I resumed, with a sigh, "but cognitively I am impoverished, degraded, sunk deeper than plummet ever sounded. Were it a fair name, I could submit; but this is a nickname, a by-word, a reproach. Give a dog an ill name, says the proverb, and hang him.—Never dog had a worse than mine, and I feel already as if I were hung up aloft for the finger of scorn to be wagged at, and condemned to stand in the pillory of my own appellation, as the wretch Hig— No, I cannot pronounce it. 'Take any name but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble.' Would I could be 'a man again,' and look the world boldly in the face, with the happy baptismal and patronymic appellations which I once possessed! If the horrid and unfeeling old brickmaker had only left me half his fortune, upon condition of taking half his name, I might have been happy, whichever moiety he had inflicted upon me. The latter portion, indeed, might have subjected me to a ludicrous perversion of the testator's meaning, as I am of somewhat Grenvillian structure, (being distantly related to the Temples;) but still it would have been infinitely better than the compound calamity under which I am now suffering."

For some time, I attempted (it was rather an unmanly expedient, I must confess,) to make a compromise with my ignominy, by writing letters, and describing myself to tradesmen and others, as the late Mr. Mark Somers; but this was falling from Scylla to Charybdis, for it presently got rumoured that I was dead, and Partridge himself was never exposed to more annoyances than I drew upon my devoted head by this incautious mode of expression. Like that celebrated living defunct, I actually encountered a respectable man in black, standing upon my

drawing-room table, who told me he was come from the undertaker to measure the walls for mourning hangings, and asked directions about the coffin and the funeral; while the clergyman, the sexton, and half a dozen more came gently to the door, with tristful visages, and were not to be persuaded, without considerable difficulty, that I was still alive as Mr. Higginbotham, though unfortunately extinct as Mr. Mark Somers.

Shortly after this occurrence, while standing in my hall, I heard the postman knock and inquire whether there was any servant in the house named Higginbotham, as he had got a letter so directed. Well might the fellow imagine that no master of an establishment, no decent personage, in fact, could own so base and vulgar an appellation. This heightened my disgust at the atrocious conduct of the old brickmaker; and, at that very instant, a fat wretch came to solicit some assistance, who Higginbothamed me at every other word of a long tale of distress, and concluded by saying she had formerly worked as char-woman "for Mrs. Higginbotham as is." Revolting as the word had always appeared, when applied to myself, it seemed ten times more hideous, when visited upon so genteel a woman as my wife. I believe I actually shed a tear, as I turned away, not at the fat woman's story—for I hated the foul-mouthed hussey—but at my own, in being obliged to submit tamely to the insult of hearing such a four-syllable defilement applied to my wife.

Nevertheless, it became necessary to bear my fate like a man, to face the world boldly with my unutterable name, and run the gauntlet of public ridicule, however pointed and provoking. We accordingly engaged ourselves to one of Lady S——'s immense routs in Arlington-street, whither I betook myself with as much alacrity as a criminal to the scaffold, or a lamb to the slaughter-house. As there was no recording angel to let fall a tear upon the word, as I gave it in, and blot it out forever, the servant at the door announced me with a half-suppressed titter, and another on the landing-place, converting my Christian name into a verb of the imperative mood, repeated it after the following fashion: "Mr. and Mrs. — (mark!)"—and then spitefully shouted out, at the top of his voice, the soul-harrowing and hated "Higginbotham!" Never shall I forget the nudging of elbows, and giggling of saucy faces, as they vulgarly gazed after me; nor the blank astonishment, sudden stare, and polite, though insolent simper of the company in the drawing-room, upon hearing such a name announced in such an assemblage. Anxious to show that I was still somebody, I bustled up to two or three acquaintance, whom I recognized in the throng, but they seemed eager to disclaim all connexion with any such hideous and awfully plebeian sound, and ensconced themselves behind impenetrable masses of visitants. My guilty conscience suggested to me that I was as much shunned as Peter Schlemihl, when he had lost his shadow, and I felt proportionably irritated against what I conceived to be the arrogance and impertinence of the company. At this critical moment, when I

was just ready to boil over, a heavy man placed his heel upon my corn;—and, in that agony of mental and bodily suffering, being prepared to convert every thing into an intentional insult—I turned upon him, exclaiming fiercely, as I fumbled for a card, "Sir, my name is Higginbotham." "My dear Sir," replied the gentleman, with a polite bow, and a provoking calmness, "I have not the smallest doubt it is; you look as if it were." Heavens! what an indignity! not only to be *de facto*, a real, live, *bona fide* Higginbotham, but to be told that I looked like one! Even now I blush at the recollection of the follies I committed on that ill-fated evening, while smarting under the first agony of my new title; and when I inform you, Mr. Editor, that I am likely to retain that execrable appendage, and lose the money that accompanied it, (the particulars of which will form the subject of a future letter,) I think you will admit there never was a case of more real distress than that of your unfortunate correspondent—

MARK HIGGINBOTHAM.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### MUSINGS.

The sea is deep, and those who sleep beneath  
its coral bowers,

Their nightly vigils keep more true than ever  
we have ours;

On, on the sea—there's joy for me—

My bark is on the wave—

That pledge of endless constancy,

Which once to me you gave,

I throw to tides, which waft the boon,

Within the scorching tropic's noon.

The stars have come without their gloom—  
haste bids me speed away;—

Good night, false one—I sing my doom, in  
broken-hearted lay;—

My native shore is mine no more,

I leave it now forever;

My harp, thy wailings now are o'er,

Its strains repeated never!

Its strings shall rust—I give to thee,

Mermaid, my lyre—'t is in the sea!

M. E. M.

The only kind office performed for us by our friends, of which we never complain, is our funeral; and the only thing which we are sure to want, happens to be the only things which we never purchase—our coffin.

We know the effects of many things, but the causes of few; experience, therefore, is a surer guide than imagination, and inquiry than conjecture; But those physical difficulties which you cannot account for, be very slow to arraign, for he that would be wiser than nature, would be wiser than God.

# OH! BEAUTIFUL RHINE, A Ballad,

ADAPTED TO A FAVOURITE WALTZ OF THE POPULAR GERMAN OPERA

## DIE WIENER IN BERLIN,

ARRANGED BY

JOHN WHITAKER.

*Moderato.*

*Piano Forte.*

*p* *f*

The bright stars of night, on thy

*p*

dark waters shine, And Bards oft have nam'd thee, their region di - - vine; So

calm is thy bosom, oh! beau - ti - ful Rhine! Ulli ai, - - - - Ulli





## II.

The glory that erst on thy banks did recline,  
Has pass'd, as the leaves that in Autumn decline;  
But thou'rt fair as ever, oh! beautiful Rhine!

Ulli ai, Ulli ai, Ulli ai, Ulli ai, Ulli ai, Ulli ai, Ulli,  
Ulli ai, Ulli, Ulli ai, Ulli ai, ai, Ulli ai, Ulli,  
Ulli ai!

## III.

What Bard would not offer a lay at thy shrine,  
To thy bow'rs of old, and thy clustering vine?  
In peace, flow for ever, oh! beautiful Rhine!

Ulli ai, Ulli ai, Ulli ai, Ulli ai, Ulli ai, Ulli ai, Ulli,  
Ulli ai, Ulli, Ulli ai, Ulli ai, ai, Ulli ai, Ulli,  
Ulli ai!

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MAY—gentle—smiling—blooming—fragrant May—happy are we in thy welcome coming. Now the earth freed from the icy domain of stern old Winter, looks blithe and glad some in her renovated garments: now the birds sing and twitter: now the streamlets roar and dash: now the trees put forth their blossoms: now every hedge bears a flower, and every wind wafts an incense. Glorious May: how the bright sun shines down upon us: how the balmy air

diffuses its wholesome sweetness. Once more, blue skies are above us: once more, sounds of melody are about us: once more, nature puts on her holiday vestments, and all is gay and joyous. Let us wander forth into the green fields, and listen to the concert of the babbling brooks, and the humming insects, which join their voices in genial harmony. Let us watch the sportive lamb in its innocent gambols, and follow the harmless dairy-maid, as she performs her pleasant duties. Ah! see how lilacs fill the path, and the rich apricot sheds its blossoms—beauty mingled with fragrance. May, favourite child of Spring, with



all thy mother's loveliness: without thy mother's early fickleness: we bless and honour thee. Harbinger of Summer, may thy advent be propitious. We feel thy influence: we acknowledge thy power. Hail! all hail!

N. B. If the above elegant invocation, which we flatter ourselves is quite equal to several of a similar character which we have seen, should seem unseasonable, the fault it must be remembered is not ours, but the weather's.

For the gratification of the large number of our fair readers who practise equestrianism, we have this month given a plate illustrating the fashionable style of riding dress. A lady of our acquaintance—whose knowledge and taste upon such subjects eminently qualify her to judge—has assured us that the pattern, our designer has furnished, will be *the rage* in the approaching season. It is certainly very pretty, and very becoming.

The attention which has recently been bestowed on the physical education of females, is a characteristic of the age in which we live. It is founded in the most obvious utility—and must, we think, be productive of great advantages. Our young women, now-a-days, are enabled to strengthen their limbs by judicious exercise, while at the same time they derive a large accession of pleasure from the means employed for this salutary purpose. Nothing can be more interesting or more serviceable, than *Calisthenics*: a name, by-the-by, which we could wish might be changed for one more easy of general use.

Many eminent physicians have bestowed careful and patient examination on this subject; and the result of their inquiries is a well-digested system, which, we believe, forms part of the regular course of instruction in several of the seminaries for young ladies. We have copied into our present number some of the most familiar principles of the science, accompanying them with such illustrations as will enable all to give them a practical application.

Messrs. Carey & Hart—whose enterprise as publishers is proverbial—have now in press, and will shortly publish, two volumes of Tales, from the pen of our townsman, RICHARD PENN SMITH. We are glad to see that Mr. Smith has again publicly entered the field of literary labour. His *Forsoaken*—a novel which possessed far more sterling merit than three-fourths of the publications, so called, which have since enjoyed extensive popularity—exhibited a fertility of invention, and a knowledge of character, which joined to a happy facility in description, gained for the writer the solid applause of the most competent critics; and led to the expectation that he would make large additions to our stock of literature. This expectation has hitherto been disappointed; but the announcement given above, shows that he has now roused himself for further efforts, and we may reasonably anticipate that, having begun, he will continue.

Mr. Smith is extensively and favourably known, in Philadelphia, as a ripe scholar. He has cultivated his mind by constant intercourse with the best writers, both ancient and modern; and few men possess a more thorough or well-grounded acquaintance with belles-lettres literature. As a writer, he is distinguished by clearness and simplicity of style, searching observation, and a fruitful and instructive spirit.

In our next, we shall present our readers with an extract from his forthcoming work.

The patrons of the Lady's Book will no doubt observe that we are unremitting in our efforts to merit their favours. Within the last six months, we think, its appearance has undergone considerable improvement; and it shall not be our fault, if it does not continue to improve. Some of our friends have complained of

our *Portrait Gallery*;—and, though we have made every exertion to obtain the best likenesses, and have employed the best artists to engrave them—we are free to admit that they have not realized our expectations. After this number, we shall discontinue their publication; and give in place of them a number of smaller heads—such as Pope and Mrs. Barbauld, in the April number, and Johnson and Sheridan in this—which will be much neater and more appropriate. Besides these, we intend to furnish, from time to time, commencing with the July number, engravings on wood, representing historical and other subjects, which will be of such superior excellence, that they will not only enhance the value of our Book, but gain new credit for the state of the arts in this country. We have several at present in preparation, for which we shall not fear to challenge comparison with the finest wood engravings which have ever been executed on this side the Atlantic.

For the information of several kind friends abroad, who have recently expressed a gratifying interest in regard to it, we mention that our subscription list is rapidly and steadily increasing; and it gives us pleasure to add that our *Book* is daily ordered, in the most flattering terms, by the most eminent citizens throughout the United States.

We ask attention to the story called "The Daughter," which we have copied from the Portland Magazine. It is full of interest, and is written with great power.

We are permitted by Mrs. Stephens to say, that she will soon contribute to our columns an original article, which she has now in preparation. Our knowledge of her abilities, enables us to promise our readers a most acceptable treat.

A pleasant writer in one of our periodicals, has been amusing the public with sketches of character, taken at the late Citizens' Ball. His portraits are, generally, well-drawn, and some of the likenesses are vigorously authentic. Speaking of a cotemporary, he calls him "spicy, pungent, witty, humorous, satirical, sensible and accomplished Neal;"—high praise, but amply deserved by the gentleman who is its subject. Neal—we do not mean John of Portland, though a clever man is John, but Joseph C. of this city—is a writer of rare excellence. He is fluent, well-informed and instructive on all topics which he touches; but his great merit is his exquisite humour. In this quality, he is unsurpassed. His perception of the ridiculous is quick to a degree; and he pours out upon his subjects a rich, copious and abundant stream of drollery, enlivened and enriched by a keenness of wit, which never suffers it to run into mere coarseness. The articles which he has contributed to various popular periodicals, if collected together, would form a book far surpassing in pleasantness any comic annual we have ever had the fortune to see.

CHESTNUT STREET, on the fine, sunny days which made the latter part of April, now-and-then, seem as if it was in reality Spring, was crowded with throngs of ladies. During the fashionable hours of promenading, a constant stream of pedestrians poured from Broad to Second streets; and then changing its current, flowed back on the opposite side, without check or intermission. The unusual severity of the winter, and what is still more unusual with us, the shocking condition of the streets, had rendered it unpleasant to walk abroad for months; and when the opportunity offered, every one was disposed to make the best of it. Ladies of all ages, from the grave matron to the tripping girl, came out to enjoy the genial sunshine and inhale the balmy air; and truly it was a pleasant spectacle to behold them, radiant with the happy influences of the refreshing season. Bright eyes looked

brighter: crimson cheeks assumed a deeper bloom: ruby lips blushed and pouted with renewed richness; and the light step seemed more than ever buoyant. As this was a kind of interval between cold and warm weather, the style of dress was various. Some retained the rich satins and the waving plumes of winter: others sported the flower-crowned hat and the various-coloured chintz proper to the Spring; and, as it was the time of the Friends' Yearly Meeting, the modest white frock and the lowly bonnet of many a dark-eyed, rosy Quakeress, contrasted prettily with the gayer and more gorgeous apparel.

On such a day as those of which we have been speaking, a stroll along Chestnut street is really delightful. You may gaze on female beauty, till the eye turns away, sated with enjoyment. At every fresh step, you encounter some new charm, and loveliness succeeds to loveliness, in endless variety. With us, all classes of ladies, when the weather is suitable, resort to this general promenade, and render its attractions unequalled. But, apart from the presence of the fair creatures, who might make even "a wilderness blossom as the rose," Chestnut street has many advantages. The public buildings scattered at intervals along its whole extent—the shady avenue in front of the venerable State House—the fancy-stores piled with cumbrous heaps of the richest merchandise—the shops of the jewellers glittering with gold and precious stones—the windows of the print-sellers filled with the most beautiful productions of the graver—the numerous hotels and places of amusement—all contribute to make it a grand and ceaseless thoroughfare, and to cover its pavements with constant crowds of passengers.

The booksellers advertise for sale, "Sketches of American Character," by Mrs. S. J. Hale. The works of this lady commend themselves to all readers, and may be read by all with pleasure and profit.

We have just issued "*Newton Forster*," being the sixth number of our uniform edition of Marryatt's novels. The others will soon be ready for delivery to subscribers. Orders still continue to crowd in upon us from all quarters; and we have several times been obliged to re-print some of the earlier numbers, to supply the demand.

A correspondent—whom we suppose to be a lady, by the neat, delicate, nicely-rounded characters, and the tasteful smoothness of the folds of her letter—thus writes us: "Now that you have commenced making editorial paragraphs a part of your Book—a change, which, permit me to say, I consider an improvement—I would suggest the propriety of occasional notices of the Drama. I don't know why it is, but almost every body feels an interest in the doings of the player-folks;—at least I do,—and among my own friends, I know that in this I am not singular. Remote as we are from the large cities, our means of seeing performances are, of course, rare; and this, perhaps, enhances the pleasure we have in hearing of them. I do not expect that you have either room or inclination for elaborate criticism, nor is it desirable; but a brief summary, I feel sure, would be generally acceptable to your readers."

We are always willing, within the degree of our abilities, to gratify our friends—and especially the ladies. Extended notices of theatrical performances are not consonant to the character of our work; and the space they necessarily occupy, would, perhaps, in the opinion of many, be much better supplied by articles of a different description. Occasional brief paragraphs, however, on the affairs of the Drama, may, as our correspondent suggests, "be generally acceptable to our readers;" and it will give us pleasure to make such.

During the past month, the theatres in this city have both enjoyed a liberal patronage. At the Arch

street theatre, Mademoiselle Celeste has had a protracted and successful engagement. The extraordinary success of this *danseuse* has lately been the subject of much commentary; and, in some places, the gentlemen of the press have shown great indignation at her good fortune. This is a feeling in which we cannot share. We confess that we are not among the number of her ardent admirers; but, as people go to the theatres for amusement—if they prefer the pirouettes of Celeste to the declamations of Booth, or the drolleries of Reeve—it is altogether a matter of taste in which none have a right to interfere.

Besides Celeste, Mr. J. Wallack, Mr. Abbott, Mr. John Reeve, and Mr. Balls have had engagements at the Arch street theatre; and, in the latter part of the month, the incomparable Woods, whose brilliant talents have made the usually quiet inhabitants of our town almost music-mad.

At the Walnut street theatre, they have had a succession of magnificent spectacles. The Jewess, Norman Leslie, and The Council of the Inquisition have, in turn, attracted crowded houses; and each of them has well deserved the commendation it has received.

Key and Biddle, of this city, are preparing for publication "*The Philadelphia Book*," a compilation of specimens, both in prose and verse, from our best writers. The work is under the editorial superintendence of H. T. Tuckerman, Esq. whose abilities and taste give assurance that it will be worthy of the subject.

Induced by the extraordinary sale of his beautiful edition of MARRYATT'S NOVELS, the publisher of those works will, on the first day of July, commence in the same faultless style, an edition of the celebrated

## BULWER NOVELS,

Comprising—

PELHAM;	DISOWNED;
DEVEREUX;	PAUL CLIFFORD;
EUGENE ARAM;	LAST DAYS OF POMPEII;
RIENZI;	FAIKLAND;

PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

Making an uniform edition of nearly fifteen hundred pages—four hundred pages more than MARRYATT. They will be published in semi-monthly numbers, each of which will contain one complete work, with title-page and cover. The whole series will be completed in eight numbers, and will be furnished to subscribers at the extraordinarily low price of three dollars and fifty cents. *Three complete sets may be had for ten dollars*, by directing orders to that effect, enclosing the cash, (*postage paid*.) to Louis A. Godey, No. 100 Walnut street, Philadelphia.



## RECEIPT.

### Method of making Rusks.

The best rusks are made in the following manner:—Take a pound of fine flour, six beaten eggs, a very little salt, and some sugar. Rub into the flour half a pound of butter; then, warming some milk, mix up the whole with a little yeast. After it has stood sufficiently to rise, make it up into small flattish loaves or cakes; bake them moderately; and, when cold, cut or slice them into rusks, and dry them on tins, in a cool oven, till they are of a light brown colour. Common rusks may be made, by omitting or diminishing the eggs, butter, &c.



THE TWO ALBUCAIDS



# THE LADY'S BOOK.

JUNE, 1886.

our

ent days to the powers  
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it mysterious, the course  
from India to the Pole,"  
past the great, and  
only valuable in science  
change the labors, and  
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But to few persons have letters been ap-  
plied, more useful, and interesting, than in en-  
graving. While history, in giving the outlines of a  
nation, affords a general idea of particular persons,  
biography, in describing the character, fortunes  
and lives of individuals, is inclined to exhibit  
every light and shade, and so fully portrays all  
these little moral peculiarities which distinguish  
man from his fellow. Thus, in the biography,  
in thus presenting us with a transcript of the  
features of the mind and the soul, endows them  
from childhood, to the powerful influences in the  
arts of painting and engraving, that which from

of the  
with im-  
still mantle  
with age—

thus, of the latter, one at least of posterity, ac-  
knowledges the deep indebtedness of past ages  
and the present, to your inventions—and, in

What then do we not all owe in *general* to  
letters, painting and engraving;—and you, Oba-  
diah Leatherby, in *particular*? Yes! there thou



# THE LADY'S BOOK.

JUNE, 1886.

Written for the Lady's Book.

OBADIAH LEATHERBY;

OR, THE TIGHT SHOE.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

How strangely inconsistent are the actions of men! While the real benefactors of mankind are often disregarded—while the philanthropist, like a gentle stream diffusing verdure and fertility along its banks, glides unheeded on his noiseless way, till, like the stream, he hides his head in the Ocean of Eternity—while the political economist, whose reasonings, like the winds of heaven, winnow and purify the civil horizon, and scatter health and fragrance around, descends to the grave unmourned—and while the inventor of arts and sciences that, like the all-beholding sun, shed blessings upon all, on whom their light smiles, passes from the sight and the recollection away—men perpetuate the remembrance of the scourges of mankind, and pile the everlasting monument to those who have swept o'er the earth like a flood—who have overturned states, governments, institutions, and the forms and usages of life with the fury of the tornado, or, like the volcano, marked their fiery track with desolation, and struck with the lurid glare of their awful greatness, the sight and the senses of men.

And as it is at the present day, so was it formerly. While obelisk and pillar and pyramid, consecrated to posterity the memory of Egyptian heroes, distained with massacres and blood—and shrines and temples deified those illustrious only for their vices and their crimes, to an extent that it was said by one of another nation, that it was more difficult in Egypt to find a man than a god—yet neither mausoleum nor pillar marked the humble resting-place of Theuth, the inventor of letters, who, more than any Egyptian—more than any son of Adam, is entitled to the love and gratitude of mankind, and their everlasting remembrance, for the magnitude of the benefits he has conferred.

Nor have men been more grateful (so far as external manifestation is concerned) to the inventors of the sister-arts of painting and engraving, than they have been to the inventor of writing. Not only are memorials wanting to perpetuate their memories:—but oblivion has been permitted to *obscure* even their names. Yet here Ralschin, or Maroumzin, (whichever you may be,) of the former, and Melanger, or Laurentius, of the latter, one at least of posterity, acknowledges the deep indebtedness of past ages and the present, to your inventions—and, in

doing so, gratefully erects one stone to your memories.

Many are the important uses to which letters are applied. Besides the every-day exchange of sentiment, through that mysterious intercourse which “wafts a sigh from Indus to the Pole,” they bind together the past and the present, and collecting all that is truly valuable in science and morality, serve to abridge the labours and increase the knowledge of every student and moralist, successively, to the end of time—enabling the earnest inquirer to comprehend more clearly truth, duty and interest, the real objects of living—and by a proper estimate of which, we are alone fitted to die.

Poetry has employed her charms to adorn and recommend truth and virtue, and to throw a soft enchantment upon the otherwise dull and often barren pathway of life.

History is another important subject on which writing is employed. It accomplishes over *time* the triumph which the telescope achieves over *distance*, and brings to the eye the great luminaries of other worlds. It makes us contemporary with the men of all ages and all countries—and sketches out, *en masse*, upon its ample canvass, the countless myriads that have been swept to dust—leaving the general features of their characters and lives for our contemplation and benefit.

But to few purposes have letters been applied, more useful and interesting than biography. While history, in giving the outlines of a nation, affords a faint idea of particular persons, biography, in delineating the characters, fortunes and lives of individuals, is enabled to exhibit every light and shade, and specify minutely all those little natural peculiarities that distinguish man from his fellows. And while biography, in thus presenting us with a transcript of the features of the mind and the soul, redeems them from oblivion, it has powerful auxiliaries in the arts of painting and engraving, that snatch from the remorseless fangs of time the features of the face, and, on canvass, stamping them with immortality, bid the smile of beauty still mantle them, when they shall be shrivelled with age—aye, or wrapped in the dust of decay.

What then do we not all owe *in general* to letters, painting and engraving;—and you, Obadiah Leatherby, *in particular*? Yes! there thou



art, Obadiah! 'Tis thy very self, with thy rounded *waxen* arms displayed like a prodigal beauty—thy tasselled cowl, *a le moine*, and thy apron black and blurred, as Vulcan's, falling in folds o'er thy *corduroys*. 'Thou standest the *real* Obadiah, as I have seen thee in days of yore.

Look at him, gentle stranger! and if you never saw the *original*—take the word of a friend—'tis a *fac simile* of the late Obadiah Leatherby. Consult his physiognomy! (I would ask thee to study his craniology, as is the fashion now-a-days, were it not for the folds of that reverend cowl which he has upon his head.) Consult his physiognomy! I say. Note his brow, observe the movement of his eyes and eye-brows, and read the *open* expression of his mouth, and the lines scored upon his cheeks, and if you do not say that 'Obadiah Leatherby must have been an easy, simple, good-natured, good-for-nothing kind of a man,' why then I will say it for you.'

Well, Obadiah! thy painter and engraver have done more for thee, than they have done for some other *geniuses* whom I could mention, as will more fully appear, on a reference to the late September number of the *Lady's Book*. They have given the features of thy face, and the form of the *outward* man, most true to nature; and now, Oh, most mighty Theuth, first of writers, assist me, the last and least of thy descendants, to sketch the *inner* man, the striking features of the mind, and also the fortunes of the late lamented Obadiah Leatherby.

"I never saw the man in my life," I hear the reader exclaim, "but I will warrant it an excellent likeness—it is so much like a cobbler: but who are these on the right?—the little man in the hunting-shirt, with a face shrivelled as the witch of Endor's, and the one leaning over him with the large nose and the larger *chapeau*."

Now, reader! that is right—I am glad to see you interested—but your curiosity is running into a *wrong* channel; and whereas I had proposed merely to give you the biography of Obadiah Leatherby, I shall be compelled so to alter my original intention, as to give you a small sketch also of the personages respecting whom you have made inquiry. Be patient now, ask no more questions, give undivided attention, and I will tell you the history of the whole.

Obadiah Leatherby, the son of Aquila and Abigail Leatherby, was born in the village of Baltimore, on the 22d of July, 1744. I like to be particular in dates, and give the day, the month and the year, with all accuracy. In answer to the *why* of the reader, here is the *wherefore*. The day on which the infant Obadiah entered the world, was the identical day on which the sun entered the constellation Leo; and his mother, who was particularly fond of astrology, immediately predicted that her son would be a *rouer*. Moreover, she was confirmed in her opinion, by his being born in a remarkable year. Now, it may be well enough to inform the reader that all years which contained any two figures alike, were considered extraordinary; the above year, it will be seen, stands conspicuous for two fours.

Full of the idea that her son would one day rise to be the "enlightener of nations," Abigail brought up her child with a great deal of tender-

ness, instilled into his youthful mind an aversion to labour, and a love for her own particular lore, astrology, until he bid fair to become as lazy and silly as herself. Obadiah's father paid but little attention to his family, and contented himself with such enjoyments as a neighbouring tavern afforded. The genius of our young friend was not, therefore, unnecessarily cramped by restrictions: for he was permitted to grow up free, fearless and "wild as the young ass' colt." Dividing his time about equally between going to school, fishing in the Patapsco, and hunting, Obadiah continued to blossom for greatness, in his mother's eyes, until he was fourteen years of age. It appeared evident to his mother, that he was about to distinguish himself in the world of letters. His genius evidently leaned that way, and was discovered in his fondness for her astrological rhymes, for a rhyming dream-book, and also some poetical snatches which he had learned from his father, such as the following:

"And had the flood been liquor good,  
And Noah's sons such lads as I,  
We'd drunk the deluge where it stood,  
And left the ark and Noah dry."

He was even said to have made, at an early age, several couplets, and to be very smart in finding out rhymes.

But Obadiah was destined to meet with obstructions, as all great men do, in early life. He was deprived of both his parents in one year, poor fellow! and was left inheritor of the astrological fanaticism of his mother, and the idleness and passion for strong drinks of his father, and—of property, not a groat. Many renowned men have risen without the aid of money,—why should not Obadiah Leatherby?

Our young friend fell now under the care of the trustees for the poor, and was placed at the dull, unpoetical trade of shoe-making, to a worthy old gentleman in the village. So the reader will conclude his genius was soon *cramped* over the *cramping-irons* and lap-stone. It is hard to take out of the flesh, what is bred in the bone: yet Obadiah's master, by a vigorous plying of the strap, made laziness ooze out of the spirit, while blood sometimes oozed from the back. The consequence was, that, although Mr. Shoeinghorn spoiled a good poet, he succeeded in making a pretty good shoemaker.

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined."

Now, if Mr. Shoeinghorn, who was a very correct Quaker, could have had the *bending* of our young twig, he would have made a fine sapling of him; but his inculcations were merely as the fork that resists the early bent, which, being removed, the trunk in a good degree resumes its former tendency. The love of poetry and astrology, and idleness and brandy, though restrained in Obadiah, by the efforts of our plain *prosaic* Quaker, was not extinguished, but was secretly indulged in. In fact, Friend Shoeinghorn "had scotched the snake, not killed it;" and Obadiah only wanted fitting opportunity and temptation to prove "Richard's himself again."

In music, there are only *seven* notes;—but, in

the sound of the lap-stone, but *one*—I therefore need not detain the reader long upon the apprenticeship of Obadiah Leatherby. There was no variation. It was the same dull routine of scolding leather, twisting thread and waxing it, hammering heel-taps, and joining together of the soles and bodies of shoes, late and early, until the soul and body of Obadiah were nearly *disjoined*. The poor apprentice thought he had a sad time of it. His spirits were too much depressed to admit of his indulging the *spirit* of poetry, until, sometimes, in taking home shoes to customers, he dropped into the tavern, and obtained a glass, and then his "genius plumed his heavenward flight."

But, among Obadiah's greatest privations, was that of music. His master being a Quaker, would allow no singing in the shop, so he was denied the use of what would have been, in some measure, the solace of his woes. When he did get out though, he made good use of his lungs, until he made the welkin ring again with the songs that had pleased him in childhood.

*ἡ ἀνάγκη τὴν τέχνην—necessity causes inventions*—was true in the days of Homer. So was it in the days of Obadiah Leatherby, and proved to be so in his own history: for, unable to *sing* in the shop of friend Shoeinghorn, he hit upon a happy substitute, the *playing* of his several tunes upon the lap-stone; and although, as I said before, it contained but *one* note, by giving a stroke of the hammer to each note, he was enabled to make the resemblance of music, to his own infinite relief, and the annoyance of his Quaker master.

But his apprenticeship was at length ended; and it seemed that, from habit, he and his master had become better satisfied with each other, and concluded an agreement, as *journeyman* and *boss*, to continue their fortunes together. The Quaker had discovered, by instinct and a peculiar shrewdness of character, (what Gall has since scientifically proved,) that, where *ideality* and *constructiveness* exist in the same person, it is no difficult matter to transform the poet, the builder of lofty rhyme, to the mechanic—the builder of *lofty* palaces—aye, or the builder of *lowly* shoes, provided you can overcome the poet's *natural* laziness.

Now, being a Quaker, David Shoeinghorn execrated all flights of imagination in *general*, and Obadiah's in *particular*; yet, although he could not endure his poetry of *words*, he was greatly delighted with his poetry of *works*. Reader! this is not a hard doctrine. I will settle the point. "Poetry is the language of enlivened imagination." If this language be addressed to the sense of hearing, it is the poetry of *words*; if addressed to the sense of sight, it is the poetry of *works*. His admiration of Obadiah's poetry, in the latter sense, discovered good taste in Friend David, for Obadiah appeared to have an *innate* perception of the *sublime* and *beautiful*, although he had never studied Addison, and understood all that Hogarth has written upon square and rotund, and straight and curve lines, albeit he never heard of Hogarth's name. And his conceptions were sublimely embodied in *substantial* creations of leather and wax. I say, then, David Shoeinghorn acted sapiently in retaining Obadiah as a jour-

neyman: for, in so doing, he secured the services of one of the neatest and best workmen in the country, if not the very best. Whether some breakings out of the light of Phrenology, in the mind of the worthy Quaker, disposed him to select him, I cannot say.

But, reader! do you believe in Phrenology? If not, let me convert you to it by an observation of Obadiah's head, when you see how it agrees with his character, as detailed and *to be* detailed in his history. See beside the ear, No. 9, *constructiveness* strongly developed—adjoining that, No. 32, *tune*, equally strong—adjacent to that, No. 19, *ideality*, stronger—and, if we could lift that envious cowl, and examine No. 18, *marvellousness*, I would lay a wager that we should find it the strongest development of any of the organs.

By-the-bye, I think it a good sign, where a young man, out of his apprenticeship, remains in the employ of his former master. For two years, Obadiah wrought journey-work with him, and had become quite grave and serious, since we are unconsciously assimilated to those with whom we live. At the end of this time, David died; and our young friend Obadiah, who had laid by most of his earnings, took his stand, and continued the business.

Changes took place. I have heard it remarked that a man's dress and work-shop, discover his character—and a woman's house, the house-keeper. I have thought so myself. The plain, Quaker-looking sign of David Shoeinghorn, that contained simply his name and calling, was taken down, and a dashing sign put up in its stead, with the name of Obadiah Leatherby, surrounded by shoes of all colours, lying in "gay confusion," and the following lines above, whether original or not, I cannot say:

"Sing!—Sing, ye heavenly muses!  
While I mend my boots and shoeses."

Would not this sign at once proclaim the poet-cobbler! But this was not the only change—the shop itself underwent some revolutions; and, as if to make up for lost time, the lap-stone, with the accompaniment of Obadiah's voice, was going most *uproariously*, from morn till even.

Young men are often surprisingly attentive to business, at first setting out. They are pleased with their new honours, and try to make themselves respectable, and increase their stock of worldly gear. The good advice of his Quaker master had been of much service to him, and it was hard for him to lay aside the restraint it had imposed. Yet Obadiah would sometimes "break out" and frolic for a day or two. His affairs, however, continued to prosper as much as they could with the attention which he gave them.

On the 8th of August, 1772, he was married to the widow Carter. The reason for selecting this singular day was, because the sun representing love, was midway between Leo and Virgo, the representative signs of the two lovers, or nearly so, as the lady, strictly speaking, could not be called a virgin, having been married before. Besides, the year had two sevens in it. The honey-moon passed away, as honey-moons generally do, and so the succeeding moons, for

a time. Obadiah, then, spent less time at home, less time at his shop, and more time with the tavern-keeper, and those who assembled at his house, to engage in village-gossip. Something was going wrong, evidently. Some said he had gotten a scold for a wife—others denied it—some attributed it to his *natural* laziness, and others to his love of brandy; and so, while every one enjoyed his *opinion*, nothing to a certainty was *known*. At length it was whispered that Obadiah and his wife did not live happily together. Although it had been only a little more than a year since they had become *one*, yet a neighbour, on going to the house, declared that he heard noise enough to dispose him to think they were a *dozen*.

But what did they find to disagree about?—That is not hard to answer. When did persons who wished to disagree, feel at a loss for something to differ about? Where there is a want of mutual concession, there will soon be sufficient cause for umbrage. But, in this instance, tea was the subject-matter of dispute. Do not be incredulous, reader, for if it set two countries to war upon each other, we may readily suppose it the cause of family-quarrels.

As is usual in differences between man and wife, there were faults on both sides: for, while in spite of the voice of public opinion, and of men in high places, the wife of Obadiah continued to drink *warm* tea, he himself drank *cold* tea, *alias* brandy. It will be recollected that the English Parliament of 1773, had determined to permit the East India Company to export their tea to the colonies free of duty. The objectionable *impost*, however, which was laid upon the tea, aroused the indignation of the colonies, and disposed persons to unite, to prevent all use of it in families. Obadiah was a thorough-going *rebel*, attended all the meetings that were held in his village, in any way growing out of the oppressions of the mother-country, and read and descanted upon the various articles that appeared from time to time in the Maryland Gazette, published in Annapolis, calculated to arouse the people to a sense of their danger.

But, in taking care of the affairs of the country, he forgot his own, as happens with public men, generally;—more than half his time was spent at the tavern, to the great neglect of his business. His wife, who foresaw that ruin must ensue from his idleness and intemperance, endeavoured to persuade him to purchase a small house and lot, which was offered for sale in the village, that, in her dowry, she might have some trifle to depend upon, which could not be spent. He had the actual sum, three hundred and sixty dollars, in hard money, but could not be prevailed upon to make the purchase. Imbibing the spirit and the ideas of the writers of his favourite journal, *Paca*, Chase, Carroll and others, Obadiah said he plainly foresaw a war, but he was unwilling to pledge his "fortune" in the cause, however he might have pledged his "life and sacred honour." He thought, in the event of a war, his property might suffer, and he therefore preferred having money, a more portable article.

Obadiah was a great friend to all *liberals*, but every drinking man must have his *crony*: Obadiah's was Giles Halloway. The reader will

presently learn who Giles was. Like Xerxes, who declared that he would no longer buy figs of Attica, but have figs of his own, the colonies came to the resolution that they would have no more tea of England—but, if they did use it, it should be of their own—and making arrangements to prevent any teas being landed, they proceeded to discipline the militia, that they might be prepared for any emergency. Giles Halloway was the corporal in a company so raised. In addition to this, he was one of the committee of vigilance, whose duty it was, after the manner of the ancient *Ephori*, to inquire into every man's way of life, and see that no tea was used. The committee further had authority to destroy all tea found in houses, and to break the vessels containing the interdicted article.

Obadiah and his particular friend Giles, had spent the night at the tavern, as they often did; and, in the morning, about breakfast-time, went together to Obadiah's house, for the purpose of destroying the obnoxious tea, and demolishing the tea-pots. Corporal Halloway, after some *hemming* and *hawing*, explained the nature of his office and his visit, and made Mistress Sarah Leatherby acquainted with the fact that her husband had been informer against her. Mrs. Leatherby had not gotten up in the most pleasant humour; and the appearance of her husband and his friend, after the night's debauch, on such an errand, was not calculated to improve it. Her *name-sake* had called Abraham lord, but she greeted her husband in rather a different style. I will not mention the title, but suggesting to the reader that it began with a D—, leave his imagination to fill it up.

She upbraided both, and especially the corporal, for carousing on her husband's money, and then coming to disturb her in the little domestic enjoyment which their intemperance had left to her. But expostulation and entreaty were in vain; the inexorable corporal proceeded to do his duty; he called for the tea-caddy, and took up the smoking tea-pot from the table, to pour out the contents. Mrs. Leatherby was enraged; and, as the corporal seized the tea-pot, she seized the tea-kettle, and commenced a regular sprinkling of the legs of the intruders with the boiling liquid. Obadiah and the valiant corporal were panic-struck, and rushed from the house, *pell-mell*—one treading upon the other;—and making good their retreat, reached the shop with rather less skin than they had when they entered it last.

This was the corporal's first engagement, and was rather unpromising, as it proved, however well he might stand *fire*, he could not stand water. But there was not all the "pomp and circumstance of war," to bring his courage to the sticking-place. By the time Obadiah reached the shop, and began to consider the manner in which he had acted, the spirit which his wife had evinced, and the rapidity with which the man of war run from a woman, his natural good-humour returned, and he burst into a fit of loud laughter. The corporal did not appear to relish the joke so well. After he had been there some time, a stranger entered, and desired to be shown a pair of shoes. He was a stout little man, of most singular aspect, dressed in a

hunting-shirt, and wearing a neckcloth of blood-red silk. Obadiah was struck with his appearance, and endeavoured to recollect where he had seen him; and, on recollecting, it appeared he had seen him the night before in a dream.

This would have seemed remarkable to any one, but particularly so to Obadiah, who put in dreams much faith. After trying on a number of shoes, he appeared to obtain a pair that were likely to fit; but it took up so much time, that the corporal became hungry for his breakfast, and departed before the stranger had fitted himself. As soon as the corporal was gone, who often ridiculed faith in omens, dreams and tokens, Obadiah proceeded to tell the stranger how singular it was, that, although he had never seen him before, he knew him as soon as he entered the shop, for he had a vision of him in a dream. The stranger observed a grave demeanor, and a mysterious silence, while Obadiah's tongue, like the tick of a watch wound up with a certain length of chain, kept clattering away, until it had run out the usual chain of dreams, omens, astrology, poetry and shoe-making, and then was still.

By the time Obadiah had finished his speech, the stranger, who had all this time been busily engaged prying with the shoe-horn, had succeeded in putting on one of Obadiah's best. Now the shoe was a neat one, and retained its handsome appearance, despite the lever-like operations of the shoe-horn against the *fulcrum* of the stranger's heel, and the shapeless mass of meat on which it was re-lasted; and the delighted man of wax, throwing his arms in every variety of attitude, looked "things unutterable," was in as much ecstasy in beholding the workmanship of his hands, as Pygmalion of old, and exclaimed, in the fulness of his raptures, "Fits you beautifully! A splendid shoe! A very superior article, indeed! Oh! it really fits you to a *t*! It's slick as the skin of your foot, stranger!"

"Yes! and a good deal tighter," said the traveller, then working his toes about, which had been blistered in walking, and puckering up his face from pain, until from the wrinkles, you might have supposed him to have been the grandfather of the Sybil of Cuma, he called for another pair of shoes. Obadiah's wrath began to be excited,

"I say, stranger! you have tortured about a dozen of my shoes out of shape with your crooked foot, and I cannot have my stock spoiled. The shoe fits you neatly—it's the very thing."

"Tis not the very thing."

"Can't I see that it fits you?"

"Can't I feel that it don't fit me."

"It appears to me to be large enough."

"It is certain to me that it is too small. You can't tell where it pinches me, but I feel it; I can't tell where your conscience goads you, when you err, or how your wife mars your peace, and yet I am sure—for astrology!"

"Astrology! did you say? Why really, now, stranger, give me your hand—you believe in astrology!—it reminds me of my poor dear old mother—rest her soul. Well, I am glad I find one person of my way of thinking. I thought it strange that you could tell me about my conscience and having a termagant for wife, and all;

why she scolded me out of doors this morning. But, stranger, do you believe in dreams?"

"Don't I believe in them and dream them too. But is it not strange, that I should have the vision of you the identical night that you had one of me? Yes, I believe in dreams and astrology, and understand it too; and, between astrology and this cane, which you see has a sphynx's head, I can tell any one's fortune. You must know Sphynx was a great Egyptian fortune-teller. Did you never hear of Sphynx?"

"Not in all my life; but I'll warrant my mother knew all about him."

"To be sure she did. But look at my cane, you see it has a sphynx head."

"Certainly! it has a beautiful sphynx head."

"Now look," said the stranger, "and see what takes place."

As Obadiah gave attention, the stranger breathed upon the head of the cane, and the eyes of the monster moved. Obadiah was amazed, and opened his eyes wider to get a better view, and his mouth with them. The stranger immediately after appeared to be undergoing violent emotions, like those priests that sat upon the tripod of Apollo, and, as if full of inspiration, spoke. "Thy destiny is remarkable; thou wast endowed with the spirit of the lion at thy birth, but thou hast cast aside thy dignity and beaten back by Virgo, art declined to the crab, and like the crab thou art going with a retrograde movement. But what do I see?"

"Yes! what do you see?" eagerly demanded Obadiah.

"What do I see? I see a contest between Leo and Virgo, for a purse. Hark! don't you hear money jingling; it falls between the lion's feet."

The stranger then commenced, and in a solemn voice, counted one, two, three, four, five, &c., until he counted three hundred and sixty. He said that was all the purse contained. Obadiah was overwhelmed with astonishment at finding the stranger able to name even the number of dollars contained in the purse, which had so often been the bone of contention between him and his wife. He had a smattering of planetary influence, but whew! what did he know in comparison with this new Hermes.

Either the sphynx, or his priest had now gotten out of breath, for the stranger sat for a minute in perfect silence, seemingly unconscious of Obadiah's notes of interrogation and exclamations. But presently he began again, detailing many things of which Obadiah supposed himself alone conscious, perhaps, excepting Corporal Halloway, and ended by saying that his stars and Obadiah's ran together in an astonishing manner. The shoemaker had always coupled his star with the corporal's. At length the stranger obtained a pair of shoes that did fit him, in his own estimation, and demanded the price. Two dollars were named as the price. "Why do you ask me," said the stranger, "twenty-five cents more than you demand of others." Obadiah admitted that he was right, and made the deduction.

Deeply interested in the stranger, who appeared to understand every thing, and anxious to hear from him, more particularly wherein their fates ran together, he asked him to go with him to the tavern and take breakfast, as he was

afraid to go home to breakfast after the occurrences of the morning, with which the reader has already been made acquainted. A morning potation put our two friends in good humour with themselves, and with each other, and gave them a sharp appetite for the hot muffins which were served up. They talked incessantly, or rather the stranger did, and his wisdom, in the estimation of Obadiah, outsolomoned Solomon himself. Obadiah's love of the marvellous disposed him readily to accede to most matters which his strange friend strangely recounted; but when he told him that he believed in, and actually could produce the philosopher's stone, Obadiah laughed outright.

"What! the philosopher's stone," said Obadiah, "that turns every thing to gold which it touches? Pooh! nonsense! Don't think you can impose stuff like that on me. I'm not to be gulled so easily. Now let me tell you, although I believe firmly in planetary influence, and in dreams, I am not such a fool as to believe in witches that turn men to asses, simply by touching them: nor in the philosopher's stone, that converts to gold whatever it is rubbed against. Don't take me for a numbscull!"

"I do not," replied the stranger. "I take you to be a very sensible man; but as we have finished our breakfast, let us go to a private room and I will convince you. I see you entirely misapprehend the subject." When they were seated in an upper room, the stranger resumed, "I see, Mr. Obadiah Leatherby, that the film has never been removed from your eyes, that you might see the beauties of Alchemy, that science which embraces the doctrine of the philosopher's stone. To be brief, Mr. Leatherby, my name is Hiram Fudge; my residence Massachusetts, and I am a Freemason." As Hiram Fudge uttered the last word, Obadiah's hair began to bristle up, for although he did not believe in witches, he was firmly persuaded that Freemasons could raise the devil, and he was terrified at the idea of being alone in a chamber with a man who could call up *impey* at will. "As I have just said, I am a Freemason, and have devoted twenty years of my life to the recovery of that sublime science, the true spirit and meaning of which was lost when my namesake, Hiram of Tyre, the widow's son, was murdered at Jerusalem. You recollect of reading of Hiram of Tyre in the Bible. I hope you are not an infidel! Do you believe in the Bible, Obadiah?"

"Yes! I believe in the Bible, in dreams and in planetary influence, but I don't much believe in staying in the room with a man who can raise 'old Harry at will.'"

"But be easy, for you are safe, and I will convince you. You recollect of reading, that, at Jerusalem, 'gold was as the stones of the street, and silver as nothing,' from its abundance; but persons have never been able to determine where Solomon's Ophir was, from which this gold was obtained. Two or three Ophirs have been found, but none of them abundant in gold. Now, Masonry explains the whole fact; this gold was obtained from other metals, by changing, through the power of the Philosopher's Stone; and the two Hiram and King Solomon had the base metals, copper and

iron, &c. transmuted into gold, in foreign parts, and brought from Ophir by ships."

"But say, Mr. Fudge, why have not all persons, from the days of Solomon, made gold?"

"The reason is soon given. The two Hiram and King Solomon had solemnly obligated themselves to impart the secret to no one, unless by consent of the three; and Hiram, of Tyre, being suddenly slain, the secret was thus locked up forever."

"Well, that is satisfactory; but please inform me how the gold is changed, and what the Philosopher's Stone is, and where it is to be obtained?"

"The Philosopher's Stone, then, is not a stone at all—it is a kind of powder—but I will explain the whole to you. Excuse me, if I should appear lengthy. The system of the universe is stupendous, and past finding out. Yet, although every thing in it is so complicated, the first elements of things are exceedingly few; and, in order to form any substance, we are only to understand the constituent parts, and the proper portions, and unite them, and the substance is immediately formed."

"Stop a minute now," said Obadiah; "what you say now, proves nothing for you—for if I take the proper constituents and the proper proportions to form wax—it does not follow that, if I touch that wax with a stone, it must become gold."

"Yes, you are correct, but you forget that there is such a thing as a *creative* principle, that produces its like. There is the male principle and the female principle in the animal kingdom, producing their like; and you know, in the vegetable kingdom, there is the male principle and the female principle, producing their like; and in like manner I maintain, in the mineral kingdom, there is the male principle and the female principle, producing their like, by a proper union; in fine, it is a law of nature, pervading the universe. The only thing necessary, then, is to extract from gold the male principle, and to unite it to the female principle of some other metal, and gold is produced in any desirable quantity. The influence of the planets"—here Obadiah was much interested—"upon the metals, is great. In fact, the sun and planets are representatives of the metals in the earth—the sun represents gold—the moon, silver—and the other planets, the other principal metals. These planets cause the transmutation of metals in the earth;—as a proof, in the same mine we find several ores together;—it is owing to this cause. And it is not wonderful, for if the moon rules the tides of the ocean, and influences the mind, as is a fact, surely it may be thought to have effect upon the metals of the earth. But, is not that an Irish hone you are whetting your penknife on?"

"Yes, it is an Irish hone brought over by my grandfather; it was a piece of hickory once, but was converted to stone, in one of the loughs," replied Obadiah.

Hiram Fudge triumphantly seized the hone, and asked if it was more difficult to convert copper to gold, than wood to stone? This was unanswerable; and, added to planetary influence, which had been descanted upon, made our cobler a convert to Alchemy and the Philosopher's

Stone. Reader! do they not convert you? Only one thing puzzled Obadiah, which was, that the Freemason who must have been bound very solemnly by an oath to divulge nothing, should tell him every thing which he knew. He therefore demanded of Hiram how he could believe the word of a man who had not regarded his oath?

This was asked timidly, as he feared the supernatural power of Hiram. The answer was very satisfactory. Hiram had never been regularly initiated, but had obtained possession of a Freemason's books, who had died at his house; and, giving almost unremitted attention, to interpret the obscurity of the language, had at last found a key that unlocked the whole mysteries, and put boundless wealth within his grasp. He was now on his way to the South, to find a distant relation of his father's, who, he did not doubt, would enable him to put successfully in practice his amazing discoveries. He had always known that there was some one whose destiny was linked in an especial manner with his own, and he was surprised to find that person in Obadiah; and he was confirmed in the reality of the matter, by their having a vision of each other on the same night. Any metal would answer to commence with, but it would take five times as long to transmute lead as silver; and, as Obadiah had plenty of silver, if he would only commence with ten dollars of that, and make a trial, they could use any larger sum thereafter, if successful.

There was every thing to induce Obadiah to join in the enterprise—he would no longer be compelled to bend over his shop-board for his daily bread—he would be immediately raised to independence—all the predictions of his mother were about to be realized, and his own aspirations. At all events, should they fail, it would be a small loss.

Before coming to any final determination, he thought he must see what Astrology had to say. It was the 19th of January—on that day the sun left Capricornus—wherefore he came to the conclusion that he was called upon to quit the stitching of goat-skins, sheep-skins, and all other kind of skins, and follow fortune, where fate led the way. Obeying the instructions of Hiram, not to let any one know of their agreement—not even Corporal Halloway—Obadiah went home, and proceeded out on the Philadelphia road two miles, to a little vacant hut near to a blacksmith's shop, where he and Hiram were to make their first attempt. Hiram had not all the necessary apparatus, yet set to work, and after drawing several singular figures with his sphynx-head, and repeating some unintelligible language, probably Egyptian, and blowing the fire, and stirring the melted silver, and mixing it, succeeded in obtaining from the lower part of the crucible a very bright yellow-looking metal.

Obadiah had kept generally out of the shop, for the fear of seeing some horrible apparition was upon him. He could not, in his mind, separate Alchemy and the Philosopher's Stone from the black art. When he saw the shining metal produced, he was in ecstacy; but he still felt some misgivings that it might not be gold, until he and Hiram hastened back to Baltimore,

and understood from a jeweller, who kept near to the present Christ's Church, that it was pure gold. He tested it with *aqua fortis*, and pronounced it the "real grit."

Never was a man in as much ecstasy as Obadiah Leatherby; but he had been particularly instructed by Hiram Fudge to moderate his joy, as it might prevent their success, and make their secret a public affair. Restraining himself as well as he could, he thought this was the time "to make a spoon or spoil a horn," and determined on having the whole three hundred and fifty dollars fused at once, and a "tremendous quantity" of the gold made.

The Alchemist prepared himself with a bottle of *aqua fortis*, to test the gold which they should make—and Obadiah, with a bottle of brandy, and a boiled ham, and a loaf or two of bread, to stay the clamours of the stomach during their labours—and both set out again to the place of former operations. When they came here, Obadiah insisted that Hiram should fuse the whole amount of silver, as it would finish the work at once, and make them independent in a few minutes. Such is always the way of the world—they think they can never get rich fast enough. Hiram stated the danger of a failure, and would not consent to melt more than ten dollars at a time.

After making a pretty hearty meal, Hiram set out to the shop with his ten dollars, and the bottle of *aqua fortis*; but Obadiah, who did not understand the process of transmuting to gold, and was rather afraid to be in the neighbourhood of the practice of a science which he considered intimately connected with the black art, was contented to remain with the brandy-bottle, and hack away at the ham, the dissection of which he appeared perfectly to comprehend. Hiram, every now and then, came in and pledged Obadiah in a cup, at the same time taking but little himself. After a time, night set in, and Obadiah's head became heavy, and he laid it against the window-board, on which were the candle and his purse, that he might rest. In fact, his head had not resisted the action of the *aqua ignea*, or fire-water, as well as Fudge's gold had the action of the *aqua fortis*—he was pretty considerably drunk.

When he had been there a short time, a large serpent came into the room, having a head in the form of a sphynx, and began to wind itself around him, and as he shrieked for help, the author of all evil himself entered the room, enveloped in flames, and upbraiding him for invading his peculiar province in studying his own particular science, was about to bear him off, when, by a great exertion, Obadiah roused himself up from sleep, into which he had fallen, to perceive with dismay, that his purse was gone, and that the candle had burnt his coat into the neck and had set fire to the old house.

Looking in vain for his purse through the room, he hastened down stairs, and to the shop where he expected to find Hiram Fudge, but there lay the crucible—the fire was out on the hearth-stone of the furnace and the alchemist gone; gold, philosopher's stone, sphynx's head and all. Obadiah thought he detected a strong sulphurous smell in the shop, and he came to the conclusion, that the fiend who had so oppor-

tuncly called upon him, in visions, to save him from death, had actually appeared in reality to his less favoured friend and hurried him away. He warmed his shivering limbs by the fire of the hut as it blazed up and crackled in the midnight air, and then hurried back to the tavern with a speed to which fear gave wings.

It is always customary, reader, after writers have created a difficulty to explain it away. I suppose I must do the same. On the evening before Hiram Fudge called at Obadiah Leatherby's store to get a pair of shoes, he was at the village tavern. It was there Obadiah had his vision of him, although he was so drunk that he did not recollect that his bodily eyes were, at least, open when he saw him. That night, as Hiram lodged in the room adjoining the one in which Obadiah and his particular friend, Corporal Halloway, slept, he overheard all that they said, and so drafted his imposture to suit the folly of Obadiah's character. I need hardly inform the reader, that the gold which he took to the jeweller was not transmuted silver, and that having made Obadiah perfectly drunk, he had made off with his purse. So it appears that the cunning and sphynx head of Hiram was rather much for the credulity and sheep's head of Obadiah Leatherby.

Obadiah passed the night at the tavern. The villagers became acquainted with his severe loss, and the tidings were soon carried to his poor wife. Long after breakfast he returned to his house. It was the 20th January, 1774, the sun entered Aquarius—the *man with the watering pot*—the imitator of the sun's course entered differently, for Obadiah entered with a brandy bottle. His wife, who had evidently waited breakfast for him, did not enter with the *watering-pot*, but the *tea-pot*, about which she and her husband had contended so often.

Sarah Leatherby had been an affectionate wife, but the unkindness and intemperance of Obadiah had, in a great measure, alienated her affections. She had intreated, she had remonstrated, she had scolded, in order to reclaim him, but in vain. He had neglected his business—deserted his home—and, at last, lost the only resource against the emergencies of an unseen futurity. She quietly set down the *tea-pot* on the table, and making no reply to the reproaches of her husband, that fell on her as an “enemy to the country,” went to the cradle of their infant child, and taking it up in her arms, burst into tears. Obadiah sat reproved by the sorrowful silence of his wife; his conscience assured him, as he looked upon his family whom he had wronged, that although his wife had been an enemy to her country, *he* had been an enemy to his own flesh and blood. He besought his wife's pardon for all the past, and proposed that if she would only give up English tea, he would forever give up Irish whiskey and French brandy. The wife and husband were locked in each other's embrace. They caught up decanter and *tea-pot*—the vessels dashed against the pavement—and the “hot tea” and “cold tea,” that had so often caused dissension and estrangement, mingled their streams together.

Obadiah became a changed man. He was always in his shop, and not merely in his shop, but working night and day. His business extended itself; he had need of more workmen; and in

the increased attention paid by his apprentices and journeymen, owing to his own personal oversight, his profits were greater. In fact, he gave up poetry, dreams, astrology and the philosopher's stone to repair, by hard labour, the breach which his own folly had made in his affairs. Nor was he unrewarded, for his labour and despatch secured a more profitable custom.

He left the other men of the day, as usual, to attend the tavern and discourse the politics of the time, but he remained in his shop. He was still pleased to hear of the patriotic proceedings of the rebels, but although he listened to his old friends, who came to tell him the news, he always worked at the same time. The Corporal called often to see his old friend, yet he could never prevail on Obadiah to go to the tavern with him. He had a smile for the Corporal, as before, and a hearty shake of the hand, but no time to idle away with him. He had thrown away all the earnings of his early life and was intent on making them up. He always returned from his shop “erect,” and met his wife with a smile, which was repaid in the same; and never was there a trifle to interrupt their happiness. Sarah never complained of her cup of milk, and, in time, came to relish it very well.

The *domestic* tea subject between Obadiah and Sarah had come to a happy termination. Not so the *national*. After some madcaps in Boston, in the overflowings of their zeal, had made a “tea party” for the monsters of the deep, the clouds that had hung lowering burst in warfare o'er the land. Troops were collected in every direction to repel the invasion. Maryland was not behind the other colonies in furnishing men and supplies, and patriotic Baltimore, as she always has done, bore her part. The company to which Corporal Halloway was attached at length had orders to march. The Corporal left the village with much regret—whether from love to Obadiah Leatherby or aversion to English bayonets I will not pretend to say.

In course of time the Corporal was present in an action and, unable to run as erst he had done from the tea-kettle of Mrs. Leatherby, he stood his ground manfully, while bullets whistled about his head in every direction, and when, at length, it came to the use of the bayonet and he had received a slight wound in the left arm, he hewed about him with the fury of a wounded tiger, until the dead were piled around him in every direction. He was praised by his superiors—praise begot confidence—he determined to become, and actually became, one of the bravest men in the company. His good fortune and his bravery continued with him, until he was promoted to the rank of Major.

I will not pretend to describe Obadiah's feelings, when he first noticed the account in the Maryland Gazette. Tears of gratitude poured down his face, and he shouted and laughed and clapped his hands, as he ran with the paper to the house to tell his wife, until she feared that he had broken the compact and taken to drink again. He soon had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Major Halloway himself, who informed him of his “hair-breadth escapes” and the honours that had repaid them. Obadiah felt every link in friendship's chain brightened up by this mark of condescension in the Major, in



recollecting him, and indited a long and affectionate epistle in return, informing him of his own good luck, and of the amazing wealth which he was likely soon to realize by his indefatigable attention to his trade, in which he was assisted by five apprentices and seven journeymen.

Although Obadiah did not find time to talk at the tavern, as before, he thought as much about his country as ever, and was able to *do* more; for, when the citizens of Baltimore, during the revolutionary struggle, almost stripped their own beds to send blankets to the suffering army, Obadiah Leatherby sent a large box of shoes to Major Halloway, to distribute to such of the privates as were without them. Charity often has its reward even in this world—and so it proved in this case; for the officers were moved by this magnanimous spirit of a man in humble life, and large supplies were ordered for the troops, from the store of Obadiah Leatherby. The increased custom trebly repaid the present.

The engagement at Yorktown was the closing scene, and ended the war—giving to the free and independent States the right of governing and taxing themselves, and of having tea imported according to their own notions. After peace was proclaimed and the army disbanded, Major Halloway returned to his native village. His first visit was to his old particular friend, Obadiah Leatherby. He found him and the family of the Leatherbys, in a very beautiful three-story brick dwelling, which belonged to them, neatly furnished, and in the possession of a valuable stock, with ten times as much silver as the Alchemist had run away with. Mrs. Leatherby appeared almost as glad to see him as her husband, and endeavoured to assist in entertaining him; namely, in listening to him; for the Major had so many battles and skirmishes to describe, that no one else could find opportunity to speak.

He appeared anxious to conciliate the lady's good opinion, patted the cheeks of her little daughters, and attached his sword to the eldest boy, who appeared to be almost as proud of it as the owner. Supper, after awhile, was gotten ready;—and the Major looked about for the appearance of the *tea-pot*;—and when he sat down to a white cloth covered with an abundance of every thing except tea, he made his supper of good meat, bread, cakes and pure sweet milk, with the best relish imaginable. He could not, however, refrain from thinking that tea was kept from the table out of compliment to himself, that he might not be reminded of the scalded ankles which Mrs. Leatherby had once given him.

Now Major Halloway was fond of his glass, and would have found his imagination assisted a little by wine after supper, though perhaps at the expense of truth, yet, as every considerate man will respect whatever is done from principle, he was pleased to find that a strict regard to their agreement, had prevented the wife from preparing tea, and the husband from obtaining liquor, to entertain even a friend. During the course of the evening, the Major proffered to pay Obadiah, himself, for the shoes which he had been so kind as to send to the army; but Obadiah informed him that he had plenty of this

world's goods without, and that all he would exact of him would be, the love and friendship, in future, which he had shown to him in the past.

The Major, unfortunately, had contracted in the army a bad habit, which is too common with our military men—swearing—and putting a few *blessings* on the head of Hiram Fudge, of Alchemical memory, he wished to know if Obadiah had ever heard of him.

"Speak no evil of that man, Major!" replied Obadiah Leatherby; "if there is a man in existence, to whom I am particularly obliged, 'tis to that man. He cured me of all my fooleries—dreams, astrology, and all—and robbing me of the little I had, discovered to me the truth, that the true philosopher's stone is industry and economy—that these turn all to gold. I wish that I could see him, of all men, to thank him for what he has done for me."

Scarcely had Obadiah ceased speaking, when a boy came in from the store, to inform him that a tinman wished to know if he would trade shoes for some "notions in his line." Obadiah excused himself for a few minutes to his friend, and presently returned, accompanied by the veritable Alchemist, Hiram Fudge. When the Major was informed who he was, he scowled at him, as if he would have looked him through, and felt as if he could make daylight shine through him with his good sword. Presently Hiram fumbled about in his old great-coat, and, sitting down to a table, produced a purse, which Obadiah readily recognized as his, and counted out three hundred and sixty dollars, somewhat sooner than he had done before, when under a fit of inspiration. He offered to add the interest, but Obadiah would not receive it.

Such a meeting of friends on the same day, and squaring up of accounts, was singular. Though he had no faith, now, in dreams or astrology either, Obadiah could not help consulting his *magna charta* of planetary influence, *just for fun*. It was the 23d of September, 1784; the sun, on that day of balances, entered Libra. It was strange!

A project entered the head of Obadiah Leatherby, and what do you think it was? Why, to call in a painter, and have a sketch taken of the *trio*—The Major, Hiram, and Obadiah, as they appeared on the morning that Mrs. Leatherby had put her husband and the Corporal to flight. It was also proposed to have, in the background, the dwelling of Obadiah, and Sarah in the door, where she remained conqueror of the field. The project was carried, *nem. con.*; and Obadiah, who, like Patrick Lyon, gloried in his trade, was taken in due character. Hiram Fudge was taken in his hunting-shirt; but Major Halloway had an objection to appear in citizen's dress—which was the actual dress, on the morning referred to—and required to be shown off in his military coat and *chapeau*, and wearing the heavy medal which his hardy valour had won. The painter was careful, and the likenesses capital.

I have nearly come to a close. The Major, full of honour, retired on half-pay, and continued to drink brandy, to the inflammation of his large nose. Hiram Fudge continued to be an itinerant vender of small wares; and, in time,

declined in favour of his son Seth, who was the inventor, it will be recollected, of horn-flints. Obadiah and his wife lived happily together—still abstained from *hot* tea and *cold*—and, in a good old age, were gathered to their fathers, leaving behind them a worthy family, with a rich inheritance, in money and in honesty of character. Reader! my last story contained three morals. This one has four. Find them out!

### DANIEL O'ROURKE.

PEOPLE may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but how few are they who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Phooka's tower. I knew the man well: he lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he at the time that he told me the story, with gray hair, and a red nose; and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe, under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff.

"I am often *axed* to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time. The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts in France and Spain, as young gentlemen used to go, before Buonaparte or any such was heard of; and sure enough there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The *ould* gentlemen were the gentlemen, after all, saving your honour's presence. They'd swear at a body a little to be sure, and, maybe, give one a cut of a whip now and then, but we were no losers by it in the end;—and they were so ea-y and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes;—and there was no grinding for rent, and few agents; and there was hardly a tenant on the estate that did not taste of his landlord's bounty often and often in the year;—but now it's another thing: no matter for that, sir, for I'd better be telling you my story.

"Well, we had every thing of the best, and plenty of it: and we ate, and we drank, and we danced, and the young master by the same token danced with Peggy Barry, from the Bohereen—a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsy almost, for I can't remember ever at all, no ways, how it was I left the place; only I did leave it, that's certain. Well, I thought, for all that, in myself, I'd just step to Molly Cronohan's the fairy woman, to speak a word about the bracket heifer what was bewitched: and so as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of Ballyasheenough, and was looking up at the stars and blessing myself—for why? it was Lady-day—I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive!' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now!' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till


at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir (with your pardon for mentioning her,) and I looked east and west, and north and south; and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog;—I could never find out how I got into it; and my heart grew cold with fear, for sure and certain I was that it would be my *berrin* place. So I sat down upon a stone, which, as good luck would have it, was close by me, and I began to scratch my head and sing the *Ullagone*—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I: 'I hope you're well,' wondering out of my senses all the time, how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. 'What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I: 'only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. 'T'is, sir,' says I: so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much, and fell into the water; how I swam to the island; and how I got into the bog, and did not know my way out of it. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it is very improper for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent sober man, who 'tends mass well, and never flings stones at me nor mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for your's,' says he; 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honour's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding horseback on an eagle before?' 'Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog—besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuasion:—'I thank your honour,' says I, 'for the loan of your civility; and I'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew to the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up—up—up—God knows how far up he flew. 'Why, then,' said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why?—I was in his power entirely;—'sir,' says I, 'please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin. and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"'Arrah, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't

you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off of a *could* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? Well, sir, up he kept, flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use. 'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he: 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he: so I said no more.

"At last where should we come to, but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way, (drawing the figure thus ) on the ground with the end of his stick).

"Dan," said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 't was so far.' 'And my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far—was it I? did I not beg, and pray and beseech you to stop half an hour ago?' 'There's no use talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon, until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why, then sure I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and split, and smashed all to bits: you are a vile deceiver,—so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he; 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 't will keep you up.' 'I won't then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you; and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said, I got off his back with a heavy heart, took hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon; and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

"When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he; 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year,' ('t was true enough for him, but how he found it out, is hard to say,) 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cockthrow.'

"Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute you?" says I. 'You ugly unnatural *baste*, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hook'd nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard.' 'T was all to no manner of use; he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have bawled and called for ever, without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this—sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it

had not been opened for a month before. I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks—who do you think but the man in the moon himself? I knew him by his bush.

"Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke said he: 'How do you do?' 'Very well, thank your honour,' said I. 'I hope your honour's well.' 'What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how a thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon.

"Dan," said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, 'you must not stay here.' 'Indeed, sir,' says I, 't is much against my will I'm here at all; but how am I to go back?' 'That's your business,' said he, 'Dan: mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.' 'I'm doing no harm,' says I, 'only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.' 'That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveller lodging; I'm sure 't is not so often you're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for 't is a long way.' 'I'm by myself, Dan,' says he; 'but you'd better let go the reaping hook.' 'Faith, and with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the grip, and the more you bids me, the more I won't let go:—so I will.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain; and I'll not budge, but you may if you like.' 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed), that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes, with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word, he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. 'Good morning to you, Dan,' says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand: 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had not time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling at the rate of a fox-hunt. 'God help me,' says I, 'but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night: I am now sold fairly.' The word was not out of my mouth, when whiz! what should fly close to my ear but a flock of wild geese; and all the way from my own bog of Ballyasheenough, else how should they know me? the *ould* gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'Is that you, Dan?' 'The same,' said I, not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and, besides, I knew him of *ould*. 'Good morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke: how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honour's the same.' 'I

think 'tis falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that, sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander. So I told him how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. 'Dan,' said he, 'I'll save you: put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought in myself that I don't much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

"We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand, sticking up out of the water. 'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head any way, 'fly to land if you please.' 'It is impossible, you see, Dan,' said he, 'for a-while, because you see we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia!' said I; 'that's surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose; why then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.'

"Just as we were talking, a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautifully before the wind: 'Ah! then, sir,' said I, 'will you drop me on the ship, if you please?' 'We are not fair over it,' said he. 'We are,' said I. 'We are not,' said he: 'If I dropped you now, you would go splash into the sea.' 'I would not,' says I: 'I know better than that, for it is just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.'

"If you must, you must," said he. 'There, take your own way,' and he opened his claw! and faith he was right—sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then forever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water, till there was'n't a dry stitch upon my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying—'t was a voice I knew too—'Get up, you drunken brute, off of that;' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me;—for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own.

"Get up," said she again. 'and of all places in the parish, would no place serve your turn to lie down upon but under the *ould* walls of Car-rigaphooka? an uneasy resting I am sure you had of it.' And sure enough I had; for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moon, and flying ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the green ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I'd lie down in the same spot again, I know that."

Written for the Lady's Book.

## A SCOLDING.

"*A flourish trumpets! strike alarum-drums.*"

For coxcombs—all the empty tribe—  
I care not, if they jeer or jibe:  
I would not have the foplings know  
The thoughts that in *my* bosom glow;  
But, when one of a nobler kind—  
One that can boast a *soul*—a *mind*—  
When he can lend *his* voice to aid  
The noise that every *fool* has made  
At woman's vanity—Oh! *then*  
The ink grows bitter on my pen!

"HERE is, indeed, a treat. Let me sit down in the corner of the sofa; please to push me that footstool. Now for a genuine pleasure—the perusal of an outpouring of the noble and generous soul of my friend Marc. I wish he were here to read it to me. I well remember the deep impressiveness of his peculiar voice and manner—he read to me his *Prima Donna, Gina*; and I held my breath to hear him, but I can't stop to talk. Now for the Young Artist. Good! the contrast between the painter and the *idler*. One intent on garnering up a hoard of love and fame, looking to the *future*—despising the *present*. The *other* equally intent on throwing away, in the worse than frivolous daily round of dissipation, all of feeling or noble aspiration nature had gifted him withal. Ah! that horrible Ugolino! Thy description is itself a picture. It is *like* thee, all like thee, Marc. I am proud that I may call thee *friend*. I can see the enthusiast artist step back to observe the effect of the last masterly touch. Oh! the triumph of the moment, as he feels it is a *creation*, that the Ugolino of the poet is before him; and his intellectual features unconsciously assume the expression of fiendish revenge that he would fain impart to his subject. Oh! what a moment to be torn away and dragged from the pinnacle of elevated thought, into the low and common current of earthly things."

Thus did I exclaim, on receiving and commencing the piece in the April number of the Lady's Book; but when I had FINISHED, "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." I longed to be with thee, *not to praise thee, no!* but that I might pour out upon thee all the indignant feelings that filled my woman's bosom.

What! the *lim* condescend to attack the *dore*; my chivalric friend, Marc Smeton, bring all his gigantic strength of intellect and depth of classic lore to the onset against *woman*! Yet, on consideration, it is like the chivalry of olden times. The knight who, like Marmion,—

"Well was he armed from head to heel  
In a good suit of Milan steel,"

and mounted on his proud war-horse, rode to the contest, and trod down, triumphantly, beneath the iron heels of his charger, hundreds of the poor, half-armed, foot-soldiers.

"The dear sweet creatures," I hear you sneeringly exclaim, "*does!* no, friend Kate, jays—chattering jays—magpies—gaudy parrots." But, Marc, I will not strike my colours while my lance is yet unshivered. Shame on thee! But stop, I will make an allowance; perhaps

you write under the influence of wounded and writhing feelings; thy Calanthe may, indeed, have proved unkind. No! there is a fair face, shaded by auburn locks (not *red*, or *yellow*, but auburn—*true poetic auburn*) which, with its sweet, mild smile, tells me that Marc Smeton is not unhappy in his love. Why, Marc! with that dear one at thy side, perhaps, at the moment you are reading this, peeping over your shoulders, thou shouldst defy to mortal combat, the “craven slanderer,” (“I thank thee for the word,”) who dares to speak of woman in slighting terms. What could induce *thee* to *run a muck* against the whole race of *femini*. Ye hae gude an’ trew friens among us.

Now, Diana forbid, that I should defend the frivolity, or spirit of flirtation, which, I will not deny, *may seem* to characterise our sex, but I *will* say it is the fault of lordly man.

“How rare a fool doth he appear,  
Whose folly mounts to such a pass,  
That first he *breathes* upon the glass,  
Then grieves because it is not clear.”

A young girl grows up with a fund of deep and passionate attachment in her heart. She feels that she *can* love, and that deeply; and her heart yearns for some one on whom she can bestow all the deep, holy, pure affections of her being. Now, Marc, let me ask you, and lay your hand on your heart and answer, *on honour*, how many men do you know *worth* a woman’s love? Not that love—

Offspring of giddy mirth,  
From indolence and vanity,  
That has precocious birth,

but the reverential love and esteem which a high-minded girl can, and ought to feel, for the man she seeks as the ruler of her future life and conduct.

Let me go back to my imaginary heroine. She passes into society with noble and enthusiastic feeling. She finds that she is not loved for her *warm heart* and *good feelings*; she is not loved for her intellectual acquirements. She sees herself (as long as she adheres to her nobler and simpler tastes) passed by for the mere pert and forward fashionist. She finds *herself* admired for some gay act of heartless levity; she finds herself loved from the becoming set of a new bonnet, or because a dress makes her form look well. In short, she is admired for a thousand extraneous things which she feels are not a part of that inward self which would remain were all the rest stripped away; and she grows heart-sick as she proves that feeling and intellect do only make her a target for the shafts of envy and malice: and she trifles, in self-defence, till she finds, with a thrill of anguish, that she is becoming the very thing she despises—a *flirt—a thing of flowers and ribbons*.

Well! time passes on; she meets one who, from the congeniality of some trait in her character, or for her personal appearance, as the phrase is, *takes a fancy to her*. He is, in the eye of society, unexceptionable. She has met with but little sympathy in the world, and cannot resolve to throw *that* away *thus* offered, because it is not *exactly* the sort of sympathy she wishes. She requires and is grateful for love,

and tries to clothe *her* admirer in some of those qualities which *she* admires; she tries to *love* him, and she does so with all the love he is capable of receiving; but she finds, by degrees, that *he* is like a glass of water saturated with salt—that just a certain portion of her enthusiasm of feeling he is capable of receiving, and the rest is but wastel, and deemed folly or romance by him; she finds that his love is a selfish and exacting passion, destitute of those holy communings of heart which had, in imagination, made her heaven of love; and her unemployed feelings and energies prey upon her mind, and sicken her existence, till she is ready to exclaim, in the words of one whose name I may not mention here, but whose gentle eye will, I know, rest on this page:

“So much I scorn th’ ignoble chain,  
That fetters me to love like *this*,  
I will—I *will* be free again—  
If *this* is all love’s waking bliss.”

And you talk of constancy, too, oh! man—man—man—inconsistent beings as ye are—how do you fix your affections on the noble-minded and high-souled being, whom you most respect and admire? No! you are attracted by beauty, or some fascinating accomplishment, to a gay belle—one, whom you cannot choose but to see, is a trifle—a coquette. But, you say “she is not to me, as to others—they she did not love. What if her pursuits are not intellectual—I hate a *learned* woman—she is gentle, and will be affectionate.” But let me warn you, ‘Lords of the Creation,’ if ye will build your houses on the sand, ye must expect to find the foundation slide away from under you in the first storm. If ye *will*, like the wise men of Gotham, go to sea in a *bowl*, you must expect the same fate:

“If the bowl had been stronger,  
Your voyage had been longer.”

If ye will fix your affections on the giddy trifle, you must not dare to expect from her deep or lasting affection. Her love is like oil upon water, presenting a thousand bright prismatic colours to the delighted eye. It is but a gilded surface;—it sinks not into the depths of her heart;—it mingles not with her very being.

Now Marc, as they say in school, I have another crow to pick with you. You have betrayed me into contemplating writing a sentimental love-tale: a thing which, if it had not been for the Young Artist, I should never have thought of, ‘but it is an *over* true tale, and will be a good offset to your nigroque simillima cygno.’

KATE.



Expense of thought is the rarest prodigality, and to dare to live alone the rarest courage; since there are many who had rather meet their bitterest enemy in the field, than their own hearts in their closet. He that has no resources of mind, is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessities for the body; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others, bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of him who begs his daily bread,

## MONA WATER.

BY MRS. NORTON.

On. Mona's waves are blue and bright,  
 When the sun shines out, like a gay young lover,  
 But Mona's waves are dark as night,  
 When the face of Heaven is clouded o'er.  
 The wild wind drives the crested foam  
 Far up the steep and rocky mountain,  
 And booming echoes drown the voice—  
 The silvery voice of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild, against that mountain's side  
 The wrathful waves were up and beating,  
 When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came,  
 With anxious brow and hurried greeting.  
 He bade the widowed mother send,  
 (While loud the tempest's voice was raging,)  
 Her fair young son across the flood,  
 Where winds and waves their strife were waging.

And still that fearful mother prayed,  
 "Oh! yet delay—delay till morning,  
 For weak the hand that guides our bark,  
 Tho' brave his heart—all danger scorning."  
 Little did stern Glenvarloch heed:—  
 "The safety of my fortress tower  
 Depends on tidings he must bring  
 From Fairlie bank within the hour.

"Seest thou across the sullen wave  
 A blood-red banner wildly streaming?  
 That flag a message sends to me,  
 Of which my foes are little dreaming!  
 The boy must put his boat across,  
 (Gold shall repay his hour of danger,)  
 And bring me back, with care and speed,  
 Three letters from the light-browed stranger."

The orphan boy leapt lightly in;  
 Bold was his eye, and brow of beauty;  
 And bright his smile, as thus he spoke:  
 "I do but pay a vassal's duty;  
 Fear not for me, oh! mother dear,  
 See how the boat the tide is spinning;  
 The storm will cease, the sky will clear,  
 And thou shalt watch me safe returning."

His bark shot on—now up, now down,  
 Over those waves—the snowy crested—  
 Now like a dart it sped along,  
 Now like a white-winged sea-bird rested.  
 And ever when the wind sank low,  
 Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,  
 As long she watched, with straining eyes,  
 That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.

He reached the shore—the letters claimed—  
 Triumphant heard the stranger's wonder,  
 That one so young should brave alone  
 The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.  
 And once again his snowy sail  
 Was seen by her, that mourning mother;  
 And *once* she heard his shouting voice—  
 That voice the waves were soon to smother!

Wild burst the wind—wide flapped the sail—  
 A crashing peal of thunder followed;  
 The gust swept o'er the water's face,  
 And caverns in the deep lake hollowed!  
 The gust swept past—the waves grew calm—  
 The thunder died along the mountain;  
 But where was he who used to play,  
 On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,  
 Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother;  
 And bitterly she wept for him,  
 The widow's son, who had no brother!  
 She raised his arm—the hand was closed—  
 With pain the stiffened fingers parted,  
 And on the sand those letters dropped,  
 His last dim thought—the faithful-hearted!

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow  
 Remorse and pain and grief seemed blending;  
 A purse of gold he flung beside  
 That mother o'er her dead child bending.  
 Oh, wildly laughed that woman then!  
 "Glenvarloch wad ye dare to measure  
 The holy life that God hath gi'en,  
 Against a heap of golden treasure?

"Ye spurned my prayer—for we were poor—  
 But know, proud man, that God hath power  
 To smite the King on Scotland's throne,  
 The chieftain in his fortress tower.  
 Frown on, frown on! I fear ye not;  
 We've done the last of chieftain's bidding;  
 And cold he lies, for whose young sake  
 I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

"Will gold bring back the cheerful voice  
 That used to win my heart from sorrow?  
 Will silver warm his frozen blood,  
 Or make my hearth less lone to-morrow?  
 Go back, and seek your mountain home,  
 And when ye kiss yere fair-hair'd daughter,  
 Remember him who died to-night;  
 Beneath the waves of Mona's water!"

Old years rolled on—and fresh ones came—  
 Foes dare not brave Glenvarloch's tower;  
 But naught could bar the sickness out  
 That stole into fair Amie's bower.  
 The o'er-blown flow'ret in the sun  
 Sinks languid down and withers daily,  
 And so she sank—her voice grew faint,  
 Her laugh no longer sounded gaily.

Her step fell on the old oak-floor,  
 As noiseless as the snow-shower's drifting;  
 And from her sweet and serious eyes  
 Seldom they saw the dark lid lifting.  
 "Bring aid, bring aid," the father cries;  
 "Bring aid," each vassal's voice is crying;  
 The fair-haired beauty of the isles,  
 Her pulse is faint, her life is flying.

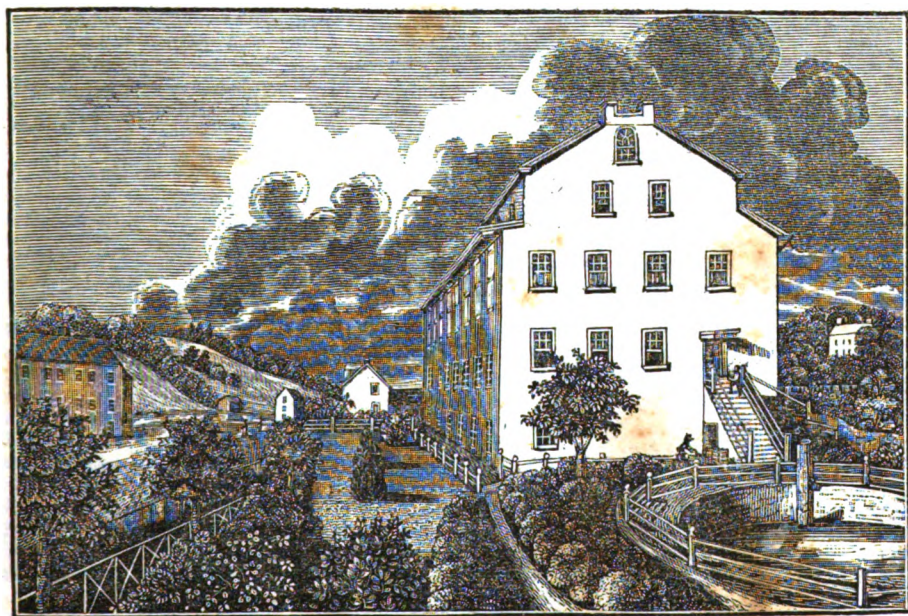
He called in vain, her dim eyes turned  
 And met his own with patient sorrow;  
 For well she knew, that fading girl,  
 How he must weep and wail the morrow.  
 Her faint breath ceased—the father bent  
 And gazed upon his fair-haired daughter,  
 What thought he on?—The widow's son,  
 And the stormy night by Mona's water!

The above ballad is founded on an incident which took place in the days when the chieftain of a clan was the most despotic of all rulers. It was told me by an old ferryman, who religiously believed, "fair Amie's" death to have been the consequence and punishment of the chief's tyranny towards the widow's son.





WILLIAM TELL'S CHAPEL.



ECKSTEIN'S PAPER MILL, AT MANAYUNK.





## A TALE OF HARD SCRABBLE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH, ESQ.

"Believe it, there 's ne'er a mistress in the world  
Can mislike it."—*Cynthia's Revels*.

THE attorney and the apothecary, by prescriptive right, belong to the aristocracy of every village;—by aristocracy is meant that class of the community who live by doing nothing—a laborious kind of life, certainly, and by no means profitable, still many adopt it of choice, and believe it conclusive evidence of their gentility, in spite of a seedy coat and pockets to let.

There is a little village called Hard Scrabble, somewhere in New Jersey—true, several places in that State are justly entitled to the same cognomen—but, in order to prevent all geographical mistakes, the Hard Scrabble referred to fronts upon the Atlantic, while behind extends the deserts of Arabia in little, and it is justly celebrated for blue-fish and oysters, white sand and black mosquitoes; all of which are considered staple commodities, except the last.

There is scarcely a spear of grass growing for many miles around Hard Scrabble. It is so barren, that a whip-poor-will would not fly over it; and it is on record that a flock of crows, in making the attempt, fell dead when they spied out the nakedness of the land. Notwithstanding all this, it is a place of resort in the summer season, by such as imagine that they can find pleasure in any other place than their own homes. It is astonishing how much privation and annoyance some people can undergo, if it be only christened by the name of pleasure.

Our village, like every other village, could boast of an attorney and apothecary, and if the fact of doing nothing be a legitimate claim to aristocracy, their caste was an elevated one, for Capias, the attorney, had not issued a writ for a twelve-month, and the same length of time had elapsed since death had released the last patient of little Tapioca by writ of habeas corpus—still our worthies did not despond. Hope feeds her votaries on the chameleon's dish; a rattle is sufficient to amuse us through life, and if we unfortunately break the toy, and discover the tinsel of which it is composed, we sit down and weep like children.

It would have been a handsome speculation to have purchased our village worthies at their real value, and to have sold them again for what they imagined they were worth. They were on excellent terms with themselves, were both bachelors, and looked forward to the day when Hymen and Fortune would combine to make them happy. The non-productives, whenever abandoned by the latter, have implicit faith in Hymen working miracles in their favour. Every prudent man should have two strings to his bow, and the ladies say it is not amiss to have two beaux to your string.

Hard Scrabble, as already observed, was resorted to in the summer season, by those who fancied that mosquito phlebotomy would benefit their health; and while the other watering places were as crowded and uncomfortable as the

Black Hole of Calcutta, the few who visited here had ample room to battle with the swarms of insects that every breeze from the sea brought upon them. This is no small advantage to those who object to being bitten, and do not consider the monotonous hum of his little trumpet, as one of the pleasures of a watering place. The sting of a mosquito may be compared to olives, tomatoes, and the condiments used in French cookery—we must be accustomed to them before they become palatable, and a man must be stung very often by a mosquito before he likes it.

Miss Deborah Nightshade visited Hard Scrabble for the benefit of her health. It was so retired, and there was such a delightful view of gray sand all around, particularly when the sun was beating on it, and it was so charmingly romantic to see the fishermen and the wreckers at their labour, and the sea-breeze was so bracing even in the dog-days, that Miss Nightshade felt convinced that her health would be speedily reinstated and her beauty renovated. The latter is seldom the work of time.

Miss Nightshade belonged to that much-injured class of society, in vulgar parlance styled old maids. Having refused, according to her own account, six advantageous offers, in the bloom of youth and beauty, she ultimately found herself on the wrong side of matrimony, and reluctantly despaired of ever warming her chilled bosom at the torch of Hymen. For a few years, it was her sole delight to relate to her friends her former conquests; and a glow, something of a brickdust hue, would return to her withered cheeks, when she dwelt upon the entire control she at one time had over her heart-stricken admirers. "*Hoc est vivere bis*," says Martial; but as this, by continual repetition, gradually ceased to afford gratification, Miss Deborah sought for amusement in censuring the imprudence and immodesty of the belles of the present age. By this time she had purchased a pair of spectacles, and consequently very few follies of this nature passed under her nose without the closest observation. When a cynic, in spite of his satire and reproof, observes all around him enjoying their pleasures, without showing any disposition to mend their follies, he soon becomes weary of growling, and though his disgust is heightened by having been treated with indifference, he swallows his spleen, and suffers the world to work its own salvation. After Miss Deborah had ceased to take any amusement in censuring the foibles of the rising generation, finding she had but little gratification in society, she fancied that there would be a pleasure still remaining, if she could only appear the most miserable member of it. She was not peculiar in this particular.

The arrival of Miss Nightshade created quite a sensation in Hard Scrabble. True there was

no military parade, discharge of ordnance, nor was she invited to a public dinner by the functionaries of the village, in conformity with the fashion of the present day on great occasions; still there was neither man, woman, nor child in Hard Scrabble, who was not full of the important arrival, within ten minutes after its taking place. It is astonishing how rapidly news circulates in a village.

Among those who felt most deeply interested in the new comer, were Counsellor Capias and Dr. Tapioca. The former was moved thereto, as he prided himself upon being a man of gallantry, the cock of the village, and the lady would naturally expect numberless little attentions which he alone was calculated to perform; while, on the other hand, the apothecary looked forward to having a profitable patient, for he already heard that the lady was an invalid, and had visited that distinguished watering place, Hard Scrabble, for the benefit of her health.

Miss Nightshade imagined herself afflicted with more complaints than physiologists have touched upon, and she protested that her feelings were, at times, such as were not to be paralleled by those of any case on record. Her physicians were amazingly puzzled. They avoided naming any disease in her presence, as she was sure to have it the next day, though she was systematic in appropriating a day to each disorder, and was careful not to have two complaints at the same time, lest the shock should be too violent for her constitution. Mondays, she appropriated to the rheumatism—Tuesdays, to palpitation of the heart—Wednesdays, to the ague—Thursdays, to dyspepsia—and so on, throughout the week; by which prudent arrangement, she greatly facilitated the practice of her medical advisers, who usually prescribed, in all cases,

R. Panis micar. ʒss.

Aq. fontan. ℥x.

M. ft. pil. x.

Sumat. 1, pro re natâ.

Which hieroglyphics, Champollion, after intense study, has deciphered to mean neither more nor less than ten pills made up of bread and pure water, a medicine fully as efficacious as Dr. Last's chalk and vinegar, which, if it could do no good, could do no harm. Strange it is, that the science of medicine should be so mystified as to give a frightful aspect even to the staff of life.

Such being the constitution of Miss Nightshade, she was no sooner warm in her chamber at Hard Scrabble, than she made inquiry for the physician of the village. But our watering place, in one respect, resembled Gilead—"there was no physician there;" and, accordingly, little Tapioca was summoned to her bedside, as the most available succedaneum in the emergency. His heart dilated with hope, as he seized his ivory-headed cane, to visit his new patient; and he felt satisfied that there was no place that held out such encouragement to a young practitioner, as Hard Scrabble. He had only been ten years in practice, and already had had ten patients, without including the parson's cow.

He paid his first visit on Monday, and accord-

ingly found his patient labouring under a violent attack of fancied rheumatism, in hourly expectation of her approaching dissolution. A short time before his arrival, as her nurse was assisting her to rise, the old lady, groaning most piteously, exclaimed, "Gently, gently, I beseech you;—do you think I am made of iron!—be careful how you touch that arm:—Oh! it will certainly drop off with pain;—dear me, unless I can obtain relief very soon, I cannot last much longer," with a hundred similar exclamations; but they succeeded in supporting her to a sofa, into which she fell, exhausted with pain and weakness. Her temples were immediately bathed, smelling bottles applied, and the house was in a bustle from the garret down to the cellar. The cockles of Miss Nightshade's heart warmed, as she beheld the anxiety of all around her. She had not remained long in this happy situation, before Tapioca was announced as ascending the staircase. What was to be done in this emergency? Scarcely half dressed—her clothes had been opened during her fainting fit—and too weak to reach the bed, if they had time to support her to it—must she be detected in this dishabille? Maiden modesty forbid! She rose from the sofa, made but one spring, and "swift as Camilla over the bending corn," she regained the bed, huddled herself beneath the covering, and overturned the old nurse in her rapid passage. When Tapioca entered, the fainting scene was again enacted with considerable effect; and, after applying every remedy, apparently to little purpose, he left her, with a doleful countenance and an ominous shake of the head.

Our disciple of Galen had no sooner departed, than his patient recovered sufficiently to give instructions to her nurse. "To-morrow," she said, "I feel that I shall be deprived of the use of speech, and you must relate particularly the different stages of my sickness to the Doctor, that he may be enabled to treat my case correctly." Here followed a long and minute statement—at such an hour she was taken with a violent chill, which was succeeded by a raging fever—after lying in a delirious state for three hours, she fell into a short and restless sleep, and awoke with the most excruciating head-ache—and much more, of a similar nature, which occupied the old nurse the whole afternoon to commit to memory.

The first person that Tapioca met, when he emerged into the street, was his friend Capias, to whom he related all that had transpired, and was full of golden dreams as to the future. He looked upon his patient as the true Eldorado, and he assumed an air of superiority over the briefless attorney, which did not escape his notice, and it mortified his pride. How strangely constituted is the mind of man!—The one was elated at the prospect of physicking an old woman to death, and had already reached the zenith of his ambition, while the other was sunk to the nadir of despondency for the lack of an opportunity of prosecuting some poor devil for robbing a hen-roost:—A cause like that, ye Gods! would have enabled him to eclipse the reputation of Cicero and Demosthenes; and though the jury might sleep and the judges snore, still fame, with her brazen trumpet, would

blow a blast that would be heard even to the four corners of Hard Scrabble. And what is life without fame?

Poor Capias was in the slough of despond, as he contemplated the air of importance assumed by his friend the apothecary; for as long as they continued upon the same footing, he considered himself at the head of the village; true, he maintained but a divided empire, but now his rival had fearfully outstripped him in the race for glory, and the consequences were to be deprecated. Moreover, Tapioca himself had undergone an alarming metamorphosis. He was no longer the slouchy, quiescent creature, willing to yield his opinions to the dogmatisms of his friend Capias. On the contrary, he felt his importance, and was determined that others should feel it also; he accordingly pulled up his frill, drew his hat over his forehead, applied the ivory head of his cane to his nose, and paraded the main street of Hard Scrabble for two hours, knee deep in sand, and over head and ears in a brown study. The dogs barked at him, the ragged urchins followed in his wake, and the old women threw up their arms in amazement;—still the apothecary stalked on, and felt himself like Selkirk, “the monarch of all he surveyed.” Capias watched his movement, for one hour, and finally, overpowered by his feelings, shut himself up in his office, and dropped into his arm-chair, the picture of incurable despair.

It is said that the night is darkest as the morn approaches, and so it proved to the desponding attorney, for just as he had concluded to pull up stakes and abandon Hard Scrabble for ever to the victorious Tapioca, he was awakened from his gloomy reflections by a violent knock at the door, and, on opening it, a messenger from Miss Nightshade stood before him, with a summons to appear in her presence without delay.—It was sometime before the attorney recovered sufficiently from his astonishment, to demand the nature of the lady’s business with him.

“She wishes to employ you professionally,” said the messenger.

“Ha! What! How!”—ejaculated the attorney. It had been so long since the poor fellow had been employed professionally, that he had almost forgot the meaning of the phrase.

“She wants you to draw up her will,” continued the other, “for she thinks she is a-going to die.”

“Make her will!—Going to die!—I knew how it would be, when she called in that cow-doctor, Tapioca.—He’s not fit to physic a pig with the measles.”

Tapioca was still wading through the sand, with his cane applied to his nose, unconscious of the illiberal remarks of his friend, the attorney.—The messenger proposed informing him of the desperate state of his patient, but Capias objected, protesting that a second visit from the apothecary would effectually supercede the necessity of his own services, for he looked upon him as Death’s catch-pole, that in every pill and potion was a *Capias ad respondendum*, from which there was not even a temporary escape by any species of bail or mainprize. How a single drop of envy will curdle a whole pill full of the milk of human kindness!

The attorney took from his shelf a book of

forms, and a quire of paper, then cocking his hat fiercely, and assuming an air of gravity, becoming a man of business, he proceeded to the dwelling of his client; and, as he passed his triumphant rival, he did not even condescend to bestow a look of recognition upon him.—Tapioca checked his perambulation, and with amazement beheld the attorney enter the residence of his patient; and though he had been pluming himself for the last two hours, it was now a difficult matter for him to conceal the white feather.

Capias was solemnly ushered into the chamber of the invalid, and introduced to her, bolstered up in an easy chair, an old nurse refreshing her olfactories with a bottle of hartshorn.—Preliminaries being settled, the attorney seated himself at a table, spread his papers, and commenced taking down the heads of the instrument.

“This is a solemn business, Mr. Capias,” observed Miss Nightshade, in a faint voice.

“Very, madam, but one which it is the duty of us all to perform, sooner or later. Now, for my part, I regularly make my will on the thirty-first day of December.—I settle up my affairs, and am always prepared at a moment’s warning. Life is uncertain.”

“Then you do not think, Mr. Capias, that making one’s will, is likely to hasten one’s death?”

“A vulgar error, madam.—On the contrary, it is calculated to renew our lease—I may call it our lease for life, for we are all nothing more than mere tenants for life, here;—no fee simple;—an estate tail, with remainder to the worms. Making one’s will is calculated to tranquillize the mind, and there is nothing so conducive to long life as a tranquil mind. *Mens conscia recti*—as the poet says—you understand, madam.”

“Well, the thoughts of making my will always shattered my nerves to that degree!—Nurse, that bottle of salts.—But since it must be done—and you are sure it will not hasten my end, Mr. Capias?”

“Positive. Ten years ago, old Squire Polywog was considered *in articulo mortis*; and I was sent for, post-haste, to make his will. Now the Squire was a bachelor, and when he came to look over the large estate he was about to bequeath to a parcel of thankless relatives, who wished him out of the way, he protested that it would be very disagreeable to die under such circumstances, so he plucked up courage, pulled off his night-cap, got out of bed, got married, lived like an emperor, spent his estate, and inundated Hard Scrabble with a shoal of little Polywogs.”

“O, shocking!” exclaimed Miss Nightshade, “you do not mean to recommend the same course of conduct to me, Mr. Capias?”

“Much better than dying, madam,” responded the attorney, bowing, “and a safer remedy than taking Tapioca’s physic.”

“Dear, dear, I should never live to go through with it!—Some hartshorn, nurse.—The bare idea shocks my nervous system to that degree!—You can’t think, Mr. Capias!”

The nurse bathed her temples, applied the salts to her nostrils, and the invalid finally reco-

vered sufficiently to give Capias the heads of the manner in which she wished to dispose of her worldly possessions, as follows:—

"To my brother, Jeroboam, and his heirs, Mr. Capias, I give all my farm in Crane Neck Valley.—It was the family homestead, and it is but right that brother Jerry should have it, as he is my elder brother."

"Perfectly right," responded Capias, making a memorandum. "We do not pay sufficient regard to the continuance of old families among us. Few are so fortunate as to survive two generations:—What shall Crane Neck farm be rated at, madam?"

"Ten thousand dollars," replied Miss Deborah, refreshing her drooping spirits with the hartshorn:—"It has been valued at twelve thousand; but, as Jerry is a favourite brother, put it at ten."

"Very well, madam, pray proceed."

"His little son Joktan, I should like to provide for, dear little cherub!—the hartshorn, nurse—so I will give him the grazing meadows in Muck Slush Swamp; they may be a handsome estate by the time he comes of age."

"Sufficient, no doubt, madam, to keep him from being swamped in this dirty world," responded Capias, noting little Joktan's legacy.

"Women, you know, Mr. Capias, are always imposed upon in the management of real estate, so I will give all my stock in the five per cents. to my dear sister Lucretia."

"All the stock in the five per cents," muttered Capias, writing—"How much, madam?"

"Only eight thousand dollars," replied the other, with a sigh of regret that it was not more.

"Only eight thousand! what an eternity of practice in Hard Scrabble!" ejaculated the attorney.

The invalid proceeded to make handsome bequests to uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, and concluded by nominating the favourite little Joktan as residuary legatee, by which time she was completely exhausted by the exertion, and Capias withdrew to put the instrument in form, but not before he had received instructions to have it ready to be executed the following day.

Capias, on the way to his office, encountered his friend Tapioca, still standing in the same position as when they last parted. His curiosity was wrought to the pitch of agony, to ascertain what business the attorney could possibly have had with his patient. But that he had business was evident, for he waded through the sand with an unusual swell, his law book in one hand, and ostentatiously displaying the roll of paper in the other.—The children ran away, abashed, and even the whiffets were afraid to bark at him. Tapioca followed in his wake, as crest-fallen and dejected as Rolla, when kneeling to the haughty Spaniard. Capias entered his office, and the apothecary followed.

Adversity is said to be the school of virtue; but this is questionable; for, in some minds, the worst feelings take deepest root when fortune frowns, like poisonous weeds that become more rank in the shade, while in the sunshine of prosperity flowers alone would bud and blossom in the same soil.—When a man is on good terms with himself, he usually looks with an eye of

complacency upon the whole world, and so it was with Capias. Finding himself in the ascendant, the bitter feelings that had annoyed him a few hours before, were no longer remembered, and he looked upon his rival with a smile of complacency, at the same time assuming a sort of patronizing air. This constant aiming at superiority is happily illustrated in one of Sheridan's comedies, where an errand-boy having been cuffed by the footman, exclaims—"Master kicks Tag, Tag kicks me, and I'll go kick the dog."—He is a poor devil, indeed, who has not even a dog to kick.

Tapioca, encouraged by the smile aforesaid, ventured to ask, in a faltering voice, what it was had called him to Miss Nightshade's lodgings.

"Professional business," replied Capias, pompously.

"I rejoice to hear it"—that was a white lie.

"Of what nature, pray?"

"To make the old lady's will.—She already smokes that you are not a regular practitioner, and she thinks it well to be prepared for the worst."

"Bless my soul! You did not hint at such a thing?"

"Dr. Tapioca, you must be aware that I am superior to such a pitiful act of treachery.—You are my friend, and to prove that I think you so, I will let you into a secret."

"A secret! I am all impatience."

"You have read of the mines of Peru?" said Capias, with an air of mystery.

"I have."

"You have also heard of the golden fleece of Jason?"

"Certainly."

"And of Sinbad's cavern of diamonds?"

"I have read of that also."

"Then, my dear fellow, you will be astonished," continued Capias, tapping him gently on the shoulder, "when I inform you that the wealth of all these is united in that old woman. Zounds, man, she's the only true philosopher's stone."

"I am amazed! But how do you know all this?"

"How do I know? I am her legal adviser, and we gentlemen of the law are entrusted with important secrets at times. See here," he continued, spreading open the sheet of memoranda he had taken, as deliberately as if he had been opening Pandora's box—"See, here is a brief outline of her possessions."

Tapioca cast his eye over the several bequests, and ejaculated, with uplifted hands, "Bless my soul!"

"Now answer me one question, upon the honour of a medical man," continued Capias—"Is she seriously ill?"

"Very."

"What is her complaint?"

"Can't say—all sorts—a complication of disorders; sometimes one, sometimes another."

"You are of opinion she can't last long?"

"A month at farthest."

"You are her physician, and no doubt will see your prediction verified. Now, my friend, I have another secret to impart. I have been a long time at the bar, and wish to retire from practice."

"That would be repaying practice in its own coin," replied the apothecary, with a sardonic grin.

"You may laugh, sir, but there's no joke in that," continued the other, gravely. "Business is becoming too fatiguing, and it is time that I should think of settling myself comfortably for life. I have an idea of making the old lady Mrs. Capias."

"And at the same time making yourself comfortable with the golden fleece?"

"Precisely so. I shall then, my dear friend, leave to you the undivided throne of Hard Scrabble, and retire to my plantation in Crane Neck Valley; and while I sink into the obscurity of private life, I must endeavour to console myself with the ten thousand in the five per cents., brother Jerry's consternation, and little Joktan's residuary legacy. What think you of my plan?"

"Admirable! nothing could be better."

"Do what you can to forward it, and we shall have rare sport, snipe shooting in Muck Slush meadows. I know you are fond of snipe shooting."

"Always was."

"I am to see her to-morrow, at four o'clock, with the will, and I shall change her thoughts from death, or my tongue has lost the power of persuasion. Now go, and let me finish the will. Business, you know, is paramount to all other considerations."

"Certainly. To-morrow at four?"

"At four precisely, I shall make an opening into the mines of Peru."

"And bear off the Hesperian fruit, in spite of the dragon," said Tapioca.

"Dragon and all," added Capias, as Tapioca left the office, and the attorney commenced the last will and testament of Miss Nightshade.

The following day, about two o'clock, Tapioca was seen slowly walking along the street of Hard Scrabble towards the lodgings of his patient, in deep thought, with his ivory-headed cane applied to his thin proboscis. The reader is already aware that Miss Deborah had foretold that at this time she would be speechless, and accordingly she lay in state, as mute as an oyster awaiting the tide, at the same time enjoying the commiseration of the village gossips, who had assembled on the momentous occasion. This is a custom which regular practitioners protest against, as the incessant clatter which half a dozen old women necessarily must occasion, is considered even more injurious to the patient than the physic which the established routine of science compels him to swallow.

The windows were all darkened, and not a word was spoken above a whisper, although the conclave was composed of the most loquacious gossips of Hard Scrabble. But then the whisper was as unbroken as the hum in a bee-hive, when its inmates are preparing to swarm. The invalid overheard their whispering with inward satisfaction, and slyly watched their motions without the apprehension of being seen, as the bed curtains were carefully closed to prevent the light from incommoding her.

At length Tapioca arrived. On passing the threshold, his under jaw suddenly fell, his cadaverous countenance became distended, and he assumed the mock solemnity of a verger at the

head of a funeral procession. He approached the bed, felt the patient's pulse, and after a few significant interjections, such as, hum! ha! delightful pulse! moist skin! changes for the better, &c., he seated himself and inquired of the nurse the progress of the complaint since his last visit, as he found it impossible to elicit an answer from Miss Deborah. The old nurse began her story:—

"She was taken with a fever, sir, shortly after you left her."

"A chill, a chill you mean," exclaimed Miss Deborah, petulantly.

"True, true, I remember now. She was taken with a violent chill, which was succeeded by a raging fever."

"That's right," interrupted the speechless patient, at the same time raising herself upon her elbow, to attend to the interesting relation.

"She then fell into a restless sleep," continued the nurse.

"Not so," cried the old maid, "your memory is very treacherous. After lying in a delirious state—"

"Oh! yes, that's it. After lying in a delirious state for three hours, she awoke with the most excruciating head-ache."

"No, no—you stupid old — what's to become of the restless sleep? Get out of the room, and I will relate it to the doctor myself, although the exertion may occasion a relapse;"—which she accordingly did, in a narration interspersed with a few interesting episodes, which occupied a full hour. Tapioca listened like a lineal descendant of Job, occasionally throwing in a "hum," or a "ha!" by way of keeping up the dialogue, or enlivening the conversation.

When the invalid had finished, the gossips began to deplore the state of the sick woman, and to express their doubts as to the propriety of the course of treatment the apothecary had adopted. One contended that the medicine he had prescribed was too active for her feeble system, and that a second dose would be the death of her. Another was positive that there was *mercury* in the pills, and there was nothing worse in cases like the present than *mercury* pills. A third had lost her husband in two hours after taking a dose of pills, and she could never abide the sight of a pill since, for they were all rank *pisen*. She put on her spectacles, opened the box, and protested that they were the same *pisenous* things that her husband had taken, for they looked as much alike as two peas. Miss Nightshade herself, besought Tapioca not to prescribe any more of those pills, for they had occasioned such violent spasms that she was certain she could not survive a return of her sufferings. Tapioca was astounded; for in compounding the pills he had most scrupulously followed the mystical recipe already adverted to, with the addition of a little liquorice powder, in order to give his boluses of bread a legitimate aspect.

Seeing the practitioner confounded, the gossips benevolently undertook to prescribe for the patient themselves. One was certain she could cure her, and was for drenching her with *yarb* tea, for her complaint lay on her *innards* and should be brought out by *perspiration* through the pores. Another thought the complaint was *nervous*, and that the patient should have nour-

ishing food, so she recommended clam soup, for every body knows there's nothing so strengthening as clam soup; and the old lady with the spectacles, who had peeped into the pill box, was positive it was a fit of the *agy*, and there was nothing better for the *agy* than brandy and black pepper. She had cured even the dumb *agy* with six doses, when the patient had become too lazy even to shake. Another old woman contended that it was the cholera, and she was for applying bags of hot sand to the patient's stomach, and injecting her veins with boiling sea-water. This, she contended, was the most approved and speedy method of relieving the patient, and that the experiment might be made without expense, as Hard Scrabble abounded with both the remedies.

When doctors disagree, then comes the tug of war. We occasionally see whole colleges of physicians going to loggerheads about matters of as little importance as herb tea, clam soup, brandy and pepper, and hot sand and salt water, and then we behold

—Corruption boil and bubble  
Till it o'erturn the stew,

and peace is not to be restored until the advocate of herb tea is dethroned, and he of the clam soup party elevated to his place; and as the lights of true science become more effulgent, we behold the clam soup champion, in his turn, "whistle down the wind, to prey at fortune," while the triumphant champion of hot sand and salt water mounts the throne, and, flushed with victory, "cries havoc, and let's slip the dogs of war." All things in this mundane sphere are subject to the mutations of fashion, and he is indeed a skilful licentiate, and beyond reproach, who makes it his business to dispose of all his patients in the most recent and fashionable manner without distinction of parties. It would be exceedingly mortifying to the humblest and best tempered man in the world, to be slovenly despatched by phlebotomy, at a season when blistering is all the rage.

The practitioners of Hard Scrabble, after voting, *nem. con.*, that Tapioca would kill his patient, if he continued to administer the active remedies he had resorted to, commenced dissertations on the virtues of herb tea, clam soup, &c. each advocating her favourite panacea, with that zeal peculiar to village matrons who have brooded over one cherished idea, until it stands as prominent and fixed in the waste of mind as Chimborazo in the map of South America. As they were all talkers and no listeners, the jargon soon became as deafening as was the confusion of tongues at the building of Babel. Tapioca looked on in silent amazement, while his patient peeped from behind the curtains and evidently enjoyed the commotion her case had occasioned. The disputants, finding words to be weak weapons, having thoroughly rung the changes upon *yarb* tea, clam soup, and salt water, finally fell to pulling each other's caps, when Tapioca thought it high time to interfere, and endeavour to dislodge the invaders, which he succeeded in doing, but not until the skirt of his coat, and his enormous frill, had received trifling tokens of the fierceness of the struggle. Disciples of the heal-

ing art in a village have much to encounter from rivals of this description.

Our hero, having possession of the field, adjusted his discomfited apparel, then seated himself beside the bed to tranquillize the agitated nerves of his patient, and in order to produce this result, took her hand and gave it a gentle squeeze, at the same time looking as tenderly as the Macedonian upon Statira, or Antony upon the crocodile of the Nile. 'True, this was a strange prescription for excited nerves, but we all know that country apothecaries occasionally administer a wrong medicine, still, as the present did not appear to be disagreeable, and was perfectly harmless, the mistake was excusable. Like a cautious practitioner, he closely watched the effects, and finding the symptoms favourable, he repeated the dose, which acted as a charm, and like Othello, "upon that hint he spake."

"I understand your system, madam, thoroughly, and take my word for it, there is but one remedy can restore you."

"And what is that, doctor?"

"Matrimony, madam," he replied, in a tone of decision that would have become Esculapius himself—"Matrimony is a radical cure."

"Do not mention it. The bare idea shocks my nerves to that degree you cannot think!" She covered her face, to conceal her confusion, or rather that she might appear to be confused.

"It is the only prescription that will avail, I assure you," he continued, gravely—"You might swallow my whole shop, madam, and still not recover. There is more virtue in matrimony than in antimony, though at times they operate in the same manner—a little nausea, which tends to keep up a wholesome excitement, and renews the energies of life."

"Mr. Capias hinted at something of the kind," replied Miss Nightshade, in a bashful tone.

"He did! And what does that pettifogger know about the healing art? An impudent fortune-hunter, and so poverty-stricken that even Lazarus himself would blush to claim kindred with him."

"A fortune-hunter! You shock me!"

"A desperate fortune-hunter, madam, and I assure, you on the honour of a medical man, that he has already fixed his eye upon the farm in Crane Neck Valley, and little Joktan's legacy."

"Dear little Joktan!—And could he be so cruel as to deprive the poor child of its inheritance?"

"Fortune-hunters have no more bowels than a chameleon; moreover he's an attorney, 'a dull and muddy mettle rascal,' who manages to keep body and soul together by shooting snipe and catching oysters, which he calls practising law.—You know him now, madam, so be on your guard."

"It is to be deplored that such are suffered to go at large and prey upon the credulous and unsuspecting," said Miss Deborah, with a sigh.

"Greatly to be deplored," responded Tapioca, gravely, "for if there is any thing I heartily despise, it is your idle worthless fortune-hunter."

"They are the bane of society," said Miss Deborah.

"Destroyers of the peace and happiness of families," responded Tapioca.



"Should be shunned as a pestilence," added Miss Nightshade.

"Hunted as beasts of prey," continued the apothecary,—and should be doomed to drink of the bitter waters of disappointment."

"I am delighted to hear such correct sentiments," said the lady.

"A man without sentiment, may be compared to—to—a bitter shaddock; tempting without, gall within," added Tapioca.—"But may I ask what it was Mr. Capias presumed to say to you?"

"He incidentally referred to the case of a certain Squire Polywog, who was restored to health by matrimony, and though he did not speak plainly, the conclusion was irresistible."

"Sly dog!—Well I must say the case of the old squire was miraculous—he was under my hands for six months; went through the whole pharmacopœia, and was beginning anew, when to the astonishment of all, he insisted on the parson saying the marriage ceremony instead of the funeral service, and is now the merriest man in Hard Scrabble."

"I should like to see him," exclaimed the invalid, her eye sparkling like a pewter button.

"It would do your heart good," continued the man of drugs, "and then the dear little Polywogs paddling in the puddles!"

"O, don't name it!—Shocking! I can't think of such a thing!"

"Think of what, madam?" asked the apothecary in a tone as insinuating as a seton.

"I can never consent to be restored to health on those conditions," replied the patient with a languishing air.

"Self preservation, is the first law of nature," replied the apothecary, gravely.

"True, very true. I have heard as much from brother Jerry."

"No one should wantonly abandon the post assigned him," continued Tapioca, applying his ivory headed cane to his nose.

"O dear! you shock my nerves to that degree!"

"Desperate means are resorted to by bold practitioners in desperate cases."

"And do you really think my case so desperate, doctor?"

"Very." He felt her pulse, which was attended with a great squeeze of the hand, as he added, "and unless you follow my prescriptions implicitly, I will not answer for the consequences."

"It's a shocking thing to die, doctor."

"Terrible.—It is a step, that once taken cannot be recalled,—To die, to sleep no more, as Shakespeare has it."

"To sleep no more!—Nay, doctor, one does nothing but sleep."

"True; you are right; Shakspeare's wrong. To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub."

"And such frightful dreams, doctor!"

"Worse than the nightmare, no doubt."

"Do you think so?"

"Upon the veracity of a medical man," replied Tapioca, spreading his broad hand upon his bosom, "True, I never died myself, but my patients have, and I have consequently a right to know something about it."

"Dear, dear, it is shocking to that degree, that I must submit to your prescription. But I should like to see Squire Polywog and his interesting progeny before I venture."

She desired Tapioca to withdraw, and await her appearance in the parlour. He bowed profoundly and obeyed, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, he was gratified in finding that his prescription had operated like the wand of Marquino,\* for his patient came tripping in and smiling as the month of May after a hard winter, a smart bunch of ribands sticking in her cap, like the red flag of a pirate, indicating slaughter to all who might fall in her way. A bunch of pink riband should operate as a caution to all old bachelors, for when it is hung out on the maintop, they may rest assured that no quarter will be shown, when they come to boarding.

The delighted couple sallied forth through the sand to visit the Nestor of the village, Squire Polywog. What were the topics of their conversation on the way history has failed to record, and never having attempted the character of Pyramus to a Thisbe in her grand climacteric, even imagination affords no clue to supply the interesting hiatus. What was said can never be known, but doubtless all that could be said on such a trying occasion, was said by the little apothecary, for Miss Nightshade appeared at the squire's office, "with a blush on her cheek and a smile in her eye," while her whole face was dimpled like a basin of cream. The man who can suddenly produce such astonishing results, must be intimately acquainted with all the secret avenues to the human heart.

The portly squire was seated in his curule chair, looking out with a placid and benign countenance upon a swarm of little breechless Polywogs playing in the hot sand before the door. He was in one of those happy moods when a man thinks he thinks, and the looker-on might labour under the same delusion, and place him on the list of philosophers, when in fact he was only sleeping, and lacked sufficient energy even to close his eye-lids. Village justices are subject to this disease, especially after dinner in the dog-days.

The entrance of Tapioca and the lady recalled the wandering senses of the squire from the land of dreams. He rubbed his eyes, grunted out something like an apology for being caught dozing in the seat of justice, as if an occurrence of that nature required an apology, when Tapioca interrupted him, by introducing Miss Nighshade, who was delighted, for there was such an air of comfort, and the sweet pretty little Polywogs, looked so healthy and happy, and ragged and dirty, and the old justice gave such a hearty paternal chuckle, as they boxed each other heels over head in the sand, that the spinster could not restrain her feelings, and she ejaculated, "Well, this is indeed a rural felicity!"

"Them ere chaps, ma'am, are the *rule* bone and *sinner* of the nation," exclaimed the delighted father. "Tough twigs from the *genuine* tree of democracy; and if they live long enough they'll all be congressmen or militia colonels, I

\*A necromancer in Cervantes' tragedy of Numantia, who possessed the power of raising the dead.

warrent 'em. The Polywogs were never born to stick in the mud."

The old squire had a proper share of that family pride and ambition, inseparable from your true republican, who is disposed to look upon all mankind as "free and equal," though he inwardly feels himself a *little* superior to the general batch, and accordingly our justice had twice dreamed that he was President of the United States, but unfortunately for the destinies of the nation, he could not dream it the third time. Others have had a similar dream, but did not come as near the mark as Squire Polywog, for he dreamt twice.

Tapioca desired the squire to show them into a more private apartment, when the retailer of law in the small way, cried to his progeny in front of the door,

"Washington, tell Lafayette, to call Napoleon, to run round the house, and open the back window of the little parlour."

The mandate was passed from one to the other, and the little bareheaded Napoleon was promptly seen turning the corner to obey orders, as ragged as a colt, and with his right hand twiching up a pair of razeed galligaskins, which had descended like an heirloom from his worthy progenitor, to Washington, from Washington to Lafayette, and from Lafayette to the present possessor. Such is the state of man!

"You perceive there is discipline in my family, doctor," remarked the squire, with a significant nod. "A word is sufficient. Obedient children are a great blessing."

"Dear little pets, they must be a great source of comfort to you," said the spinster, as they entered the parlour together, and closed the door.

A few minutes after they had disappeared Capias entered the office, giving evidence of the excitement of the moment, by wiping the perspiration from his forehead. He had been at Miss Nightshade's lodgings agreeably to appointment, and learning from the nurse that she had gone to take a walk with her physician, he started in pursuit, and succeeded in tracing them to justice Polywog's office. He was allowed sufficient time to cool himself before the parties returned from the parlour, and on their entrance, he said, addressing the spinster,

"I am amazed, madam, at your speedy restoration to health."

"A skilful practitioner, can at times work miracles, Mr. Capias," responded the lady.

"Especially when he understands the constitution of his patient," added Tapioca,

"I have drawn up your will, madam, agreeably to your instructions," continued the attorney.

"I am sorry to have given you so much unnecessary trouble," replied the lady, "as I shall now be under the necessity of altering my will in favour of another."

"Another!—Jerry and Joktan cut off with a shilling! And who is the favourite now?"

"My husband, sir."

"Your husband! I am all amazement!"

"Allow me, Mr. Capias, to introduce you to Mrs. Tapioca," said the apothecary, with a pompous air. Squire Polywog had made them flesh of one flesh.

"Ha! Mrs. Tapioca? Unheard of treachery!" exclaimed the attorney.

"Practice is becoming too burdensome, and I thought it time to settle for life," whispered the apothecary.

"To be outwitted by a quack!"

"You shall go snipe shooting on Muck Slush meadows," continued Tapioca—"You are fond of snipe shooting?"

"Blood and thunder!"

"Never mind; I will leave you the undivided throne of Hard Scrabble, while I lie snug in the golden fleece."

"This is beyond endurance. Madam, there is the will, and though you have thought proper to change your mind, I expect to be paid for my service. Dr. Tapioca, I shall find a time to punish this breach of friendship."

"You will find me delving in the mines of Peru," exclaimed the apothecary, laughing as Capias quit the office in a rage. The happy couple bent their way towards the dwelling place of the man of drugs.

Before the honey moon had elapsed, Tapioca was desirous of seeing his farm in Crane Neck Valley, Muck Slush meadows, and the ten thousand in the five per cents., but he might as well have searched for the elixir of life, for they were all in *terra incognita*. He asked his helpmate for information, but she could afford him none. He reproached her with having deceived him and she charged him with having deceived himself, as she never told him she possessed any thing.

"And after all it appears, my dear, you married me for my fortune."

"Damn your fortune," exclaimed poor pilgarric, in a rage.

"Remember, love, a fortune-hunter should be shunned as a pestilence."

"Ha!"

"The destroyer of the peace and happiness of families."

"Ha!" His lower jaw fell, and he stared vacantly.

"Hunted as a beast of prey."

"You hunted me," he sighed, dolefully.

"Should be doomed to drink of the bitter waters of disappointment. Those, I think, lovey were your very words."

"Doomed to drink opium!" he exclaimed, as he left the room to escape from her irony.

Tapioca's mortification did not terminate here. As Capias could not get paid for his trouble in making the will which had seduced our worthy into all his difficulties, he sued him before Justice Polywog, for services done his wife, and judgment, according to custom, went for the plaintiff. Tapioca never paid money with so ill a grace. It is scarcely necessary to add that he could never get out of Hard Scrabble, and that all he gained by his matrimonial speculation was a constant patient, who imagined herself afflicted with more complaints than may be found in an hospital, and who afforded our disciple of Galen regular practice—a decided advantage to a young beginner. This veracious narrative will tend to illustrate the proverbs which tell you to "look before you leap," and "never to buy a pig in a poke."

## SQUIRE HARBOTTLE.

SQUIRE HARBOTTLE of the Lodge, was one of the strangest humourists in the county. Having strictly circumscribed his desires to country life and rural pursuits, it is not wonderful that he derived all his ideas from thence; consisting of a small stock of feelings and opinions, which, as they were of the exclusive kind, and admitted of no innovation, were probably the very same that had employed the intellectual faculties of his grandfather and been used as hereditary property from time immemorial.

Among these crude doctrines was one upon which the squire insisted with a vehemence quite apoplectic, and in whose behoof and maintenance he had oftentimes well-nigh destroyed the table, and his own knuckles into the bargain. It was this: that unless a man were well acquainted and properly conversant with the sports of the field; unless he delighted in gymnastic exercises of all descriptions, and devoted himself with all the fervour of an idolater to the mantling bowl and the circulation of the bottle, he could not fairly be esteemed a human being. Upon these points he had not only pinned his faith, but sewed it with the needle of strong belief; and it would have been as safe to doubt the legitimacy of the Hanover succession, or the justice of the corn laws, as to argue with the squire upon the soundness of his premises in the promulgation of the above doctrine.

It was, accordingly, a matter of much perplexity and concern to Mrs. Harbottle and her daughter Emily, well knowing these obstinate and irrevocable convictions, how the addresses of Mr. Merton, who was a young West Indian, of large fortune, who during the last London season, had been introduced to Emily, had succeeded in creating what is usually termed "a reciprocal passion," and had, in consequence, been invited by Mrs. Harbottle to spend a few weeks at the Lodge. That lady justly conceived that there could not possibly be discovered a better match in the whole circuit of the West End, or in the vast regions of probability; but in the ardour of her projected negotiation, had altogether forgotten or overlooked the fulminations of the squire, which threatened utter destruction and disgrace to her scheme. From that oracular authority, in the meanwhile, no farther consolation was to be obtained than such as could be extracted from sayings and intimations of this nature: "He would see what was to be made of the young fellow"—"Ten to one he was a milksop;" and invidious reflections of the like character.

Mr. Merton arrived, at length, at the Lodge, and was received by the squire with an anticipatory paternal grasp of the dexter hand, which he verily believed had paralysed his whole frame. But, in spite of so cordial a greeting, Mr. Harbottle encouraged mental reservations of his own, by no means flattering or propitious to his new visitor. "Not at all like my young friend Burley of the Grange," thought he: "the lad does'nt weigh more than ten stone, and Burley is sixteen at least; and then he's so thin! slender, egad, as the stipend of a pinched annuitant, or the expectations of a sixth son under the law of primogeniture. He won't do for a son-in-law—that's certain."

Merton was, in truth, a young gentleman of

the finest taste and the most elegant accomplishments, but by no means likely to conciliate the squire by a forward or presuming exhibition of proficiency in the peculiar practices or feats, with which the old gentleman had been prone to invest his imaginary idols. But recently arrived from the West Indies, he had not yet divested himself of those habits of luxurious indolence and enjoyment common to the natives of those islands; and he could no more reconcile it to his inclination to assume the gloves with a pugilistic veteran, or to dive into the mysteries of the third bottle, than to encounter a triumvirate of Titans, or to see Silenus himself under the table. It may readily be conceived, then, that the two gentlemen were, at first sight, far from feeling that perfect cordiality and good-will towards each other, so little expected, but so anxiously hoped for by the ladies.

As they sat over their wine, however, after the retirement of Mrs. Harbottle and her daughter, the squire conceived it to be a favourable opportunity of sounding the West Indian touching these indispensable acquirements, which he preceded by an elaborate and critical survey of his victim. "Why, you don't drink, my good sir," said he, thrusting the decanter towards him; "no evading the bottle; fair play, you know," and he tipped a wink of meaning. "No sir," replied Merton, "I am but a poor drinker at all times."

"Ah! poor drinker—I thought so," growled the Squire, with a glance of pity, "but it's the fashion, I hear, to drink nothing now-a-days, and you, of course, follow the fashion." "No, indeed," said the West Indian, "fashion is but a—" "I suppose," interrupted Harbottle, "you never put on the gloves, eh?" "Put on the—I wear gloves certainly," answered the other, with an inquiring smile. "Wear gloves!—pshaw!" shouted the old gentleman testily: "Put on the gloves, I say; exercise yourself in the old English diversion of sparring—in the manly and athletic course of self-defence!" "My dear sir, I never do put on the gloves, I assure you," said Merton, gravely, with a voice that would have graced a confessional. "You don't hunt, I presume," asked the squire, drumming his fingers upon the table, as he elevated one eyebrow and directed an oblique look at his companion, which seemed as though his voice proceeded from his eye: "You don't hunt?" "I have never been used to hunting, I confess." "Ah! very well: I see how it is:—" and a bitterly sardonic grin deformed the features of the squire.

"Look ye, sir," said the squire, after a long pause, "I have a daughter—Emily. Emily is a fine girl." "Miss Emily Harbottle," said Merton, with a rapturous emphasis, "is indeed a young lady, not only of the greatest beauty, but of the most elegant taste, and the most exemplary principles. Might I but hope?—" "No, no, you must not hope, Sir, by any means," quoth the squire doggedly; "unless you are prepared to make yourself master of those requisite accomplishments without which the king himself should sue in vain for her hand." "What, Sir," cried the youth, dispatching a bumper down his throat, and falling back in his chair; "what, Sir, would you have me groveling under your table nightly!—Would you have me saturate myself with wine, till my visage put

on the imperial purple during the unhappy reign of my existence?—Would you have me drown myself, like Clarence, in a butt of Malmsey, before you could deem me worthy of your daughter?" and he swallowed the second glass. The squire nodded assent. "Would you delight to see me," he continued, "rushing madly over your acres, like the wild huntsman of Bohemia, or the hero of Mr. Wordsworth's 'Hartleap Well,' or coursing through the air, like him of 'The Wondrous Horse of Brass?'" "Why, yes; I should like to see it very much," said the squire, complacently. "Would you qualify me for marriage," proceeded the novice, "by breaking every bone in my body? by pounding me more ruthlessly than physical pain was meted out to Don Quixote, under the tender batons of the woolstaplers? or by educating pastime from my person, whereto the tortures of Phalaris, in his Brazen Bull, were but soft and exquisite delights?" "Nothing less, I assure you," roared the squire in a transport, raising himself in his chair, and rubbing his hands with delight; "These are the conditions, my dear boy, and so you may make your choice instantly." Whereupon, the old gentleman betook himself to his evening slumber, and the unhappy Merton again had recourse to the decanter, till, sooth to say, it refused to yield a drop more.

Having at length made his way into the drawing-room, and seated himself by the side of Mrs. Harbottle, the youth fetched a deep sigh, and began to speak volumes, of which the following is but a brief abstract;—"Madam, that I feel the most pure and unconquerable affection for your daughter, is altogether undeniable; but her worthy father, now under the benign influence of Morpheus, in the parlour below, has (jocularly I cannot but hope) been pleased to mark out for me a course of studies which will, I feel, be impracticable." "Ah! your father has been insisting on those ridiculous conditions, my dear," said Mrs. Harbottle, addressing her daughter. "I feared as much." An imploring glance from the tea-urn too plainly intimated that Miss Emily partook of her mother's chagrin. "Well, but, madam," said Merton, fervently, "is there no way of evading these preposterous articles of treaty?" "I fear not, indeed," was the reply; and the heads of both ladies were shaken despondingly. "I shall certainly commit suicide," murmured the young man musingly; "involuntary suicide, with the double-barrelled gun which the squire has recommended to my use; or be cast carelessly from the mare which he has tendered to my acceptance; or be offered up at the shrine of Bacchus with a liver complaint, as yellow as

—'Autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
Of Vallombrosa.'

"Well, well, it cannot be helped. And then, who knows but that the squire himself may break his neck in the meanwhile? or be taken off by a timely apoplexy? That's an encouraging hope, at all events." And here the young gentleman fell into a profound reverie.

At early day-break the next morning, Merton was aroused by a vociferous hallooing, and the wild blast of a horn beneath his window; in the

midst of which, the superhuman voice of the squire broke upon his ear, summoning him, without delay, to the chase. With a heavy heart, he proceeded to obey; and crawling down stairs, was at once conducted to a furious quadruped, whose locomotive propensities, even before he was well in the saddle, seemed to foretell disastrous downfall and disgrace; and intimidated by anticipation, that compound fractures and dislocations of the neck were by no means unfrequent to those adventurous cavaliers, who should make up their minds, or rather their bodies, to mount her. But Merton, "albeit, unused to the hunting mood," was by no means disposed, at that moment, to dissolve the partnership then subsisting between himself and the four-legged pest which was capriciously gamboling over the country; and, accordingly, contrived to attach himself as closely to the animal as an expectant heir to an expiring curmudgeon, or a bereaved bankrupt to a sudden windfall; and made himself, as it were, a part and portion of the beast with all the certain security of a Centaur, to the infinite delight of the squire, whose rapturous encomiums at the conclusion of the day, upon the manner in which he had acquitted himself, drew tears of delight into the eyes of Emily, and caused the old lady's face to mantle with satisfaction.

And now more than a month had elapsed, and the West Indian had been regularly introduced into the vestibule of the various arts, to which it was deemed expedient that he should devote his attention; and, in spite of the athletic strength and robust constitution of the squire, he had more than once contrived to bear away the palm of merit from his competitor. In truth, the severe exercises, in which he was now for the first time a participator, had not only recruited his frame, but had given an impetus, before unfelt, to his constitution; and it was with rather a degree of satisfaction than otherwise, that he obeyed the matutinal mandates of the squire. It is true, there were several particular bye amusements not altogether recognised by the votaries of fashion, which (and he hugged himself in the conviction) were perfectly unknown to his aristocratical friends; and if he did occasionally hear corks drawn at incredibly short intervals, and cheerfully assist in the absorption of the fluid at such times liberated, who was the wiser? Not he, certainly.

But it was deemed high time, by the ladies, that these delights should have an end. They thought, and with reason, that the too implicit adherence to the squire's whims and phantasies would not only furnish forth a bad precedent, but superinduce a fatal habit in the young man himself. The elder lady knew full well that,

"If vice by custom grow not into nature,"

it is an unsightly graft, nevertheless: and Miss Emily said, half upbraidingly, that "Henry was grown strangely partial to papa;" and began to believe, quite seriously, that he was likely to grow strangely inattentive to herself. But the old gentleman would hear of no terms of accommodation. He averred, that he had not half done with the boy yet. He protested that his

marriage would be his ruin, and declared that he would not hear a word about it, under penalty of breaking off the match altogether. "What is to be done?" urged the youth, expostulating at a private conference; I solemnly aver that I have done everything in my power to conciliate Mr. Harbottle's esteem, and to deserve his friendship. I have broken the knees of his horses; I have more than once, during our gymnastic exercises, caused him to adopt an involuntary horizontal position; and I have seen him descend under the horizon of the table in all the glowing glory of a setting sun. Can I do more? I will, if you wish it, dislocate the necks of his hunters; I will at one blow destroy the squire; I will at one sitting swallow the vast contents of his cellarage. What can be more reasonable and complying?"

These terms, it must be confessed, appeared reasonable and conciliatory enough; at least so far as they afforded evidence of our lover's unchanging affection; and each party was fain to wait patiently for a few weeks longer, till some more auspicious opportunity of compelling the squire to the spirit and letter of his agreement should occur.

But the squire grew more inflexible daily. He had become attached to his young friend, and foresaw plainly that his union would cause an instant and final cessation of the agreeable course of amusements and companionship, without which, he verily believed, he should not be able to exist. He sought, therefore, to put off the evil day to an indefinite period, and was impracticably impatient of any allusion to the subject.

It was at length become too evident to Merton, that steps must be taken forthwith, to check the overweening self-willedness of the squire; and that such remonstrances should be made, as would effectually conduce to the end he had originally proposed to himself in his visit to the Lodge.

Preparatory, however, to the discussion of the matter, he took the opportunity one morning, when they were exercising themselves in the elegant diversion of sparring, to deliver such a blow at the old gentleman's ribs as could by no ingenuity be likened to anything more nearly than to the effort of a giant furnished with a sledge-hammer; and having enjoyed for a few moments a bird's-eye view of his prostrate antagonist, our gratified gymnast betook himself leisurely to the breakfast table.

Immediately after the conclusion of that meal, a propitious silence having presented itself, the youth lifted up his heart and voice, and with much gravity delivered himself as follows:—"Squire Harbottle, I beg you to bear in mind the purpose for which I came hither." "What do you mean, my dear fellow, what are you aiming at?" said Harbottle, in surprise. "My meaning, squire, ought to be instantaneously obvious—your daughter, Sir,"—"Nay, nay, my good lad, not a word about it, I insist;—a lad of your spirit—I am surprised!" "Mr. Harbottle, said Merton, solemnly, "the institution of marriage needs no defence from me; all civilized nations have consented that such an institution is indispensable; I am a candidate for admission into that honourable community." "Pshaw!

stuff! vile cant!" shouted the squire, "it musn't be—I tell you I won't permit it." "Let me refresh your memory by a recital of your own conditions," resumed Merton, in a gradually enlarging voice; "sdeath, Sir, I must not be trifled with. Am I not a Milo in strength?" "You are, indeed," groaned the squire, embracing his ribs with much tenderness. "Am I not a perfect Nimrod in hunting?—was there ever such a dare-devil in the county as myself?" "Never, I admit it." "Was not Bacchus a young gentleman of regular habits, compared with me?" "He was, he was." "Well, Sir, then what do you mean?" "Why," said the squire, coaxingly, "I mean that you won't be foolish enough to marry my girl yet; there's plenty of time—she's young—" "And I am young," cried Merton, in a phrenzy, "which you shall discover to your cost. Hark'ee, Sir, you have raised a demon you will vainly endeavour to quell. It is now my turn to triumph. I shall stop here for life. You have warmed me at your fire, and I shall sting you to death by way of quittance. You thought me a worm—I'm a boa-constrictor. I shall exterminate your stud; I shall make an end of you; no vineyard shall supply my convivial demands; I shall burst your double-barrelled gun in an attempt to blow into an infinite variety of atoms, the butler; I shall—" "Hold, hold!" cried Harbottle, in alarm; "the man's mad! what do you want?" "Your daughter," raved Merton. "Take her," said the squire, promptly; "where is the girl; why, if the jade has not been laughing behind the window all the time; step in, you wicked toad. What do you say?—will you have this furious fellow?" "If you wish it, papa, I cannot make any objections," said Emily. "And so now we are all satisfied, I suppose," said the squire, with the air of a man who has acted conscientiously. "And now, Mr. Harbottle," concluded his wife, entering the room, "you have done a sensible thing for once in your life." The squire thrust his tongue into his cheek significantly.

About a week after, there was an unusual stir at the Lodge, and a bridal party proceeded to the church with becoming solemnity, where a reverend gentleman in a red face was calmly waiting to officiate; and there was the usual rejoicing and merriment in the neighbourhood upon the occasion.

OMEGA.

Happiness is much more equally divided than some of us imagine. One man shall possess most of the materials and little of the thing; another may possess much of the thing, but very few of the materials. In this particular view of it, happiness has been beautifully compared to the manna in the desert, *he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack*; therefore, to diminish envy, let us consider not what others possess, but what they enjoy; mere riches may be the gift of lucky accident or blind chance, but happiness must be the result of prudent preference and rational design; the highest happiness, then, can have no other foundation than the deepest wisdom, and the happiest fool is only as happy as he knows how to be.

## ALTERED AFFECTIONS.

THINK not that I love thee as once I loved,  
 In the hours of my early devotion;  
 That the dreams my spirit so fondly proved,  
 Lived on with their deeper emotion.  
 Youth's cherished visions, so pure and bright,  
 From my bosom have silently parted,  
 Like a meteor that flashing across the night,  
 From the face of the earth has departed.

And I can meet thee with placid brow,  
 With a look like thine own, unaltered:  
 Thou wilt read no grief in my accents now,  
 Which had once in thy presence faltered.  
 Thy lip will smile, and thy cheek be fair,  
 Thy voice be as sweet as ever,  
 But to me that forehead and cheek can wear  
 Their earlier look—oh, never!

I loved thee then—as boyhood can love,  
 The spells which around it hover;  
 Or the one bright form which alone can move,  
 Till its earliest dreams are over.  
 I hardly deemed thee a thing of earth,  
 But a star, o'er my pathway beaming—  
 Forgot, in each moment of wilder mirth,  
 Reserved for each holier dreaming.

Yet hast thou worshipped at fashion's shrine  
 With a heart for her pleasures yearning;  
 And the artless feelings which once were thine,  
 Have perished before their burning.  
 The soul which I fancied too pure a thing,  
 Too costly for man to win it,  
 Hath lost that gentle, untroubled spring,  
 Which existed so quietly in it.

And still doth memory turn to thee,  
 And the beauty that dwelt around thee;  
 Its brightness and innocence guarded me  
 From the fancies that might have bound me.  
 I may not, I cannot, as thou dost, hate,  
 Though my spirit be sad and lonely—  
 For the sweetest hours which have blended my fate,  
 I have owed to thy presence only.

## HORACE LESLIE.

WHEN we have just put off the trammels of childhood, and look abroad into the busy world from the distant eminence, every thing seems invested with the freshness and beauty of paradise. There appears everywhere before us but one attractive and bland prospect. All that is rugged lies softened in the distance; all that is repulsive is so blended with the beautiful, as to escape the careless scrutiny of the young and ardent enthusiast. The fair valley smiles, and the mountain towers sublime, but the treacherous bog may stagnate within the one, and the grim precipice yawn behind the other. Thus, to the unpractised perceptions of the young, all objects are magnified or diminished according to the bias of their hopes, their prejudices, or their passions. They are either steeped in the hues of beauty, or curtailed of their unsightly propor-

tions, by that prismatic and microscopic influence which the feelings so frequently communicate to the mind, when they bring it into a blind subserviency to their rash and unchecked impulses. Female beauty, to the distempered fancy of the young, is almost everywhere blotless, as in the calature, the eye is cheated by the imagination. Time, however, so strengthens the discriminating faculty, that we soon distinguish spots through the brightness, and discover to our vexation, that beauty is but too often nothing more than a gloss cast over deformity, like a thin growth of flowery verdure over the deep and treacherous morass. As in the organic, so in the moral distemper, time and discipline alone can dispel that illusion which is the very radix of the disease.

Such were the reflections of Horace Leslie, as he was returning from the Athenæum, on a dark cold evening in November. He had been but a few days from the country. Passing through Golden Square, his attention was arrested by a slight female figure lying on the step of a door, apparently in a state of extreme distress. She was clothed in a thin homely dress, of printed calico. Her head was very insecurely protected from the inclemency of the night, by a tattered straw bonnet. Her arms and shoulders were entirely exposed to the rain, which now began to drizzle in a languid but piercing shower, while the cold was so acute that Leslie shivered under his thick cloak. The night threatened to be stormy: the atmosphere was thick and murky. The streets were almost entirely deserted, though the hour was yet early. The lamps emitted a dull, glimmering ray—for oil had not yielded to the radiant supremacy of gas—and their long line of misty, ochreous light, was so completely neutralized by the density above, that the tops of the houses were altogether obscured. It seemed as if a vast black pall were hanging between them and the sky, which excluded all view of the heavens, where the imagination readily represented active preparation for elemental commotion. The whole firmament was one intensely opaque void. The stars had withdrawn their shining, and were shrouded in "the blackness of darkness." The dim, yellow glare of the lamps, scarcely extended beyond the pavement. Not a sound was heard, save the occasional rattle of a carriage rolling through the deserted streets, or the hoarse tone of the drowsy watchman, as he croaked forth the hour, associating the most dismal ideas of catarrh and rheumatism.

Leslie was extremely distressed for the sufferer, who, in a state of apparent stupefaction, reclined against the iron railing which enclosed the area of a large house, groaning heavily at intervals, though making no appeal to the casual passenger for relief. He advanced towards her, but she did not raise her head. Her arm, which was naked almost to the shoulder, was thrown backward; and as a large lamp immediately over the door of the house slung its broad steady light directly upon her, he could perceive, at once, by its shape and whiteness, that it belonged to no common person. It was small and delicately rounded. The almost ethereal texture of the hand and the exquisitely tapered fingers, showed at a glance that the limb, though apparently

somewhat abridged of its fair proportions by disease or suffering, was no ordinary one. The poor creature, who had by this time excited Leslie's sympathy to a most painful degree, continued all but motionless. She appeared to be absorbed in one feeling of concentrated agony. Leslie gently took her hand; she neither met nor recoiled from the pressure. After a few moments, she slowly changed the position of her head, but spoke not. He cast his eyes upon the haggard countenance now fully exposed to his anxious scrutiny, and immediately recognized in the supposed stranger, the outcast daughter of Lord Darlington. He was thunderstruck. His bosom heaved, his heart sickened, his temples throbbed. He was subdued in a moment, and tears of painful sympathy rolled down his cheeks. Recollections of the past rushed back against the struggling current of his thoughts, and he could scarcely repress a groan of bitter compassion, as he saw realized in the object before him, the dispensation of a retributive Providence. He had not addressed her. He was closely muffled up in a large wrapping cloak. He had, moreover, lately allowed his beard to grow upon the upper lip and beneath the chin, so that he was the less likely, upon a superficial view, to be readily recognized. He did not hesitate one moment as to what course he should pursue: requesting a poor boy, who happened to pass, to call a hackney-coach, he lifted Lady Mary Trevor into it, and ordered the coachman to inquire her address, and drive thither. He, in the meanwhile, mounted upon the box with the coachman, fearing that, if he entered the coach, she might discover who he was, which he desired, at least for the present moment, to conceal from her.

The coach at length stopped at an obscure house in Crown-court, Soho, when Leslie paid the fare, and followed his trembling charge into her miserable apartment—a cellar of the narrowest dimensions, paved with brick, cold, damp, and cheerless. She was too much exhausted to speak, so that Leslie assisted her in silence to a seat, the only one in the room, and which was an unshapely fragment of a butcher's chopping-block. He had not yet spoken;—in fact, he was too much overpowered to speak—but maintained his incognito by keeping his cloak wrapped tightly round him. He now placed his back against the rough, slimy wall, and surveyed with harrowing pity, the miserable abode of the daughter of a British peer. In one corner, on a straw mattress, spread upon the damp brick floor, lay, in the agonies of death, the wretched man from whom Leslie had suffered the most unpardonable of provocations, the foulest of wrongs. His face was sharp and withered, his skin discoloured and flaccid, his eyes glassy and bloodshot. Upon his cheek, there was a deep red suffusion, which centered in one glowing spot, where the blood appeared absolutely to boil, it was so fixed and intense. He was in the last stage of consumption, lying in a narrow cellar, which realized a picture of the most deplorable destitution. Close by his squalid bed lay a dead infant, on which the mother gazed with a look of speechless agony, expressed only in the rapid undulations of her quivering countenance. The tears, gradually forcing their way through the compressed lids, which closed convulsively, as

if to prevent their flow, rolled down her hollow cheeks upon her heaving bosom. There was no furniture in the apartment besides the stool, and a window-shutter, supported on low trestles, which served instead of a table. The walls were covered with mildew, and large drops hung from the ceiling, which every now and then fell with an ominous plash upon the bricks beneath. There was about a handful of wood ashes upon the hearth—for there was no grate—the remains of the fire, that had been lit in the morning, to prepare the last meal for the two wretched inhabitants of this abode of sin and of sorrow—the only one they had yet shared for the day. Before the fire-place, part of an untanned dog's-hide was spread, as a substitute for a rug, while a long piece of flat, rough stone, placed upon its edge, served as a fender. In one corner of the room were heaped together a few shrivelled potatoes, the only substance in the shape of food which had met Leslie's eye. Every thing around him exhibited the most complete privation. The apartment was scarcely fit to be the habitation of a brute. The floor was sunk into numerous hollows, while the ceiling, which had given way in several places, displayed a most "beggary account" of rotten laths and decayed rafters, through which the dirt, shook from the floor above, occasionally fell; thus adding an additional feature of repulsiveness to the aspect of this dismal dwelling.

The mattress, upon which was extended the once sprightly and elegant Delmar, was torn in several places, disclosing a scanty mixture of black straw and dirty wool. His sole covering was a tattered house-rug, and beneath this he lay in the only suit of clothes which he possessed, wrestling with the great conqueror, death. His neck and chest were sufficiently exposed to show that he wore no shirt; while his withered throat, yellow, fleshless, and developing the minutest anatomical structure, presented a sight almost appalling. The coat that very imperfectly covered the portion of his body, for which it was contrived, had but one sleeve, so that the naked arm, which he frequently threw out of bed, during the paroxysms of his suffering, was seen by Leslie, and sufficiently indicated what the dying man must have endured. It was like the arm of a skeleton, forced into a dead skin, that hung loosely about it, without any muscular tension, as if all vitality had ceased within. The utter laxation of the fibres was so death-like, that Leslie felt his blood curdle as he gazed upon it. He could not, however, help reflecting upon the terrible retribution which had overtaken the author of his domestic misery—the blighter of his connubial joys;—yet the tear gathered in his eye, as he witnessed how signally his injuries had been avenged by the unimpeachable justice of Him who cannot err. What a lesson, he thought, for the profligate! How would the seducer and adulterer tremble, could they be but here present, and behold the terrible issue of vice! Who that could anticipate the possibility of such a punishment, would run the risk of undergoing it? What must be the portion of that guilt which snaps asunder the great moral tie by which society is held together, and flings into the social circle the plague-spot of infamy? What, but a penalty, commensurate with its



enormity, either here or hereafter! How did Leslie now rejoice that he had not redressed his wrongs by those sanguinary means, which have, nevertheless, the sanction of the higher classes, and are upheld not only as laudable, but as the most honourable that can be employed, to vindicate moral injury. Those wrongs had, indeed, been much more effectually redressed by the avenger, who, though he is "mighty to save," is also mighty to destroy.

Lady Mary Trevor, who, since her disgrace and consequent divorce, had taken the name of Mrs. Forrester, after a considerable pause which had enabled Leslie to observe, as has been already described, the state of utter destitution to which Delmar and herself were reduced, interrupted his reflections by inquiring, with a sigh, to whom they were indebted for such unwonted liberality as had been evinced by him in visiting their miserable abode.

"We have both seen better days, sir," she said; "but never, in our bereavement, have we yet found compassion until this night. I have been of late a stricken wanderer upon the highway of the world, and no one has either poured oil into my wounds, or consolation into my heart. How could I expect it? You see before you, a wretch, who deserves neither pity from the world, nor mercy from heaven. How did I wrong the worthiest of husbands, and the best of men?"

Delmar groaned deeply, raising himself, at the same moment, from his hard, flat pillow. Alas! who but such, can estimate the dying agonies of an adulterer, with all the terrible uncertainty of an eternal world in immediate prospect before him.

"Sir," continued Mrs. Forrester, "I will not tire you with my history, unless you have a desire to hear it. It is too revolting for innocent ears, and what right have I to challenge the sympathies of strangers? I perceive you have a charitable heart, and that our state of deplorable bereavement has already moved your compassion; may I therefore be permitted to ask, without incurring the reproach of impertinent curiosity, to whom we are indebted for so much kindness?"

"To Horace Leslie," was the reply.

At the name of Leslie, the conscience-stricken Delmar started from his pillow with a look of dismay, and attempted to rush from the room. The exertion overpowered him—he fell upon the floor. Leslie tried to raise him, but he shrank with a look of convulsive horror from the touch of the man whom he had cruelly wronged. Mrs. Forrester had fainted, and lay insensible by the side of her dead infant. Leslie called in the landlady of the house, and, with her assistance, raised the unhappy Delmar, when, to his dismay, he beheld the floor deluged with blood. The dying man was speechless, but still conscious, for he shuddered instinctively in Leslie's grasp. His eyes, however, were fixed, and almost rayless; his tongue protruded from his expanded jaws, whilst the gore continued to pour from his throat, as if discharged from a piston. The dews of death gathered rapidly upon his temples; he spoke not—he moved not; the blood shortly ceased to flow, and only bubbled faintly through his lips; at length his eyes suddenly dilated—his hands clenched, and turning one

penitential and imploring look towards Leslie, he fell dead upon his miserable pallet. His appearance was spectral. In a few minutes, the gore thickened round his mouth—his eyelids, which the death-pang had forced apart, beyond their natural boundary, exposed the whole of the rigid orb beneath, lapped in dim unconsciousness, and glaring in the startling vacuity of death. It was fixed into a broad, lifeless, glassy stare. The jaws had fallen; and his attenuated frame, macerated to a shadow with mental suffering and bodily privation, presented an appearance too painful to contemplate. Leslie turned, as a sort of relief, to Mrs. Forrester, then lying insensible in the arms of the landlady, who had by this time raised her, and was supporting her on her knee.

After restoratives had been administered, the miserable sufferer opened her eyes, but turned them on Leslie with such an expression of vacant unconsciousness, that it was evident reason had not returned with the senses. When he spoke, the sound of his voice seemed, for a moment, to recall her ordinary faculties, and she shrieked so piteously, that even the landlady, down whose rigid cheeks the tribute of sympathy had not rolled for years, wiped a tear from her eye, and confessed herself overcome. Leslie desired the sufferer might be conveyed to a comfortable apartment, whilst he gave orders for the funeral of Delmar and the fruit of his guilty intercourse with the once lovely daughter of Lord Darlington.

Mrs. Forrester was now put into a decent bed, and a medical man called in, who attributed her state to the effect of over-excitement upon a distempered frame; at the same time expressing his conviction that her life was near its termination, as she exhibited every symptom of phthisis, doubtless imbibed during her frequently close attendance upon Delmar, and aggravated by her numerous privations. Leslie visited her daily, and saw that every necessary attention was paid to her. Meanwhile, the remains of Delmar and the infant were decently buried. The injured husband was now the only support of the guilty wife. The law, indeed, had dissolved the conjugal tie, and consequently released him from all responsibility on her account; but the feelings of a Christian prompted him to take care that the remainder of her melancholy journey to that silent land, where all things are forgotten, should be as undisturbed as his best efforts could render it. He had her therefore removed to more respectable lodgings, where she might receive all that human "appliances and means" could furnish, in order that she might pass, with as little suffering as possible, to that "still and populous city," which we must all finally inhabit.

Leslie had been informed by the landlady of the house in Crown-Court, that the life which the guilty Mrs. Forrester had led with the still more guilty Delmar, was miserable in the extreme. He was tormented by such an incurable jealousy, that he could not bear her to be a moment from his sight; and though he left her, day after day, to indulge his own besotted propensities, it was only to reproach her with the greater bitterness at his return. He professed the most ardent attachment towards her; it was, however,

the passion of frenzy—the morbid love of a dis-tempered mind—not the tender attachment cherished by the heart, and directed by the reason. He would often tax her with infidelity; in fact, he suspected her of the basest attachments. His conduct was, at times, so outrageous, that during the paroxysm of his ferocious jealousy, he had struck her insensible to the earth. He had even threatened her life, and, on one occasion, actually attempted to stab her. This recital, painful as it was, Leslie listened to with the most agonizing interest, nor could he forbear offering up a silent prayer to heaven for the guilty soul which had so lately gone to its reckoning, and for that no less guilty soul also about to receive its final summons.

Mrs. Forrester soon recovered her reason, but her peace of mind was gone, and it was evident to every one that she had but a short time to make her peace with heaven. Leslie was indefatigable in his attentions to the sufferer. He procured for her the best advice which the metropolis afforded. But she daily declined, and very soon became sensible that her recovery was hopeless. Her spirits languished; nor did she reflect upon the near approach of death without many a fearful presentiment. Several days elapsed before she could encounter the presence of Leslie; but, after a-while, his unremitting attentions and tender anxiety overcame her reluctance, and so reconciled her to his presence, that it became her sole consolation. He not only never reproached her, but never even referred, by the most indefinite allusion, to the past. He sent to her family a touching account of her situation;—his letter was not answered. He called to make the communication in person, but was denied admittance. He returned to Mrs. Forrester, and stated as delicately as he could, the fruitless result of his application to her unnatural parents.

“Had he,” she replied, “who had such just cause, been so unfeelingly obdurate, what must have become of me? Leslie (for your kindness emboldens me again to address you by that familiar name), you know not—you never can know how amply you have been avenged, and how fully I have paid the penalty of dishonour. The scorpion sting of remorse has rankled in my heart, while the irruption of maddening thought has at the same moment convulsed my brain; and during the dreadful conflict of these unappeasable agents of evil, the ‘troubled waters’ of guilt, foul with all their horrible pollutions, have been boiling in my distracted soul. Oh! I have been all but mad. I have passed my days in horror, and my nights in agony. My dreams have been thorns in my pillow—my waking thoughts daggers in my bosom. The loss of reason would have been a relief to me: but, alas! no such relief was mine. My consciousness was too keenly alive to the dreadful reality of my condition, to be for one moment deluded. I could not lose sight of it for an instant—not even in my slumbers. I had no prospect but misery; and how terribly has this prospect been realized! I had nothing to hope—nothing to live for; and yet I dared not die. I was the veriest coward that ever shrank under the lash of conscience. There was a blot upon my spirit which I felt to be too vile for heaven, though the tortures of hell would

have been almost a release from what I sometimes endured! but I had not the daring to run the risk of encountering them. I have often fancied that I could see my name written, in blazing characters, upon the fiery record where the names of the outcasts from heaven are enrolled, as doomed to everlasting horrors. How frequently have I endeavoured to persuade myself that I was frenetic—that all was a frightful fiction! But, no; Truth, strong as death and immutable as eternity, encircled my soul with the grasp of omnipotence, and sent her awful voice through its inmost recesses. I could not hide myself from myself—how could I then from the scrutiny of the Eternal! In my own eyes, I was a canker upon the face of creation. What then must I be in those which are neither confined by space, nor marred by time! I shuddered at my own deformity; but I had plunged voluntarily into the gulf—deep into the darkness—deeper into its foul and mephitic atmosphere. There was no longer any possibility of retreat, while the whole essence of my being was so impregnated with the pestilence, that no mortal power could disinfect it. I felt abandoned by heaven, and knew not where to turn for consolation. The man for whom I had made the sacrifice of all upon earth that is really valuable to woman, treated me with reproach and ignominy, triumphed bitterly in my disgrace, and mocked me in my misery. How has my spirit writhed under the savage inflictions of his jealousy!—how have I been stung by the gibings of his brutal indignation! He has spurned me from him; he has taunted me with my infamy; he has accused me of the vilest acts; he has bruised me with unmanly blows. Great God! what have I not endured at the hands of him to whom I owe all my wretchedness! How often has he maddened me into forgetfulness of my sex and birth! And yet he was less to blame than I! It was I that encouraged him to make those advances, which proved in the issue so fatal to my peace. He required not, however, such encouragement: he was the false friend, the treacherous guest, the perfidious paramour. I have never known a moment's peace from the day I quitted your roof! That was the dark hour of my destiny—the total eclipse of my happiness. I soon discovered that I had abandoned an angel for a demon, who repaid the sacrifice I had made for him, at such a dreadful cost, with ingratitude, cruelty and scorn. But he is gone to his account: and may the Great Arbitrer of human actions have mercy upon his guilty soul, as also upon mine!”

She shuddered. Her whole countenance was agitated from inward emotion; she closed her eyes, and was silent for a few moments. Leslie, after a pause, ventured to ask how it happened that they were reduced to a state of such extreme poverty.

“Alas!” replied Mrs. Forrester, “Delmar soon ceased to find pleasure in my society, which he relinquished for that of the most profligate associates, who enticed him to the gaming table, where, after repeated losses, he reduced himself to absolute beggary. The few jewels I possessed had been all disposed of, and the produce basely squandered. He then resorted to acts of swindling, which coming to the ears of his relations, they abandoned him to the

vile resources of his profligacy, and he speedily sank into habits of the lowest debauchery. Frequently has he brought to our miserable dwelling the most abandoned females to add their mockeries to his, and laughed at the bitter tears which those insults wrung from me. A few weeks before his death, his habitual intemperance became so insufferable—for he was now almost perpetually in a state of the most disgusting intoxication—that, to escape his violence, I applied for shelter to that last refuge of the destitute, the parish workhouse, but was refused admittance. Stung by an unmanly taunt, I returned in despair to the scene of my sufferings. Delmar's excesses at length brought him to the brink of the grave, and it was but a day or two before his death that he ceased his daily potation of ardent spirits, only because he was without the means of procuring it; for in order to indulge his fatal propensity, he had disposed of every thing we possessed in the world, except what you saw in the room in which he died. He has not left me a farthing! If I appear harsh to his memory, remember that he never gave me cause to respect it. Alas! how much the reverse!"

Leslie was a good deal affected by this interview; it recalled many painful recollections. He could not but remember that the unhappy being whose tale of woe had thrilled him with such sad alternations of emotion had been once his wife—that he had once loved her, not, indeed, with the fervency of an affection won by the virtues of the mind and heart, but with a passion based upon the visionary creations of a heated and enraptured fancy. His affections, perhaps, may be said rather to have been seduced than won: nevertheless he had looked upon her with fondness, and had anticipated from his union with her a life of easy enjoyment. The spell, however, suddenly broke, and the demon of disappointment stood unmasked before him. How soon had all his social prospects been blasted! How soon were his growing affections withered by the chilling blight of neglect! How soon had his fair dreams of happiness been superseded by the most revolting realities! Although the treatment he had received at her hands, had dashed with gall the fresh stream of his existence, he still could not look at her now in her bereavement, stretched upon the bed of suffering, and shortly to pass that awful boundary where the shoreless ocean of eternity is disclosed, without feeling a pang as he contemplated what she might have been, had a mother's tenderness and a father's solicitude withheld her young mind from the contagion of fashion. How fearful the contrast between what she had been and what she was! The past, however, was not to be recalled; it only remained, therefore, to dedicate the present to a preparation for that future over which the dominion of time shall cease.

Leslie signified his resolution to do every thing in his power for the sufferer's benefit: although the tie by which he had been united to her had been snapt, both legally and morally, his attentions were unremitted. He passed several hours daily in her chamber, sparing no efforts to calm the anxiety of her latter moments; and, as the term of her existence drew nigh, gradually, but

perceptibly, he poured into her ear and heart the consolations of religion, lifted her depressed soul to the sublime elevation of hope, and she imbibed from his lips the words of eternal life.

Although Leslie had been repulsed in his endeavours to obtain an interview with Lord Darlington, he still determined to see him, and state the condition of his once favourite child. He anticipated repulse and even insult; yet was he resolved, if necessary, to encounter both, in the discharge of what he considered his duty towards a dying but penitent offender, who, if she might still hope for pardon from God, might surely, with far juster reason, expect it from man. According to his determination, therefore, Leslie proceeded to the Earl's residence, when the servant, upon being asked if his Lord was at home, answered in the negative. Leslie said that he had a very urgent communication to make, and must see the Earl immediately.

"I have to inform you," replied the menial, "that my Lord has given orders not to be disturbed. I cannot deliver your message. You had better write. You are no welcome visiter here."

Leslie hesitated a moment. He felt a sudden heavy throb at the heart, and a scorching flush of the cheek, those premonitory symptoms of rising passion, at being thus accosted by an insolent footman; but, checking his indignation, he replied in a mild, yet determined tone, "If you do not choose to deliver my message, I shall proceed to his Lordship's room, without further ceremony."

"It is my duty to take care that you do no such thing," said the fellow, "and I shall perform my duty."

Without condescending to reply, Leslie seized the man by the collar, and ejecting him into the street, shut the door upon him with considerable violence. Lord Darlington, hearing the scuffle, came into the hall, to ascertain the cause, and arrived just at the moment when his insolent retainer was darting through the door, like a thief from the dreaded grasp of a Bow Street runner. The Earl was, for a moment, so overcome with astonishment and rage, that he could scarcely articulate. He stood like an antique upon his own chimney-piece, looking grim with years and indignation, fixed in an attitude of the most aristocratic superciliousness; and after a vain attempt to embody his ire in words, he remained mute and motionless, like another Marius, amid the wrecks of Punic magnificence, frowning in bitterness of spirit, and brooding over his contemplated revenge. His eyes distended, he bit his lips, until the blood started. After a somewhat awkward pause, he stuffed his clenched fists into his breeches' pockets, stood with his legs apart, rocking himself upon his heel and toe, and looked unutterable things, though he spake none.

"My Lord," said Leslie, calmly, at the same time advancing respectfully towards the incensed nobleman, "your servant has insulted me, I therefore make no apology for having chastised him, as I am sure your Lordship would not desire that such a scoundrel should escape punishment. I am satisfied he could not have had your authority for his insolence."

"How dare you—" commenced the ireful

peer, but his throat collapsed; the word that should have succeeded was strangled in the birth; he felt all but suffocated with passion—he could not proceed.

"This is not the place, my Lord, for altercation. I have something for your private ear: and must therefore request a few minutes' audience."

Lord Darlington now suddenly turned upon his heel with the swing of an indignant magnate, and advanced quickly towards the door of the apartment from which he had entered the hall while Leslie was turning his impertinent menial into the street, passed into the room, and was about to close the door violently, when Leslie promptly interposing, frustrated the design. He then entered, and closing the door gently behind him, stood before the angry peer.

"My Lord," said he, "this is no time for idle ceremony. The importance of what I have to communicate is beside all form; and it is as much your Lordship's duty to hear, as mine to speak. Lady Mary Trevor!"

"Name her not," vociferated the enraged father, at length recovering his powers of articulation; "it is less welcome to my ears than would be her knell."

"Her knell will soon be tolled, my Lord, for she is now dying."

"Let her die. I have discarded her for ever. She first married against my consent, then forfeited all further claim to my affection, by an act of the vilest degradation; my heart has therefore no longer room for compassion towards an abandoned child."

"Abandoned, your Lordship may well say—abandoned by an unnatural father, and a still more unnatural mother."

"Quit my house—you are a vile calumniator—you first robbed me of my daughter, and now that you have flung her into infamy, you seek my protection for the degraded outcast."

"My Lord," replied Leslie, calmly, "I married your daughter, and, as her husband was indulgent and his fortune ample, she might have been happy; but she was seduced from her home, and is now draining the dregs of her cup of bitterness. She has fearfully expiated her offence; or, if not, she is about to answer for it before a higher tribunal. It is our duty to forgive."

"Quit my house, sir, or you will shortly find me less courteous than to command your absence."

"My Lord, if you dare attempt personal violence," said Leslie, turning the key in the lock, "it must be by your own hands; for no one shall enter this apartment until our conference is at an end. I will be heard; and your Lordship may as well listen peaceably to what I have to say, since any interruption will only prolong an interview which promises to be no less disagreeable to me than to yourself."

The Earl turned pale; he was evidently alarmed at the quiet resolution exhibited in Leslie's manner, and suddenly seating himself in a chair near the window, he said bitterly, "Well, sir, if I must be insulted by your intrusion, let me hear what you have to communicate, and be brief, as I am anxious to be alone."

"My Lord, I disclaim any intention to insult you; but I must be treated with courtesy. Your

rank arms you with no authority to offer an unmerited offence."

"I beg, sir, you will do me the favour to proceed to the subject of your intended communication without further delay."

Leslie, quietly placing a chair by the fire, replied, "I do not desire to delay, and shall therefore be as brief as the nature of my communication will admit. I have already informed you, my Lord, that your daughter is dying."

"Well, sir, we must all die; 't is the common lot."

"But if your condition were reversed, and you were about to be called into the presence of your judge?"

"Well, sir!"

"Could you hope for mercy, yielding none?"

"I have not yet appointed you my confessor, sir; when I require a catechist I may send for you, should no better offer; but until then, you may as well reserve your eloquence for those who shall be more disposed to listen to and admire it."

"Your sarcasms, my Lord, might be spared upon the present occasion at least, when one who is so nearly allied to you is on her death-bed. Your daughter solicits an interview: she desires to implore your forgiveness, and to leave this world with your blessing."

"That she shall never have," cried the Earl, impatiently, "my curse is upon her; she has done nothing to reverse the curse, and I will, therefore, never revoke it. She has entailed disgrace upon the name of Darlington; let her, therefore, meet the penalty of her infamy."

"Is it possible that a father can refuse his blessing to a dying child?"

The Earl was silent. In spite of the natural obduracy of his temperament, he felt an intruding compunction which he could not entirely smother, at the thought of his inflexible severity towards his unhappy daughter. In defiance of his stern and unbending pride, the softer emotions were for a moment roused within him; still, with a dogged determination he stifled his rising sympathies, and by a savage effort succeeded in mastering the tenderness which had already begun to mollify the flint within him. The moroseness of his nature had moreover been considerably aggravated by Leslie's resolute determination in obtaining an interview; and perhaps there was no person in the world so little likely to be a successful pleader in behalf of his suffering child as his former son-in-law.

"Will your Lordship permit me," asked Leslie, breaking the silence which had by this time become painful to both parties, "to return to Lady Mary with some expression of consolation from a parent's mouth? It is not much to ask, and less to grant."

"However inclined," replied Lord Darlington, "I might be to send a message of consolation to an outcast from her family and the world, you, sir, would be the last person whom I should select for the trust. I have servants from whom I receive respect, and should prefer therefore to select an agent from among them than to intrust the commission to one who considers himself privileged to insult me under my own roof."

"I do not at all covet the honour of your

Lordship's confidence. Do but perform the duty of a Christian parent, and I am utterly indifferent as to the means or agents you may employ in so laudable a service. Only condescend to inform me if your daughter shall see or hear from you."

"I fancy, sir, I am not bound to do any such thing."

"Will you see your child?"

"Never!"

"Then may the curse which you have imprecated on her recoil upon your own head; the judgments of Heaven must some time or other overtake the unnatural father!"

Lord Darlington started from his seat, and laid his hand upon the bell.

"Remember, my Lord," said Leslie with some heat, "the door is locked, and I warn you, that should you attempt to summon any of your rascals around you, I shall stand upon my own defence, without any deference to your rank."

"Mr. Leslie," replied the peer, relaxing his hold of the bell, "Why am I thus insulted? Ought not a nobleman's house to be sacred from impertinent intrusion? Am I to be goaded into an act against which my very soul recoils? And why are you my persecutor? Have I not a right to do what I will with mine own?"

"No! Divine laws are paramount over human. The latter, indeed, may confer this right upon you, but the former do not. You are as strongly bound by Christian and social, as by political and civil obligations, and I therefore appeal to you as a Christian to visit your dying child."

"You have already heard my determination. I will never see her in this world."

"Then, my Lord, you will never see her in the next; for while the poor contrite offender is received into a better father's glory, though she is among the outcasts now, you will be among the outcasts then. I would not have so great an enemy within my bosom, as your Lordship harbours within yours, for all that empty pomp of nobility which you cannot carry with you to the worms that banquet as daintily upon noble as upon common clay. Farewell, my Lord; remember you have a daughter now lying upon the bed of death, and if she dies unforgiven, I would not, to gain the wealth of worlds, be doomed to witness the dreadful gnawings of remorse that shall close your Lordship's account with time."

Saying this, he unlocked the door, bowed haughtily to the Earl, who did not condescend to return it, and immediately quitted the house. He found the sufferer worse upon his return, and therefore made known to her, as favourably as he could, the result of his interview with her father. She seemed shocked at his heartlessness, but rallying herself said, while the big tears coursed each other down her faded cheeks, "I could not expect it; he never forgives."

"Then," replied Leslie, "how can he expect to be forgiven?"

"I do not deserve forgiveness; he has cause to detest me; yet God is merciful."

"But he is also just, and will not spare the unforgiving."

"Then am I lost! What can a wretch like me expect from his immutable justice but everlasting excision!"

"In his eternal sanctuary there is joy over one repenting sinner."

"But my guilt is too deep for pardon. I must be beyond the reach of his mercy."

"We have the authority of Scripture that publicans and sinners shall go into heaven before the religious hypocrite, and no doubt also before the unnatural father. Salvation was never yet denied to a contrite heart."

"Alas! why am I pitied by one who has so much reason to loathe me?"

"Because it is more delightful to forgive than to loathe."

Leslie now left his dying charge to repose. She fell into a brief sleep, but it was feverish and disturbed. She frequently called upon her father in terms of piteous entreaty, and at length awoke in a state of distressing agitation. The nurse was at her bedside; she grasped her hand convulsively, and inquired for Leslie.

"He'll be here anon, ma'am, he bade me say. He wont be long afore he cums back."

"How long has he been gone?"

"About two hours, or may be, three."

"Did he expressly say that he should return?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Perhaps something detains him. He did not say where he might be sent for?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why am I so impatient? What right have I to expect that he should make any sacrifices for me?"

Her breathing by this time had become extremely difficult; she complained of a feeling of suffocation, and a burning heat through her whole frame.

"I shall die," she suddenly exclaimed, "before his return. I feel I shall die. This must be death. Raise me higher."

The nurse raised her, and supported her upon pillows, in an almost upright position, when her breathing became less short, though at intervals the choking sensation returned with augmented severity. She grew exceedingly restless, from the dread that she should expire during Leslie's absence. She prayed fervently for a moment, but her intense anxiety to see him once more before she quitted the world, interrupted her prayers, and distracted her attention from those reflections which ought exclusively to engage a departing soul. His well-known knock was at length heard; she uttered a shrill scream, and fell forward upon the bed. She soon revived, but the shock had greatly affected her. Her anxiety had been so intense, and its relief so sudden, that the faint pulse of life was almost arrested by the rapid transition. The effect of the re-action was soon perceptible. She was obliged to open her mouth to an unusual extent, in order to relieve her oppressed and labouring lungs. Her chest heaved with a convulsive motion, while the pulsation of the arteries upon her neck and temples might be seen through the transparent skin.

Leslie approached the bedside, and took her fleshless hand. She faintly blessed him. There was a languid smile lingering, as loth to depart, upon her lips, which mutely but eloquently declared the pleasure that his presence communicated to her departing spirit. He poured out part of a cordial from a bottle which had been just

sent by the medical attendant. She drank it with some difficulty, but it immediately revived her. Her breathing became somewhat less difficult, and after a-while she was able to speak at short intervals.

"Leslie," she said at length, "I am dying. This is an awful moment to a sinner such as I am; and, but for you, it might have been far more dreadful. You have indeed made the 'rough way smooth' before me, though there is still darkness upon my path. Doubt and uncertainty hang over it."

"That darkness will be succeeded by the glories of eternal day."

"God grant it! My state of uncertainty cannot now be long. A few minutes will be all; and, while they are granted to me, let me unburthen my surcharged heart of its last earthly wish. I know, Leslie, that you will not deny the request of a creature even so abandoned as I have been, when it is the last she will ever have the power of making. You have assured me of your forgiveness."

"As I look for Heaven's mercy," he replied, "I forgive you as freely as I hope to be forgiven."

She pressed his hands with her lean and trembling fingers, that rivalled the sheets in whiteness, and in every one of which he could feel the thin faint pulses rapidly throbbing.

"But what is the request?" asked Leslie, kindly. "I unhesitatingly promise to grant it, as I am satisfied that, upon the confines of eternity, you could ask me nothing with which I could refuse to comply."

Her eye turned towards him with an expression of unwonted tenderness, while a slight tear stole into it, suffusing the bright lens, but trembling within the narrow lid over which it had not volume enough to force its way.

"State your wish," said Leslie, his feelings evidently subdued into emotion, "and rely upon me for its fulfilment."

"I dare not!"—her head fell upon his shoulder;—the hectic flush in her cheek brightened to an intensity that was almost dazzling; she sobbed convulsively for some moments, but he kindly reassured her.

"I am too vile a creature," she continued, "to expect that you should accede even to my dying wishes—you, above all others in the world, whom I have used so vilely. My parents abandoned me in my misery, when they might have rescued me from it, and restored me at least to virtue, if not to happiness; for I had suffered too much under the stern dominion of vice, not to have rejoiced in a release from her detested and intolerable thralldom. But they spurned me in the rigour of their outraged dignity—they left me to the desolation of guilt and the harrowings of despair. Alas! have you not done more than enough for your bitterest enemy, that I should still expect a richer token of your forgiveness than you have already bestowed upon me?"

"I call heaven to witness," said Leslie, solemnly, but at the same time trembling with emotion, "that, whatever you request, I will not refuse it. I am secure in its propriety. This is not a time when you could entertain a questionable desire. I give you my promise, with the most perfect confidence, that you can now ask

nothing which I can hesitate to grant. Talk not of what I have done. How little have I given in comparison with what I have received. I am but an humble instrument in wiser hands, permitted, I trust, to pluck the thorns from the death-bed pillow of a contrite offender. State your request—I am prepared to do your bidding."

She suddenly raised her head from his shoulder, and looking anxiously in his face for an instant, said, with unwonted energy, "Bestow upon me a pledge of your forgiveness—kiss me, and I shall die happy."

Leslie instantly bent his head towards her, and imprinted a fervent kiss upon her forehead.

"God be praised! I am happy—quite happy."

She sank back upon her pillow. Her eyes were lit for a moment with an almost supernatural lustre. There was in them a brightness so intense and unearthly, that it seemed as if the etherealized spirit had irradiated them in its transit from the tabernacle of clay to the glory that was about to be revealed to it; while there was at the same time visible in them such an expression of sublime confidence, that Leslie perceived she was dying with the impression of divine forgiveness upon her departing soul. Her tongue gently murmured, as if in prayer. He again kissed her cold, pale forehead. She drew his hand, which she still retained, towards her, and pressed it fervently against her bosom. The heart seemed still. She looked in his face; a smile passed over her countenance, and trembled upon her colourless lips; his ear just caught the faint blessing, as it escaped from her faltering tongue; and then, with one full, deep-drawn sigh, she yielded up her spirit to the God who gave it.

## THE FEMALE COSTUME

IN THE REIGN OF HENRY IV.



THE fashions of the reign of Richard II. appear to have been continued with little variation; the long-trained gowns, with the *sur-cols* or *ventes*, (stomachers) trimmed with fur, have entirely displaced the super-unic, and the reticulated head-dress, (as the hair gathered into a gold caul at the sides has been denominated,) sometimes covered with a kerchief or veil, assumes in this reign a square, and in the two following a heart-shaped appearance, which seems to have awakened the wrath and satire of the moralists and poets of the time. Great confusion exists respecting the horned head-dress in the works of Strutt, who, as we have before mentioned, applies some obscure lines of Jean de Meun to this fashion, and mixes them up with the observa-

tions of a writer nearly a hundred years later. This writer is a Norman knight, who compiled a work for the use of his three young daughters about the close of the fourteenth century or beginning of the fifteenth century, and therein we have the horned head-dress more clearly described. The writer introduces a holy bishop declaiming from the pulpit against the fashionable follies of the fair sex, whom he accuses of being marvellously arrayed in diverse and quaint manners, and particularly with high horns. He compares them to horned snails, to harts, and to unicorns, and proceeds to relate the story of a gentlewoman who came to a feast having the head so strangely attired with long pins, that her head-dress resembled a gibbet, and she was consequently scorned by the whole company, who said that she carried a gallows on her head. This description tallies well enough with the fashion observable in this reign. The reticulated head-dress, spreading out on each side, might, when covered with a veil, be fairly enough assimilated to the cross-tree or square gibbet of those times, and when the veil is thrown over one of the heart-shaped head-dresses, and suffered to sink in the centre, it may also be called horned; but there is another and more complete horned head-dress, that became fashionable in England during the reign of Henry V., and had probably been so for some time previously, in France, from whence it travelled, we may presume, in the suite of Queen Katherine. Of that, however, anon. The square head-dress is the most remarkable during this reign. A fine specimen is engraved, at the head of this article, from the effigy of Lady De Thorpe.

The French MS. before quoted, contains many strictures upon the female costume of this period. The writer inveighs against the superfluous quantities of fur on the tails of the gowns, on the sleeves, and the hoods; and adds, the use of great purples and slit coats was introduced by wanton women, and afterwards adopted by the princesses and ladies of England, and with them he wishes it may continue. He laments that the love of useless fashions was so prevalent amongst the lower classes of people, saying, "there is a custom now amongst serving-women of low estate, which is very common, namely, to put fur on the collars of their garments, which hang down to the middle of their backs. They put fur also upon the bottom, which falls about their heels, and is daubed with the mire," &c. And, to deter his daughters from extravagance and superfluity in dress, he recounts a legend of a knight, who, having lost his wife, applied to a hermit, to ascertain if her soul had taken an upward or a downward direction. The good man, after long praying, fell asleep in his chapel, and dreamed that he saw the soul of the fair lady weighed in a balance, with St. Michael on one side and the devil on the other. In the scale which contained the soul, were placed the good deeds of her life, and in the opposite one her evil actions, and beside the scale, lay her fine costly clothing, in the care of a fiend. The devil then said to St. Michael: "This woman had ten diverse gowns and as many coats, and you well know that a smaller number would have been sufficient for every thing necessary, according to the law of God;

and that with the value of one of these gowns or coats, no less than forty poor men might have been clothed and kept from the cold, and that the mere waste cloth in them would have saved two or three from perishing;" so saying, the foul fiend gathered up all her gay garments, rings, and jewels, and flung them into the scale with her evil actions, which instantly preponderated, and St. Michael immediately left the lady and her wardrobe at the devil's disposal.

Strutt has quoted another short story from the same work, which we will add here, as throwing a little more light upon the cote-hardie.

The eldest of two sisters was promised by her father to a young knight, possessed of a large estate. The day was appointed for the gentleman to make his visit, he not having as yet seen either of them, and the ladies were informed of his coming, that they might be prepared to receive him. The affianced bride, who was the handsomest of the two, being desirous to show her elegant shape and slender waist to the best advantage, clothed herself in a cote-hardie, which sat very strait and close upon her, without any lining or facing of fur, though it was in winter, and exceedingly cold. The consequence was, that she appeared pale and miserable, like one perishing with the severity of the weather; while her sister, who, regardless of her shape, had attired herself rationally with thick garments lined with fur, looked warm and healthy, and ruddy as a rose. The young knight was fascinated by her who had the least beauty and the most prudence, and having obtained the father's consent to the change, left the mortified sister to shiver in single blessedness.

The sumptuary laws passed in this reign, prohibit the wearing of furs of ermine, letice, pure minivers or grey, by the wives of esquires, unless they are noble themselves, or their husbands mayors of London, Warwick, or other free towns. The queen's gentlewomen and the chief maiden attendant upon a princess, a duchess, or a countess, are likewise permitted to wear the richer furs.



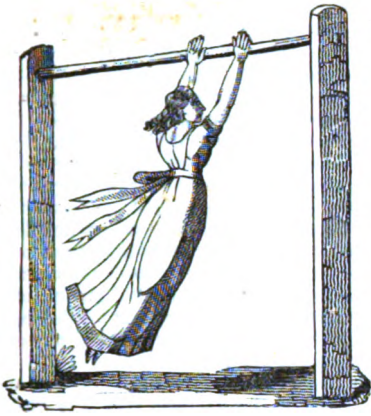
Murmur at nothing; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain. But a Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than Stoicism: he is pleased with every thing that happens, because he knows it could not happen unless it had pleased God, and that which pleases Him must be the best. He is assured that no new thing can befall him, and that he is in the hands of a Father who will prove him with no affliction that resignation cannot conquer, or that death cannot cure.

It has been shrewdly said, that when men abuse us, we should suspect ourselves, and when they praise us, them. It is a rare instance of virtue to despise censure, which we do not deserve: and still more rare to despise praise, which we do. But that integrity that lives only on opinion, would starve without it; and that theatrical kind of virtue, which requires publicity for its stage, and an applauding world for an audience, could not be depended on in the secrecy of solitude, or the retirement of a desert.



From the Girl's Own Book.

## CALISTHENICS.—No. II.



13

## HORIZONTAL BAR.

The performer taking hold of the horizontal bar, swings backward and forward until the swing is sufficient to admit of taking the hands from the bar, each time of swinging backward from it, and catching it again; but the bar should be relinquished only when in the position described above.



14

## THE TRIANGLE.

This is a bar of wood supported at each end by a cord. The two cords meet together at some distance above, and uniting, pass over a pulley, so that it may be fastened at any height to suit the performer. For the following exercises, the bar should be about the height of the knees.

First, for the circle, the bar is held as in *fig. 14*.

The performer then steps round on the toes, gradually increasing in velocity, and bearing more on the bar.



15

## STOOPING FORWARD.

The bar hanging in its natural position, the hands are placed upon it, and the body lowered forward, so that the whole weight rests upon the hands and the toes; but one foot may be brought a little forward, as in *fig. 15*.



16

## BENDING BACKWARD.

From the preceding position the bar is drawn inwardly, the feet retain their position, and holding firmly by the bar, the body reclines backward to the position shown in *fig. 16*.



There are three kinds of praise, that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

## A YOUNG LADY OF PARIS IN 1832.

## AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

How beautiful she is!—You must certainly know her.

You have more than once, no doubt, on a fine day in July or August, between four and five in the afternoon, mingled with the elegant crowd whom fashion entices, and a refreshing coolness retains, within those broad vistas overshadowed by luxuriant foliage, which distinguish the gardens attached to the royal residence.

Or else, on a serene evening, when the azure of the sky is gradually melting into the darker hue of night, your steps, heavy with the weight of the day, have measured thirty times within the hour, the space between the Rue Lafitte and the Rue Taitbout, amid a double row of dazzling beauties, the splendour of gas lamps, and the puffs of smoke from the cigars of our modern Exquisites. In plain words, and without metaphor, you have walked before dinner at the Tuilleries, and in the evening on the Boulevard de Coblentz.

Well! in one or other of these smiling parterres of young ladies in white, of handsome young coquettes, and of still beautiful mamas,—if your practised eye, quick in detecting blooming countenances and graceful forms, has examined those fascinating groups, variegated and enamelled like the flowers of May—if it has penetrated into those hedge-rows of women, all adorned and all lovely—you must have seen her.

Seen whom?

Why, the young lady of Paris. And if you have stopped an instant before that youthful figure, half grace and half sylph, so slight, so airy, and so elegant—whose delicate features beam with intellect, whose smile is so fascinating, and whose looks sparkle with wit;—if, before such a being, your feet have seemed chained to the ground, you must have exclaimed instinctively, 'Heavens! what a lovely creature!'

Now, such an expression as this is never lost.—It must have been heard, and the object of it has blushed with pleasure.—Her still handsome mother has smiled, whilst her prudent and careful aunt, always on the alert, has suddenly drawn over the beautiful shoulders of the thoughtless girl, the waving and fugitive Barege handkerchief, under which a zephyr was at play.

This young lady is an angel, a fairy, a being made up of loveliness. See the wit, and playfulness, and intellect, which sparkle from under her long silken eye-lashes! She counts but seventeen summers, and has all their charms.—You could not, in your dreams, fancy a more lovely being; and if you will promise to be prudent, I will tell you her name—but do not betray me.—They call her Amanda!

She is still unmarried.

Ah! there you are, ready to throw yourself at the feet of her charming mother, and determined to solicit the influence of her aunt. Wait a little; you have not admired half her charms. You have only yet seen her elegant figure, her beautiful countenance, her intellectual look, and her taste in dress. You have much more to see. A Young Lady of Paris has an infinity of other attractions!

Amanda is a cut and polished diamond. Her

mind is formed and moulded by the exquisite education of the day, and the intercourse of polished society. In the fashionable boarding-school of which she was the pride and ornament, she carried off all the laurels—gathered all the chaplets of fame. She bore away the prize of elegance, of music, of dancing, of poetry, of eloquence, and of that magic art of speaking with the eyes and features as with the tongue;—for, in all celebrated boarding-schools at Paris, young ladies are instructed in the dramatic art.

To enumerate her accomplishments in a few words, Amanda is the prodigy of the day. She knows almost by heart Walter Scott, Byron, Cooper, Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, and Lamartine. Her mind has blossomed under the rays of romanticism. She has read little of Racine, nothing of Fenelon; and her brow, encircled with pearls, reddens and turns aside in disgust at the uncourtly language of the 'Malade Imaginaire.' But Amanda, fed with the fruitful manna of our modern master-pieces, has an ear for the ingenious accents of 'Marion Delorme,' and an eye for the modest proofs of Antony's love.

To all these qualities of a brilliant and well-cultivated mind, I must add, that this amiable creature, like all pretty women, possesses, in a supreme degree, the divine art of adorning her person with the most exquisite taste, and of heightening her beauty with the charms of the most refined coquetry. And if, possessing as she does, such irresistible attractions, such powers of mind, and such beauty of person, you do not say that she is the most perfect of unmarried young ladies,—then, you deserve not that the fascination of her smile, and of her soul-kindling eyes, as they throw a rapid glance around the circle of her admirers, should, through chance, good fortune, absence of mind, or caprice, strike upon you. BÛt beware, lest your heart be caught;—I think it right to warn you. Listen:—

Amanda is going to be married.

Good Heavens! you don't say so! And to whom?

Do not therefore despair. A country cousin, to whom she is betrothed, is coming to Paris to marry her.

Ah!—

Yes, a young man of provincial simplicity. He is even now met probably on the high road to felicity, in the mail-coach.

Oh! plague—what a pity!—Does he come from Gonesse or Pontoise?

You are not very wide of the mark—he comes from Avallon.

Happy cousin!

Eh! what!—But perhaps you expect to see a Dumole! Are there any such now! Do not fancy either that he is a hero from the new manufactory—a brawny, handsome, dangerous young fellow, with red hair, and a somewhat pale complexion, swearing by St. Christopher and by'r Lady!—who never enters your house but through the window, in preference to the door, and that always sword in hand, and without either guide or candle, groping his way as he can, and trusting to the friendly light of the pale and gentle moonbeam to direct him between destiny and fatality, in his search of an ideal being, of a bright star, of a nullity, of an abyss, of

a wife—of a being to be tied for ever to his existence!

Such is not generally the character of the citizens of Avallon; nor is it individually that of Amanda's betrothed. The country cousin bears not a hunting-horn upon his shoulder, like Hernani; neither does he carry a trusty knife in his pocket, like Antony; moreover—for we must, alas! make a full confession—he is neither an illegitimate nor a vagabond. He is a simple, candid, honest, and well-bred young man, who knew his father and respected his mother. He is gifted with little wit, but with much good sense; has a round and smiling countenance, shaves himself close up to the ears, has had an excellent provincial education, possesses classic lore even unto rhetoric, reveres Boileau, bows with respect at the name of Corneille, admires 'Andromaque,' and quotes the 'Qu'il mourut,' without observing that people smile at his simplicity. In a word, he is so unsophisticated, that he takes off his hat before a lady, and believes that love speaks and expresses itself, just as it did in the days of Tibullus and Ovid, by modest blushes, timid glances, and tender respect.—The poor cousin is far behind the age in which he lives. But it must not be forgotten, that, in a provincial town, the progress of manners cannot keep pace with their rapid flight in the metropolis.

Nevertheless, to counterbalance his being a little romantic, and as an excuse for being born in lawful wedlock, as attested by an extract from the baptismal register of his parish, the happy cousin brings with him in the mail-coach a rent-roll of sixty thousand francs a year, perfectly classic, and arising from a noble landed inheritance;—he likewise brings a heart never before touched, and all the pure passion of a first love.

The cousin is arrived. He has been received like a prince.—and a prince too who is well received.

'Is she not lovely?'

Such was the exclamation of the country cousin on his arrival—an exclamation ever on his lips. He spent the first day on both knees before the beautiful Amanda, saying with emotion, a hundred times in an hour, 'Heavens! how I love you!' Dazzled in his simplicity and candour, by the lovely being to whom he was to be united, he observed every instant, 'Gracious Providence, how beautiful the young ladies of Paris are, even when compared with those of Avallon!' And, in sooth, the young man was right.

The future son-in-law was caressed and feasted. The honours of his betrothed were done to him, just as the seller of an estate would do the honours to one who came to purchase it. Such is the custom at Paris,—and even to the 'Good night!' of this the first day, all was enchantment for the country cousin.

On the morrow, the young lady displayed her accomplishments. Neither the linnin nor the nightingale ever uttered strains so melting as those of Amanda. On the piano, her fingers seemed to be those of Zephyr himself hovering over the keys. Noblet and Taglioni have less of grace in their motions, less of the voluptuous in their steps and attitudes.—Lastly, no delicate and masterly pencil ever better depicted

upon vellum the beauty of nature. There were, it is true, some beauties which it would have pleased the fastidious taste of the cousin much better, had they been placed under the folds of a modest drapery, rather than under the eyes of a young lady. But he was informed that these things were not objected to at Paris; that they were to be found in all works of art; that they were mere objects of study, and every body was accustomed to them.—Well! custom becomes law—be it so! The country cousin was reconciled to the works of art and objects of study; and he still remained entranced.

However, not a word was said, on that day, about the code of housekeeping or the duties of a wife.

Next day, the weather being fine, they took a drive to the Bois de Boulogne. They were in an open carriage. The floating gauze and the Barege handkerchief, rounded by the gentle air and the speed at which they went, formed around Amanda's head, a sort of Iris-scarf—a rainbow—a lambent glory of purple and silver. The young lady was transformed into a goddess.

Thirty cavaliers, young, bold, and of courtly bearing—with bristling hair upon their lip, and Gaulish beard—firm and easy upon their saddle, passed lightly along, turn by turn, galloping, prancing, and hovering round the doors of the carriage. They came like valorous knights and paladins to caracol around the ladies, exchange a word, present a flower and then carry off, amid the dust they raised, a nod, look, or a smile of Amanda, whose eyes, heightened in brilliancy by the animated bloom upon her cheeks, followed in their career the motions of the fiery destriers and their intrepid riders.

'Mama! there is the young Duke.—Speak to the chevalier; don't you see him!—How do you do, Arthur!—Look, mama! see how well Alfred sits his horse! Ah! mama, there is the handsome singer, who is so much in fashion; pray ask him to dinner. Apropos, Isidor, have you still your sorrel mare? Pay attention, aunt, the Baron is bowing to us. Ah! heavens! Stop, I beg pardon—Albert, I have dropped my fan—'

Not an Exquisite passed without receiving a bow and a smile from Amanda.

'Ho! ho!' thought the country cousin, 'my betrothed seems upon very familiar terms with a great many handsome young men! But perhaps this is another Parisian custom. We are no doubt too rigid in the country.—Besides, she is so beautiful that she cannot appear without attracting general admiration.'

The poor cousin, however, became pensive—but he continued to love her;—she was so lovely!

\* \* \* \* \*

The Mama gave a ball on the following day.

A ball at Paris!—When the apartments were lighted up, and the company arrived, the cousin from Avallon fancied himself in the heart of Olympus, and imagined he beheld the Court of Venus. Nevertheless, certain gentlemen in black, and without any appearance of linen, put in some degree his mythological illusion to flight; and he found their dress wonderfully *funereal* for such an occasion. But then Amanda!—dear, lovely Amanda!—she seemed a combination of

Flora, Aglaia, and Terpsichore—of all the Muses and all the Graces, under the form and features of a sylph, of a fairy, of an angel. She was, in short, a young lady of Paris, at a ball.

All the elegant cavaliers whom they had met at the Bois de Boulogne, and many others besides, had long claimed their turn to dance with her and each taken his inscription in numbers. The poor country cousin applied rather late; and could only obtain her promise to dance the seventeenth set with him. Good Heavens! It is a fact—she was engaged for every other.

The intended bridegroom had not anticipated this disappointment. What! only dance with him once!—and the seventeenth set too!—But then, would he not see her chasser, balancer, and execute the moulinet with the finest dancers at Paris?—She was so light, so elegant, so lovely! And then one might have supposed, from the manner in which she lavished her smiles and her fascinations, that she aimed at the conquest of all the cavaliers in the room.

‘The waltz, gentlemen!’

‘The waltz!’ repeated the cousin, in surprise and dismay: ‘Do people waltz at Paris? Ah! at least, my dear betrothed, do not, I beseech you, waltz with any one but me.’

‘Impossible, my dear cousin. I have my waltzing partner for the whole winter—M. Amadee;—he is the best waltzer in Paris.’

The signal was given; the music struck up; a narrow circle was opened with difficulty, and twenty charming couples started, pursued, overtook, and crossed each other, upon the polished and slippery floor;—their motions marked by grace and suppleness, their steps by measured cadence. The eyes of the country cousin followed but one alone—the most beautiful, and the most animated:—and he had leisure to examine how a young lady of Paris waltzes.

Soon every couple stopped, save the fair Amanda and her handsome partner, who alone remained in the arena. The circle was enlarged for them. Excited by the applause of the spectators, they became more and more animated. They seemed to fly round the circle, their light steps scarcely pressing upon the floor. The sylph-like Amanda had tripled the time in quickness, they whirled round and round with increased enthusiasm. The crowd, in wonder and delight, urged them on with cries of admiration.—United, pressed to each other, feet against feet, they seemed to form but one being, to have but one breath and one motion, so rapid and simultaneous were their movements, so well concerted were their steps, so readily did the flexible form of Amanda obey the nervous arm which surrounded her taper waist, and raised her from the ground—so obediently did she follow the indications of the hand which pressed her fair form, guided her forward, and regulated her movements—until the moment when, palpitating, intoxicated with pleasure, her cheeks flushed and her bosom heaving, she fell, breathless, laughing, and exhausted, into the arms of her partner, who, proud of his victory, bore her in triumph to her mother, amid the reiterated *bravi* of the company. The mother's eyes sparkled at Amanda's success. The whole scene was charming, delightful, dazzling. —And, in truth, the country cousin seemed

quite dazzled. He exclaimed to himself, ‘Plague upon it! how well a young lady of Paris waltzes.’ But the poor man had seen nothing yet; his trials were not half over.

‘The galopade, gentlemen!’

The country cousin started from the bench on which he was sitting—he flew to the fair Mama, who was surrounded by a crowd of admirers.

‘Madam, is it not a mistake! Have not my ears deceived me? Is the galopade really to be danced?’

‘Certainly, my dear cousin. The galopade is Amanda's triumph; she excels in it in a degree to surpass even herself: and I never take her to any ball that she does not dance it. It is the most fashionable dance this winter. You will see—Hush—they are taking their places, every one is silent!—now observe. There is her partner—the most fashionable dancer in town and the only one who can at all compete with her. See! see! the company are applauding beforehand. They start! Do you hear the clapping of hands! How charming! how delightful! But, my dear cousin, pray applaud your intended bride.’

The country cousin made no reply; he thrust his hands into his breeches-pockets, and fixed his eyes upon the ceiling. He looked as if something below had offended his sight, and embarrassed him. I know not, in truth, what it could be; for the galopading couple galoped beautifully. The citizen of Avallon would have preferred seeing his betrothed figure in a minuet—and a little further from her partner. How ridiculous are provincials! Would you believe that he retired to a corner of the room, sulky, and muttering to himself,—in a very low tone, let it be understood,—

‘The police interferes to prevent, at the guinguettes, the performance of a certain dance whose very name is proscribed by modesty. Is then, the decency which the lower orders are forced to maintain, banished from the higher circles of society—from the fashionable ball-room?’

It must be admitted, that this remark of the young pedant, smacked furiously of provincialism; but, he afterwards added, with more appearance of good sense,—‘But after all, it is, perhaps, the custom at Paris; and if this galopade be really the fashion—why—then—in fact—besides, a young lady of Paris dances it so beautifully!—However—’

The family did not retire to bed till day-break; and Amanda's country cousin and intended husband, did not find upon his pillow, dreams of bliss, and of flowers.—Nevertheless, he was still in love.—And the next morning, his betrothed was so lovely, as she sate at her piano, with a small purple apron over a snow-white dress!—Oh! ye young ladies of Paris, how pretty ye are! in the morning as in the evening, and in the evening as in the morning!

On the morrow, to allay the fatigues of the ball, they went to the play. Amusements, at Paris, follow each other in quick succession.

‘Good!’ thought the country cousin. ‘Hitherto I have had an opportunity of observing only the grace, talents, and somewhat coquetish bearing of my lovely cousin.—The qualities of the heart are the most essential of all.—’

Comedy, as I have learned at College, is the school of manners, and the mirror of the heart.—But we are going to see a drama. I pray, that the features of my fair betrothed may prove to me a mirror of her mind!

The evening came. Dinner was hurried over; for Amanda had long evinced her impatience to set out. The theatre was her delight.—The expected hour struck.—‘Let us go, Mama.’

—The ladies were enveloped in scarfs, shawls were thrown into the carriage, and the party set out for the theatre.—At length they reached the temple of Thalia, just as the end of the overture indicated the immediate rise of the curtain, amid a lengthened murmur of excited expectation and impatience.

It was a new piece written by an author in high vogue; and the plot of the drama was one of the master-pieces of the times. Something prodigious was expected.

\* \* \* \* \*

[The plot of the drama, as may be imagined, is offensive to good taste, and disgusting to pure morals; but the interest of the ladies and the audience, is just proportioned to its offences, until, in the fourth act, the boxes were deluged with tears, the clapping and stamping in the pit were mingled with the *bravi* in the galleries, and the undulating motion of bonnets and feathers throughout the house, indicated the emotion of the ladies. Three of the latter fainted; Amanda sobbed, as if her heart would break. But the taste of *our* countrywomen a good deal resembles that of the country cousin, and they would no more tolerate these scenes in description than in representation.]

\* \* \* \* \*

The fifth act was a general confusion, an inextricable medley of immoralities. Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, daughters, sons-in-law, children, friends, neighbours, servants, everybody, I believe, even to the prompter, seemed mixed up in the plot. The house was near falling to pieces under the thunder of applause. The monstrous delirium of these wild passions, of these hideous saturnalia of debauchery, together with the expression upon the plastered faces of the actors, was communicated to the shuddering and convulsed features of the females, of all ages, who formed part of the audience—to young girls, and mothers, and wives, and betrothed virgins. Half the audience was in strong delirium—the other half was stupified. The lovely mouth of Amanda, still adorned with the graces and freshness of extreme youth was distorted by nervous contraction; her eyes, so exquisitely beautiful in their young and virgin loveliness, were suffused with tears; and her palpitating bosom which an innocent affection had perhaps never warmed, was now heaving under the burning impressions of vice, represented in all its nakedness upon the stage.

At length, all eyes were wiped dry, all emotion suppressed, and every fair form enveloped in a shawl. The drama was terminated.

‘Oh! mama! how interesting is this play! what power! what strength of woman’s love! How true to nature!—Only see how I wept.’

‘You see, my young cousin,’ said the mama, ‘what a nervous and excitable creature Amanda is! what sensibility she evinces!—Poor Amanda, she understands all these feelings—don’t you, love!’

‘Dear mama, what a delightful evening we have spent! We must see this play again!’

\* \* \* \* \*

Next morning the country cousin did not make his appearance at breakfast.

‘Oh! he is asleep—Go to his room, Joseph, and call him.’

‘Madam,’ said the servant, returning, ‘the door was open, and upon the table was this letter’—

‘And himself!’

But the letter contained an answer to this question. The country cousin had renounced the hand of the fair Amanda, and was already on the road to Avallon.

‘The impertinent fellow!’

‘Oh! dear mother, don’t be angry. He is a poor fool. Don’t be afraid that I shall ever be at a loss for a husband.’

‘I have no fear on that score, truly—You are so beautiful, dear Amanda!’

The same evening the fair mother took her daughter to see—one more!



## JOHNSONIANA, NO. IV.

### BEAUTY.

“We recommend the care of their nobler part to women, and tell them how little addition is made, by all their arts, to the graces of the mind. But, when was it known that female goodness or knowledge was able to attract that officiousness, or inspire that ardour which beauty produces, wherever it appears?”

“The bloom and softness of the female sex are not to be expected among the lower classes of life, whose faces are exposed to the rudeness of the climate, and whose features are sometimes contracted by want, and sometimes hardened by blasts. Supreme beauty is seldom found in cottages, or work-shops, even where no real hardships are suffered. To expand the human face to its full perfection, it seems necessary that the mind should co-operate, by placidity of content, or consciousness of superiority.”

### BUSTLERS.

“There is a kind of men who may be classed under the name of *bustlers*, whose business keeps them in perpetual motion, yet whose motion *always eludes their business*—who are always to do what they never do—who cannot stand still, because they are wanted in another place—and who are wanted in many places, because they can stay in none.”

### COMPLAISANCE.

“The universal axiom in which all complaisance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which custom has established in civilized nations, is:—‘That no man should give

any preference to himself;—a rule so comprehensive and certain, that perhaps it is not easy for the mind to extend an incivility, without supposing it to be broken.

“There are, indeed, in every place, some particular modes of the ceremonial part of good breeding, which, being arbitrary and accidental, can be learned only by habitude and conversation. Such are the forms of salutation, the different gradations of reverence, and all the adjustments of place and precedence. These, however, may be violated without offence, if it be sufficiently evident that neither malice nor pride contributed to the failure;—but will not atone, however rigidly observed, for the tumour of insolence, or petulance of contempt.”

#### CHARITY.

“To do the best can seldom be the lot of man; it is sufficient if, when opportunities are presented, he is ready to do good. How little virtue could be practised, if beneficence were to wait always for the most proper objects, and the noblest occasions:—occasions that may never happen, and objects that may never be found!”

#### CUSTOM.

“To advise a man unaccustomed to the eyes of the multitude, to mount a tribunal without perturbation; to tell him, whose life has passed in the shades of contemplation, that he must not be disconcerted or perplexed, in receiving and returning the compliments of a splendid assembly, is to advise an inhabitant of Brazil, or Sumatra, not to shiver at an English winter; or him who has always lived upon a plain, to look from a precipice without emotion. It is to suppose custom instantaneously controllable by reason, and to endeavour to communicate by precept, that which only time and habit can bestow.”

#### COMPLAINT.

“The usual fortune of complaint, is, to excite contempt more than pity.”

#### CHOICE.

“The causes of good and evil are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestable reasons of preference, must live and die inquiring and deliberating.”

#### CURIOSITY.

“Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge, opens new prospects, and produces new incitements to further progress.”

#### COURAGE.

“Personal courage is the quality of highest esteem among a warlike and uncivilized people; and, with the ostentatious display of courage, are closely connected promptitude of offence, and quickness of resentment.”

Written for the Lady's Book.

### LOOK NOT ON WINE.

Look not on wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour to the cup, for in the end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Look not on wine, although the cup  
Be crimsoned with its ruby stain;  
Look not—'tis filled with wormwood up,  
And blood and burning tears and pain.  
Its flush is as the red bolt's glow,  
Lighting the paths of death and woe.

Look not on wine! Circcean spell  
Is breathed upon the purple grape,  
Changing to phantoms horrible,  
The godlike mind—the godlike shape—  
And dooming with its poisonous breath  
The soul to everlasting death.

Look not on wine! its rainbow glow  
Reflected is from falling tears;  
But, ah! it is no peaceful bow  
Of promise in life's storms and fears;  
But is a messenger of wrath,  
A fiery meteor on life's path.

### A FRAGMENT.

She comes in vision as she came  
When heavenly beauty filled her frame—  
When in a mould of mortal birth,  
Heaven flung its charms o'er those of earth.  
But, oh! it is in midnight dreams  
That I behold those radiant gleams  
Of vanished brightness come and go,  
Like sunshine on the mountain snow.  
Her quivering lips may not unroll  
The hidden transports of her soul;  
But straight before my tranced eye  
She stands, a vision of the sky—  
A child of Heaven, that may not brook  
The ardour of a waking look.

### THE UNWEDDED ONE.

BY JOHN FRANCIS.

It's very pleasant, certainly,  
To laugh, and smile, and talk;  
And I must say, by night or day,  
I love a lonely walk;  
And flirting, oh! I love to flirt;  
And dancing's very pleasant:  
And how I dote on singing, too,  
When but the *loved* is present!  
One looks so very plaintively,  
While warbling forth “We met;”  
But what, alas! oh! what's the use?  
I am not married yet!

What is the aim of all our lives?  
A settlement and marriage:

Some people think they can't, but  
 Would do without a carriage.  
 Oh, Hymen! god of endless joy;  
 Oh, Hymen! god of bliss!  
 It's really very, very hard,  
 That I am still a—"miss."  
 My heart is filled with bitter sighs,  
 My gown with tears is wet:  
 In vain I sigh—In vain I cry;  
 I am not married yet!

And why not? shame upon the age,  
 Poor! avaricious! mean!  
 I would not wed for paltry gold;  
 No! not to be a queen.  
 Yet ye "creation's lords" look down  
 On us—because we're poor;  
 And coldly pass the landless by;  
 It's not my fault, I'm sure!  
 Cold-hearted are ye all—a base  
 And mercenary set:  
 But flatter not yourselves, for I—  
 I will be married yet!

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### To the Patrons of the Lady's Book.

My very kind friends! No doubt you will be surprised, though I trust not offended, at this unusual mode of addressing you; but, as I have a favour to ask, I thought it best to lay aside the stiffness of editorial intercourse, and apply to you familiarly, in my own proper person. I am about to engage in a new enterprise, and I want your assistance. By an advertisement on the cover of this number, you will see that in conjunction with two of my friends, I intend to commence the publication of a weekly family News paper. As this undertaking is projected on the most liberal scale, I am anxious to secure for it all the support I can, and to whom can I apply with more confidence than to those who have for years bestowed on me a most generous patronage.

The gentlemen united with me in the *Saturday News*—so our paper will be called—are both of them amply qualified. Mr. Neal is a delightful and entertaining writer—full of point, humour, wit and good sense—and Alderman McMichael is extensively known, throughout this community, by a terse and vigorous style of composition, and a shrewd, ready and discriminating judgment. Both these gentlemen have been, at different periods, favourably connected with the most popular periodicals of this city; and, from long acquaintance, they are thoroughly familiar with the business in which they are about to embark. As to myself, I have of course nothing to say. The manner in which I have discharged my duties as a publisher must speak for me.

The *Saturday News* will be of the largest class. It will be prepared expressly with a view to its usefulness in the domestic circle: while at the same time it will keep pace with the intellectual advance of the age. Its columns will be filled with the various branches of general literature—Tales, Essays, Poems, Criticisms, &c.—interesting information, late intelligence and the like. The original departments of the paper will be enriched by contributions from our eminent writers, many of whom take a personal interest in the success of the enterprise, and will aid it by every means in their power. A gentleman of brilliant talent, residing at the seat of the General Government, will regularly correspond with the *News*; and it is expected that in a little while an extensive European correspondence will be established. Knowing the facilities we have at command, I

pledge myself that it shall not suffer by comparison with any similar paper.

The *Saturday News* will be entirely distinct from *The Lady's Book*, and every other publication. Its contents will be prepared exclusively for itself, and no part of them will be used for any other purpose. I mention this to prevent the idea that it may contain matter previously employed elsewhere, and that such of my present subscribers as may be disposed to patronize the new paper, need entertain no apprehension that, in doing so, they will receive in a different form what they have already paid for.

The publication of *The News* will be commenced in July. It is delayed until that time, partly in order to complete the ample arrangements which will be required, and partly because it is a convenient season for the commencement of subscriptions. Meantime, all orders addressed to me will be scrupulously attended to.

As I feel a strong confidence that the proposed publication will be inferior in nothing to its contemporaries, and may present some attractive features not common to others, I earnestly solicit the aid of my friends, in extending its circulation.

Very respectfully,

L. A. GODEY.

P. S. The price will be two dollars per annum, payable in advance.

In answer to the letter from Trenton, Tenn. we have only to say that the names of our agents are published occasionally on the cover of our Book, and we will recognize no payments made to persons whose names do not appear there.

A tinted note with medallion seal, has been received; and the fair writer wishes to know on which side of a lady it is proper for a gentleman to ride. We answer:—On the left side. The innovation of the custom comes from England, introduced no doubt by those accustomed to ride there. In that country, the method of driving is to keep to the left. Of course, there it is proper for a gentleman to be on the right side of the lady. In this country, we take the right for convenience sake—which, in passing, renders the left side correct;—besides, is it not nearest the lady's heart?

Did we think it?—Notwithstanding our "Mild as the moonbeams" hint to some of our *absent* friends, we have again had cause to charge our man of the Quill to make out sundry accounts and send by mail to those who "though forgetting, are not forgot." Nobody will thank us, but that revered gentleman so often mentioned, "My Uncle Samuel." His treasury will feel the benefit of it, as all our duns are sent by mail. Why cause us this disagreeable task—our aversion! So much so, that we never do it until our money-bag calls out to us in a voice potential—M. T. Many of our patrons of this year have promised to send on by private conveyance in the fall—and we have no doubt but they will do it—if they think of it.

One great evil in the periodical business is the unkind manner of stopping subscriptions. A subscriber, intending to stop at the end of twelve months, will not give us notice until after having received one or two numbers over the time. This is felt seriously by the publisher, as it occasions a loss of the early numbers of a volume, and prevents entire sets being formed. Owing to the irregularity of the mails, we are frequently called upon to supply deficiencies, which we never refuse, when we have the numbers—most of our subscribers and exchanges receiving some one or two numbers over the usual twelve. By-the-way, our friends of the press do not notice that we have, in several late numbers, given nearly one-half original matter. Have we done aught that looks ungracious in their eyes?

The engravings in our present number will be found on examination very creditable specimens of the arts.



*The Tight Shoe*, and the *Tile Page*, are both cut on steel; and confer great praise on the gentlemen by whom they have been respectively executed. The story accompanying and illustrating the former, for which we are indebted to our attentive correspondent, N. C. Brooks, Esq. furnishes another evidence of the versatility of that gentleman's talents, and will, we are sure, be read with high gratification.

The wood engravings which we furnish this month, are interesting and meritorious. The former represents a section of the celebrated Lake of Geneva, with William Tell's Chapel in the foreground.

'In topographical subjects, one-half of the interest arises from their historical associations, where such exist; and the taste and feeling of an artist are evinced in his selection of points which shall combine picturesque effect with the intellectual gratification derived from the contemplation of the place hallowed by great and virtuous deeds. Who that thinks of the Leman Lake does not at once mentally recur to the ennobling scene that accompanied the bold resumption of Helvetic independence, and the expulsion of the Austrian oppressors? Who has not longed to—

—hail the chapel—hail the platform wild,  
Where TELL directed the avenging dart  
With well-strung arm, that first preserved his child,  
Then winged the arrow to the tyrant's heart!  
*Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.*

The painter of this picture gratifies the wish of the aspirant. The simple edifice known as "William Tell's Chapel," and its rocky basement, forms the principal object. Apparently embraced in a thick sacred grove to landward, it stands out brightly and firmly from the masses of foliage and from the mountain heights which surround it. The receding elevations, the "Alps on Alps," which rise and almost fill the back-ground, successfully convey the idea of distance and magnitude. The waters of the quiet lake lie spread out in the front, enlivened by passage—or pleasure-boats, whose inmates by their actions denote their own interest, and claim the attention of the observer to the revered object before which they are moving.

The lake of Geneva—one of the most celebrated in Europe—extends in the form of a crescent between Switzerland and Savoy, and occupies part of the great valley which separates the Alps from the Jura ridge. Its length along the north or Swiss shore is fifty miles; on the side of Savoy forty-two; its greatest breadth is ten miles, and its greatest depth about one thousand feet. In summer its tributary streams, of which by far the largest is the Rhone, are swelled by the melting of the snows, and cause a rise of several feet in the water of the lake. It is observed also to have an alternation of rise and fall in stormy weather, sometimes for several hours together, owing perhaps to the influence of electrical clouds. It is never known to be frozen, and its water is beautifully clear, except at the influx of the muddy current of the Rhone. The scenery all around is most magnificent, the north side being fertile and beautifully diversified, whilst the south side rises gradually until its mountains form the highest of the Alpine range.

The other is a side view of Mr. Eckstein's Paper Mill at Manayunk. This populous and thrifty village, situated on the Schuylkill about seven miles from Philadelphia, possesses many objects of interest. The canal passing along its western front furnishes an ample water-power, which is distributed to a large number of extensive Mills of different descriptions.—Among them the *Paper Mill* illustrated in our picture is pre-eminent for the picturesque site it occupies—the tasteful decorations of the adjoining grounds—the admirable arrangement of the interior economy, and the scrupulous cleanliness observed with regard to every thing connected with it. The proprietor, Mr. Eckstein, who has acquired a large fortune by his devoted industry, is very widely engaged in the

manufacture of paper, and supplies a large portion of the market with that article.

Since our last, R. P. Smith's book has been published. It fully merits the favourable reception we bespoke for it. *The Actress of Padua* is a free translation of a drama by Victor Hugo, and exhibits the striking points—merits and defects—of that author's very peculiar style. The other contents of the book are tales and sketches, some of which have already been published in different periodicals, and several which have not hitherto appeared in print. The *Tale of Hard Scrabble*, which we have copied, is a tolerably fair specimen of Mr. Smith's humorous power. It is sketchy, brief and agreeable, and has a vein of drollery running through it, which is quite irresistible. The characters, though purposely exaggerated, are drawn with considerable truth and force, and many will remember their living originals. In the pathetic Mr. S. is no less successful. *The Pauper's Dog*, the *Campaigner's Tale*, and one or two of a similar kind, are real gems in their way. Altogether these two volumes may be perused with satisfaction by every body, and they will form a valuable addition to our stock of summer literature.

The popular edition of Marryatt's novels is now complete, and the whole series will be furnished to subscribers for Three Dollars. Immediately on the receipt of the money the work will be furnished by mail, to any direction.

Carey, Lea & Blanchard announce an Annual, in preparation for 1837, to be edited by *Willis Gaylord Clark*. No better selection could have been made. Mr. Clark is not only an excellent poet and a vigorous prose-writer himself, but his cultivated taste is ample guaranty that no contribution will be admitted which has not the stamp of merit.

The proposed publication of Bulwer's Novels will be commenced in July, in a style corresponding to the edition of Marryatt's. Numerous orders have already been received; and it is respectfully suggested to those wishing to subscribe, that they shall apply as soon as convenient, as the number of the first impressions will be limited.

We are impatient to hear from our friend, Marc Smeton. What has become of his promised article? He will understand us.

Our correspondent, KATE, defends her sex with all becoming grace, and we think has fairly gained the advantage in the argument. Our readers will receive with the pleasure we have, the announcement that she is about to write a sentimental tale. Do, dear girl, and let us print it.

The Woods have left us, and theatricals are at a low ebb—Wallack has been Richardizing at the Arch, and Hill at the Walnut. The latter has given way to Jim Crow.

It is as well to mention that *The Pacha of Many Tales*, published in the uniform edition of Marryatt, is the only complete copy of the work yet published in this country.

"An Enquirer" is informed that we did publish the story of "The Little Black Porter," in the first volume of our work, and it is the same that was dramatized for the Walnut Street Theatre. The stories published in our book, have had singular luck, if it may be so called, in being dramatized. The following, all originally published in this country, in our work, have been rendered into dramatic form.—*The Little Black Porter*—*The Mathematician*—*The Dillok Girl*—*The Gentleman in Black*—and *The Braintrees*. "*The Ward*," which we published as a drama, was afterwards played at one of our theatres.

# A MOTHER'S LOVE,

AS SUNG BY MRS. ROWBOTHAM, IN THE

## WEPT OF THE WISH-TON-WISH,

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

B. CROSS.

*Published by permission of the proprietor, Mr. George Willig.*

*Andante Simplex.*

A mother's love, a mother's love, The dew that falls on op'ning

life, When life is most like Eden's grove, With pure and playful

life: Our earliest joy, Our latest thought, Where'er we rove, where'er we

rove, Thou only good of earth un - - bought, We think of thee, a mother's  
love, Thou only good of earth unbought, A mother's love, a mother's  
love, We think of thee, a mother's love.  
a piacere. Tempo.

## RECEIPTS.

*Raspberry Syrup.*

Mix half a pint of white wine vinegar with a pound of raspberries a little mashed, in a well glazed pan, and set it in a cool place for twenty-four hours. Then run the liquid through a hair sieve, but without any forcible pressure, to three quarters of a pound of powdered loaf sugar; and when, the sugar is all dissolved, just boil it up, over a stove or other clear fire; and keep stirring it, when taken off, till quite cold. Bottle it, and keep it in a cool place. The raspberries, after the liquid is run off, make excellent jam, with the addition of about half a pound of powdered loaf sugar to a pound of the fruit.

*Little Plum Cakes.*

Sift a pound and a half of well dried flour and add to it three quarters of a pound of pow-

dered loaf sugar, half a grated nutmeg, and a little salt. Break well into the flour, &c. a pound of butter, by very small bits at a time; then wet it with the yolks of two or three eggs and three or four table-spoonfuls of rose water. When it is mixed up so as to form a good paste, add three-quarters of a pound of fine currants nicely washed and dried, make the whole up into small cakes, lay them on floured tin plates, and bake them in a quick oven. A very good large plum cake may be made in the same manner.

*Peach and Apricot Waters.*

Both these waters, as well as those of several other fruits, are readily made by mixing two or three table-spoonfuls of the respective jams with a few blanched and pounded bitter almonds, lemon juice, cold spring water, and powdered loaf-sugar, to palate. On being run through a lawn sieve, these waters are immediately fit to drink.

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THE  
LADY'S BOOK



VOL. 13

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**PHILADELPHIA.**









*Walking Gowns*

*Designed by Mrs. J. C. Jones, N.Y.C.*

# THE LADY'S BOON.

VOLUME I.

## ETHELIA TASHBURN—PERSONAL FRESHNESS.

CHAPTER I.  
Ethelia Tashburn, a young woman of gentle and refined manners, was seated in the drawing-room of her father's house, looking out of the window at the spring garden. The flowers were just beginning to show themselves, and the air was fresh and pleasant. She was thinking of the many changes that had taken place in the world since she had been born, and how much she had learned from the experiences of life. She was also thinking of the many friends she had made, and how much she had learned from them. She was a young woman of gentle and refined manners, and she was very popular among her friends. She was also very kind and generous, and she was always ready to help those in need. She was a true friend to all, and she was loved by all.

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## THE REGAINED.

BY MISS REDDA, F. R. S. E.

IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

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CHAPTER II.

So long and hard, through the long winter, there

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# THE LADY'S BOOK.

JULY, 1886.

## PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS—PROMENADE DRESSES.

FIGURE I.

ROBE of lilac *gros de Naples*, a half high *corsage*, a plain back; the front plain in the centre, but arranged in folds, which come from the shoulders, and descend in the stomacher style on each side, forming the shape in a very graceful manner. The sleeves are excessively ample from the shoulder to the wrist, but the fullness is confined a little below the elbow, so as to form the lower part of the sleeve into a bouillon: it is finished at the wrist by a broad band. Mantelet of Indian book muslin, lined with lilac *gros de Naples*; it falls square and deep over the *corsage*, with scarf ends. The collar square and very deep. The whole of the mantelet is embroidered in feather stitch, in a very rich and full pattern. A knot of Pomona green taffetas riband fastens it at the top, and another attaches it at the waist. Rice straw bonnet, a round and very

open brim, lined with Pomona green crape, and trimmed with taffetas riband to correspond, and blond lace *mentonnieres*. Knots and band of riband, a blond lace drapery, and a sprig of exotics decorate the crown.

FIGURE II.

A printed muslin robe, a white ground and a delicate pattern in pale rose and dust colour. Plain *corsage* a three-quarter height, and sleeves *à la Folle*. French cambric mantelet, the pelerine part rounded, made to sit close to the shape at the upper part of the bust, and set-in round the shoulders so as to fall in a very easy and graceful manner. The collar forms a point in front, and another in the centre of the back. Short scarf ends. The mantelet is entirely bordered with Valenciennes lace. The bonnet presents a back view of that on the front figure.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE REGAINED.

BY MRS. RHODA ARMSTRONG.

### IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

"Thou hast left thy father and thy mother and the place of thy nativity and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore."—*Book of Ruth, chap. 1, verse 11.*

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray  
So lone and lonely, through this bleak way?"—*Moors.*

THE bleak season of Winter is past, and pleasant Spring has cast her genial smiles upon the earth. The silver rills, released from their icy fetters, rush in sparkling torrents over hill and vale—here, dancing in the sun's cheering ray—there, gliding in a calmer but more useful stream, through cultivated fields and meadows, yet, not forgetting to extend its grateful moisture to thee, sweet primrose and modest violet, Spring's offerings, wherewith she decks the ground, no longer hid beneath its cold white robe. The rugged branches of the trees are looking fresh and gay, their tender buds pressing forth in their vesture of enlivening green.—Oh, what a season of joy and gratitude! There have been those who owned its power, and will be ever, though worldly dross still cumbrous round the heart, and shuts those fair and pure

thoughts out. Yes! there was one young being, whose tears of thankfulness dimmed her beaming eyes, as she knelt and blessed her Maker for his gifts, not that alone He had made man's tarrying-place so fair—but for nearer bounties still—her only parent had spent the Winter in sickness and in pain, yet now was able to enjoy the precious gifts of Heaven. Here was cause for rejoicing; and Ada Mowbray poured forth her acknowledgments from such a pure and holy fount, that a Peri's aid had here been vain to bear the boon on high.

Mr. Mowbray and his daughter had bowed beneath affliction's rod; on his heart, the blow had sunk too deep, to wear away even with time; but the first grief seldom impresses itself for life, and Ada had ceased to feel her mother's loss with bitterness. True, all that had been

her's, was regarded with scrupulous veneration—her unfinished works were preserved with sacred care—her most triling words were often recalled, and to a chosen few repeated, but it was with calmness and resignation. Her brother's death, which succeeded that of her mother, gave a deeper wound, as it had been sudden and unexpected. She had accompanied her father's sister to New York, leaving her mother, as she supposed, relieved in a slight degree from her disorder: but soon the fatal tidings reached her, that consumption had done its work, and that her mother had ceased to live. Her brother's silence first excited her amazement and then her fears. Again and again she wrote—her father's hurried and incoherent answers terrified her—she entreated her aunt to take her to her father, her home, and her brother. She was gently denied. What could it mean? Imagination, always busy in the heart of youth, either to paint the bright events of life with gayer tints, or throw a deeper shade upon the gloomy one's, presented now the darkest poor Ada's brain could fashion—her brother, her dear brother, whose affection she prized, whose genius she revered, whose disposition she loved above that of every other human being, was dead! She fled to her aunt, told her all she feared—a silence of a few moments, convinced her that her surmises were just—and Ada Mowbray seemed, for several succeeding weeks, to stand upon the verge of eternity; but all this was now over. Four years had brought with them new hopes and new affections. Ada looked upon her brother's death as a dark spot in her existence—and, upon the future, as all regard it at eighteen—a scene of

“Straying thro' fairy bowers—  
Far, far away from earthly sphere—  
A land of music, of light and flowers,  
Like what is formed in fancy here.”

Yet now she was not free from anxiety. She had a disclosure to make to her father—and although she felt that no blame could attach to her, she dreaded to introduce the subject. Her sense of duty to her father, and respect for herself, told her it must not be deferred. Taking a note from her work-basket, she read it—not gentle reader, as if for the first time—ah, no!—nor yet the second—still with blushes deep as those which glowed beneath that Grecian maiden's veil, who, of her own free choice, forsook a father's for a husband's arms. Trembling and agitated, she descended to the parlour: and with forced calmness, made those trifling, yet affectionate inquiries, which soothe the invalid's confinement. The cushions which lined the easy chair, in which Mr. Mowbray reclined, were re-arranged, the foot-stool moved to a more convenient position, and every habitual attention was performed by the young and gentle nurse.

“Jane, you may now assist Rachel in getting supper; I will remain with my father,” she said to the female who had taken her place, during the very short interval she had allowed herself to be absent from her parent's side.

“Rachel can do without me,” replied Jane, “if you wish to walk out and enjoy this fine afternoon. Indeed, Miss Mowbray, you should

not confine yourself too much—your father is sufficiently recovered to spare you now.”

“Jane is right, Ada,” said Mr. Mowbray; “and though I believe, under Heaven, that your presence has been my best restorative, yet I hope you will candidly tell me when your cage is irksome, and I will open the door, and let my lone and tenderly-loved bird loose.”

“Nay, father, do not say my cage—rather call it my nest;—and, if my presence is indeed a restorative, long shall you prove its efficacy. I may, 'tis true, take a few flights—but my pinions shall soon bear me back.”

“Birds seldom use their wings so,” murmured Mr. Mowbray, in a very low voice.

“What do you say, sir?” asked Ada.

“Nothing—my child—nothing,” he returned, quickly.

Ada had heard the remark, and discerned the slight ungraciousness couched in her father's words. It was not the first time she had been pained by observations which she fancied were severe; but she banished them from her mind. They were so trifling, that she almost believed it was her own fastidiousness which gave them force to wound her, and she heard that sickness and sorrow often drew petulance in their train. She regained her cheerfulness, and dismissing Jane with some necessary directions respecting the household affairs, she took her usual place near her father's chair, occupying her fingers with her needle, and her thoughts in arranging the manner in which she should announce her secret to her father; at last, it was all told. The note was drawn from the ribbon that encircled her waist; and, with a varying colour and tremulous frame, she placed it in his hand.

“Here, father, is the only letter I have ever received; but, before you read it, let me assure you that it shall be the last, unless with your full approbation. My aunt has encouraged me to believe that that would not be withheld. At the time she said so, you had forbidden me to return home. An absence of four years had estranged me from you; but now that I have been to you what a child should be to a parent, if you think that new ties would weaken the affection that binds me to you, I solemnly declare that I will be Ada Mowbray while you live.”

The father clasped his child to his heart, and gave way to the tender emotions which a parent feels, when he receives the effusions of filial love from his offspring. In a few moments, his eye glanced upon the open letter, and he perused the following hastily penned lines:

“When Ada Mowbray left New York, she promised, on the amendment of her father's health, that she would send permission to one whose happiness depends on her, to address Mr. Mowbray. After waiting for months, made tedious by suspense, he is informed by Mr. Mowbray's friends, that the desirable change has taken place, that Mr. Mowbray is convalescent: but no token from Ada rewards him for his silence. Has she changed her opinion since they parted? If so, surely it is a refinement upon cruelty, to let silence convince him of the fact.

“Ada—Ada—forgive me, if I have said aught that is reprehensible;—but the anxiety I endure

must plead in my behalf;—and, even though I may not share them, I will pray for the choicest blessings for my loved Ada.

“Ever yours, &c.

“ALFRED BERRINGTON.”

“Ada, my dear girl, leave me to myself to-night; Jane can bring me my supper. Go, my child, go.”

“Oh, father, father, surely you are not angry! I am your child, and I will do all or anything you wish.”

“I am not angry, Ada; obey me this once, and to-morrow morning, I will see you again as usual.”

Ada left the room, and told Jane her father's wish; she arranged the refreshments that were to be taken to him with her usual care, and then retired to her chamber; but her anxiety to reassure him of her obedience and affection, became so overpowering, that she returned to the parlour. Gently she unclosed the door, and beheld her father on his knees, as if in earnest prayer; but the violent agitation of his frame showed that the holy employment had been engaged in to calm the earthly feelings of the man. Big tears stood in his eyes, his hands were clasped strongly together, and he seemed to address his Maker in agony of soul; but, when his daughter appeared, he started, quitted his lowly posture, and with sternness demanded—“why his commands had not been obeyed?” The terrified girl essayed to utter a few words, to disarm his anger; but, regardless of the fears he caused, he advanced, and seizing her arm, said, in a tone of unmingled severity:

“Ada, my sorrows are my own; I will have no one to pry into them, to partake of them, or to question me concerning them. My business, to-night, is with Him who rules the destinies of man. Go to your chamber; and if you do not wish to leave my desolate home to the solitude in which you found it, do not intrude upon me at unwelcome hours.”

He led her to the door, and she heard him fasten it, as she ascended the stairs. Her heart was full—never had she and her father separated for the night in coldness or displeasure—she seemed as if she had been suddenly deserted, and left sad and lone in the world. But the balm man's prouder nature will not yield—tears, came to her relief, and she wept until her griefs were hushed in sleep. The morning came, but Ada feared to intrude upon her father, until Jane brought the welcome message which summoned her to his chamber, to be again his companion and attendant. All traces of sadness were banished, when she was told that her choice was approved of, and a letter addressed to the elder Mr. Berrington, given for her perusal. It contained a request of an interview with that gentleman, and invited him to visit Enesdale, there being a subject on which Mr. Mowbray wished to consult with him, prior to either party consenting to the union of their children. What that subject could be, Ada evidently desired to learn, but durst not ask;—that was the only alloy to her happiness. Could it be anything of consequence? She feared it was, and that her father's agitation on the preceding night was connected with it. In a few days, Mr. Berrington's answer arrived. It was polite and friendly, giving his entire sanction to his son's marriage with Mr. Mowbray's daughter, but excusing his own presence at Enesdale, on the score of urgent business; he earnestly entreated that ceremony might be laid aside, and Alfred be allowed to hear what Mr. Mowbray wished to discuss, and communicate it to him.

Business is always first consulted in the United States; and, although Mr. Mowbray had ceased to occupy himself in bustling life, he respected its claims too much to take umbrage at the denial, particularly as the tone of the letter was calculated to convey the most flattering deference to himself and his daughter. Ada was therefore desired to prepare for the arrival of her lover. Scarcely could she believe it real—but with demure looks, and a fluttering heart, her directions for his accommodation were given.

On the night preceding his arrival, she sat up later than her usual hour, engaged in writing to her aunt. Her father had retired to rest; the day had been unusually warm, and the slight breeze that sprung up as night approached was refreshing. She opened the window to enjoy it, as it wafted the fragrance of the flowers and shrubs into the apartment. Sometimes she wrote and sometimes paused to think on those she loved. At last she started on hearing her name pronounced in a low, almost a whispered tone. It might be fancy, she dropped her pen and listened, scarcely venturing to breathe. It was repeated and met her ear like a once familiar sound. It came from the open window; she approached, astonished and alarmed. Again her name was pronounced. “Who's there,” she called, and looked upon the speaker. The moonlight fell directly upon him, as he stood upon the gravel walk beneath, and disclosed to her horror the figure of an Indian. The plume of feathers which surmounted his drawn-back hair—the rings suspended from his ears—the deerskin mantle which hung from his shoulders, were in that moment of terror recognized as the distinguishing marks of one of those tribes which at that period scattered themselves along the banks of the Ohio. But the flashing eye—the lofty bearing of the savage, as he pronounced her name, and above all, the tone in which that name was uttered, impressed themselves with a strange undefinable sensation on her heart. At the instant fear predominated, and no sooner did the dreaded figure meet her view than, quick as thought, the window was closed, and secured by the fastenings on the inside; then rushing to the chamber in which Jane and Rachel slept, she roused them from their slumbers, and gasping for breath, recounted what she had seen. For some moments she felt so bewildered that she could scarcely explain herself, but when she had recovered in some measure from her alarm, Jane dismissed Rachel to procure some drops, and then recommended Ada not to mention to her father what she had seen. “Oh, no, it is better not,” returned Ada; “but tell me, do you think there is any danger to be apprehended from those barbarians; you know that the minds of the Indians have been excited by the alleged intrusion of the Ohio company on their territory, and, perhaps, some of them may feel animosity towards



my father, who was at one time so actively engaged in it."

"But Mr. Mowbray had not carried on the fur trade for these four years, and I should think if he was ever obnoxious to them it must now be at an end."

"I know not how their minds may be affected, but of this I am sure, that the Pennsylvanians still feel hurt at their trade being infringed upon by the Virginians; for prior to the formation of the Ohio Company they alone carried it on with the tribes on the Ohio, and I have heard many of them allude to the circumstances attending it with much bitterness."

Jane appeared lost in thought for some moments, then she suddenly turned to Ada and asked when Mr. Berrington was expected to arrive.

"To-morrow," returned Ada, "thank Heaven: he will be here to-morrow, and then perhaps we can induce my father to leave this place."

"Then be silent until he comes. Excuse me," continued Jane, "if I speak too freely; but I know Mr. Mowbray's state of health too well not to offer my opinion. I am very certain he will not be a sojourner here long, and we must be cautious. I will go now and wake Nicholas, to see that all is safe. Then, dear Miss Mowbray, you must go to bed and try to recover your good looks against to-morrow."

"Oh, Jane, I do not think of my good looks now; I am only glad to see Alfred, because he will protect and counsel me; and when he is here I shall not fear those dreadful men so much."

Another bed was prepared for Ada in the apartment occupied by Jane and Rachel, as it was not thought advisable to suffer her to sleep alone.

The Indian's form—the mystery of his familiarly using her baptismal name, the tone of his voice passed through her mind. Then her father's inexplicable agitation when her partiality for Alfred Berrington was revealed to him became mingled and confused as sleep made advances upon her waking thoughts, and she was soon involved in dreams of strange and wild images, from which unrefreshed she gladly roused herself as the bright sun dispelled the mists which curled in fantastic wreaths upon the mountain's summit. Scarcely more distinct were the reflections of her cooler reason; the bashfulness which had been almost painful at the thought of the approaching meeting with her lover was much decreased. She now looked upon him as one in whom she could confide and with whom she could consult upon the best means to avert the danger which seemed to threaten her. And yet she thought he would consider her as visionary in supposing that the voice was one which she had heard before, still that idea clung pertinaciously to her mind, and a feeling of inexplicable awe mingled with her fear. Punctual to the appointed hour Alfred arrived. We shall leave to the imagination of our readers the lover's joy, nor would Ada have immediately clouded it by announcing her cause for apprehension, had even opportunity offered. But there was none, and Alfred was permitted to believe that his fair enslaver was as happy as himself. The subject

to which Mr. Mowbray had alluded, as being necessary to be settled prior to a decided engagement taking place, did not cost him a moment's uneasiness. Mr. Mowbray appeared to have no objection to Alfred Berrington for a son-in-law, and he, in return, had no dislike to Mr. Mowbray for a father-in-law. There sat Ada, as beautiful in his eyes as the fabled Hourii, and he felt nearly contented with his lot. To be sure he had a few things to say to Ada which would have been more appropriate had there been one less of the party, but, on the whole, he was tolerably well contented, and if, as some believe, the hours of courtship are amongst the happiest given to mortals, we may believe that he was superlatively blessed. When Ada had retired for the night, Mr. Mowbray announced his desire to converse with Alfred.

"I would have preferred," said he, "to have had an interview with your father, as there are some painful circumstances connected with my family of which, if he is ignorant, he ought to be informed of; but as business detains him and as ill health confines me here, you must immediately communicate the distressing events to him which have destroyed my strength, and broken my spirits."

"I do not wish to press a disclosure sooner than is desirable to you, sir; but as my happiness depends so completely upon you, I hope you will pardon me if I ask, are those circumstances of a nature to throw obstacles in the way of my becoming the husband of Ada?"

"I believe not, indeed, my sister Arundel assures me, that they will not weigh a feather in your or your father's mind. But Mr. Berrington you view Ada as rich, I must at once undeceive you as to the amount of her portion, half my wealth only can be her's."

"Mr. Mowbray, if you suppose that an object with either my father or myself you are wholly mistaken. If Ada and you will accept me, I care not for her wealth, she would not be less prized by me or my family even though she came to me penniless. Is that the only subject, sir, with which you wish my father to be acquainted?"

"No, no," replied Mr. Mowbray, "would to Heaven it were, but it has pleased Providence to visit me in his wrath. He hath made me desolate—he hath bent his bow, and I am a mark for his arrows!"

Alfred pitied the invalid for the sufferings he appeared to endure, but felt at a loss in what manner to offer consolation for griefs which were so slightly alluded to, as to keep him still in the dark respecting their nature; delicacy prevented his evincing his anxiety to know the whole, and he continued silent, until Mr. Mowbray resumed the subject which his emotions had interrupted:—"Young man," he said, "I feel the awkwardness of the situation in which you are placed: I will, however, end it now, and let the deep sorrows which I now reveal, return to their sanctuary, never again to be renewed; and, when my poor child is made acquainted with it, be you her comforter. She is of a gentle disposition, and the painful tidings which await her, will need the care of a tender friend to soften."

"If she is destined to endure a trial of this nature, give but your consent, and if affection

the most devoted can shield her from one pang, it shall not reach her."

"Your father's consent will also be requisite."

"Of that I am certain. But although while Ada was gay and prosperous my paramount duty should be to him, its direction would assuredly change when she was suffering beneath misfortune."

"Well, well, we need not speak of that. Now to the point." Alfred drew a chair opposite to Mr. Mowbray, and was soon attentively listening to his explanation of the differences between the London Company and the Pennsylvania Fur Traders in the year 1750. The jealousy infused into the minds of the Indians, who apprehended further encroachments upon their territories, he related; and the hostilities which took place between both parties found a place in his hasty narrative; the more immediate part taken by himself as a member of the Virginia Company, which led to the prejudices conceived by a few of the savages against him, while the Iwightees, a tribe near the Miami river, with whom his most extensive dealings had been carried on, regarded him with juster views, as a man desirous to pursue and extend his speculations in fur, but with no sinister views of disposing them of the lands they now held. He was proceeding with evidently increased firmness in his narration, and Alfred listening with more than common interest, when Mr. Mowbray's countenance changed. He gazed upon the open window with a look of agitated and fixed intensity. A livid paleness overspread his countenance. Alfred's eye followed the direction of his, and he distinctly perceived a figure spring from a ladder, upon which he had observed the black servant standing to fasten some briars around the windows in the course of the day; but he was occupied in supporting his apparently horror-stricken host, whose violent emotions filled him with amazement.

"Has my fancy conjured him here," he exclaimed, in wild and hurried accents, "or has he come to mock my misery. On bended knees and with tearful eyes he was besought to come to me, but he scorned my prayers, he was blind to the agony he caused. Yet now—even now—he comes to cloud my Ada's bliss, and to exult and laugh at my broken heart."

The invalid sank in his chair, apparently unconscious of the presence of his guest, who looked about for the bell which he had perceived Ada to ring when she wished to summon the domestics. Its tingling sound was soon followed by the attentive Jane, who first flew to the assistance of Mr. Mowbray, and, having applied restoratives, she asked Alfred the cause of his sudden illness. He told her he believed some person had been in the garden in front of the house, but whether the appearance of a stranger at that unseasonable hour, or the recollection of some past suffering had affected him, he was unable to say. Jane made no remark in reply to his account, and when Mr. Mowbray had a little recovered, she requested him to ring the bell once more; he did so, and Rachel obeyed the summons.

"Rachel," she said, "Mr. Mowbray is ill—

tell Nicholas to come hither; and do you get a light to shew Mr. Berrington to his chamber."

"Had I not better assist Mr. Mowbray in reaching his," asked Alfred. "He may not wish to be intruded on to night by his domestics."

"I have lived in this family, Mr. Berrington, two-and-twenty years; I have attended Mr. Mowbray through all his illness, and I know more of his mind than his daughter, poor girl, does yet. Nicholas, too, was here when the unhappy event took place which has left him thus weak and helpless. Pray, Mr. Berrington, retire for the night; this is not the first time I have seen him thus, and Nicholas and myself have been his sole attendants till within the last six months."

Alfred no longer hesitated, but followed Rachel to the apartment appropriated to him. He did not feel in the most comfortable state of mind. The mystery that seemed to hover around Ada, or rather Ada's father, perplexed him. The incidents of the last evening led him to fear that the distressing events to which Mr. Mowbray had ascribed his ill health and unhappiness might be of such an import as to induce his father to withdraw his assent to his marriage; and, in that case, he should be placed in a most uncomfortable situation. He could not hope that Ada would become his wife contrary to the wish of his family. Yet to part from her he so fondly loved—to leave her surrounded by apparent danger and to certain loneliness, was not to be thought of. He would seek an immediate solution of his doubts, and then decide how to act. He rejoiced that he had come to Enesdale, and not his father, for had he encountered the gloom and mystery which reigned there, it would have sent him back, at once, to his own cheerful home. Before he rose in the morning, the black entered the chamber and presented a note—it contained the following words:

"Say nothing to Ada of what occurred last night. This evening all shall be explained.

Yours,

EDWARD MOWBRAY."

Alfred was compelled to be patient, and the sight of Ada, seated at the breakfast table, wonderfully assisted him in acquiring a portion of that virtue for which Socrates has been so famous.

"My father seldom rises to this repast, but I fear he is not so well this morning as he has been."

"Come, Ada, no fears; you and I shall nurse him together and he will get better; we must induce him to leave this place, and taste a little more the charms of society."

"Ah, that will be impossible, I am sure. My aunt has used her influence to that purpose, but in vain."

"But you have not, Ada—at least not in person. Yet stay; I have not made my complaint. Do you remember saying that if I would be patient and not agitate your father by a premature disclosure of my affection—my adoration—nay, you need not smile so incredulous, for that is the very word—my adoration of you, that on the first symptoms of his recovery you would inform me and I should act as I pleased."

"Well, you knew it through my aunt."

"Yes, so I did; but I could not tell if you would approve of my addressing your father. Ah! Ada, you did not evince much regard for me."

"I could not, Alfred, bring myself to write to you—not because I did not regard you, but I should have felt as if intruding recollections upon you which were perhaps forgotten."

"Is that a face to be forgotten," he asked, drawing her to a mirror. "No, not even if the heart which animates it had not been so estimable as yours."

"Hush, hush—a truce with such compliments. I want now to talk to you as a friend, and not as a flatterer. Oh, Alfred, I have much to tell you!" Ada proceeded to give an account of the appearance of the Indian at the window. It is strange that the relation of any event which oppresses us, seems to relieve us of a part of the load. Thus it was with Ada. No sooner had she spoken on the subject, and heard the interpretation which her lover put upon it, than she felt her heart lighter; but Alfred became more perplexed, and more anxious for the interview, in which Mr. Mowbray promised to confide events—to hear which, would probably account for the visits of the savage; his fears he concealed in his own bosom, and sought to remove all dark forebodings from Ada's. Soon radiant smiles and brilliant blushes decked her face;—how much of woman's beauty depends upon her mind;—rarely do we see the gay boon of loveliness tarry with her whose hopes are withered, or whose affections are slighted; soon the roses that gave beauty to her cheek, the glances which cast brightness around, vanish when the heart is sad beneath, as if they scorned to waste their treasures in a joyless sphere. Ada was now all gayety and beauty. The rosy hue which dyed her face, deepened in delightful variety, from the delicate hue of the ripening peach, to a crimson, rich enough to rival the colour of her pouting lips—her dark eyes sometimes threw their radiance around—sometimes sank half-concealed, beneath the long silken fringes of her eye-lids; but, while her eyes and blushes were thus in play, her tongue, gentle reader, did its duty too, and exerted itself in a thousand playful caprices, which would have been unheeded, if unaccompanied by the blushes, smiles and glances, which we have endeavoured to describe. It seemed scarcely a moment to Alfred, before the handsome china-equipage was washed by her fair hands, and arranged in proper order for being conveyed to the beaufet.

"Will you not show me your garden, Ada?" asked he.

"Yes—yes—as soon as I have given orders for dinner; that done, I am ready to attend you."

"Oh, leave that to somebody else for to-day—do, Ada—you are as much a housekeeper, as if you were forty years of age."

"Thank you for the compliment; I confess I pride myself a little on my knowledge in that way."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Alfred, laughing; "I was not aware that you did so, and should certainly never have inquired, if you possessed it."

"No! no! you are full of raptures at the

charms of poetry and painting, music and botany—is it not so?"

"You are right;—you are right."

"But, suppose you are going to purchase a garden, and that you could have but one;—you are conducted to two. The first is adorned with flowers of every tint—Tulips, that might have graced the 'Turkish Feast—Forget-Me-Not's', such as ancient legends tell us that a chivalrous youth used to procure for his mistress. Narcissus—fairer than those into which he who loved himself so well, was transformed—in short, all that could regale the sense are there. From thence, you are led to another, where those gems of the earth are few and far between, but where the vigorous cabbage, the cold lettuce, the homely potatoe!"

"Stay! stay! that's enough!—that's quite enough!"

"Well, sir, now for your choice—say which shall it be—The gay parterre, or the cabbage-garden?"

"Oh, the cabbage-garden, by all means!"

"Then choose a wife by the same rule. Let there be flowers of wit and literature to garnish her conversation, if you will; but let the more lasting evergreens of economy, good order and prudence prevail, that, when the Spring and Summer are fled, or, in other words, when youth and beauty are gone, she may have wherewithal to render the winter of her years valuable."

"I must write that to my father, Ada."

"Oh, he says you are an idle fellow!"

"Never, until you made me so."

"Is that your excuse?—Well, you shall not say so any longer; here, take this knife, and prune those shrubs for me;" and she pointed to some at the end of the shrubbery.

"What, alone?"

"No; I will rejoin you as soon as I have seen that my father wants for nothing, and exerted a few of those qualifications which your exalted notions led you to overlook, in your search for a wife."

Alfred sauntered to the shrubbery, but was very far from occupying himself wholly with his pruning-knife. The appearance of the Indian, as related by Ada, and the figure he had himself seen, raised uneasy suspicions in his mind. He naturally deemed the lonely dwelling at Ensdale unsafe for Mr. Mowbray's family to inhabit; and the want of confidence between the father and daughter, on the subject of their fears, he judged more injurious to their health and happiness, than the full disclosure of any circumstance, however distressing in its nature, could possibly have been. The instant he was made acquainted with the misfortunes which threw so dark a shade over the family with whom he hoped to be more intimately connected, he resolved, if possible, to banish all mystery, and endeavour, by mutual sympathy and unreserve, to lessen, if not destroy, the sorrow which threatened to overwhelm them. While thus he pondered, Ada appeared at the little gate which opened from the paling, that bounded the flower-garden, beneath the front windows of the mansion; she drew her calash over her face, to shield it from the rays of the sun, and tripped towards him; soon he perceived her make a full stop, and fix her eyes upon a part of the shrub-

bery nearer the house. Ada, in truth, gazed with fear and wonder; for, amidst the trees, she beheld the form of the Indian chief. The supplicating attitude which he assumed, as for an instant he paused beneath their shade, partly disarmed her terror; but again the strange, indefinable tone met her ear—"Ada, I entreat you to hear me," he uttered; and she flew towards Alfred.

"Nay, then, I will be heard," repeated the savage, springing forward, and grasping her arm. A loud piercing shriek from the affrighted girl's lips, brought Alfred to her side; one second more, and the Indian and he grappled, as if in mortal combat: now, Alfred appeared to gain the mastery; but his form was no match, in point of strength, for that of his opponent. Ada rent the air with her shrieks, while the short and desperate struggle lasted. Alfred was dashed to the earth. "Mercy! mercy!" articulated Ada, as she beheld the Indian place his hand in his bosom, imagining that he was about to draw forth some deadly weapon, while her horror was increased by the appearance of another of the Red Men. It was the work of a moment, for Alfred to spring upon his feet, and receive the pruning-knife, which had fallen, during the contest, from Ada's hand. The quick eye of the Indian observed the action; with a tiger's strength, he rushed upon the youth, but soon staggered back, the blade sticking in his side. Mr. Mowbray, and the remainder of the household, now reached the lawn; but Ada was unconscious of aught save the wounded savage, who drew from his bosom a long tress of hair, with an embroidered but faded blue ribbon.

"From whom did you obtain that?" she asked, in a gasping voice.

"From your own hands, most worthy daughter of the White Man. Take it," he continued, as he drew forth the weapon which had pierced him, and the crimson torrent followed; but heedless of pain and weakness, he pressed the tress to the gory wound, and flung it at her feet. "Take it, gentle lady; it will be a glorious trophy now, dyed as it is in a brother's blood!"

"Oh! what means all this?—Father, father," she cried, addressing the trembling invalid, who had with fainting steps approached the fatal spot, and now supported by the black and the female domestics, looked with silent despair upon the scene: "Is not my brother dead?—Oh! what fiend is this, that usurps his voice, and purloins my parting gift to him?—Ay! lie there!" she continued, pointing to the stained and sullied tress, "the bosom in which thou wast cherished, lies cold beneath the sod!"

"Oh, would it did!" groaned the agonized parent—"would it did! but, no! it has been borne upon one which is an alien to the ties of blood, and cold to the claims of kindred!"

"Ties of blood and kindred! Ay! my white brethren cheat themselves with sounds like these. They might have deluded me; but now, to the winds, I bequeath them. Farewell! my gentle sister!—Your kind reception has sent me to make my home forever beneath the leafy covering of the forest. Radensah," continued he, turning to his companion, who stood in apparent apathy near him: "Radensah, summon our friends!" Radensah gave a low whistle,

and was answered by a yell, from various parts of the valley. The Indians issued from their places of concealment, and encircled the Renegade. Radensah pointed to his wound—silently four of the party raised him. "Farewell!" he exclaimed; "farewell! the Red Man's home shall now be mine forever!" Slowly the savage band retired, neither evincing surprise or concern at the disaster of their companion, and totally unheeding the afflicted party on the lawn. As little did they regard the entreaties of Ada, who followed after them, beseeching her brother to pause but for a moment; but onward still they went their way, and she sank upon the earth in agony.



## THE OLD MAID'S LEGACY.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

OLD maids, at times, have singular notions of metaphysics, and why should they not; since the remark is equally applicable to some able professors, who receive large salaries to declaim in colleges.

Penelope Singleton early imbibed the idea that there was no family as free from alloy as the Singletons on this side of the Atlantic. There was not a tradesman or a mechanic to be found even among the most distant branches of the genealogical tree. All the Singletons were either gentlemen or ladies;—born to consume, not to produce. Ornamental, but not useful. Panoplied with these notions, Miss Penelope was unapproached, and unapproachable.

Her brother, Reginald Singleton, of Singleton Hall, was the magnus Apollo of the family. Every family has its magnus Apollo. There is a white bird in all flocks, no matter how black the rest may be. Reginald had been a colonel in the militia, before it was customary to appear on parade armed with corn-stocks and broomsticks, and as he had been called colonel time out of mind, it was generally believed that he had served under Washington. This opinion he deemed it unnecessary to rectify, and whenever the question was too closely pressed, he would evade it, by saying, "it was unpleasant to talk about the services he had rendered his country." Like the rest of the family, the colonel was a great stickler for gentility, and that he might maintain his pretensions to the last, he died one day with a fit of the gout in his stomach. There needs no other proof that he was a gentleman; for as Galen sagely remarks, the gout is the most aristocratic of all diseases, and Galen was tolerable authority before panaceas and catholicons came in fashion.

The colonel, like non-productives generally, died involved. He had made a nice calculation that Singleton Hall would supply his wants for a certain number of years, and when that time elapsed, the accuracy of his arithmetic was fully tested. The colonel died, having spent his last dollar, and his property was found to be mortgaged for its full value. It requires talents of no ordinary grade to make a calculation of this description; for if he had accidentally slipped a figure, and the gout in his stomach had not come to his relief at

the precise moment his resources had left him, it is no difficult matter to conceive how the colonel would have been astonished. It is the lot of many to play their part through life with credit, but few have the knack to time a happy exit, and that to the ambitious is all important, for we are remembered only as we were when we died, and not as when we lived.

The colonel, besides a host of creditors, left two daughters to mourn his loss. The elder, whose name was Isabel, was about twenty, and her sister Mary two years younger. They were both lovely girls, though the elder had been partially deprived of reason for several years. The girls at the time of our story resided in Singleton Hall, a splendid mansion on the banks of the Delaware, without any other means of support than the interest of what their father owed. Many live in a similar manner and keep their coaches.

The time having arrived when aunt Penelope felt that she was about to be gathered to her fathers, she prepared to set her house in order; and though she had herself done but little to perpetuate the Singleton family, she imagined that the world would come to an end, should it become extinct. What would after ages do without them! No; Mary must be married "to give the world assurance of a man." But who was worthy to receive the hand of the sole heir of all the pride of the Singletons! No one but a Singleton! Fortunately Mary had a cousin Arthur, a lieutenant in the navy, otherwise her worthy aunt would have condemned her to the Malthusian life she had led herself.

Arthur was fixed upon for this important duty. But he was at sea, and as the young couple had not seen each other for four years, possibly in this world of disappointments something might occur to thwart her latest wishes. Accordingly, she framed her will in such a way as she imagined would bring about what she most desired. If there was any thing on earth to be relied upon, it was the generosity of the Singletons. There was not a selfish bone in the body of one of them. Taking this position for granted, she bequeathed all her fortune to Arthur and Mary, but the one who should first refuse to accept the other in marriage should be entitled to the whole legacy. This was working by the rule of contraries, but then she knew that neither would be so selfish as to refuse for the purpose of enriching himself.

There was a certain Mr. Jenkins living in the vicinity of Singleton Hall. Joseph Jenkins, a cotton spinner, who was as full of motion and bustle as one of his own jennies. He belonged to that class of men who appear to have been sent into the world for no other purpose than to spin cotton and make money. He possessed the charm of Midas, and he cared not a rush for high tariff or low tariff, for whatever he touched was converted into gold. Your undistinguished Joseph Jenkins is the right fellow to travel prosperously through this dirty world. Your high sounding Mortimers and Fitzhughs, too frequently sink dejected by the way-side; but who ever heard of a Jenkins, Smith or Jones sticking in the mire. And if such an accident should chance to befall them, they have the consolation of not being identified in the myriads of the same cognomen, and shortly you see them brushing the

dirt from their heels, and travelling on as spruce and impudently as ever. The name of Jones or Smith is about as convenient an inheritance as a man's godfather can bestow upon him.

Joseph Jenkins was a good fellow in the main. He was as industrious as a brewer's horse, and at the same time as liberal as a prince. Colonel Singleton was charmed with his company, for Jenkins lent him money freely, without examining too closely into the security, and the cotton spinner was equally charmed with the company of the colonel, as it afforded him frequent opportunities of seeing the fair face of Mary. And many a long yarn he spun with her, until she began to look upon him with much favour in spite of his plebeian calling.

Our voracious history commences in the month of May, in the year 18—. The colonel and his sister Penelope had resolved themselves into their primitive elements, and notwithstanding the large space they had occupied in their passage through this world, they now remained perfectly quiet in a very narrow compass, and in spite of their pride, their possessions were upon an equality with the meanest of their neighbours. Death is your only true radical; he reduces all to the same level; a heap of ashes;—nothing more! We occasionally meet with men, loth to believe this fact, though solemnly proclaimed every Sabbath from the pulpit.

It was the smiling month of May; the fields had put on their livery of green; the blue birds were singing on the budding trees, and old Delaware rolled as freely and as majestically as though he had never been subject to ice-bound fetters. Phœbus was spurring his fiery footed steeds over the Jersey hills, with such speed, as though he had over slept his time in the rosy arms of Tethys—or, in common parlance, it was about two hours after sun rise, when a gallant, well mounted, and gay as a bird in spring, rode up to the lofty piazza in front of Singleton Hall. He dismounted, deliberately fastened his fine bay hackney to a post, there planted for the purpose, set his dress in order, and then knocked at the door, with an air that spoke, as plainly as a knock could speak, that he was confident of receiving a cordial welcome. Having waited some time and no one appearing, he repeated the knock, rather impatiently, when an old negro man unlocked the door, opened it, and stood in the door-way. He was dressed in a drab frock-coat, of the fashion of that described in the celebrated ballad of Old Grimes; the cuffs and collar of which were of tarnished scarlet, as an evidence that he belonged to a family of distinction. There is nothing like your negro in livery for settling the true caste of a family, from Maine to Georgia.

"Good morning, Cato; charming morning this," said the gentleman, as the old black stood in the door-way.

"Fine day, Massa Jenkins," replied Cato for the new comer was no other than the veritable Joseph Jenkins, of cotton spinning celebrity.

"Is your Mistress stirring yet, Cato?"

"Yes, sar. She rises with the lark, every morning, sar. We study to preserve our health at Singleton Hall, sar."

"That's right, Cato. There is no wealth like health. The sun seldom catches me with my night-cap on. We were not born to sleep out

our existence. Now, Cato, announce my arrival to Miss Singleton, for I must be at the factory again in a couple of hours. Business, business, you know, must be attended to. Eh! Cato."

"Yes, sar. And you had better lose no time, sar, for you cannot see my young mistress, sar."

"Cannot see her!" exclaimed Jenkins, "I, her friend, lover—almost husband! to be denied an interview! Come, come, old ebony, you are jesting."

"No joke, sar. Miss Mary charged me to give you your dismissal in as polite a manner as possible."

"My dismissal!" exclaimed Jenkins, starting like a young tragedian in the ghostscene in Hamlet—"My dismissal!"

"Yes, sar: no joke, sar," continued Cato, with philosophic phlegm, "as you will perceive by this letter, written by Miss Singleton's own little white hand. We do every thing according to etiquette at Singleton Hall, sar."

Cato handed Jenkins a letter, at the same time slightly bending his erect body, and shaking his curly gray head, which he considered the only legitimate aristocratical bow, being modelled upon that of his master, the colonel. Jenkins received the letter, and with some agitation breaking the seal, read as follows:

MY DEAR JENKINS,—

Circumstances that it is impossible for me to explain to-day, compel me to postpone our union for the present, and perhaps for ever. If I have any influence over you, pray suspend your visits at Singleton Hall, until such time as I may deem it prudent to recall you.

MARY SINGLETON.

"It is plain; plain as noon-day!" ejaculated Jenkins.

"Very true, sar. Nothing could be plainer," responded Cato, bowing. "There is no mistake at Singleton Hall, sar."

"Here is a pretty piece of caprice! It was but yesterday she partook of all my joy, and now—no matter! Let those explain woman who can; for my part, I would sooner attempt to unravel the riddle of the Sphinx, or find out the philosopher's stone."

"It would be an easier task, sar," replied Cato. "I am now sixty, and never attempted to unravel a woman in my life: and strange to say, the older I grow, the less am I inclined to undertake it."

Jenkins heard nothing of the interruption of Cato, for his mind was engrossed with reflections which arose in too rapid succession even to give them utterance. What was it had created this sudden revolution in his matrimonial prospects? Had family pride, which, according to his notions, was "vox et preterea nihil," made his bank stock, spinning-jennies, cotton stuff, and rail-road scrip kick the beam? Had she taken a sudden dislike to his person?—or had some one made a more advantageous offer? Had he been slandered?—or had he done any thing to offend her delicacy? Various queries of this kind arose in the mind of Mr. Jenkins, not one of which could he answer satisfactorily; but on one point he was

perfectly satisfied, and that was that he had been very shabbily treated, for it occurred to Mr. Jenkins that he had already lent more money on Singleton Hall, than he ever expected to see again, and its inmates had for years past, in all cases of emergency, first applied to him for advice, and never failed to receive assistance. Such reflections, in a moment of irritation, might have occurred to a less matter of fact mind than that of Mr. Jenkins, and the obligation might have been cancelled by giving them utterance; for it is somewhere laid down, that as soon as you advert to a favour conferred you deserve to be repaid with ingratitude—a cheap and common mode, by the way, of repaying an obligation—but Mr. Jenkins did nothing of the kind; he kept his thoughts between his teeth, walked silently and deliberately to the post where he had hitched his horse, mounted, and retraced his steps at a brisk canter.

"Good morning, sar, and a pleasant ride to you," exclaimed Cato, bowing; but Mr. Jenkins returned no answer, and Cato entered the house and closed the door.

Miss Mary Singleton had witnessed the foregoing interview from the parlour window and though she had overheard nothing she had seen enough to convince her that her lover had departed in a less pleasant humour than he approached the house. She arose from the breakfast table as Cato entered.

"Well Cato, has Mr. Jenkins gone?"

"Yes, Miss, as fast as his horse can carry him; and a very fine horse dat too of Mr. Jenkins—good bit of flesh for a factory man to ride, but not to be compared to old master's Nicodemus. Han't got the blood no how."

"I hope you acquitted yourself of your message with all delicacy."

"O, certainly, Miss—old Cato never loses sight of the family dignity, no how. But my politeness was thrown away. Massa Jenkins has gone off in a furious passion. Only see how he puts the spur to his nag. Hard life that, to be a factory man's hackney."

Miss Singleton looked out of the window, and beheld her lover riding along the avenue as if he had studied the art of horsemanship in the school of the celebrated John Gilpin.

"Poor fellow!" she sighed, "he loves me very much!"

"Never saw a man so much in love in all my life," responded Cato.

"Ah! Why do you imagine so?"

"Thing's very plain, missus. Only see how he rides. Your true lover always goes ahead as if old Nick were driving him."

The young lady, perfectly satisfied with the conclusion of Cato, withdrew, while the old man continued watching the progress of the manufacturer, inwardly congratulating himself upon the diplomatic manner in which he had upheld the dignity of the Singleton family. Indeed, since the death of his master, he began to look upon himself as one of the Corinthian pillars of the ancient house—in fact the only one to sustain the magnificent ruin.

Old Cato's meditations were interrupted by a handsome vehicle dashing along the avenue, which drove up to the house and stopped at the door. A handsome young fellow, dressed in a

naval uniform, alighted and rang at the bell. Cato immediately recognised in the new comer, Arthur Singleton, and hastened to receive him in due form; but before opening the door, he was heard crying out, "John, William, Thomas!" but neither of these imaginary personages making his appearance, after growling at their negligence he opened the door, and with an air of importance, proceeded to ring a bell, which extended to the back buildings.

"Never mind disturbing yourself, old man," said Arthur, "my servant can attend to the horses."

"These fellows, sar, are always out the way, since the death of the colonel. But they shall all be discharged. Useless *varment*! And you shall not see one of them under this roof to night." He could make that assertion in safety.

"Come, come, be pacified, and don't make so much disturbance on my account."

"For whom should I make it, if not for Captain Singleton?"

"So you know me, it seems, old fellow."

"Yes, sar. You are the only son of Marquess Singleton, who was the brother of my old master the colonel, peace to his remainders, who married a Howard of Howard Park in Virginny, whose mother was a Talbot, whose grandmother was a Calvert,"—

"Stop, stop, Cato, why you are a living record; and the genealogical tree, though long since reduced to ashes, is still green in your memory."

"Ah! sar, these matters are too important to be forgotten; and we who belong to good families should set a proper value on our birthright, even when there's nothing else remaining."

"And are you also tainted with family pride, old lad?"

"Yes, sar," replied the old black, standing more erect, "thank heaven, I can boast that the Catos have been born and bred in the Singleton family for two centuries. No low black puddle in these veins. My great grandfather was old Cudjo, who married Quashee, whose father was a king in Guinea. Their eldest son was Sambo, famous in his day for playing on the banjo. Sambo he married Phillis, then come the first Cato——"

"I will hear the remainder when I am more at leisure, so show me into the parlour, and announce my arrival."

Cato, with many bows, ushered the young officer into the parlour, then returned to the piazza, and again rang lustily at the bell; but no one appearing, he called over the roll of imaginary servants, and then showed the coachman the way to the stable, all the time muttering at the want of attention on the part of the "useless *varment*."

Mary Singleton, upon whom the care of the family had almost exclusively devolved, in consequence of the mental aberration of her sister, was of a tall and stately figure, though agile as a sylph in her movements. Her eyes and luxuriant hair were jet black, and her beautiful and delicate features, had an expression of masculine firmness, that denoted more decision of character than might have been expected from so fragile and lovely a being, educated in seclusion. Still this very seclusion may have produced the results

referred to, as from her childhood she had been taught to respect herself, and to believe that her family occupied a large space in the public eye. When opinions of this kind have taken root, even the harshest collision with the world proves insufficient to dissipate the delusion. No one can patiently bear even a sprig to be taken from the tree of his self-esteem. It germinates in childhood, and too frequently in our progress through this world, we find that it is all that the world has left us. Well, let the world take all but that, for it is heaven's own legacy—a green spot in the desert.

Arthur had examined the pictures, with which the room was decorated, over and over again, with the eye of a connoisseur, not that he had a taste for the arts, but for the lack of something to do, when his fair cousin Mary entered; her cheeks were flushed, and her manners somewhat embarrassed, as she said,

"A thousand pardons, cousin Arthur, for having made you wait!"

"Nay, cousin, I should rather ask to be excused, as I arrive a day sooner than my letter announced. But my impatience was natural, and now I have seen you, I regret we had not met earlier."

This compliment only tended to increase the embarrassment of Miss Singleton, which doubtless will appear very strange to my fair reader; but it should be borne in mind that my heroine was born and educated in the country. Arthur, who had not the gift of ornamental flourish in conversation, proceeded, it must be allowed, not in the most diplomatic manner, to explain the object of his visit.

"Cousin, you are aware we are destined for each other. Under these circumstances it is natural on our first interview to feel some embarrassment, but I beseech you to banish all restraint with me. Speak frankly, and act frankly."

Miss Singleton making no reply, Arthur continued—

"As for myself, I acknowledge without hesitation that I find you even more lovely than I anticipated; and faith, coz, I expected much too, for well I remembered what a little sylph you were when we were play-fellows. I have thought of you many a time, when the ocean rolled between us, and taxed my imagination to present me with the full development of your early promise."

"And are you not disappointed, Arthur?" demanded Mary, in a tone that denoted any thing but satisfaction at the favourable impression she had produced. This may appear strange, but still not the less true.

"Disappointed!—I am but too happy that our names have been joined together in the last will of our aunt, and for myself I will undertake that there should be no lapse of the legacy."

"You increase my embarrassment. I know not how to answer."

"Come, come, I am not that coxcomb to imagine that my merit on a first interview could make as favourable an impression as your's has done. But to-morrow—"

"To-morrow! Shall I discover all your merit in twenty-four hours!" replied Mary, archly.



"Really, cousin, you must acknowledge the term is rather short for such a labour."

"Not to an apt scholar, Mary, with a good preceptor. But there's a clause in the will which forbids my giving you longer time. To-morrow we must demand each other's answer, and I forewarn you that you will obtain no delay; for it would be dangerous for me to prolong my stay near you, when with a single word you can destroy all my hopes."

"Pray be seated, and explain."

"The will in question is one of the strangest acts that can be imagined, even in an age resolved to be astonished at nothing. Our aunt has laid down two principles as incontestible truths; the first, that you are the most accomplished woman on this side of the Atlantic, and that the possessor of your hand will be the the happiest creature in christendom."

"The jest pleases me. Pray go on."

"On the first point I confess I am entirely of her opinion, but as to the second—"

"Well, well—why hesitate? Let us hear the second."

"Pardon my confusion—she pretends that I am exactly such a man as you are a woman."

"It appears that she had not a bad opinion of the family," replied Mary, laughing.

"O, she was a woman of discernment, coz, and notwithstanding her modesty, out of respect to her memory we must admit that she was right. So these two principles being taken for granted—"

"It is easy to foresee the consequences."

"Plain as noonday," continued Arthur. "We are absolutely formed for each other—there is no escape for either, and in marrying we shall make a match of both convenience and inclination."

"And have we but twenty-four-hours to make up our minds?" demanded Miss Singleton.

"That's all. The will is positive."

"It appears, notwithstanding the perfection which our aunt supposed us to be possessed of, that she did not believe us capable of standing a very long examination."

"She rather presumed an examination to be altogether unnecessary. But this is not all; she has taken other means to insure our union. She leaves all her fortune between us, in case we fulfil her wishes, but, on the contrary, should one be refused by the other—"

"She leaves that one all, no doubt, as a consolation," exclaimed Miss Singleton. "Cousin, I have a great mind to make you rich. What say you?"

"Make me rich! How!—by rejecting me?"

"Certainly. True, you will lose the most accomplished woman on this side the Atlantic; but then you will receive a handsome fortune, without the incumbrance of a wife."

"Zounds! Have a care or you will ruin me," exclaimed the young sailor. "The better to insure the success of her plan, she makes that one her sole legatee who shall first refuse the other."

"Ah! that alters the case. I cannot reject you on those terms, Arthur."

"And she forbids all kind of collusion on the penalty of the estate passing to distant relations."

They were interrupted by an exclamation at the door:—"I tell you I will go in. It is useless. I will see him again; I will." Isabel entered the apartment with a hurried step. Her long auburn hair was straying in confusion, her gentle and lovely countenance was animated and suffused with blushes, and an unnatural wildness kindled in her deep blue eyes. Her sylph-like form would have served as a model for a poet when he peoples his ideal world with all that is delicate and beautiful, and her gentle mind might be likened to the æolian harp, that discourses most eloquent music when wooed by the summer breeze, but the first rude blast jars every string, and turns all the harmony to discord.

Isabel, looking around wildly, continued:—"I wished—I came—I know not now why I came—but there was something! Assist me sister. I tremble and I blush as when you sometimes scold me. But for all that you are very good to me, sister, very good. Ah! hide me! I'm afraid"—she concealed her face in Mary's bosom.

"Recover yourself, dear Isabel," said Mary, and turning to Arthur, continued, "You see, cousin, the situation of this poor unfortunate."

"I am distressed that my presence has caused this apprehension," he replied, and at the sound of his voice Isabel raised her head, but did not turn her face towards him.

"Mary, I believe he spoke to me. Did he not speak?"

"He did."

"O! how sweet his voice is! I remember that voice."

"My presence, I fear, offends her; I had better retire."

Isabel turned to him, her face illuminated with smiles, and exclaimed hurriedly—

"O! no, no, no! Do not leave us. Stay stay." She paused, and looked at him intently—"Ah! I have it. Stay—Arthur."

"You have not forgot my name, then?"

"I just this moment recollected it. Arthur?—Arthur!" she repeated, and laughed. "Is it not strange I had forgotten it! When I spoke of you to my sister, and said '*he*,' he loved me much, *he* was very good to me, she always asked me what *he*? She could not understand me. Nevertheless it was very clear. *He*—that meant Arthur. And you have not forgotten my name, I hope?"

"Dear Isabel!"

"Right, that is my name. I knew you would not forget it. But years ago you used to call me your little Bell. We were children then. Still call me so, and I shall feel like a happy child again."

"My gentle little Bell."

"That's it. The same gentle tone. It has rung in my ears since we parted. I always hear it at night, but never in the day time. But, Arthur—you see I do not forget—I have two names now; they have given me another since I last saw you, and a very terrible one it is. Whenever I go to the village, the little children follow me, and point their fingers at me, crying 'the silly girl, there goes the 'silly girl.' My sister is very good to me—very—she always calls me Isabel; and you too, Arthur—you see—will you not call me Isabel?"

"I will call you my little Bell, as in the days of our childhood."

"Do, O! do! and then I shall dream of the green fields and the flowers, and shall hear the gay birds sing again as sweetly as they sang in our childhood. It is strange that the birds no longer sing as blithely as they used to."

The major domo of Singleton Hall, old Cato, now entered, and with many bows announced that Arthur's chamber was now ready for him. That the room assigned to him was that in which Lafayette had slept the night after the battle of Brandywine, which would account for the furniture being somewhat antiquated, as, for the honour of the family, nothing had been changed since that memorable epoch.

"That's well, Cato," replied Arthur, "a seaman is not difficult to please. Give him but sea room and a hammock, and he is satisfied."

"Then, sar," continued Cato, "there is a fine view of the river, the green meadows, and a garden of flowers under your window."

"A fine view, and a garden of flowers! nothing more is wanting. I love flowers."

"Farewell, sister. Good-by, Arthur," exclaimed Isabel, gaily; and was about hurrying out of the room.

"Where are you going, child?"

Isabel approached her sister, and said, with a mysterious air—"I will return presently; but do not betray me. Say nothing to any one. It is a secret. Good-by, Arthur." She raised her finger to Mary, as if she would impose secrecy, and ran smiling out of the room.

"Where is she going in such haste?"

"I know not," replied Miss Singleton. "Some idea has struck her, but the light of reason no sooner breaks upon her than she becomes crazed again. Your pardon, cousin, you are fatigued. Cato, conduct Lieutenant Singleton to his chamber."

She was about to retire, and Arthur handed her to the door of the apartment. Old Cato placed his fore-finger beside his ebony proboscis, and thus gave vent to his cogitations:—

"Well, all goes right. The captain will carry the day. I was half afraid of that cotton spinning Massa Jenkins; but O! these women! An officer's coat, with a handsome man in it, is a good excuse for changing her mind."

Arthur returned, and clapping the old philosopher on the shoulder, awakened him from his reverie, and said,

"Well, Cato, you have not shown me the Lafayette chamber."

"Pardon me, captain. I wait on you. This way, this way, sar," and he showed him out with all the ceremony of the grand chamberlain of the court of France, or any other court where flummery is in fashion.

Colonel Singleton had been twice married; Isabel was the daughter of the first wife, and Mary of her successor. There exists a vulgar prejudice against step mothers; and the conduct of the colonel's helpmate towards Isabel, did not form an exception to the prevalent opinion. She was a haughty, selfish woman, and ambitious that all the honours and wealth of the family should descend to her own daughter, to the exclusion of Isabel; and when she heard that aunt Penelope purposed making her nephew Ar-

thur, and the colonel's eldest daughter her heirs, she determined that her own child's name should be inserted in the will, in the place of that of her sister; and what cannot woman accomplish when she devotes all her energies to one object.

Isabel's life became one series of annoyance; her step-mother's dislike was manifested on all occasions, and finally the poor girl perceived that even the affection of her father was in some degree alienated from her. In order to make "assurance double sure," her step-mother proposed that she should be married to a penurious old man, who, attracted by her beauty, had solicited her hand, and the colonel was tempted by the proposal, as the suitor was wealthy, which encouraged his helpmate to press the matter zealously, and at the same time enabled her to cloak her sinister motives. Persuasion failing, force was threatened, and the poor girl whose mind had been enfeebled by a series of persecutions, finding herself about to be consigned to the arms of an old man she despised, fell into convulsions, from which she narrowly escaped with life; and when she was restored to health her tears ceased to flow; her countenance was changed; and the vacant glare of the eye denoted an alienated mind. About a year after this event, death issued his summons for her step-mother; but in the mean time aunt Penelope had made her will, as already recited.

Early in the morning, following the arrival of Arthur, Isabel was alone in the parlour, arranging a beautiful bouquet of spring flowers. She performed her task with an air of caution, as if she wished to avoid being detected, and her blushing countenance was illuminated by a smile of satisfaction. When her task was completed, she murmured as she stood gazing at it, "I love flowers—those were his words. This will afford him pleasure, and I shall be very happy." Arthur entered the apartment without perceiving her—she ran to him and said.

"Arthur—yes, it is you. I knew your step."

"Isabel!—what, here alone!"

"Alone! oh, no; you are here!" she replied, placing her hand upon her heart.

"My charming cousin."

"And you—have you thought about poor Isabel, since we parted last evening?"

"Have I thought of you? Indeed have I, incessantly."

"I am glad of that. I have thought of you until I dreamt that you had returned. Tell me, you have been far distant, and have at length returned."

"Yes, Isabel."

"Heavens! If she should also return!"

"Whom do you mean?"

"My mother. Hark! do you not hear her." she exclaimed wildly. "She comes—that is her voice!—there—there! Ah! she threatens me." She clasped her hands in an imploring attitude. "Mother, mercy, mercy, I beseech you. Do not force me,—I cannot marry him. My heart's another's. Ah! approach me not," she continued with increased violence. "I cannot, will not—death sooner." She recoiled and threw herself, trembling, into the arms of her cousin.

"Dear Isabel, recover yourself."

"Where am I! Who calls me, in that kind and gentle voice! Ah—is it you, Arthur, is it

you! What has happened? How I burn here," she added, touching her forehead.

"You suffer."

"O, no;" she replied in a voice of tenderness, and smiling fondly on him, "O, no!—I have seen you once again, and that repays me for all. But who was it told me you had gone away—forsaken me. It is not true, is it? You would not give me pain. You love me too much for that, Arthur?"

"Indeed do I."

"Take care," she continued with an air of mystery, "if you deceive me, I shall soon discover it." She ran smiling to the vase of flowers, and taking one of them, carefully stripped it of its leaves, one by one. "You remember this is the way I tested your love in our childhood."

They were interrupted by Mary, who now entered the parlour, followed by old Cato, who stood erect at the door. She spoke to him as they entered—

"It is well, Cato; if he returns, let me know. Fortunately he has gone without seeing Arthur," she added, in a low tone.

The bustling Mr. Joseph Jenkins, early as it was, had already been at Singleton Hall, and this time he determined to have an interview with his dulcinea, for Joseph was as systematic in his love affairs as he was in business, and he succeeded. The interview was a brief one, and abruptly terminated in the cotton spinner leaping on his hackney in a huff, and starting off at a brisk trot, after bidding a hasty and cold adieu to his mistress. Cato withdrew.

"Good morning cousin. How do you like Singleton Hall?" said Mary.

"It is a charming spot, and its inmates render it more so. I have been conversing with Isabel. What a strange existence. So young, so beautiful, and for ever deprived of reason. But let us quit so painful a subject. I thank you Miss, for the delicate attention you have paid me."

"How! in what manner?"

"I yesterday by chance, spoke of my taste for flowers, and I find the parlour decorated with them."

"No, cousin, it is not to me, but doubtless to old Cato, that you are indebted for this attention."

"At all events, allow me to present you this," he said, selecting a bouquet, and presenting it to Mary. Isabel, who watched him in silence, darted forward and snatched the flowers from her sister, saying,

"That must not be. That bouquet is for me, me only. It was I who gathered them,"

"You!" exclaimed Arthur.

"Yes. Why should that astonish you. I heard you say that you loved flowers, and I remember a little flaxen headed boy who used to gather the wild flowers in the meadows with me; he loved them much, and he loved me also."

"It was for me then. Pardon me, Isabel, I will repair the wrong." He took the bouquet and presented it to her; she received it with a smile, and pressed it to her heart, saying, "Now it shall never leave me, but wither and fade there."

"Truly, dear Arthur, you work miracles," said

Mary. "Since your arrival she seems at times to have some recollection."

"Ah! look at her now. She has again fallen into the reverie from which she escaped for a moment." Isabel stood motionless, her eyes fixed on the ground. Cato entered, and said to Miss Singleton in an under tone,

"Massa Jenkins come back again Missus."

"Tell him I will see him presently." She apologized to Arthur for abruptly leaving him, and went out of the room with the old servant.

"I am glad they are gone," said Isabel, "We can now talk together. Tell me, Arthur, what were we speaking of, when my sister interrupted us. Help me to recall my thoughts. How terrible it is to forget, and to know that one forgets."

"Dear Isabel, do not dwell on this subject, it injures you much."

"It has injured me; it injures me still. It was of my step-mother we were speaking."

"You have been very unhappy in my absence, have you not?"

"O, yes; for I was fearful. But that is over; you have returned, and my fears are gone. You will defend me, will you not?"

"Certainly, I will protect you, and be ever near you."

"How you encourage me! My good sister also often strove to encourage me, but she did not succeed so well. Your presence, your looks, the tone of your voice inspire me with confidence. Speak, speak, I love to hear you speak."

"Dear Isabel, listen to me. Let us try to reason together."

"O yes, yes, let us reason," she exclaimed, laughing and rubbing her hands.

"There is one thing I must premise, and that is, if you relapse into your terrors, I shall believe that you don't love me."

"O, don't believe any such thing. I no longer fear, and as a proof of it, I am now thinking of my step-mother, speaking of her, and scarcely tremble."

"Since that is the case, let us dwell on the subject, and you shall see that it will cease to alarm you. It is long since you beheld her!"

"I have not forgot that. One day she slept so profoundly that they could not awaken her. Her face was as pale as the vestments in which they wrapped her, and they bore her to the church and sung a long time around her, but she still slept. My sister Mary wept much, and I also wept, because she grieved. Then they clothed me all in black, and since that time I have been very happy, except when she comes back to threaten me."

"But she will never threaten you again."

"Ah! do you believe so?"

"I am sure of it."

"If you are sure, then I am satisfied. What a weight you have taken from my mind. I am now tranquil; breathe freely, and it is to you that I owe this happiness: How I love you!"

"Dear Isabel!"

"But if you should again leave me?"

"Be composed. I am coming, perhaps to remain here always—to marry your sister."

"Marry, marry my sister! Then who will marry me?" she said dejectedly, and her mind

suddenly fainted, as she continued, without recognizing him—

"You know not how constant I am. I was once to have been married formerly, to one of my cousins named Arthur—but this is a secret, which I have told to no one except yourself. We were both very young, and I loved him more than a brother, he was so good, so gentle and generous. How happy I was when he was near me. All the marvellous stories and old legends of the country, were related to me by him, and we had bright visions of the future. But alas! one day he was forced to leave us; he went on board his ship, and I saw him no more, but I have always thought of him—always."

"You saw him no more, Isabel? You do not recollect me, then?" demanded Arthur in a tone of increased interest.

"How! not recollect you," she replied with an air of gaiety, "Thou art Arthur; I recollected thee immediately."

"I have been unconsciously guilty; each word renders me more criminal still. Can you ever pardon me?"

"Pardon thee! Ah, yes! I always forgive when I am supplicated; it would be so cruel to refuse." She drew nigher to him, paused and gazed fondly in his face, as she added, "To prove I have n't forgot you, I will search for the ring you sent me from the sea side. I have preserved it carefully, and no person has seen it. Wait for me here, and I will return directly. Arthur, I love thee,—do not forget that I am your betrothed." She ran away smiling, and kissed her hand to him as she closed the door.

Our hero was as much perplexed as most heroes are when they get two women into their heads at the same time. He was amazed to discover that the silken web, that he had unconsciously woven in his boyhood, had been so closely intertwined with the thread of that fair creature's life, as to serve as a clue to lead her wandering mind even through the mazes of her madness; and was the sole idea to which she fondly clung in the general wreck and ruin. He was at a loss how to act; by marrying the one, he would disinherit the other: and by fulfilling the conditions of the will, he would for ever extinguish the returning spark of reason, in the mind of the delicate being so long and devotedly attached to him. At length, he resolved to ascertain the true state of Mary's fortune, and should it prove ample, he would reject her, and enrich her sister with his hand and aunt Penelope's legacy. Old Cato entered opportunely, to throw some light on the subject.

"My mistress begs you to excuse her absence, captain," said the old man, bowing, "she will be disengaged presently."

"Stand on no ceremony with me. Fine property this, old Cato?"

"Splendid estate: none better on the Delaware, sar."

"Still affords a very handsome living?"

"None better, sar. A fortune might be made from this farm; but the Singletons are above selling their produce,—consume all. Then there's bank stock, and loans, and mortgages—"

"Enough, I am satisfied; and with this assurance I can no longer hesitate not to marry your mistress."

"Not marry her, sar? Pardon me, captain, you misunderstand me," exclaimed the old servant, somewhat disconcerted.

"No, no, I understand you perfectly. Your mistress is at least in easy circumstances."

"Better than that, sar,—very rich. The greatest fortune in these parts." The old fellow knew this to be a lie; but felt satisfied that it ought to be true.

Mr. Joseph Jenkins happened to bustle into the parlour at this critical moment, and overhearing Cato's boastful speech, exclaimed,

"Rich! A great fortune! they deceive you, sir, she is ruined, totally ruined."

"Ruined, sir!" exclaimed Arthur.

"Will you be silent, sar! He don't know what he says, sar," exclaimed the old man in confusion.

"Examine for yourself, sir," continued Joseph Jenkins, producing papers. "Read these documents, and you will perceive that Singleton Place belongs to me. I am the master here."

Arthur cast his eyes over the papers and returned them saying, "It is true. I cannot recover from my surprise. Miss Singleton reduced to a state of poverty."

"If you longer doubt, behold the confusion of this old domestic," continued Jenkins. "That speaks more plainly than all my words."

"My poor cousin in distress!" sighed Arthur, "In that case I will marry her."

"How! you marry her! What the devil do you mean?" exclaimed Jenkins with increased restlessness.

"Go and inform your mistress, Cato, that I am ready to make her my wife this evening if she consents," said Arthur. The faithful old fellow's ebony visage, "creamed and mantled like a standing pool," and as he left the room, he was heard to ejaculate, "This now is just like a Singleton. Gem'man all over!" Jenkins, after making a few nervous circuits around the parlour, suddenly stopped, and said,

"How! marry her this evening! Do you intend to insult me, sir?"

"Insult you? I was not thinking about you at all."

"Not thinking about me! But you shall think about me. I will be thought about in this matter, sir; and I demand the motives of your conduct," replied Joseph testily.

"Indeed. But I am not in the habit of answering, when interrogated in so gentle a manner," replied the other, coolly.

"Then there may be a mode of making you speak," said Joseph, with increased irritation.

"Pray, name it."

"Pistols," exclaimed the cotton spinner.

"Precisely. That is a branch of my business, and I never neglect business."

"I like you the better for that," continued Jenkins. "I have a pair of bull dogs in the next room; I used to practise shooting at a mark with the old colonel. We can jump into a boat, and be on the Jersey shore in half an hour."

"That's unnecessary trouble. You are at home here, you know, and we can just step out behind the stable, and settle the affair quietly. We shall avoid both delay and trouble."

"Zounds! you are right again!" exclaimed Jenkins. "Do you know that you have risen

fifty per cent. in my esteem, and if I drill a hole through you, I shall grieve for you, and do the decent thing by your remains."

"You are very good."

"I give you my word and honour, sir."

"Thank you; but I shall endeavour to dispense with your grief."

"A spirited young fellow!" exclaimed Jenkins. "I begin to like him. A business man. I will go for the pistols, sir, and shall expect you behind the stable in five minutes."

Jenkins bustled out, and at the same instant Isabel rushed into the room, and threw her arms about the neck of her cousin, who was about to follow him, and exclaimed,

"Stay, stay, you shall not go. I know your fearful purpose; but you shall not leave me. I'll hang upon you."

"Unfortunate! would you drive me to dishonour?"

"Would you drive me to despair?"

"Isabel, you will see me again in five minutes."

"Yes, I shall see you again, as I saw my brother, perhaps, brought back, pale and covered with blood." She shrieked and fainted in his arms. We omitted to state in the proper place, that a son of Colonel Singleton had been killed in a duel, and that Isabel's aberration of mind was in some degree attributed to the shock received on the occasion. It is of importance to every family that one member, at least, should be killed in a duel, as that circumstance alone is sufficient to establish the courage and gentility of all the survivors.

The shriek brought Miss Singleton and her major domo into the parlour. Arthur consigned the unconscious Isabel to the arms of her sister, and without saying a word, hurried from the room. Isabel slowly recovered; the expression of her countenance was calm, and she assumed an air of gaiety, as she said,

"Sister, if you only knew the good news I have to tell you. She will never come back,—never! Then there's going to be a wedding; do you know the bride? I know her. And there will be a splendid ball. I ought to open it with him. I love dancing so much!"

The report of pistols was now heard, and Isabel starting from her sister's arms, stood motionless for a moment, then pressed her forehead with both hands, and shrieked, "Ah! I remember now! Death is at work! Let go your hold; I fly to save him!" She violently disengaged herself from Mary, who attempted to restrain her, and rushed from the room. Her sister and the old servant alarmed and amazed, hastily followed her.

Isabel reached the spot where the combatants stood opposed to each other, pistols in hand, ready to fire a second time. She rushed between them, her hair dishevelled, wildness in her looks, and summoning all her energy, she shrieked, "Hold! forbear your murderous intent, I implore you, I command you!" and fell senseless to the ground.

Our worthies forgot their angry feelings, in their amazement at this singular interruption, and mutually hastened to her assistance, and supported her to the house. She was conducted to her chamber, and the next moment the prompt and

active Joseph Jenkins was seen hurrying along the avenue, upon his bay hackney, in pursuit of medical assistance, without having intimated to any one his errand.

The doctor, like all prudent practitioners, could not pronounce with certainty,—he was of opinion that the fearful impressions she had received from the duel, would have a decisive influence over her mind; that a crisis had arrived, that would either bring about a complete restoration to reason, or destroy all hope of her recovery. This was considered a sound, and certainly a safe opinion.

Joseph Jenkins returned to Singleton Hall, shortly after the physician, and on entering the parlour, he found Miss Singleton alone. She arose as he entered, and exclaimed in evident alarm—"Good heavens! What is it brings you back after the scene which has just passed? If my cousin should meet you?"

"Have no fear, Miss; I shall not be here long," replied Joseph, taking a stride or two across the room.

"Ah! why speak to me so coolly. Can you believe?"

Now Joseph was any thing but cool, and he hastily interrupted her with saying,

"No more of that, Miss. You have no need to justify yourself to me. I came not here to reproach you. If I have failed to please you, the fault is mine and not yours. You are handsome and lively,—your cousin is a dashing, brave and generous young fellow, but as for me, I am rough, plain and without address. He is entitled to the preference; but perhaps the future may prove that with all my abruptness, I loved you as tenderly as he does. But I do not wish that"—he turned his face to conceal a starting tear. "I hope you may always be happy. We are now about to part, but before we separate, we have some affairs of importance to settle together. Your father, at his death, owed to John Jones five thousand dollars—here are the bonds; to me ten thousand on mortgage—this is the instrument," he deliberately tore the papers into fragments, and added, "now those debts are settled."

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing. I restore the property to you unencumbered, for I would not have your future husband reproach the woman whom I have loved, with her want of fortune."

"Ah! Joseph, so much generosity."

"No thanks, Miss. I only ask one thing from you. If ever you should experience any reverse, which is very possible, then think of your old friend. Write to me, and the next mail will bring you a satisfactory answer. Farewell, Miss, farewell."

He bustled out of the room, and even Mary's tender exclamation, of "Dear Joseph, listen to me," in no measure retarded his impetus. Finding he returned no answer, and was already out of hearing, she called aloud for Cato, who promptly obeyed the summons, followed by the young lieutenant. She turned to the old servant, and said in a low voice, "Cato, hasten after Mr. Jenkins, who has just gone, and tell him to defer his departure for an hour. I wish to speak to him—must speak to him. Go."

Cato left the room muttering, "What de devil

signify, running first after one, den after toder, and catch no body at last." Jenkins and his poney were now seen from the parlour windows, scudding along the avenue, at even a brisker gait than usual. Possibly the horse felt that his master was several thousand dollars lighter than when he came.

The young couple, finding themselves alone, again attempted to broach the delicate subject of the will, each feeling the impossibility of complying with its conditions, and yet from generosity afraid to reject the other. After much manœuvring and finesse on both sides, without success, each came to the conclusion that the other wished for nothing so ardently as to have Aunt Penelope's will carried into effect, and heaved a sigh of regret for the sudden and hopeless passion. Old Cato entered at this critical juncture, to inform Miss Singleton that he had despatched a man on horseback after Mr. Jenkins, which timely interruption relieved them from their mutual embarrassment.

"What news have you of your mistress Isabel?" demanded Arthur.

"You must see her directly, sar. She is looking for you, and desires to speak to you."

"To speak to me! Has she left her chamber?"

"Yes, sar. The doctor ordered that we should obey her in every thing, and not contradict her. Here she comes, sar."

Isabel entered the apartment. Her manner had undergone a striking change; it was now serious, collected, composed. She calmly said:—

"Sister, I have caused you much trouble; is it not so? But I am better at present—much better. I thank you for all your attentions to me, but I have a favour to ask; retire, for I would speak with my cousin, alone."

"Cousin, I leave you, and in a little time expect to receive your answer," said Mary, and left the room, followed by Cato.

"What can she want with me? What is passing in her mind? That singular air!" said Arthur, mentally—"Isabel, my dear Isabel."

"Sir."

"Why this reserve!—why this coldness towards me?"

"It becomes the position in which I find myself."

"What do I hear! You, who seemed but yesterday"—

She proceeded, with slight emotion—"If my words have not been always what they ought to be, it would be generous on your part to forget the past, as I shall study to forget it myself."

"Unhappy that I am!" he exclaimed—"She no longer recollects me, no longer loves me. This apparent flash of reason may be only a new feature of her madness. My dear Isabel, in the name of heaven listen to me—look at me. I am Arthur, your cousin, your friend—in one word, he who has chosen you for his betrothed."

She became more deeply affected as she replied, "I recollect you perfectly, Arthur; but this word betrothed recalls to me the object of this interview. I was your betrothed, it is true—I have not forgotten that;—but I come to give you back your promise, and the ring with which you sealed it. Take it—be henceforth free;—marry my sister, and receive every wish that I can form for your happiness."

"Heavens! What say you, Isabel! Can you imagine?"—

"I know all, have heard all, even at a time when I could not comprehend its meaning. But singular changes have taken place. It seems that until now I have not lived. Even yesterday I spoke without reflection; I answered without listening, or listened without understanding; but now the cloud has vanished, ideas crowd upon me, words rush to explain my thoughts, and I am no longer an object of pity. This happiness I owe to Arthur. When near him, I am animated, exalted; but, without him, I feel that I should relapse into my former state. Ah, stay, stay always near me—never leave me—be my support, my guide, my husband. I live only in thee, for thee, and shall be nothing without thee."

"Dear Isabel, you are once more restored to me. Do not repent of the avowal that insures my happiness. Speak, will you be my wife?—You cannot refuse me!"

"How refuse what I so much desire!" she replied, artlessly.

"You no longer believe that I love your sister?"

"O, no, no. I rely on you. You would not deceive me; it would render me so unhappy."

"But reflect—I am poor, without resources."

"Poor! I scarcely know what that means."

"I cannot surround you with luxuries."

"I shall not love you the less—and ask no other luxury."

"No dress—no equipage."

"Shall I appear less attractive in your eyes? If not, I care not."

"I can no longer resist," he exclaimed, and falling on his knees, passionately kissed her hand. Mary entered at the same instant.

"Ah! cousin, you refuse me then. I came for your answer, but you have anticipated a reply to all my questions."

"No, coz, I don't refuse you," said Arthur, rising. "I love you very much, but will marry Isabel. I don't want to ruin you—keep the fortune."

"You will marry her, coz? Then I will have nothing to do with this legacy, which constrains us both, and thank you for having laid it at the feet of my sister."

"This generosity"—

"Is mixed up with a little selfishness, Arthur, as you will see in the end," replied Mary.

There was a noise at the door, and Joseph Jenkins bustled in, followed by Cato. He entered just as Arthur was in the act of gallantly kissing Mary's hand, in gratitude for her generosity.

"Death and the devil!" exclaimed Joseph—"and was it for this that you brought me back?"

"Dear Joseph, be a witness"—said Mary.

"Damn it, I have seen too much already," exclaimed Jenkins.

Arthur commenced:—"Mr. Jenkins, I wish you to understand"—

"I don't want to understand any thing more."

Isabel ran to him, and placed her sister's hand in his, saying—"There, understand that. She is yours—Arthur is mine. Will you kill him now?"

"Ha! What! How! Bless my soul! Mary, is it so?" ejaculated Jenkins. Mary smiled and

blushed in a manner plain to be understood by the dullest physiognomist, and the cotton-spinner whirled about like one of his jennies.

"All very strange! Don't understand!" muttered Cato. "Captain, will you marry?"

"Love has restored her to reason."

"More strange still. You told me love usually turns young ladies' heads. Can't understand, no how I can fix him."

Arthur and Jenkins became fast friends, and the fallen family was once again restored to its former consequence, through the exertions of the worthy and unpretending Joseph Jenkins. He called his eldest son Reginald, after his old friend, the colonel; but he protested against christening his daughter after Aunt Penelope, as he could not forget the annoyance that her absurd legacy had occasioned.

## RULES FOR HYGIENE.

### EXTRACTS.—No. IV.

#### XXXV.

"In the consumption of food, we are liable to commit errors both as to the quantity and quality. The former error is by far the more detrimental; for there can be no doubt that a very small quantity of food, of indifferent quality, will, in general, be more easily digested, and do less injury to the constitution, than a large quantity of that which is in point of quality superior."

#### XXXVI.

"When we reflect on the multiplied evils resulting from undue repletion—the small quantity of food necessary for life and health—and the numerous manifest proofs we have, that a rather scanty diet most powerfully conduces to longevity, every unprejudiced man must admit that the subject of quantity is a most important one."

#### XXXVII.

"It is the opinion of the majority of the most distinguished physicians, that intemperance in diet destroys the bulk of mankind; in other words, that which is eaten and drunk, and thus taken into the habit, is the original cause of by far the greater number of diseases that affect the human race."

#### XXXVIII.

"Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton, in Yorkshire, who lived to the age of one hundred and sixty-nine, was a poor fisherman, who, when he could no longer follow this occupation, went begging about Bolton and other places. His food was uniformly of poor quality. The Cardinal de Salis, Archbishop of Seville, who died at the age of one hundred and ten, states his diet to have been uniformly sparing. That Cornaro, who lived to about one hundred and ten, was so, is well known. The celebrated physician, Galen, lived to see his hundred and fortieth year, and was, from the age of twenty-eight, always sparing in the quantity of food he took.

But a small quantity of food does not only

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ward off disease, and prolong life—it likewise preserves the bodily strength.

#### XXXIX.

"Generally speaking, a sedentary life is the source of those diseases which physicians call cachectic, or chronic, the number of which is considerable. Among these, scrofula, indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, lowness of spirits, nervous irritability and pulmonary consumption, stand foremost. To these may be added jaundice, growing out of the shoulder, curved spine, palsy, apoplexy, &c. For these disorders, exercise is one of the most effectual, as well as agreeable remedies. It strengthens the vessels, preserves the fluids in a healthy state, quickens the appetite, facilitates the excretions, invigorates the spirits, and excites pleasing sensations throughout the whole system."

#### XL.

"The use of the shuttle-cock is an excellent mode of exercise; and I have the more pleasure in recommending it, as so well calculated for females, who cannot, with convenience and propriety, at all times, use so much riding or walking, or other kinds of exercise, as is necessary to preserve their health. The shuttle-cock was a fashionable pastime among grown persons, in the reign of James I.; and it is highly desirable that it should again become fashionable, especially among ladies. With the advantage of its being a social diversion, it most agreeably exercises the whole human frame, by the various attitudes the players are perpetually putting themselves in. Of course, it creates a graceful pliancy in the joints and muscles, accelerates the circulation of the blood, and propels to the cutaneous pores all the fluids prepared by nature to pass off this easy and salutary way. It also promotes the digestive powers; and if used before dinner, will admit of a considerable share of exertion, not only without danger, but with great advantage, if care be taken not to drink any thing cold at the same time. This exercise is peculiarly beneficial to invalids, who have sufficient strength to play at it—which should always, whenever practicable, be carried on in the open air. Young ladies at school ought, in every instance, to use this healthful and agreeable exercise."

Sensible women have often been the dupes of designing men, in the following way: They have taken an opportunity of praising them to their own confidante, but with a solemn injunction to secrecy. The confidante, however, as they know, will infallibly inform her principal, the moment she sees her; and this is a mode of flattery which generally succeeds. Even those females who nauseate flattery in any other shape, will not reject it in this: just as we can bear the light of the sun without pain when reflected by the moon.

The greatest friend of Truth is Time, her greatest enemy is Prejudice, and her constant companion is Humility.



## THE FEMALE COSTUME

IN THE REIGN OF HENRY V.



The female costume of this reign is distinguished by a head-dress which may indeed be called horned. The satirical effusions of such writers as John de Meun, and the Knight of Normandy, appear to have no other effect upon the ladies than to induce them, in the true spirit of contradiction, to justify to the fullest extent the odious comparisons of their censors. There is no longer any thing extravagant in the charge of wearing a gibbet on the head, or rivalling the crested honours of the brute creation. The head-dress exhibited in the illuminations and on the effigies of this period is certainly as ugly and

unbecoming as can well be imagined: fortunately, however, for the painter or the actress, the fashion does not appear to have been so general as to render its introduction on the canvass or the stage indispensable. The simple golden network confining the hair, and a quaint but elegant head-tire consisting of a roll of rich stuff, sometimes descending in a peak on the forehead, or circling the brow like a turban, exist to extricate the lovers of the picturesque from so disagreeable a dilemma. Taste is ever the true friend of fashion, and can see and amend her follies while most admiring her inventions.



The robe or gown with a long train and hanging or tabard sleeves, and the cote-hardie with its spencer-like variety, are seen as in the last reign; but where girdles are worn, the waist is considerably shorter. An inner tunic is sometimes discernible by its sleeves, which descend

beyond those of the robe and cover the hand, as in the time of Henry I.; gloves not yet forming a usual portion of the female attire.

The horned head-dress at the head of this article is from the effigy of Beatrice, Countess of Arundel, in the Church at Arundel.

SCRIPTURE ANTHOLOGY.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

*Third Series.—No. II.—Plagues of Egypt.*

And the Lord spake unto Moses, Say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and stretch out thine hand upon the waters of Egypt, upon their streams, upon their rivers, and upon their ponds, and upon all their pools of water, that they may become blood; and that there may be blood throughout all the land of Egypt, both in *re-sele* of wood, and in *vessels* of stone.

And Moses and Aaron did so, as the Lord commanded: and he lifted up the rod, and smote the waters that were in the river, in the sight of Pharaoh, and in the sight of his servants; and all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood.

And the fish that was in the river died; and the river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink of the water of the river: and there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt.

*Exodus*, vii. 19, 20, 21.

Thú monarch sat upon his throne  
Of gold and flashing gem,  
And fierce his eye of terror shone  
Beneath his diadem;  
And hosts stood by, in deeds of death,  
To do the bidding of his breath.

Each soldier seized his ataghan,  
As through the marbled hall  
And palace of an aged man  
Sounded the loud footfall;  
With solemn brow, and beard of snow,  
Upon his bosom sweeping low.

Like waves before a gallant prow,  
Before the man of God,  
Parted that host with pallid brow,  
As with uplifted rod  
He stood erect, with unbent knee—  
"Fear God!—Oh King!—Set Israel free!"

Then every stream and river-flood  
That hurried by their shore,  
Rolled on, in heaving waves of blood,  
The purple tide of gore;  
And fount and standing pool were red—  
The sepulchre of putrid dead.

In rain and hail, while lightnings blazed,  
The tempest stooped from heaven—  
Then upward, as his staff he raised,  
The storm was backward driven—  
Stern was the monarch, as before,  
Then burst the clouds with deafening roar.

O'er earth, with desolating sway,  
The wild tornado went—  
While palaces in ruins lay,  
With dome and battlement—  
And navies, from the storm-toss'd tide,  
Lay stranded by the river side.

Still onward swept the maddening gale  
O'er vale and mountain's crown—  
And still the rain and driving hail  
Poured their artillery down—  
And fruit and trees and prostrate grain,  
Like slaughtered heroes, strewed the plain.

Still harder waxed the monarch's heart  
Against the King of Kings—

Then through the land, in every part,  
Was heard the hum of wings—  
The locust swarm were gathered there,  
Darkening the earth and summer air.

On every shrub and flowret seize  
The ministers of wrath—  
And fruit and leaf that gem the trees,  
Vanish before their path—  
Till not a stalk or blade of green,  
Through all the wasted bounds is seen.

Up to the sky was raised that rod,  
Which called its judgments down—  
Heaven shuddered at an angry God,  
And blackened at his frown—  
And darkness o'er the regions fell,  
Rayless and thick and palpable.

The earth and sky, that awful dun  
Enwrapped in funeral fold—  
Spread sackcloth o'er the radiant sun  
And moonbeams paly gold—  
And veiled from the affrighted sight,  
The many twinkling eyes of night.

The plagues of God o'er every flood  
Had passed; and every shore  
And every valley, mount and wood,  
The awful record bore;  
But sign and judgment were in vain—  
Still Israel wore the bondman's chain.

Then burst on *man's* devoted head  
The vengeance of his ire—  
And o'er the bier of first-born dead,  
Bent each Egyptian sire—  
And, on the solemn midnight gale,  
Was borne the mother's plaintive wail.

Through all the land the corpses lie—  
In palace and in cell;  
And groans rose like the night-winds sigh—  
The tears like night-dews fell;  
And Pharaoh groaned in agony,  
"Let Israel go!—The captive free!"

Tempt not thy God—Oh man in power,  
By proud imaginings!  
For every knee shall bow before  
The sovereign KING of KINGS;  
And every tongue confess the LORD,  
In terror feared, or love adored.

The plainest man who pays attention to women, will sometimes succeed as well as the handsomest man who does not. Wilkes observed to Lord Townsend, "You, my Lord, are the handsomest man in the kingdom, and I the plainest. But I would give your lordship half an hour's start, and yet come up with you in the affections of any woman we both wished to win; because all those attentions which you would omit on the score of your fine exterior, I should be obliged to pay, owing to the deficiencies of mine."

## O'SHANE'S DAUGHTER.

NEAR the town of O—, in one of the north-western counties of England, is a small hamlet. A few years back, in the outskirts of this hamlet, might be seen a solitary cabin, inhabited by a poor man, his daughter, and three sons.

These people bore suspicious characters in the neighbourhood. There was something mysterious in their way of living, for which every one desired to account.

The two elder sons, it was declared, were daring poachers. The father was supposed to be connected with a gang of smugglers on the coast, and to be employed by them in their illegal traffic with the inner counties.

O'Shane and his family had come from a distance; their name seemed to bespeak their origin, as might their dark-blue eyes, long hair, and bold determined spirit.

It appeared that the residents in the hamlet did not care to have much dealing with the O'Shanes: partly, because, as they remarked, they knew nothing of them; partly, perhaps, because they guessed more than they knew; and partly again, because, whatever might be their conduct in the routine of daily life, it was clear that both father and sons were desperate men, tall and strong of limb, fierce in look, and quick in action.

The villagers were right to leave those undisturbed, whose whole demeanor seemed to say—"Meddle not with me, and I'll not meddle with you." And thus the name passed among them, but in emphatic whispers, accompanied by a mysterious shake of the head, and by divers signs, meant to be expressive of more than human sagacity. This was the case especially, when an orchard was stripped—a hen-roost cleared out—or the lines cut in the washerwomen's drying-ground: and, even then, the words were thought to be most frequently on the lips of those who knew more of the matter in question than all the O'Shanes in the United Kingdom. For a length of time it remained uncertain whether these people deserved the odium so generally thrown upon them—whether they were in truth so reckless and destitute of principle as was believed—or whether the singularity and wildness of their mode of life alone, had rendered them objects of disfavour. For this effect, extreme ignorance and poverty might easily account; and such misfortunes being as likely to become the source of every other accusation, time or circumstances alone could prove whether or not they were well-founded.

If pity ever mingled with the feelings excited by the occupants of the cabin, it was for the daughter of O'Shane. In her sixth year, the poor girl had lost her mother;—and, from that time, had never known a mother's care. Under the rude, though somewhat strict management of her father, and at other times under her own guidance, Grace had reached the age of eighteen. Her slender capabilities had been devoted, during this period, to the training of her youngest brother, who, the year after his birth, had been left by his mother's death completely helpless. Rory was accustomed to look upon his sister as a parent: bound to her in every way, the boy

did her bidding with implicit obedience, and followed her footsteps like a dog. Poor Grace!—beyond the occasional rough lessons of morality that O'Shane endeavoured to enforce, she had no principle to guide her conduct: she seldom said a prayer, and hardly knew that there was One above who would have listened to her if she had prayed.

She loved Rory, and she feared her father—those were the only two feelings of which she was conscious: the one made her kind and generous, the other vigilant and active. Yet pride, vanity, cunning, and self-will, had early taken root in the character of O'Shane's daughter, though she could hardly have described these evil passions by name.

People looked at Grace with compassion. They said it was a pity that such a quick, handsome girl, should have reached eighteen years of age, and never have been taught her alphabet; that she should know no better than to stroll the country singing ballads and telling fortunes, when she might be earning an honest livelihood, and maintaining a respectable appearance in the world. People pitied her; for, with all her faults, no one could hitherto have said any harm of O'Shane's daughter. If she was in the habit of hearing more bad words than good, in the course of the day, or of receiving many an oath and rude jest, instead of thanks, for her daily services, she had never for that reason been found the less willing to oblige another time; and her advice to Rory not to learn ugly language, was only the oftener repeated.

When it had been once proposed to O'Shane to let his daughter go into service, his indignation had known no bounds: he told the farmer's wife, who had the charity to offer such advice, that Grace would learn more bad ways in a month, than she would learn from him all her life; for O'Shane had his ideas of duty, such as they were. The loss of his daughter, too, would have been irreparable; and when at length convinced that the counsel, thus harshly rejected, had been given in kindness, tears stood in the father's eyes, as he answered—"she was too good a lass for him to part with her."

Grace, therefore, remained at home; and her old habits became more inveterate than ever.

The cabin of the O'Shanes consisted of one large room;—airy enough, for the walls were full of crevices, the planks of the door did not meet the threshold, and several panes in both casements were wanting. Here, most of the family lived and slept; the small dormitory of Grace being the only addition to the cottage, and that so dark and confined a recess, as scarcely to be called a room. Thence, however, she was wont to emerge every morning, after the dispersion of the family, and, assisted by Rory, to prepare a meal for the uncertain hour of their return. This first repast, consisting of yesterday's remnants, was more or less ample, according to the state of provisions in the house; but it should here be observed, that it was the usual dinner or supper (whichever it might be called) of the O'Shane family, that had contributed to strengthen the uncharitable suspicions which they had so generally excited. Whilst otherwise existing in a state of undeniable wretchedness, it had still been observed, that the

comfortable fare of these people was far beyond the means of their honest neighbours, who were therefore too ready to conclude that such resources must be obtained from the preserves of the country gentlemen, or in some yet more lawless manner.

Time had however elapsed, without clearing up these doubts, or indeed affording any material insight into the actions of the O'Shanes. They seemed desirous only to live quietly and unheeded, and others were beginning to allow them so to do, when it happened they were brought into the direct notice of the public.

One morning that O'Shane had returned about ten o'clock from his early labours, he found his daughter standing in a window of the hovel, tying up a handkerchief, in the form of a bundle. Her back was towards him, and, as she hastily passed to her own sleeping-room, a piece of very fine linen dropped upon the floor.

"What's this?" said O'Shane, kicking it with his foot; "what have you got there, girl?"

"Sure," answered Grace, "they're things I'm carrying for Mistress Deeds, to Martha Luckie's wash. See now!—if it ben't late, and I mustn't first get your breakfast:—Terrence and Dick comin' in, too, and nothin' ready this blessed morn."

Having caught up the garment that had fallen, and thrown it with the bundle upon her bed, she shut the door to, and began laying out some cracked plates and horn mugs.

A dish of broken victuals was placed before O'Shane, who looked with some dissatisfaction at the unpalatable scraps.

"Is that all we have left?"

"All, father!"

"Well!" returned the old man, good-humouredly, "who knows what the boys may bring home with 'em! Sartin, if a stray beast, or summut to the purpose, fell in their way, 't would be no bad look-out."

"They may keep them bits for dinner, else," replied Grace, carelessly moving towards the door of the cabin, where, at a short distance, the steps and loud voices of the two brothers were heard approaching.

As they came up, she placed her arms across the entrance, exclaiming half in jest, half earnest—"Ye have no need to show yourselves here, without your hands are full. There's nothin' for you; and sure, nothin's good enough for those that bring nothin'. It's always the way now; people expects food to fall into their mouths, and no trouble, but a blessin' to 'em."

Then tossing her head, Grace began singing a rude ballad, denominated the "Pleasures of Idleness," that perhaps formed part of her itinerant stock; and she gave it with a somewhat ironical emphasis.

"Hold your clamour, and make way there," interrupted the elder brother, as he strode up the step; "it's hard if a man must ask your leave to walk in and out. Come, Mistress Grace, give room for your betters!" Thus speaking, he attempted to push through; but Grace stood her ground the more firmly, because she was backed by Rory, and she knew that her brother durst not strike her, as his uplifted stick seemed to threaten.

"Who's to give lave in this house," she in-

quired, "if 'tisn't me? How's your breakfast to be sarved, if 'tisn't by me!—and if there's none in the house, where's the trouble of walkin' in at all?"

Terence was inclined to reply practically to these arguments, and a scuffle appeared in consequence likely to take place, when O'Shane's voice, still louder than that of any of his children, reminded them that he was at home. He was filling his flask from a small keg of spirits placed under a stuffed sack, which by night served the purpose of a pillow, and by day concealed from the vulgar eye what he considered a necessary part of his subsistence. The two sons having been allowed quietly to enter, he turned to inquire what success they had met with, and received from the younger a heavy bag containing several head of game. The supply was laid aside for the present, without further remark, and Dick and Terence succeeded to the remains of the breakfast.

As the two young men sate together, they discussed the news of the village. Great alarm, they said, had been created that morning, by the disappearance of a gentleman's child belonging to the neighbourhood.

Every body they had met on their return home, had stopped them to tell the story, and to ask if they could put them upon any clue by which the researches of the parents might be guided.

The lost child was a girl five years old. She had been sent to take an early walk with the nursery-maid, in her father's grounds. It was said that, on reaching the gate of Mr. Clifford's Park, the child had been left for a few minutes, as the servant was accustomed to fetch her a cup of milk from the adjoining farm. When the maid returned, her little charge was gone, and no traces of her could be discovered. The parents were reported to be frantic. The nursery-maid had been turned off; constables were already sent for from O—, to make inquiries; the crier was proclaiming the loss through the village, and the consternation seemed shared by every individual. Perhaps the sensation was heightened by the fact of Mr. Clifford being one of the greatest land-holders in the neighbourhood, and a gentleman whose wealth and influence in the county procured him general respect.

The O'Shanes laughed as they related the story. They seemed rather to enjoy the misery of those, whom, in their ignorance, they would have deemed exempted by their position from calamity. They seemed to imagine that misfortune brought the rich man nearer to a level with themselves. It was perhaps this manner of expressing themselves, that attracted the attention of the father, as he had before scarcely appeared to heed their words.

"Shame, lads," said the old man, "that you can sport with a parent's distress! I am ever willing to forgive a wild turn, or to uphold a daring act, where the nation would oppress the poor for the sake of the rich; but for takin' delight in a base and cruel action, I would turn the best on ye from my doors for iver."

As O'Shane spoke, Grace was fastening on one of his brogues that she had just mended; and, whether to determine its fitness, or to give emphasis to his words, her father at that instant

stamped his foot upon the ground with a violence that made her start, almost to falling. He rose also directly to depart, and, kissing her affectionately, left the cabin. The brothers soon after followed.

It were impossible to describe the indignation that overpowered O'Shane, when, in the course of that morning, he was arrested by two men, who carried him before a magistrate at O——, where he learned that he was suspected of having stolen Mr. Clifford's child.

A little purple morocco shoe with a silver clasp was shown to him, and was declared to have been found near his cabin. He was then desired to say what he could in his defence.

Notwithstanding his anger, O'Shane's replies to the questions of the magistrate were simple and uniform. His astonishment at the accusation, and his ignorance of the time and circumstances relating to the fact, were evidently unfeigned. It was also proved, that both he and his sons had all the morning been at a distance from the spot; and, when this became known, it was of itself a disculpation—consequently he was released. But the resentment occasioned by this arrest did not easily subside.

O'Shane had long been an oppressed and suffering man. He had been buffeted and scorned; he had for years felt the "proud man's contumely," and the many stings of an outrageous fortune; for he was born under better circumstances than his lot now exhibited. Therefore, a host of galling and implacable feelings were now called forth, which, in the mind of one who, like him, had battled with misery rather than bow under its discipline, displayed themselves with unmitigated force.

Unable to resume his composure, or return to his occupations that day, he went home. It was long before the usual hour of his coming in, and nobody was in the cabin. He called. He looked out for Grace. He wished for some one to whom he could speak of the humiliation he had been offered—of the overbearing oppression of the great—of the unworthy suspicions that poverty excited in the minds of parish overseers.

O'Shane went to the door of his daughter's sleeping-room, and threw it open. He sat down on the bed, that he might in some degree regain the tranquillity of his mind; and here he became absorbed in thought. During this interval of reflection, and quite mechanically, his fingers lifted a dark cotton handkerchief that was beside him, the same that he had seen Grace tying together before breakfast. It was now loosely folded, and, as he fumbled it in his hands, he did not perceive that it contained anything. In taking it away, he had however displaced a garment of very fine cambric, as well as a purple Morocco shoe with a silver clasp. When his eyes were at length cast in that direction, he started! The poor man then remembered, with fatal accuracy, the origin of his trouble. He kept gazing at these objects with a sort of terrified uncertainty, as if he believed himself under a delusion caused by some evil spirit, until, being convinced of the reality of their presence, he held up and spread before him the garment, and tried to decipher the initials marked on it, which something at his heart convinced him must signify Julia Clifford.

He pressed it to his eyes, and wet it with his tears.

"Surely," said he, "the finger of heaven has guided me."

Then casting it again upon the bed, he rushed out of the house.

It was past two o'clock in the afternoon, when O'Shane returned to his cabin. On reaching the door, he heard careless voices in conversation; he saw figures within; and he stooped and sat down beside the entrance without being observed. A bit of broken looking-glass was fixed against the door of Grace's room, at which she was standing. She had put on her best stuff petticoat, and was then separating the long masses of black tangled hair that fell over her shoulders, in order to turn them round her head under a handkerchief. A gay red Madras, with yellow flowers, such as she had never before been seen to wear, was in her hand for this purpose. There was something strikingly picturesque in the young girl's attitude and looks. Her father groaned inwardly, as he considered her.

On a low stool beside Grace, and patiently awaiting the completion of her toilet, Rory was seated; whilst at the same time he arranged in a basket some ballads, matches, nutmeg-graters, children's-rattles, and other toys. They were going to the fair at O——.

"How much will them all fetch, Gracey?" were the first words the father overheard.

"Not better than a trifle, child," answered the sister, paying more attention to the adjustment of her handkerchief than to Rory; "not better than a trifle, 'cause its only poor folks as buys those goods; but supposin' we have luck in tellin' fortunes to-day, I'll get enough to pay half a year's schoolin' for you. That'll be brave; won't it, Rory? You'll soon be able to say the songs over, for me to larn, and we'll hold up our heads above all the rest."

"You won't get enough in one day," Rory answered.

"Ah! but I've a small matter beside, what was gif to me, only there's no need to say nothin'. I should like dearly to make a jintleman of you, Rory, if you would be conforming," Grace continued, with earnestness, though she did not lift her eyes from the glass.

"Father don't think much of larnin'," was the reply, "and I can't say as I've a great gif that way myself; but, if it's to please you, Grace—"

"Plase me!" she interrupted. "Why, sure, if it would not plase me, to see you supayrior to Dick and Terence, and that nobody's fault but mine!"

"And what'll I be doin' then for it?"

"Why, wouldn't you be all as good as a prince to them ragamuffins, knowin' how to read? Wouldn't you be tellin' them when they spake bad words, and able to tache us the mainin' of things? And should not you be givin' example to all the house, and takin' my part agin them always?"

"Aye,—what else?"

"What else, is it? Why should not you fight Tam Gurney, then, for callin' me gipsy girl!—that no less nor a week past, bad manners to him!"

"And where's the harm of being 'a gipsy

girl, Gracey? If you're an honest gipsy girl, you're better than he is," remarked the impassible brother.

"No matter for that, Rory, it's a misbecoming word; it's not for the like of him to—"

Grace stopped in her speech, at the sound of her father's step, for he now entered the cottage. She sprang forward to take his stick; but O'Shane coldly repelled her assistance—placed it against the wall—shut the door, and walked, without speaking, to the fire. The father stood for some time before the hearth, apparently watching the simmering of a large pot that contained the supplies his sons had that morning brought home.

Yet those who knew O'Shane might have been certain, at this moment, that something of terrible import was on his mind. The stern, cold manner of the father—his pale and frowning countenance, his unbroken silence, were ominous of a scene more fearful than any to which his children had yet been subjected; and though their peace was not often thus interrupted, they guessed by the past the danger of the present warning. It was above all, Grace, who seemed terrified by these indications of a gathering storm. She looked at first as if paralyzed by the strange repulse she had received; and still, while pretending to be occupied (as far out of the way as possible) in tidying the apartment, it was obvious that her agitation was very great. Rory made many unequivocal signs that they should be off, which met with no attention. The eyes of Grace were cast down, her fingers trembled, and her countenance expressed a gloomy anxiety which she was endeavouring either to brave or to overcome. After gliding softly from one place to another, after arranging each miserable piece of furniture with the most fastidious precision, and probably collecting at the same time the presence of mind that had forsaken her, it did however occur to Grace also, that the moment in which a retreat might be effected should not be passed over. She paused, and stole a glance towards her father, whose back was turned—another less daunted at Rory. He was standing ready with his basket hoisted. She beckoned, and moved towards the door.

Her hand had no sooner touched the latch, than O'Shane turned round. He did not speak, but motioned with his arm that they should neither of them quit the room; and when Grace let fall the bolt, there was a dead stillness.

The brother and sister would not have spoken for the world, and the old man himself seemed hardly to know how he should give utterance to the thoughts that filled his heart.

First his hands fell by his sides, his head sank on his chest, and he remained in that attitude of deep dejection, as if unconscious that they were looking at him. Having at length recovered his firmness, O'Shane drew a chair and sat down. He then fixed his eyes upon the troubled features of Grace, with an expression of penetrating anger, such as she had never before endured. At the same time, he desired her to approach.

"I have been accused," he said, speaking very slowly, "this day of a crime, of which, I told them that suspected me, I thanked God in my heart for having made me a poor and obscure man, that I might not so offend a fellow-creature

as to seize him and tell him he was capable of the like."

The colour ebb'd and flow'd in Grace's cheeks.

"I told them that not I, nor any that had ever belonged to me, would have disgraced themselves to commit such an unnatural act, though it were to revenge the deepest wrong that man ever bowed beneath.—Can I say this now?"—he continued, with a vehement and quickened tone, that amounted almost to ferocity—"no, girl! though I were to give my right hand, you know I could not."

Tears had at first risen to Grace's eyes, and only through a convulsive effort were they kept from overflowing; but, as her father's voice grew firmer, as his scorn and indignation became more apparent, the struggle on her part appeared less difficult.

It seemed she sought the dignity of firmness to supply that of innocence; but this was not so easily attained, for when O'Shane paused, an expression only of stupid horror was in her fixed looks.

"I had no warrant for my pride this mornin'," resumed the father; "I was deceived where I had put my trust, and that a trust of long standin'. But no matter;—only, as you are not what I have been plased to think, you may expect to find me changed too. There are a few words to settle 'tween us two, that is all."

Grace remained silent.

The voice of the father faltered, as he put the following interrogatory remark: "I believe you to be consarned in the theft of Squire Clifford's child?"

She did not answer.

"You are not afeard'd to behave basely, but you are afeard'd to own to't."

The girl started. Instead of shrinking under his searching glance, her figure drew up stiffly, and her countenance assumed greater calmness and resolution.

"Did you entrap this infant?" he continued, sternly.

"I did."

O'Shane seemed almost to choke.

"Had you any 'complices in that act?" Grace shook her head.

"What's done with the child?"

"I have sold it!"

"You have sold flesh and blood! To whom?"

"To Mother Gurney."

"And did that woman counsel you the theft, or did you yield only to your ain wicked thoughts?"

"Twas Mother Gurney asked me."

"What might be the price o' your iniquity?"

The daughter put her right hand into her bosom, and drawing forth a piece of gold, held it before him in her open palm, while with the left she pointed to the gay *madras* upon her head.

O'Shane flung the coin to the ground, then rising with violence, tore off the handkerchief and threw it from him. During this violence, she only bowed her face, nearly concealed as it was by the long locks thus unfastened.

A pause ensued. The father was exhausted by the effects of his indignation; the daughter was reduced to a state of apparent stupefaction;

Rory was too frightened and too miserable to give utterance to his feelings.

One of the elder sons had entered meanwhile and seated himself at a distance, aware that the authority of his parent was not to be interfered with, although unacquainted with the cause of its being exercised.

After the space of a few minutes, O'Shane walked to the window. He took up a pen that was in a broken tea-cup full of ink on the ledge of the casement, and looked round him with uncertainty.

It was the custom of O'Shane, when his signature was required, to make an O'S. These were the only letters he could form, and the ink was kept for this purpose.

He now laid down the pen, and went to Grace's room; thence he returned with the child's garment which he had found that morning on her bed. Upon it he wrote those two letters, and calling to Rory, desired that he would take it to the magistrate at O——, whom he designated by his name. Rory pretended not to hear. He was sitting with his head on his knees, clinging to Grace's petticoat. The figure of his other son caught O'Shane's eye, and he repeated the message to him. Richard O'Shane received it in silence, and quitted the cabin. Twenty minutes or more might have elapsed after his departure, undisturbed except by the noise of the old man's nailed shoes, as with stern looks and folded arms he paced up and down the room, or perhaps also by Rory's light-breathed sighs, when, lifting up his head, he cast a furtive glance around him, and again dropped it between his hands.

The attitude of Grace was still unchanged. She stood fixed like a statue to the spot—her features as rigid as her limbs—her respiration scarcely perceptible.

Once, when the boy looked up, he perceived that his father had sunk into a chair, with his head thrown back and his eyes closed. There was in his face an expression of pitiable wretchedness, which he in vain endeavoured to conceal under the appearance of a just resentment.

Softly gliding from his place, Rory approached and took the poor man's hand. Then encouraged by the passive gentleness with which it was yielded, the boy endeavoured by caresses to draw O'Shane into conversation, but met with no success in these attempts. He asked if his father was ill, and received only a silent pressure of the hand.

"Father," he said gently, "we'll miss Grace very much, if she's away."

O'Shane opened his eyes, and looked angrily at him.

But the boy, undismayed, went on. "What will you do, when there's no victuals ready, and you hungry and weary?—when you're cold and wet, and there's no fire? Not a soul," he still continued, unwarned by the threatening looks that he encountered; "not a soul to dry your clothes, and to mend 'em when they're fallin' off your back—and to put your bed ready—and to keep the house free from sperrits and bad luck!—and to sing to make your heart aisy!"

A deep and fearful oath interrupted Rory.

"Have done!—have done!" cried Grace, as if starting from a trance. "Sure he's ower glad

to be quit of one, who, when she laves his door, shall never throuble him again."

"Oh, father!—oh, Grace!—what 'll we do now?" sobbed Rory. "Oh, bad luck to us!—oh, marceiful goodness!"—and while he was wringing his hands, and uttering every ejaculation of sorrow that presented itself to his excited mind, the door was thrown open by Richard, who ushered in two constables.

"This is your prisoner," O'Shane said, suddenly indicating his daughter. The men regarded the unfortunate girl with surprise. "She's your prisoner!" repeated the father more violently, and he turned away. The officers of justice laid hold of Grace, who suffered herself to be conducted to the door. Rory flung himself at his sister's feet; twining his arms around her knees, he wept convulsively. The men were obliged forcibly to remove him; but they were struck with pity at this unusual scene. One of them asked Grace if she had nothing to say, adding, they were in no hurry.

The young girl, who without murmur or hesitation had submitted to the authority of the law, on being thus addressed, turned for an instant round. She lifted her large piercing eyes to the spot where O'Shane still remained. An indescribable expression hovered over her face, as she made a farewell gesture with her hand upon her lips.

"Father, your daughter says, Good-bye!"

"You are no daughter of O'Shane's!" he cried. "God help me!"—added the old man with frenzy, "am I O'Shane myself!"

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The extraordinary manner in which this criminal had been convicted for child-stealing—the youth and ignorance of the poor creature—and the fact that through her confessions the lost infant was traced and restored to its family, created a supposition that her case would be considered with indulgence.

Whether, however, from the dubious light in which the morals of this family were viewed, or the fear of such a crime's recurrence, or the impossibility of treating it with greater lenity, the daughter of O'Shane was sentenced to transportation for seven years.

On the day of this decision, the rest of the family removed from the country, and it has never been known what became of them.

Those who saw the unfortunate O'Shane previously to his departure, remarked in him so great a change, that they predicted he would not long survive his daughter's sentence.

H. R.



The truly great consider first, how they may gain the approbation of God; and secondly, that of their own conscience; having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellow-men. But the truly little reverse the thing; the primary object, with them, is to secure the applause of their fellow-men, and having effected this, the approbation of God and their own conscience may follow on as they can.



## EDMUND BURKE.



Edmund Burke, whose name fills so large a space in our political and literary annals, was the son of an eminent attorney, and was born at Dublin, January 1, 1730. After having received his early education from Abraham Shackleton, a quaker schoolmaster of Ballytore, he went to Trinity College, Dublin, in 1746, where he remained three years, and pursued an extensive course of study, on a plan of his own. In 1753, he entered as a law student at the Temple, but applied himself almost wholly to literature; his unremitting attention to which at length injured his health. During his illness he became an inmate in the house of Dr. Nugent, a physician, to whose daughter he was afterwards united. This union he always described as the chief blessing of his life. His first acknowledged work, which was of course published anonymously, was his *Vindication of Natural Society*; an admirable imitation of Lord Bolingbroke's style and manner of reasoning, which deceived even some of the best judges. This was followed, in the ensuing year, by his *Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful*. It completely established his reputation as a man of genius and a fine writer, and brought him acquainted with some of the most eminent personages of the age. His political career did not commence until 1761, when he accompanied the Irish secretary, William Gerard Hamilton, to Ireland. Nor can he be said to have entered fully on that career till 1765, when he became the private secretary and friend of the marquis of Rockingham, then the first lord of the treasury, who brought him into parliament, as member for Wendover. Thenceforth he took a prominent part in the debates of the house of commons. In 1774, without any solicitation on his part, he was elected for Bristol; but this seat he lost at the next election, in consequence of his having displayed too much liberality of principle, with respect to the catholics and to Ireland. He subsequently set for Malton. In the meanwhile he gave to the public his *Observations on Grenville's State of the Nation*; a *Short account of a late short Administration*; *Thoughts on the Causes of the present Discontents*; and his *Speeches on American Affairs*. To the impolitic contest with America he made a strenuous and eloquent resistance as a senator. On the downfall of Lord North's ministry, Burke obtained the office of paymaster-general, and a seat in the council; and he availed himself of this opportu-

nity to carry his celebrated reform bill, which he had previously brought forward in vain. The expulsion of the coalition ministry of course deprived him of his office. The prosecution of Mr. Hastings, and the opposition to Mr. Pitt's regency bill, were among his next and greatest parliamentary efforts. Though the former of these has drawn down upon him much censure, and even calumny, there can be no doubt that he undertook it as a sacred and imperative duty. This is irrefragably proved by his recently published letters to Dr. Laurence. When the French revolution took place, he early foresaw the result, and, in 1790, he produced his celebrated *Reflections* on that event. A breach between him and Mr. Fox was also occasioned by their difference of opinion on this important subject. In 1794, he retired from parliament, and a pension of one thousand two hundred pounds a year was bestowed on him by the government. From the time when his reflections were published, till his decease, his literary hostility to the doctrines of revolutionary France was continued with unabated vigour. The last work which he gave to the press was *Two Letters on a Regicide Peace*: the concluding two were posthumous. He died on the 8th of July, 1797. His compositions have been collected in sixteen volumes octavo. In private life Burke was amiable and benevolent; in public, indefatigable, ardent, and abhorrent of meanness and injustice. It was this latter quality which rendered him a persevering advocate of the Irish catholics. As an orator, he ranks among the first of modern times; and as a writer, whether we consider the splendour of his diction, richness and variety of his imagery, or the boundless stores of knowledge which he displays, it must be acknowledged that there are few who equal and none who transcend him.

## EDWARD GIBBON.



Edward Gibbon, one of the three greatest of English historians, was born, in 1737, at Putney; was imperfectly educated at Westminster School, and Magdalen College, Oxford; and finished his studies at Lausanne, under M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic minister. It was, however, his having embraced popery that occasioned his being sent to Lausanne. Pavillard reclaimed him from popery; but, after having vibrated between catholicism and protestanism, Gibbon set-

tled into a confirmed sceptic. In 1758 he returned to England, and entered upon the duties of active life. Till the peace of Paris, he was much engaged as an officer of the militia; but, during that time, he read extensively, and published, in French, *An Essay on the Study of Literature*. More than two years were next spent in visiting France, Switzerland, and Italy; and it was while he sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, and the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing a history of the decline and fall of the Roman empire first arose in his mind. Several other historical schemes had previously occupied his attention. Of this great work the first volume appeared in 1776, the second and third in 1781, and the concluding three volumes in 1788. It raised him at once to the summit of literary fame; but its artful attacks on Christianity, excited great disgust and indignation, and called forth several antagonists, who unfortunately possessed more of zeal than of discretion. One of them impeached his fidelity as an historian, and thus provoked a reply, which gave the assailant ample cause to repent his rashness. Gibbon had already displayed his controversial powers in his *Critical Observations*, which demolished Warburton's theory respecting the descent of *Æneas*. In 1774 he became a member of parliament, and, throughout the American war, he gave a silent support to the measures of Lord North; Liskeard and Lymington were the places which he represented. A Justificatory Memorial against France, which he wrote, in French, for the ministers, gained him the place of a lord of trade; which, however, he lost when the board was suppressed by Mr. Burke's bill. In 1783 he retired to Lausanne, whence he twice returned to his native country. He died, January 16, 1794, during his last visit to England. His posthumous works were published, in two quarto volumes, by his friend Lord Sheffield. Exquisitely polished in its style, though occasionally blemished by tumidity and affectation, happy in description, and in the delineation of character, full of deep and varied research, and imbued with a philosophical spirit, Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* would have been entitled to almost unequalled praise, had he not rendered it the vehicle of opinions calculated to unsettle the faith, or at the least to shock the feelings, of every christian reader.

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For the Lady's Book.

## LEAF FROM MY UNWRITTEN JOURNAL.

BY MISS C. E. GOOCH.

### *Visit to the Hospital.*

WHAT a piece of work is man!—Aye, my friends, what a piece of patchwork! "Now surely!"—Now surely, madam, you will let me finish my speech, before you reply to it. I say how much like a patchwork quilt is the heart of man. With the gay and the grave, the dark and the light, not a patch, not a passion, without its contrast—all curiously fitted and dove-tailed

into one heterogeneous whole;—old pieces, or prejudices, from our grandmothers' dresses, sewed, in manifest disregard of scriptural injunction, to the new piece of gaudy French chintz, that covered the grand-daughter.

"Well, now, who ever heard of sewing new and old calico together, for a quilt! What you say about the dark and the light is very true; and, to my mind, the greater the contrast, the greater the beauty. But, as for sewing new and old cloth together, I never saw it done; and I reckon I have made more quilts, than ever you did, in my time. I'll tell you just how the last was made; it *was* beautiful!"

"My dear Madam, excuse me, I must go;—I have something to attend to:—Adieu!"

At any other time, I could have borne very well with her prosing; for I have often been richly repaid for my patience, during an hour or two of the somewhat tiresome details of garrulous old age, by some original anecdote, or striking trait of character, beside the pleasure of having gratified the narrator, by listening to his or her reminiscences. What a fund of anecdote, feeling and history, is buried in the grave of the humblest individual!

I could have borne with her prosing propensities at any other time, as I have before observed; but it was too much to ask—after overturning my illustration—my own original simile! Never mind, part of it remains good, and will do excellently good for a beginning.

They say "the first step in crime, once taken, the rest follow of course;" however this may be of crime, I am sure it is the case in composition.

The beginning—*how* shall I begin? Some commence a story with a description of scenery—others dash into the middle of a conversation—some begin with the beginning, even favouring us with a sketch of the hero or heroine's grand parents—others, again, begin in the middle, and leave off at both ends. Now, which of these ways shall I take? Would some kind friend but write four lines for me, I would engage to write on—on—on, till my quire should be full.

Thus *have* I exclaimed—but thus need I exclaim no longer—I *have* a beginning;—Eureka! I have found it!

What a piece of patchwork is the life of man! This struck me forcibly the other day, as, parting from the gay crowds which thronged Cheapside street, I stood before the Philadelphia Hospital, and, gazing at its massive walls, thought what an amount of sorrow and suffering was enclosed by them!—The sick stranger, far from home and friends, languishing on the bed of death, without one loved voice to whisper words of comfort in his ear, and smooth the path from time to eternity!

Oh! what a blessed privilege should we deem it, to walk forth in the balmy Spring-tide, and drink in the sweet, free air of Heaven!—Yet, how little gratitude have we for health, while we feel it bound in our veins and sparkle in our eyes! Onward we madly rush, in the pursuit of wealth, ambition or pleasure, thinking not that the time might come when our day-dreams should be realized: Love and Friendship smile—Ambition and Wealth lay their trophies at our feet—the goal seems won:—when lo! sickness lays her pallid hand on our shoulders;

palsied and fainting, we sink in her withering embrace. We feel her hot breath, like the perfume of the deadly Upas, poisoning the springs of life, and petrifying our vital energies, till, in the anguish of wilted hope, we exclaim: Oh God!—Oh God!—Take away riches and honours, yea, *all* wherewith thou hast gifted me—but, oh! restore the energy of health, without which nothing in life is desirable! Yet how do we wantonly trifle with, and throw away this inestimable jewel, as if it were a mere bauble—a toy!

But we shall never get into the Hospital, if we continue moralizing at the gate. My Pegasus is a wayward steed—sometimes he twitches the bridle from my grasp, and gambols on, heedless and unrestrained—sometimes pausing in a bye lane, to crop the green herbage, or drink at the brawling rivulet—then, tossing his proud head, and shaking his flowing mane, he bounds on, over the level plain.

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After conversing some time with the invalid for whom Mrs. M. had brought a few delicacies, she inquired after the young English sailor whom she had seen at her last visit.

"Poor fellow! They say he cannot recover," was the reply.

"Let us go and see him," said my friend.

There he lay in a troubled sleep—a fine looking lad he must have been—his rich brown hair, curled over a high bold forehead, and his attenuated countenance was beautiful in its chiselling. He murmured in his sleep, "Mother! Mother!" He awoke—a dream had placed his fond mother by his side—and he groaned heavily, as he met the gaze of a stranger.

Poor boy, the wide Atlantic rolled its billows between him and those he held dear. Those who would have wept over their sailor-boy, pursued, perhaps, at that moment, some scheme of giddy pleasure; while friendless and alone, he lay on that bed, whence he was never to arise.

"Can we do any thing for you?—is there any thing you would like? Tell me freely," said my kind companion, as she put down by his side the little jar of jelly she had brought for him.

"No ma'am, I thank you, nothing!" said the poor boy, as the large tears rolled heavily down his cheek. "I want nothing but my mother. Oh! I wish I was at home, home—home!" His faint voice died away in a low wail. When he again opened his eyes, they rested on a bunch of violets in my girdle; I saw the direction of his glance, and put them into his pale thin fingers. He received them with a faint smile; our eyes met. It seems to me, that the sick unto death have a vivid and keen strength of those perceptive powers, which are so soon to depart forever: for he read in my eye the sympathy, the compassionate yearning to relieve his sorrow, which swelled my bosom. He lifted up the violets. "Yes—yes—my little sisters are at play in the green meadows, making cowslip-balls and wreaths of daisies and violets. Oh! that I could be with them! Oh! that I *could* but be at home, to lie down in my mother's arms, and die with her cool hand on my hot forehead!"

Oh! how the "hysterica passio" rose in my throat, as if it would choke me, as I leaned over the couch of the dying boy—fain would I have tended on him as a sister—willingly would I have held his fevered hand, or bathed his burning brow, and watched by his side till the last faint flutter of the decaying pulse told that the dread struggle was over—but to me he was neither "kith nor kin;" and the stern laws of decorum tore me from his bed-side. We departed with a promise of soon revisiting him.

"He sleeps as before," said Mrs. M., as with light steps we entered the room—he moved not—he slept; but it was the sleep that knows no waking—he was laid out decently for burial—the violets I had given him still clasped in his right hand.

I scarce know why I took such an interest in this poor lad; but I rebuked myself, as I thought of his bereaved sisters, for the many repinings I had indulged in, because I was not blessed with a brother. Better, far better, never to have enjoyed the holy affection of a brother, than thus to lose one forever!

Will you have patience, nor criticise too hardly, the following lines which I wrote on returning home!

Untimely cleft by death's rude hand,  
Far from thy home, and father-land,  
Fair flower of Britain's isle:  
Methinks, I see thy mother's tears,  
When thy sad fate she mournful hears,  
And cries "Oh, wo!" the while.

With merry feet and voices gay  
In English fields thy sisters play,  
And gather spring's fresh flowers;  
No garlands o'er thy grave they strew,  
Perchance for years they may not know,  
That numbered are thine hours.

Perhaps, around thy mother's knee,  
At twilight dim, they ask for thee,  
And wish thy wanderings o'er;  
Each boasts "My brother from the sea  
Will bring some shells and toys for me"—  
Thou wilt return no more.

A stranger drops a pitying tear,  
Poor boy! upon thy humble bier,  
Where lonely thou dost lie,  
As pure, as full of feeling, deep  
As e'en thy mother's self could weep  
If she instead were nigh.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now enter we the courts where mystic madness,  
Straw-crowned and seeptr'd, holds her wild dominion!  
*Old Play.*

"Remember that all whom you see in this ward, are crazed," said my friend. An old man, who was peeping at us from behind the door of his cell now came forward, and, with several low bows, besought us to consider ourselves at home! "God forbid!" I ejaculated, involuntarily. My friend bowed courteously, in return, and we passed on. Poor old man! he has been there forty years, and fancies the hospital and the grounds around it, are all his own property. He speaks with ludicrous gravity of the repairs he intends to make, and if he discovers any thing out of order, he rails at the laziness and negligence of his servants. He is happier in his harmless hallucination than many who style themselves sane.

Yet it is a dreadful thing that the empire of reason—the only thing which raises man above the brute, so well expressed in the words of the old song, “My mind to me a kingdom is”—it is dreadful to think that a blow—a fall—a stroke of the sun—an apparent nothing—can make this kingdom a desert, or peopled only by wild fantastic things, like the worlds, which, in Byron's Cain, Satan showed to the first homicide! The followers of Mahomet regard the idiot or the maniac as a sacred being. There *is* something mysteriously awful in the idea of a living, thinking, speaking being, with imaginations, passions, feelings, all—all vividly and busily at work in the brain, without the controlling power of reason.

“There is a joy in being mad,  
That none but madmen know!”

So says some poet—a *mad* one doubtless. They do say that *all* poets are a little crack-brained. I opine that the cracks, are (as the backwoodsman said of the stars) hobs to let the glory through. Natt Lee, the mad poet, *par excellence*, said that not *he*, but *all* the rest of the world were mad! In good truth, have we not all, some monomania, which makes us at times as crazily disregardless of other feelings and interests, as the wildest maniac! Is the raving madman, who thinks himself a king, or a hero, a whit more mad, than the raving politician who destroys all his domestic comfort and calmness of conscience, to satisfy the fierce rancour of party feeling, or place himself for a transitory moment on a point above his fellow citizens. Or than the soldier “who seeks the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth,”—or the poet, the philosopher, the painter who pursue their fevered schemes and destructive labours, with the vulture consumption preying at their vitals, till the laurel crown they have struggled for, but gleams in marble mockery over their tombs.

Whatever may be my monomania, and, doubtless, I too, have my mad vein, it is *not* the thirst for posthumous fame.

I do not wish or ask for fame,  
Unless I can obtain it now;  
I would not take a laurel wreath,  
Unless it bound my *living* brow!

I do not wish for *future* fame,  
When in the gloomy churchyard lying;  
What should I care tho' half the world  
Above my humble grave were sighing!

He, too, who “puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains;”—on this theme I *could* write pages, and *will*, but not now. The duellist—but we need seek no further for an illustration, than yonder gloomy cell. See the savagely melancholy tenant, conversing in a corner, glancing for a moment at us with sullen apathy, then turning his bloodshot eye to the floor. His brow is furrowed and his matted hair is white, yet he is young—yes, in the very prime of his life. He was once gay, handsome, wealthy and happy. He was a *duellist*. He fought with his friend, for some trifling quarrel, some fantastic point of honour, or perhaps a deeper offence—for none but the principals knew the cause of the duel—

one of *them* lies in an early grave, the *other*, lives, but *how*? They were bosom friends, they had been so from childhood. They met—his friend fell—the watches of that night were passed in sleepless agony—the next morning found him a raving and hopeless lunatic!

Years have passed away since then, but on the first day of May, the anniversary of his unhappy duel, he stalks from his cell to the grounds of the hospital, he paces off the distance, seems to act over in imagination the fatal tragedy—seems to see again before him the bleeding body of his early friend—then, like Orestes pursued by the furies, he rushes into his cell, where he remains crouching in sullen misery, counting the days, till another year of his monotonously wretched existence has passed away.

Speaking of different kinds of madness, reminds me of a rather singular instance, related to me by a friend. I give the account as nearly as I can recollect in her words. “I was,” said my friend, “several years ago, visiting the Almshouse, in Philadelphia, with some ladies, to see a young girl, with whom they had been acquainted in better days. We were ushered into a sort of hall from which the cells opened; two or three of the quiet inmates were seated on either side of the room, while the ravings of others were heard through the small wickets in their closed doors. Helen was not in the room when we entered, and while waiting I glanced through the wicket of a cell whence came the hoarse murmurs of its inmate, and beheld seated on her bed one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. She appeared to be addressing a strain of the most impassioned eloquence to some imaginary visitor—her black eyes flashed with unnatural brilliancy—her cheeks were crimsoned with excitement. I saw her but for a moment, when she caught a sight of my face, and overpowered with a sense of her condition, she shrank down and concealed her face in the bed clothes.

Helen came from an adjoining cell, and welcomed us with the air and grace of a lady receiving her customary morning visitants. She asked us into her room, and then first appeared to think there was something wrong. The cell, as usual, contained nothing but a small bed, she requested us to sit upon it, and, as a faint colour spread over her sunken cheek, she begged us to excuse the want of chairs. “I don't know why they have taken all the chairs away; you must excuse them, I suppose they are clearing up.”

She was tall, and her countenance and person can be well described by the term interesting. Her dress was simple—an old black silk frock, and a white cape, but twisted round her head was a piece of coarse domestic gingham.

“Helen,” said her friend, “why do you wear that ugly check on your head?” “Oh,” said she, “I had some very pretty caps when I came here to board, but I lent them to the other ladies to take pattern, and some how they got torn to pieces, they did not take the least care of them!” “I will send you a cap,” said the lady, “but don't wear that.” “Oh,” cried the poor girl, “this my mother sent me for an apron, but I thought it was prettier for a turban!” We gave her some cakes and fruit, which we had brought for the purpose, and took leave. As we left her, she took hold of the arm of one of the ladies, and ad-

dressed her in a whisper. "No, my dear," said the lady, and we left her. "She asked me," said the lady, "if I had seen her lover lately." Her history is soon told. Her mother was a widow, who by the death of her husband, had found herself reduced from easy circumstances to embarrassment and penury. She was passing rich in two fair daughters, a species of wealth only valued in these days, according to the chance of getting rid of it.

To eke out her scanty income, she took as boarders, some medical students from the south. Between one of these, the son of a Carolina planter, and the younger daughter, poor Helen, an attachment commenced, that to the eye of her prudent mother seemed fraught with danger. She warned her daughter of the little probability there was, that his father would sanction such a marriage, and then contented herself with keeping them, as she thought, totally apart, in the hope to estrange them from each other without dismissing from her house a lucrative boarder. Some time after she discovered that they kept up a correspondence by putting letters under a pillow on his bed, and she suspected that they met at other places. She remonstrated with the young gentleman, and desired him, unless he intended to address her daughter openly, to find another home.

Alas! for poor Helen! Though not too proud to gain her affections, and trifle with her happiness, he was too proud to marry her, and excused himself on the plea of not daring to wed, contrary to his father's wishes.

In compliance with the mother's desire, he left the house, pledging himself to keep no farther correspondence with her whatever, and without taking any particular leave, he bade her adieu at the same time with her mother and sister, and immersed in the study of his profession and the societies of the city, he lost all recollection of poor Helen.

"They parted as all lovers part,  
She with her wronged and breaking heart,  
But he, rejoicing he was free  
Bounds like a captive from his chain  
And wilfully believes that she  
Hath found her liberty again!"

What to him was but the amusement of an idle hour, was to her the business of life. She did not believe that he had or would forsake her; she thought his absence, his neglect, the result of what she, poor mistaken girl! called the tyranny of her mother, and night after night, regardless of the inclemency of the season, she rose softly from her bed, and wrapped in her cloak, stole from the house to visit the former places of meeting, in the hope, the expectation, that he would be there to see her. As might be expected, she took a violent cold, which terminated in a brain fever, from which she never entirely recovered. She was harmless, but would embrace every opportunity to get out of the house, for the purpose of wandering round the hotel, to which he had removed from her mother's, and where her disordered imagination still whispered that she would find him. Her shrieks and cries when brought back from these excursions were dreadful, and not to lose her boarders, her only support, the afflicted mother boarded her at the

Almshouse, for the double purpose of having her under the care of its skilful physician, and because of its proximity to her own habitation. She had been there now for some months, and was tranquil and apparently better.

Some time after the visit I have narrated, I met the lady who had accompanied me. I asked her of poor Helen. "Oh! poor girl," said she, "her sorrows and her troubles are over, she is no more! Shortly after our visit, she was taken home, and hopes were at first entertained that her mind would be restored. She was quiet and gentle, but her thoughts were still fixed upon her truant lover!

One sabbath evening she was sitting with her mother at an upper window that commanded a view of the public square—every gentleman and lady that passed, drew from her the exclamation, "Oh mother! if it had not been for you, I should have been walking so, with my dear S——." Tired, worn out with these complaints, her mother left her for a moment, to speak to her elder daughter, who was seated in the parlour with some friends: she had scarcely entered the room, she was yet speaking, when something white flashed by the window, a shrill shriek from below, and all was still!

They rushed down, extended on the pavement, bloodless, uninjured except by the concussion, lay the breathless body of the unhappy Helen. Poor victim to man's heartless trifling, and her own ill-regulated imagination."

Verily, truth is stronger than fiction: we need not task our minds, or rack our imaginations, for romantic incident or tragic event, while Hospital or Almshouse rear their massive walls.

## THE BONDSMAN'S FEAST.

ONCE on a time there flourished in the town of Troyes a citizen whose name was Arthault de Nogent. This person, of obscure and servile parentage, had begun the world without one of the advantages which are commonly supposed to predicate a successful career. A link in a long line of bourgeois, that had grown in the feudal domain of the Count de Champagne, he appeared to be destined for nothing else than to transmit unbroken the chain of bondage to another generation. By some strange concurrence of circumstances, however, assisted by great industry, strict honesty, and a natural pride, of that kind which raises its head haughtily above every one but a superior in power of fortune, Arthault gradually emerged from obscurity, and at least gilded the hereditary fetters which he could not throw off.

His first patron was Sir Launcelot Sansavoire, a knight of ancient family. When boys, they had played together on the terms of political equality dictated by nature; and even in other respects they seemed to be pretty nearly on a level; for if the balance of strength and courage was on the side of Launcelot, that of skill and address on the part of his low-born companion held firm the equipoise. As they grew up, however, and the laws of nature were gradually superseded by those of society, Arthault was reminded, by many a bitter token, of the artificial

distinctions which hedged round his heretofore playfellow from the degrading familiarity of a bourgeois. But the hard lesson was never taught directly by the freeman to the serf. Launcelot, although of a fierce and rough temper, was generous withal. He loved his humble companion with the love which simple contact inspires in the open and guileless heart of boy; and when the days of boyhood were over, he still continued to evidence, by the kindnesses which then acquired the name of patronage, that his early sentiments were unaffected by the accidental distinctions of the world. He assisted his protegee both with influence and money, countenanced his first efforts to assume a rank in society from which he might have appeared to be excluded by his birth, and fairly set him afloat on that tide of fortune which was to carry him to prosperity and power.

As he returned from time to time to his native town, in the pauses of the career of arms to which he had devoted himself, he saw with new surprise, and for a season with new satisfaction, the changes which were taking place in the waxing fortunes of his dependant. The corresponding changes, however, in the mind and manner of the bourgeois were not so pleasing, and to one acquainted with the world would not have been so surprising. Arthault, the farther he advanced from the point at which he had set out, wished the more ardently to forget it. Every word that reminded him of what he had been went like a dagger to his breast; and the unconscious remarks of Launcelot on the subject rankled and festered in his heart. The wincing of wounded vanity was little understood by the knight, who only thrust the deeper as the other shrunk back; till at length Arthault looked forward to the return of his former patron from the wars both with terror and disgust.

By-and-by, he had attained a station of importance sufficient to encourage him to return the unintentional insults of Sir Launcelot by at least reproach; and the fiery knight, in retaliation, seized several opportunities, both public and private, to mortify the pride of the base-born *ingrate*. By this time Arthault felt himself strong enough to fling back injury for injury; and thus a war of words, rather than actions, commenced, which ended in the deadliest hate on both sides.

This consummation, however, was in part brought about by circumstances foreign to the original cause of quarrel. Sir Launcelot's temper had been soured by reverses in fortune, almost as great as the advances made by the bourgeois, and a kind of jealousy was awakened in his naturally frank and generous mind, by occurrences of a precisely opposite nature to those which had wounded the feverish jealousy of Arthault. A reproach for supposed unkindness thus sounded to the one like a cowardly insult levelled at his falling fortunes; and a burst of anger at the imaginary wrong, to the other, like an intentional affront to the merit which had raised him from the dust.

Sir Launcelot was at length completely ruined in the wars of his prince; his estate was pawned piece-meal; and the chateau of his ancestors, the only fragment of his patrimony now his own, fell into ruins. Arthault, on the other hand, advancing step by step in wealth and honour, ar-

rived at length at a high financial post, under that very prince who had discarded or forgotten the bankrupt knight, and without the actual title of minister, became in every respect the confidential agent of Count Palatine of Champagne.

But all this, it may be supposed, was not the work of less than many years. The families of the knight and the bourgeois, were for a considerable time, intermingled in friendly intimacy; and the rupture, gradual as it was, was yet too sudden to take place without being attended by grief and tears.

Arthault's only child was a son, who owed nothing to his father but the prospect of a fair inheritance, for he was little like him in form, and not at all in mind; he was a fine, manly, generous, and high-spirited youth, such as would have been thought too early born, had his appearance been made before the hereditary servility of his family was forgotten. The knight, too, had an only child, a daughter; who, in personal appearance and moral qualities, contrasted in as remarkable a manner with her father. She was little almost to a fault, in the standard of beauty, if there be such a thing; her form was moulded with a delicacy which gave the idea of one of those aerial shapes that dance in the beam of poesy; and there was that gentle and refined playfulness of expression in her fair countenance, which artists have loved to picture in the nymphs of some sylvan goddess, whose rudest employment is to chase one another on the green bank, or sport in the transparent wave.

Guillaume loved the beautiful bourgeoisie before he knew that such love was a condescension; and Amable, when, on being desired by her father to refuse her heart to Guillaume, she thought of inquiring whether she possessed such a thing at all, started with surprise to find that she had given it away to Arthault's son long ago. But where was the use of repining? Guillaume was young, and handsome, and generous, and brave; and what harm could befall her heart in such keeping? Amable turned away from her father with a light laugh and a light step, and stealing skippingly round the garden wall,—for already the paternal prohibitions had gone forth,—bounded towards a grove of wild shrubs at the farther end.

The trees were bathed in sunlight; the air was filled with the song of birds; the face of heaven was undimmed by a single spot of shade; and the earth was green, and sparkling, and beautiful beneath. Such was the scene around her; but in Amable's mind, a warmer and brighter sun shed its light upon her maiden dreams, and the voice of the sweet, rich singer Hope, drowned the melody of the woods. "Away!" she thought; "it cannot be that this strange, unkindly mood can endure; my father loves his friend in spite of all, and the noble and generous knight could not hate if he would. They shall not be a week apart when they will both regret what has passed; and when they meet again I will laugh them into a confession that they have done so. Then the two friends will embrace; and then Guillaume and I will sing, and dance, and read together again—and then—and then—and then—" It seemed as if her thoughts had run her out of breath; for at this point of the reverie she paused,

and hung back for a moment, while a sudden blush rose to her very eyes. Soon, however, she recovered; she threw back her head gayly, and yet proudly; legends of happy love crowded upon her memory, and minstrel songs echoed in her ear; she bounded lightly into the wood, and as some one, darting from behind a tree, caught her while she passed, Amable, with the stifled scream of alarm which maidens are wont to give when they wish it unheard by all, save one, found herself in the arms of Guillaume.

The predictions of her heart were not verified; for the breach between the heretofore friends became wider every day. Her meetings with Guillaume were more unfrequent, and no longer in the daytime, but by the mystic light of the moon. Then came the fall of her father's house, more precipitous as the descent went on, till it stopped amid darkness and ruins. The family chateau sunk into decay: and rising near it, in an inverse ratio, a princely mansion appeared, the shadow of whose towers fell cold and stern upon the blackened walls where the father and daughter disputed an abiding place with the owls.

This new edifice was the Chateau de Nogent, built by Arthault, who was already styled the Lord de Nogent. He was now one of the wealthiest citizens of Troyes, and so completely in the confidence of the count, that to gain his favour was esteemed an indispensable preliminary in business of any kind to be transacted at the court. This arrangement did not injure much the interests of justice and true policy; for Arthault wanted neither in benevolence nor judgment; and it is even to be supposed, from his general character, that, at this epoch of his prosperity, he would have gladly consented to a reconciliation with the now impoverished patron of his earlier years. Sir Launcelot's hatred, however, became more bitter and uncompromising as the decline of his fortunes went on; and so fearless were aggressions, so far as speech could go, that, even in the lowest depth of poverty, he was an enemy to be dreaded rather than despised by the morbid sensibility of Arthault.

There were some instances, it may be remarked, in which those who knew the secret of his fortunes, and thus the grand weakness in the character of the bourgeois lord, contrived to warp his opinion to the side of cruelty and injustice. One or two of the errors into which Count Henri had in consequence been betrayed were accidentally exposed; and that prince, surnamed Le Large, or the Liberal, turned for a moment an eye of suspicion on his counsellor. The lucky stars of Arthault, however, prevailed, and the Count found his single failing of jealous pride so amply redeemed by many good and useful qualities, that he continued him in his favour as before. To such a height, indeed, did he at length arrive in the estimation of his prince, that on the completion of the Chateau de Nogent, Henri paid him a visit in person, and partook of the hospitality of his house for a day and a night, not in the manner of a noble thus seizing on the feudal tax due to him by his serf, but with all the form and courtesy of a friend visiting his equal.

This was a proud and a happy day for Arthault. His head was in the clouds—he scarcely seemed to touch the earth with his feet; but yet with the strong control which worldly men are wont to

exercise over their feelings, he schooled his aspect into the bland and lowly expression of grateful humility. When, in the early part of the morning, the echoes of Nogent were awakened by a flourish of trumpets, which proclaimed the approach of the count, instead of waiting to receive him in the arcade under the belfry, according to the common usage of lords at that period, he walked bare-headed to the gate of the outer court, and kneeling, held the prince's stirrup as he dismounted.

The breakfast was served in cups and porringers of silver, set on a magnificent gold tray, and consisted chiefly of milk made thick with honey, peeled barley, cherries dried in the sun, and preserved barbaries. The bread was of the *mias* cakes composed of rye-flour, cream, orange-water, and new-laid eggs; and the whole was distributed among the guests by Guillaume; the host himself having been compelled to take his seat at the table by the count.

The morning was spent in viewing the improvements of the place, and riding about the neighbourhood; and at ten o'clock the company partook of a dinner served in the same style of tasteful magnificence. The viands included among other things a lamb roasted whole, the head of a wild boar covered with flowers, fried trouts, and poached eggs, which were eaten with boiled radishes, and peas in their shells.

A profusion of the precious metals graced the table, more especially in drinking cups; those of horn, which were formerly in general use, having about this period gone out of vogue. The luxury of forks, it is true, had not yet been invented; but when it is remembered that the hands were washed publicly, before and after meals, not as a fashionable form, but in absolute earnest, it will not be feared that any indelicacy in the feasters contrasted with the taste and splendour of the feast.

The wines filled by Guillaume, who waited particularly on the count, besides the fashionable vin d'Ai of the district, included the vin de Beaume of Burgundy, the vin d'Orleans, so much prized by Louis le Jeune, and the powerful vin de Rebrechien (another Orleans wine), which used formerly to be carried to the field by Henry I. to animate his courage.

After dinner the guests partook of the amusement of the chase, which afforded Arthault an opportunity of exhibiting, in all its extent, his newly acquired estates—and which, indeed, comprehended a great part of the family property of Sansavoir; although the count did not observe, and therefore no one else was so ill-bred as to do so, an old blackened building mouldering near the garden wall, which Sir Launcelot had still preserved, and where he continued to reside in a kind of dogged defiance of his enemy.

The festivities of the day were closed by a splendid supper, attended by music and minstrel songs; and when the sleeping-cup had passed round, the Count Henri retired to the chamber prepared for him, which he found to be not at all inferior to his own in luxury and magnificence. Vessels of gold, filled with rose-water, were placed on his dressing-table; the curtains of the ample bed were ornamented with partridge plumes, supposed to ensure to the sleeper a long and peaceful life; and, in short, nothing was



wanting that might have been deemed pleasing either to the taste or superstition of the age.

In spite of all the Count Henri could not sleep. He listened to the dying noises in the house, and to the tread of Guillaume, who passed through the corridors, in the manner of a squire, to ascertain that every thing was secure for the night; and then invoking the protection of Our Lady, turned himself on his side, and closed his eyes. It was in vain; he felt restless and feverish, and at length starting up, he opened the window and looked out into the night.

It was a night of midsummer, clear, still, and balmy. His window opened upon a terrace which sloped down into the garden, and commanded an extensive view of rich shrubbery and shady walks. The count, after gazing for a while, imagined that a stroll in so delightful a place would sooth his restlessness, and that the perfume of the innumerable flowers, falling sweet and heavy upon his senses, might dispose him for sleep. Wrapping a loose gown about him, therefore, he stepped out upon the terrace, and sauntered slowly into the garden.

Having admired for some time the order and neatness which prevailed around, and which were rendered distinctly visible by the clear moonlight, he dived into a grove, stretching from near the house to the end of the garden, intending to cross into another walk beyond. When he had gained the middle of this retreat, where the branches were shadiest, he was startled by a sound among the leaves, different from the voice of the gentle night-wind; and by-and-by something appeared like a moving shadow. Unlike a shadow, however, it bent the branches as it went along; and when at length it passed between Count Henri and the faint moonbeams, which strayed into the other side of the wood, he saw that it resembled the figure of a tall man covered with a cloak, and gliding swift and silent through the trees.

Count Henri's heart leaped within him at the appearance of so unexpected an object in the dark and midnight grove; but being a man of courage, he presently recovered his presence of mind.

"By the Holy Mary!" said he, crossing himself, "be thou here for good or evil, I will see who thou art, and what is thy purpose;" and he followed swiftly but silently the muffled figure. In a few minutes it had cleared the wood; and Henri, waiting in the shadow of the trees, saw it advance close to the garden wall. The next moment it disappeared, and so suddenly, that the spectator was in some doubt as to whether it had leaped the barrier, or oozed, in ghost fashion through the solid masonry.

"Beshrew my heart," said he, "but thou art a tall fellow and a stout! Yet will I after, if the saints please, though I break my neck in the adventure!" and scrambling over the wall with good courage, but somewhat less agility than had been exhibited by the stranger, he speedily found himself in another garden, or in a place liable to some suspicion of having once been so, which contrasted strangely with the one he had just quitted.

The walks were choked up; weeds contested the pre-eminence with flowers, and flowers emulated the wildness and rankness of weeds; fruit-trees, long past the age of bearing, mouldering

and moss-grown, looked like monuments of the past; and every where nature was seen reclaiming to her rude domain that which once had been ravished from it by art. It was a place, indeed, which seemed to be singularly well fitted for the haunt of nightly spirits; and as the count discovered that the phantom-figure had totally vanished, a somewhat uncomfortable sensation crept over his heart.

He listened, but all was still. Had the slightest rustling among the leaves met his ear, he would have shouted out, to challenge the step of this mysterious wanderer of the moonlight; but in the absence of every sound indicating human motion, he scarcely liked to send his voice through the wilderness. At length a small solitary light appeared gleaming through the trees; and, determined to finish, like a gallant knight, the adventure he had commenced, the Count Henri made towards it swiftly but cautiously.

The light proceeded from a window in a house so far gone in decay, that, without this testimony, he would have hesitated to believe it still inhabited. As he approached, an owl, keeping sentry in the ruined belfry, startled him with his hoarse "too-who!" and, as if it had been really the *huée* of the *guarde*, or sentinel, which each vassal who heard it was obliged to repeat, the alarm was echoed by at least a dozen other discordant voices, and at the moment a large bat swooping down, circled round the visitor's head so closely that the wings agitated his hair, and thus seemed to marshal him the way to the house of desolation. The mansion had evidently been a chateau of considerable strength; and its broken palisades, choked ditches, and ruined barbicans still looked grim and threatening in their decay. Immense beams of timber swung by the walls, supported by iron cables half eaten through with rust; the drawbridge, which appeared to have been raised since the house was spoiled of all that was worth defending, was firmly bedded in the ground; and the doorways, which had, perhaps, originally been sunk a little below the surface, from the collection of rubbish, or the spontaneous growth of the seldom-trodden earth, were now half buried.

The count drew near, with a mixture of pity and curiosity; and, crossing the drawbridge, which resembled a bank of earth, being covered with vegetation growing out of the decomposed timber, reached the window which contained the light, and looked in.

A young woman was sitting alone in the black and ruinous chamber. Struck with surprise and admiration by her extreme beauty, and a certain incongruity with the scene exhibited in her manner and expression, Count Henri stood for some moments motionless, and almost breathless, at the window. Had he seen such a figure skipping along the walks of Arthault's garden, or lying asleep on a moonlight bark, he would have been in no perplexity on the subject. He would at once have rubbed his eyes, and blessed himself at the apparition of an actual damsel of faery, or imagined that his fancy, disturbed by aromatic perfume, and the agency of the brain-controlling moon, had conjured up before him a garden spirit—a personification of the beauty, elegance, freshness, and fragrance of the flowers. But here! surrounded by black and mouldering walls,

and the companion of bats and owls! He remembered to have heard the Angel of Death described in song as a beautiful and benignant spirit; but who was she, this lonely dweller among tombs and ruins,—this lady of the past?

On minute examination, however, the playfulness of youth, which sat enthroned on her fair brow, with a kind of equivocal dignity, that half-awed and half-authorized familiarity, seemed to belong more to the original mould of the features than to the actual condition of the mind; and Henri imagined that he detected a shade even of sadness hovering over her bright cheek, her sparkling blue eyes and rich and ruby lip, which proved her only too plainly to be one of earth's daughters. A powerful interest was excited by the discovery; and, as it usually happens in such circumstances with good minds, his surprise and admiration were chastened by the affectionate pity which we term sympathy.

The picture before him was rendered still more singular by the occupation of the young female; for at this midnight hour, she seemed in the act of arranging her hair, as if about to visit, or receive visitors. A part of her very long tresses hung in wildly-beautiful disorder about her face; while on the other side, they were curled up in ringlets which would have compelled the most devout admirer of the simple to admit that art might embellish nature. As the work went on, however, it appeared that art had very little to do in the matter. A bend of the hand—a twirl of the magic finger, and up ran the wreath of hair in its appointed form; nor did the cheek seem to be more indebted to the cosmetics of the toilet, for the fragment of a mirror in which she contemplated her face was the only furniture of the table.

When she had finished her toilet, she started, as if on hearing some sound, and hastily drew a large cap over her head so as to conceal the hair, and enveloped her figure in an old shawl. Presently a man entered the apartment; and a pang of shame passed across the heart of Count Henri, as he recognized—although this was not without some difficulty—in the hard and war-worn features before him, a tarnished resemblance to one of the eldest and most faithful servants of his house, the Knight of Sansavoir.

Sir Launcelot wore his hauberk, which knights seldom laid aside except when retiring to bed; and over all was a coat of faded sendal, on which his embroidered arms were almost entirely defaced by time and frequent darning. A kind of morose dignity lowered on his furrowed brow, and his sharp and anxious glance seemed to be looking out as much for cause of offence as for the approach of the troubles and vexations of the world. His shaggy head, which had been once coal-black, was completely silvered over, but so thinly, as it seemed, that the original colour was visible beneath. Although he had reached an age when the figure may gracefully bend under the load of years, his was still as erect and stiff as a lance; which, taken conjointly with his expression, conveyed the idea of force and constraint, as if he compelled himself to bear up against the ills and insults which poverty is heir to, and struggle desperately even with Time himself.

"My child," said the stout old knight—and his grim features relaxed as he addressed his daughter—"Why, Amable, are you up so late?"

"It is so fine a night!" replied Amable; "and besides, dear father, I am anxious to know the result of the meeting of our creditors. You have not spoken one word since your return from Troyes."

"I wished, my child, that you should at least sleep on the last night you are to spend in the ancient abode of your fathers. You are so changed, Amable! You who were wont to return with a smile the buffets of the world, and laugh so gleesomely at the strange, tattered garb of Poverty, when the old beggar came knocking with his iron staff at my very heart,—why now, even now, you start and turn pale!"

"It was only the moonlight, my father, passing across my face," said Amable, throwing herself into his arms.—"Is not this then the worst? Can there be a worse still? Come, I will meet it! My eyes, indeed, may be wet when I bid adieu to these old towers, beautiful and beloved even in their ruin; but through my tears you shall see sparkle the spirit of my ancestors. Let it be this night, ay, this minute, and I am ready. Go on, my father, for I will follow you; and even should the sky be red around us with the glare of burning, your Amable shall not once turn her head to inquire shudderingly what had become of all that was once so dear to her!" The old man groaned aloud.

"There is worse still," said he—"and by the blessed Virgin! I know not how to speak it."

"Speak it! and speak plainly," said Amable, hastily, "Tell me all—all but—" and she gazed with a look of terrified suspicion into her father's face, and then stealing her hands round his hauberk till they met clasped behind—"Tell me any thing but that!" she added. "Let them burn the chateau about our heads if they will, so that we perish together!" Her father trembled in her arms; and it was some moments before he recovered sufficiently from the agitation to trust his voice with speech.

"Amable," said he at length, "there must be no more of this. I thought we had both been schooled too well for the exhibition of such weakness.—The case is this, My creditors, influenced by the traitorous fiend—the skulking, creeping, truckling, dastardly—"

"Oh, my father!"

"In a word—for I will be calm—by Arthault the Serf—have sued at the court of Rome for my excommunication as a bankrupt knight. To-morrow I shall be hunted like a beast of prey from the ruins of my home; and if I should die the next moment, my body will be left to rot unburied. Now, mark me, girl, there is no alternative; I must forth to the Italian wars, and you—"

"I will be your page!" cried Amable, suddenly. The old man was surprised into a grim but tearful smile.

"God help thee, poor maid!" said he; "your world is still the world of romance and song! Amable, for my own subsistence I must fight, even with these war-worn arms; for yours—I must beg."

"How mean you, in the name of the Virgin!"

"Beg, I say—beg! It is but once—the first and the last. I have served my prince at the expense of my family. I have lost my all in adventures of which he should have borne the cost;

and, if I alone had been concerned—shut out even as I am from that sun which should have warmed and enlightened my age by a crowd of slaves and sycophants, with the reptile Lord of Nogent at their head—God knows, no murmur would have passed my lips, and no memento would have come from the last Sansavoire to call a blush into Count Henri's face. You, my child, however, leave me no alternative. You cannot trudge with me to the wars, where I must go, friendless and a stranger, even like a wandering Scot; and you cannot remain at home without a protector. There is no help for it. I must sue for that grace which the customs of our country sanction in such circumstances. I must beg of my liege lord to provide an asylum for you, which I am unable to give—to bestow on you—ay, girl, you droop and turn pale—but that, too, must be borne!—to bestow on you a dowry, and provide you a husband.” Amable made no reply. She had drooped her head upon her father's shoulder, and seemed to have been deprived of all sensation.

“Look up, my child;” said the old man, alarmed; “look up, beloved of my heart! I am too rough and sudden; I will be more gentle, indeed I will. But yet, the shock must have come some time, and it is not worse to bear now than again. Weep, Amable; weep, if you love your father! it will ease your heart. There, weep long and bitterly. I would myself accompany you, but my eyes are so hard now!—iron—iron!” and the old warrior covered his face with his hand.

“Enough!” he resumed with a start; “let us bear the fortune which Heaven sends with a calm brow. I pity you, my child, and not the less that I am myself the cause of half your grief. Had I done my duty as a father and a knight, you could never have formed that unhappy and degrading intimacy.”

“Degrading!” exclaimed Amable, almost fiercely, while a bright flush rose into her face.

“Nay, I am wrong,” said the father—“yes, I am wrong. Poor Guillaume! his heart at least is noble; and it is no fault of his that the blood of a slave runs in his veins. I have cursed the union, which I once looked forward to with joy; I have cursed it with the bitterest and most solemn curses of my heart; I have vowed that, while I live, you shall never be the wife of a bondsman; and if, when I am dead, you disobey me, it will be like trampling on your father's grave! Notwithstanding, I will do no injustice to Guillaume. What! was it not from me that he learned first to use his arms? Did I not teach him the cut and the thrust, the attack and defence, the rally and retreat? Did I not enter the mimic lists with him myself?—and beshrew my heart, if he struck not at last so as to make his master stagger! Poor Guillaume! I loved him as if he were my own son!”

“Dear father,” said Amable, throwing her arms round his neck, “Guillaume returned your love in all strength and faithfulness!”

“No more of this—no more of this!” cried the old man, roughly and suddenly; “to bed, girl, and sleep if you can; but pray before you sleep, and promise your heavenly Protector to deserve his care. Away! we will talk further in the morning—not a word, not a tear! Good night.”

Amable pressed her father's hand to her throbbing heart, and then raising it to her pale cold lips, lighted a taper and glided out of the room.

Count Henri debated with himself for a moment whether he should not enter the house, and beg forgiveness of his brave old vassal for the neglect with which his services had been treated; but suddenly a door opened beside him, and he had scarcely time to retreat into the shadow of the wall, when Amable stepped cautiously and noiselessly over the threshold. She paused for a moment, as if to listen, and then darted boundingly across the drawbridge, and was lost in the foliage beyond.

“Another phantom of the moonlight!” thought the startled spectator. “By the mass! if I do not trace this one to its haunt, I am no true knight;” and he sprang as lightly and as swiftly after her as the weight of sixty years would permit.

By-and-by she appeared in a clear space at some distance, skimming through the moonlight, as if scarcely touching the earth at all; and was then lost in a grove near the wall of Arthault's garden. The count, abandoning open pursuit, stole up to the part of the wall next him, through a double line of trees, and keeping cautiously within the shadow, soon reached the place where the lady disappeared. It had once been a thickly-peopled orchard, and was even now almost impervious to the moon. Henri, stepping carefully among the broken, mouldering branches that cumbered the ground, had reached the middle of the plantation, without discovering any tokens of the skimmer of the night, and was now ready to fancy that he had been thus led astray, not by Amable herself, but by some woodland spirit that had assumed her shape. In another moment, however, he heard the same touching voice which had charmed his ear at the window, and it was mingled with some deeper and fuller tones, which he recognized as those of Guillaume de Nogent.

Henri had thus discovered both the objects of his pursuit at the same time; for, on advancing a little farther, he saw the same tall, cloaked figure which he had followed through the garden. The lovers were sitting on the stump of a tree—too narrow to have held both, had they sat ceremoniously—and in the usual position of lovers, when they meet in a grove by moonlight, which is to say, with an arm round the slender waist, and a pale fair brow leaning against the taller shoulder. Amable was weeping, but not bitterly, as she had wept in her father's arms; and Guillaume seemed to have forgotten, in the sweetness of the sorrow, that he had cause of sorrow at all.

“And now that you have heard all,” said Amable, at last, “nothing remains for us but to part.”

“Ay, and to meet again,” replied her lover; “and then to part no more! Count Henri is liberal and noble-minded: I will throw myself at his feet to-morrow, after your father's petition has been made, tell him our story from the beginning, and implore him to let his choice of a husband fall upon me.”

“Alas!” said Amable, “there might be some hope in that, however slight; but there are other barriers too mighty even for hope to penetrate. You know my father's deep-rooted dislike—”

"Not to me, Amable—not to me. When I was a boy, I can remember, I seemed to be as much his child as yourself; and still, I know, the glorious old man loves me even as a son. O, would that his pride were not so strong! How many cares and distresses you might have been spared, in spite of my father's enmity! But, indeed, the wish is by no means unselfish: for, believe, me, love, the thought of your sufferings has been drinking the very life-blood of my heart for years."

"Dear Guillaume! But, indeed, my father's pride is unconquerable; for now it is fortified by an oath."

"An oath! to refuse the assistance of a son-in-law?"

"No, to refuse receiving as a son-in-law one who is—who is not—who—"

"I understand you!" said Guillaume! and the blush that rose into his face was distinctly visible in the moonlight. "I am a bondsman!" and he started up, and strode away a few paces with a hasty and unsteady step.

"These arms are as strong," resumed he, turning fiercely round, "as those of a noble! my courage is as high; I am as well acquainted with all the usages and exercises of arms; yet I never must, never can wear the knightly hauberk. O! that I were permitted to avenge the wrongs of my class, and assert the dignity of human nature! My sword would find a way through the meshes of the mailed armour, and I would teach its wearer in what true knighthood consists!"

"Guillaume," said his mistress, trembling at the vehemence of his voice and gestures; "remember, dear Guillaume, that you are the same to Amable as if you were a knight-banneret!"

"Spirit of chivalry!" cried the lover, in a paroxysm of passion, "I defy thee! there is my gage!" and he flung his glove violently into the trees. A sound was heard on the instant like the heavy tread of a man; and Amable, stifling a scream, threw herself into Guillaume's arms.

"I take up the gage!" said a voice the next moment, which appeared to proceed from the top of the wall; and a dead silence ensued, interrupted only by the beating of the lovers' hearts, who imagined for the time, in the superstitious spirit of the age, that some phantom-knight, perhaps Arthur himself, or one of his twelve companions, had replied to the defiance. Soon, however, Guillaume started, and breaking from his mistress, rushed to the spot where he had thrown his glove. It was gone.

"Fly," said he, "Amable; run, as if for your life, and show me instantly the light in your window to tell me that you are safe. We shall meet to-morrow—away, good night!" He gazed anxiously after her flying figure; and when at length the light appeared in her window, he turned round and searched minutely every corner of the orchard for his mysterious enemy. He then leaped the wall and inspected in the same manner the plantations in his father's garden. All was silence and solitude. When he had ascended the terrace, he crept noiselessly past the window of the distinguished guest, for fear of disturbing his slumbers, and at length betook himself, in perplexity and sorrow, to his own uneasy bed.

The following day being Whitsunday, Count

Henri set forth with Arthault, Guillaume, and a great retinue, to hear mass in the church of St. Stephen, which he had founded at Troyes. During the feast, there had been one drawback to his happiness; and that was, the consideration that the world was not by to witness it. Now, however, he was about to enter his native town as it were in triumph, side by side with a sovereign prince, who would by that time be publicly known to have eaten, and drank, and slept in his house, as a friend visits his friend.

"Arthault," said the count, as they rode together into the town, discoursing of state affairs, "I have a subject of some moment to consult you upon. There is a certain matter to be transacted forthwith with a neighbouring prince, and I would ask your opinion as to the person who should be employed in the affair. He must be of mature age—about your own years, for instance: he must be a valiant knight, such as would support the dignity of his master against the companions of the Round Table themselves: and as it would be well, more especially on this blessed day, and when I am just about to enter the house of my heavenly protector, the most holy martyr St. Stephen, to combine charity with the appointment, he must be poor,—miserably poor, if possible—the poorer the better. Know you such a one?"

"Sir," said Arthault, "I do. There is the Sire de Longueval, a man of honour and courage,—an old man too, and passing poor withal."

"That is the noble person," remarked the count "on whose daughter, if I mistake not, you have cast your eyes for a wife for your son. If the marriage takes place, your family and his will be as one, and, therefore, passing *rich*, my friend. Set him aside."

"Well, sir, there is Sir Gui de Marmont, who has lately sold his estate—"

"That he may buy another. How is this sir? Have we no man in our dominions who is at once brave, bold, and poor?" The count spoke in a tone of displeasure, and spurred on.

Arthault for an instant was cast down. The description resembled in a most striking manner Sir Launcelot Sansavoir, and a panic struck the heart of the bourgeois, occasioned by his consciousness of the injustice he committed in omitting to name the ruined knight. Circumstances, however, had very lately occurred to add tenfold bitterness to his enmity; and as Sir Launcelot had informed his daughter, the harsh step now adopted by the creditors was mainly owing to the evil influence of Arthault. Even the present displeasure of the prince was set down to the account of hatred; and, with a constantly recurring pang, he found that his heretofore friend was in some way or other an object of dread even in the gulf of ruin.

When the cortege had entered the town, however, the spirits of the serf revived. The crowd gathered; the buzz ran round and round, till increasing in volume, it rose into the shout of welcome. The homage of the people seemed to distinguish alike master and servant. Henri was the great and the liberal; and Arthault, as the minister of his greatness and liberality, was scarcely farther separated from him in imagination than a member is from the body. Hats were

waved, and knees bent as they passed; and the voice that cried, "God bless our good Count Henri!" never failed to add "Honour to Arthault!"

They at length reached the steps of the great door of St. Stephen's church; and the multitude ceasing their shouts in respect to the sanctity of the place, gathered still and silent round. The noble party dismounted, and began to ascend the stairs; Count Henri walking first, and Arthault following closely behind. When the count had gained the landing place, a slight stir was observed among the people gathered round the door; and presently a knight, leading a young female by the hand, detached himself from the crowd, and approached the sovereign.

It was Sir Launcelot Sansavoir, arrayed in his tarnished coat-of-arms; and no less faded were seen the roses in the cheeks of his lovely daughter, as pale, trembling, and abashed, she tottered by his side.

"How now, musart?" said the count. "It is long since thou hast honoured our poor court with thy presence; where hast thou been?"

"I have been in the shade," replied the knight.

"And whither would'st thou now, in the name of God?" Sir Launcelot knelt before his prince.

"Sir Count," said he, "I am for the Italian wars, if you will grant me your permission. My daughter, whom you now see, has no one to protect her in my absence, and I have no property left to support her. I therefore beg of you, for the love of honour and chivalry, and in the name of the most holy martyr St. Stephen, to bestow upon her a dowry, and appoint her a husband."

"Sir Knight," said Arthault, pressing eagerly in between them, "this is ill done! Our master has been so generous and liberal already that he has nothing more to give.—Away! Room for my Lord Count!"

At this scene, so interesting to the idle curiosity of some, and to the better feelings of others, a rush made by the people towards the speakers, but almost noiselessly, so great was their anxiety to hear, and in a moment a dense circle was formed round the party. Count Henri looked for many moments sternly into the face of Arthault.

"Sir Bourgeois," said he at last, "you have spoken falsely, in asserting that I have no longer wherewithal to give away. Are not *you* my property, the serf of my domain? And is it not in my power to bestow what is my own; Sir Knight, I give this man to you, and, in the presence of these witnesses, I warrant him your bondsman!" And having so spoken, he instantly turned away, and passed into the church.

Arthault looked as if he had been struck by thunder, and was about to sink upon the earth; but in a moment his fainting senses were recalled by the rude grasp of the knight, who seized his prey by the throat; and as the two enemies gazed into each other's faces, the look of wonder, mingled with fear and horror in the one, contrasted strangely with the glare of exultation and revenge which illumined the features of the other.

The crowd for some moments were dumb with astonishment; but by degrees their feelings burst forth in various exclamations; and Arthault had the further misery to distinguish, in the shout which arose, an expression of the popular satisfaction at his downfall. Not the least interesting portion of the scene, however, was the part played by the bondsman's son. Insensible of his father's or his own disgrace, he was leaning distractedly over Amable; who, oppressed by a crowd of contending feelings, had fainted the moment the sentence of the count was pronounced. When she at last re-opened her eyes, he lifted her up tenderly in his arms, and followed with his burthen her stern father, who, forgetful even of his beloved daughter, was engaged in dragging away the slave who had thus suddenly fallen into his domain.

As they passed the Chateau de Nogent, Arthault in vain entreated his new master to enter, offering to pay him down five hundred livres of ransom on the spot.

"Come on, come on," said Sir Launcelot, fiercely, "it is time enough to talk of ransom; you shall first visit the house of your lord;" and they went on in silence. When they entered the old avenue, where the bondsman's foot had not been for many years—not since the noble oaks had been cut down, and thorns and brambles had choked up the once crowded path, and the hare had couched where the war-horse was wont to prance—he paused, and hung back for a moment.

This was the domain of memory. Every tree, every stone had its legend: and the vacant places, where trees and monuments had once stood, were filled with shadows that seemed as palpable to the senses. It was here he had played with his noble companion;—it was along this avenue he had first passed in fear and curiosity, to obtain a view of the princely mansion; it was in this place he had stood, abashed and almost appalled, with his bonnet between his knees and his hands crossed upon his breast, when a cortege of knights and noble ladies once floated along the path;—and it was on this very spot that young Launcelot, in midst of them all, had leaped from his horse, and, with a cry of joy, had thrown himself into his arms.

As they approached the ruined pile, a sensation of awe passed across the heart of Arthault. The drawbridge—that object of his boyish fear and wonder—was firmly bedded in the earth, and the broken chains swung mournfully in the wind. As he crossed, the rank weeds waved against his knees, and the rotting plank beneath, which was here and there still visible, looked like the coffin of some long buried friend. The upper apartments of the house, he could see through the rents in the mouldering walls, were hung with ivy instead of tapestry, and the wallflower surmounted the broken turrets, where silken banners had once floated in the breeze. Arthault shivered as he passed into the cold, dark shadow of the ruin; the hoarse caw of a rook, which came from different parts of the interior, fell upon his ear with a boding sound; and he started at the flapping of black wings which passed the windows, as if he had seen a spirit.

The apartment which they entered appeared

to serve at once for kitchen, hall, and sleeping-room. The knight's bed stood in a corner; one or two broken cooking utensils lay upon the fireless hearth; and on the single table with which the room was furnished, there were a distaff, the fragment of a mirror, and a church missal. Two chairs, which bore the appearance of having once been gilded, closed the inventory.

The lord of this mansion of desolation, as if fatigued with his walk, sat down; and Arthault, in whose heart the past and the present were struggling as if in a chaos, turned his eyes upon his heretofore friend. The blight of sorrow and mortification had fallen upon those features once resplendent with manly beauty. The brow which might have imaged

—the front of Jove himself,

was ploughed into deep furrows; and

The eye, like Mars, to threaten or command, presented a care-worn, anxious expression, which spoke only too plainly of bitter days and sleepless nights. His beard neglected—his grizzled hair—his faded dress, on which the family arms were still almost entire, through the patient ingenuity of pride and want—all contributed to form a portrait on which the spectator seemed to gaze as if in spite of himself.

Arthault was moved; and at last his lip trembled as he gazed. This was the house where he had been cherished when a boy!—There sat his first patron, his early friend—the proud, the brave, the beautiful, the generous, the princely Sansavoir! Perhaps his emotion was observed by Sir Launcelot, and excited an unconscious sympathy; for his look and manner gradually softened almost into kindness. He, too, thought of old times and feelings; and it may be that his present triumph enabled him to think of them with less of bitterness than usual.

"Come, come," said he at length, in a gruff and sudden tone, as if ashamed of some fancied weakness, "let us now talk of your ransom. I accept the five hundred livres you have offered. Are you still in the mind to give them?" Arthault did not answer for some moments. At last he muttered, "No!" but it was in a hoarse and broken voice.

"No!" he continued, advancing with tottering steps,—"not five hundred, but five thousand—all I possess—my lands—my houses—my gold;—they are a debt—all—all are yours, my kind and noble patron—my early friend—my benefactor—my master!" and he threw himself upon his knees before Sir Launcelot, and seizing his hands, covered them with tears and kisses.

As quick as a sunbeam—as light and radiant as angels are pictured in our dreams, Amable flew, and raised him from his knees, and seated him in a chair beside her father. She drew their arms round each other's necks; and the knight overcome with emotion, drooped his head upon his bondsman's shoulder, and the two old men sobbed aloud.

"You weep, Guillaume!" said Amable with streaming eyes—"I am sure you weep—weep, or I will not love you!"

"Angel of light!" whispered the lover, hiding

his averted face in her hair; and when Amable found that her neck was wet with tears, she pressed him in her arms.

At this instant Count Henri entered the room, and advanced hurriedly to the group.

"How now, Sir knight!" said he sternly; "what is this! Do you dare to trifle with me? An hour ago you begged me to find a husband for your daughter, and now I see her—in your own presence—in a man's arms!"

Sir Launcelot appeared thunderstruck.

"My poor child!" said he, taking her by the hand, and leading her to the count, "you forgot your father's cruel and impious oath—and so indeed did I.—Sir, you may forgive her; she is as pure as was the first woman before she sinned. They were friends in childhood; they have been long separated—and they never can meet again.

"Why, who is this young man!" demanded the prince. "Methinks I know the face."

"Sir," answered Arthault, kneeling, "it is my son; and I entreat of you, for the love of God and St. Stephen, to name him as the husband of this lady, with whom he will not demand a livre of dowry."

"That may not be, my friend," said Sir Launcelot, mournfully. "I have a vow in heaven; and my daughter, were she to break her heart, can never marry a bondsman."

"Spoken like a noble and valiant knight," exclaimed Count Henri: "it were a shame that a daughter of the Sansavours should marry any but a freeman. But, to set the question at rest, I have already, in compliance with your request, provided her a husband.—Come, madam, to-day you shall visit the countess, and to-morrow the ceremony shall be performed before the court."

"To that I say nay!" cried Guillaume, in a loud and furious voice, and striding between the count and the door. "I too have an oath in heaven; and so has the Lady Amable. Long before her father's vow, she swore solemnly to be mine, and mine alone.—Sir Count, you are only our temporal prince, and have no power to stand between heaven and man!"

"Back, presumptuous boy!—Back, rebel slave! lest I smite you with my own hand, since there is not loyalty enough present to punish your presumption," and the count drew his sword. Guillaume's hand instinctively clutched his weapon. He did not draw, however, but stood grinding his teeth, while he muttered—

"O, would that I were a freeman and a knight!"

Arthault at first was struck dumb with terror and amazement at his son's phrensy; but when he saw him still maintaining his position, even when threatened by the sword of the count, he implored and commanded by turns, and at length endeavoured to drag him away by force.

"Stand back, father!" cried Guillaume, whose eyes were fixed with a gaze of growing joy and wonder upon the count's cap—"Stand back, for the love of heaven! Can it be possible? or is this but a dream?—By the holy St. Stephen! I am right—it is my gage!—Sir Count, when you took up that glove, you must have known that I was a bondsman; and you cannot withdraw from your knightly word. If you persist in the

wrong you intend, I demand battle against you, in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George!"

"I cannot fight with a serf," said the count; and he smiled admiringly at the young man's enthusiasm. "I make you free!—witness all present;—and beshrew my heart if I do not think that I get almost too old to fight at all! At any rate, in this case, I will employ a substitute. There is the gage, Amable,—strike hard for the honour of chivalry!" and he pushed her towards her lover.

"Sir Launcelot," he continued, "although I perceive that you have settled your old scores with our friend Arthault, yet you and I have much to forgive each other. To see the dear and gallant friend of my family in such a situation as yours is a pain and disgrace which your obstinate pride had no right to inflict upon me. However, that is all past. I have found a husband for your daughter, according to my promise; and it will be hard if, among us all three, we cannot provide her with a suitable dowry.—Sir Bondsman, we fine you, for your rude interference to-day, in another dinner at the Chateau de Nogent, and abundance of excellent wine.—Lead on, Guillaume, and show your fair mistress the house and gardens which will one day be her own; and among the improvements you may talk of, I would suggest that a summer bower, raised on a certain seat in a grove near the wall, might be convenient for damsels who love the cold midnight hour, and for youngsters who challenge the ghost of King Arthur by moonlight!"

## UPPER LAKE OF KILLARNEY,

IRELAND.

THE scenery of this Lake, beheld from the waters, is surpassingly beautiful. The surface of the lake itself is calm and uninterrupted, except by the island groups that rise to different heights, and are decked with various shades of colouring. It abounds in fish of various kinds, and vast numbers of waterfowl frequent its shores and waters.

## WINDERMERE LAKE,

WESTMORELAND, ENGLAND.

WINDERMERE, the most extensive of all the English lakes, lies on the boundary line which separates Westmoreland from Lancashire. Its circumference is something less than twenty-three miles: in breadth it scarcely exceeds a mile; the depth is from thirty to one hundred feet.

Diffusiveness, stately beauty, and, at the upper end, magnificence, have justly been considered the characteristics of Windermere. The extreme clearness of the waters, is such that the eye can distinctly view its funny inhabitants in its deep recess, as they play in shoals, and

"Shouting with quick glance,  
Show to the sun their waved coats, dropp'd with gold,"

The lake abounds with trout, pike, perch, and char: its banks with wild-fowl, which add to the scenery as sitting in black groups, they rise and sink with the waves, or circling the air, in figured files, with hesitating wing, to seize some station on its banks or surface.



Written for the Lady's Book.

### To a Flower from the Acropolis at Athens.

BY G. HILL, of WASHINGTON, D. C.

FRAIL, withered leaf! thy tints are shed,  
Thine odour scents a distant air;  
No spirit, here, survives the dead,  
And seems to say—"the relic spare!"  
Around me, flowers in sunshine sleep,  
Whose dewy sweets arrest the bee,  
Or blushing at my casement peep,  
Yet do I turn from them to thee.

For thou wast cradled, nurtured, where  
The men, whose birth was Freedom's, rose;  
There still survive their trophies, there  
The bones of heroes, gods, repose—  
Memorial of feelings high!  
As met the mount my awe-struck gaze,  
Whose relics, though in dust they lie,  
Bespeak the pride of former days.

Prized, in remembrance of a spot,  
Whose time-worn image haunts me still;  
For who has marked and e'er forgot  
The trophies of that glorious hill?  
Still, though in shattered pride, clate,  
But soon to perish, like the flower,  
Sprung from the dust that strews the seat,  
The monuments, of human power.



Written for the Lady's Book.

### FIESCHI TO THE FRENCH.

BY MISS C. E. GOOCH.

Ye slaves to a Bourbon, a twice broken rod  
Brought back on our land by the vengeance of God,  
I have striven to free, yea, have striven in vain,  
You crouched to your tyrants and cling to your chain.  
Long may you keep it like *Slaves*, as you are,  
Till every hope shall be quenched in despair,  
Till they *lash* you like *dogs* if ye speak the word  
*Free*—  
Then howl in your fetters and think upon me.



All who have been great and good without Christianity, would have been much greater and better with it. If there be amongst the sons of men, a single exception to this maxim, the divine Socrates may be allowed to put in the strongest claim. It was his high ambition to deserve by deeds, not by creeds, an *unrevealed* heaven; and by works, not by faith, to enter an *unpromised* land.





UPPER LAKE OF KILLARNEY.



WINDERMERE LAKE.



For the Lady's Book.

## THE GAMBLER'S FATE.

*A Brief Sketch.*

BY MISS MARY E. MACMICHAEL.

AUBREY FITZHENRY was brave, hardy, and handsome; would spend freely what he won lightly, and if one day fortune scowled, he would, like a wild beast, bask in the sun to rid himself of chagrin the next; if she were propitious, swagger about, gallant and gay as a lord of a manor. Like all the sons of God, he could make love to the daughters of men, and touch the heart of a gentle maiden. He was wild and reckless, it is true, but then he made up for this by so many good qualities, and was so engaging, that all unmarried ladies delighted in his company. And then he could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that even the old dames leant back in their arm-chairs to weep whilst he sung. He had one of those deep, melancholy voices, which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realized. In one of his rambles, he met with Kate Seyton, the pride and the boast of her native valley, beyond which she had never been. Familiar as a household tone, was every step of the garden of her dwelling-place, belted with shrubs, and enriched at the border by a deep ravine, over which it looked. At the bottom of that ravine flowed the river, rapid, and yet sullen; and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon. The wild and desolate aspect of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature: and the whole contributed to form such a picture as an artist might travel a thousand miles to contemplate. Kate, however, had looked upon it from her childhood; it had never been forced upon her mind by contrast, for she had never travelled five miles beyond the pale of her residence, and she would sit and sing, in the soft, low tone, peculiar to her voice, and beyond which she had no compass, and ply her knitting-needle, and dream, without even raising her eyes. Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the opposite rocks, although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a note which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen.

"And he who there at such an hour had been,  
Would wistful linger on that hallowed spot,  
Then slowly tear him from the witching scene,  
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,  
Then turn to hate a world, he had almost forgot."

On the present occasion Kate listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost to a whisper; she sang another stanza in a louder key; the challenge was accepted, and a rich sweet voice took up the strain of a favourite ballad where she had dropped it. Her first impulse was to fly—her second, to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music—and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence it seemed to proceed.

There was Aubrey—his face upturned like a

star, watching for the appearance of that maiden, of whom he had long been enamoured. He had, unseen, been gazing upon her as she sang to beguile the time. The soft profile of the young girl had been clearly defined to his admiring gaze. There was the lovely brow, and the dark chestnut-hair, parted simply across it. The small, regular features, the long black eye-lashes, deep eye-lid, and the pale pure expression of her face, might have formed a model for a Madonna, till she raised her bright blue eyes—speaking the simplicity and hilarity of her age—and showed her parted coral lips, with their sunshiny smile. Her slight, low figure, laced in the picturesque corset, and shaded by the cotton handkerchief, had all the grace of youth, and more than are generally found in an obscure peasant. He ascended—they exchanged salutations—they conversed; there was nothing mysterious in their communings. He was bold and vigorous of mind—and this is beauty to the fair and timid. He skimmed along the edge of the precipice, and sprang from a rock into the torrent, as fearless as a chamois, alternately vanishing and reappearing on the summit of the rocks, where no human foot had ever stood before. He was brave, and proud, and beautiful; and this glorious creature—this Apollo of a childish imagination, with radiant eyes and glowing cheeks, laid himself at the maiden's feet, to gaze upon her face, as poets worship the moon. The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so drear, was now a heaven to the bewildered Kate. Their sentiments they avowed without disguise—their faith plighted beyond recall. But why delay the truth? They married. Love wove his gayest wreath to deck their bridal, and hope whispered that happiness would crown their union. For a time it was so, and Kate thought that the bright and fragrant flowers that adorned her path would bloom forever.

The day was just breaking, as Aubrey, having spent the night in gambling, emerged, with his companions, into an obscure street. His frame was exhausted by intense excitement, and the cold damp air of the season came over him with a sickening weight.

"Your losses seem to sit heavy on you, Fitzhenry," said one of his veteran associates, "but you will soon be able to put off these horrors; a little more experience and you may command fortune at your pleasure."

Some further remarks passed, revoltingly illustrative of their habits, and they separated. With a sunken and blood-shot eye, that told but too plainly of the want of rest, while the just awakening city was rising to new life, and to the glorious pageant that already was colouring the reddening sky, he sought, in the troubled and feverish sleep of a weary spirit, forgetfulness of scenes that had robbed him of a more tranquil repose.

In a small habitation, whose situation was, indeed, beautiful, sat the wife and mother. The house stood on a gentle eminence, whence the eye looked out on a gentle mead, rich in wood and water; and the extreme verge of the prospect was lost in the blue waves of the deep, distant ocean. And yet there was something about the dwelling itself, which seemed to speak of desolation so much in unison with the heart of its mistress. Her marriage had been productive

of misery. Five years had glided down the dark and deceitful current of time, into the deep and noiseless gulph of oblivion, three of which had been happy. But a natural propensity for play, had lured Aubrey from his home of love, and the once gay and joyous Kate was neglected and forgotten; the fountain of unspeakable affection which she bore, thrown away as a priceless bauble. Look upon her as she sits there watching the stars go out, one by one, in that pale dome, as though the glory they had all night showered upon the silent earth had exhausted their eternal fountains of brightness. Gracious heavens! what a change is there; the Kate of bygone days can scarcely be recognised. The sunny smile was gone; the rose had fled from her cheek, the light from her eye, and buoyancy from her step; but her hair was still soft and beautiful, and her voice sweet and gentle, as in the palmy days of youth and hope. The lovely child was the very image of herself at that fairy age, save that a shade of thoughtfulness, perceptible even in slumber, which the mother had not then, played over the chiselled features. She leaned over the sleeping innocent, her eyes suffused with tears, and murmured, "Have mercy, oh my God, upon my child! let it not share its mother's fate; that smile, 'tis all his fond, sweet smile, that won my virgin heart. Oh, keep in the pale of thy mercy, this green leaf of promise—this sweet bud of hope and delight! My child! my own, my beautiful! may the breath of flowers and shrubs—the coolness of the air—the murmur of the water—all nature, animate and inanimate, lend to thy existence a charm; and mayest thou never, never know the agony, the heartache, which has been all mine own in this chequered pilgrimage. My youth—my dream of love and happiness—my obscure and unpitied death—and, above all, far, far above all, my still dear husband, where are you now? Oh, Aubrey! how inestimably dear, fallen as thou art, to this breaking heart of mine art thou; if you but knew the anguish that rends my bosom in your absence, and the sunshine which your presence can give, even now, to the world of my existence, methinks you would make it more spring-time with me." At that instant the child stirred, and she turned to hush it, and gaze upon that fair and beautiful face, looking like some lovely statue of Cupid; there was a sort of fascination in the contemplation, and she watched more closely. There is an awful something stirs the soul's deep places in looking upon those we love dearly in sleep; that extraordinary suspension of the communing with external things; that temporary extinction of being, so like death itself—an extinction that would make death too fearful in the contemplation, if we did not escape from it in the hope of immortality. Sleep is his youngest brother—his very counterpart; the body lies senseless, while the soul takes a new range of activity—it lives in another world. There, divested of its materiality, it looks into the secrets of nature—holds communion with higher powers. The sight is nearly allied to pain; it is not the picture of our own dissolution which presses so heavily upon the mind, it is the prophetic spirit within us, speaking of ties to be broken—hopes to fail—affections to wither—and a thousand

other cherished memories that rise up in dreadful array before the vision. Oh! what a feeling of desolation—of the breaking up of the heart's dearest associations—came over that mother's mind, as her eye wandered round the apartment. Every corner of that sweet thing—home, had its feelings, and their eternal vacancy and destruction, shot through her heart like an ice-bolt. This was the very spot in which she had passed the time since her marriage, and when every fresh idea, won by her young mind from the world around it, was a positive joy. The places where she had ranged, when every look was watched, and granted ere made known, by a well-beloved being: all those bright hours—the transient sorrows—the sports—the visions—bright, youthful dreams of never-ending love—the melancholy voice of silence told her now that they were mingled with, and belonged to the solemn, the unchangeable, the irrevocable past! The trees, round about, with their immemorial branches, tall and dark, rose calm and clear in the still moonlight, like a green sea of waving masses. There was the heavy oak and chesnut, the trim poplar, with its tall straight rows—each grove, and glade, and avenue, and lawn, looked forth phantom remembrances of the past. The whole scene was fraught with living associations; but they were associations that for every by-gone smile, called down a shower of tears. That wringing, yearning of the heart; that hopeless anguish for the return of halcyon hours—forever lost on earth, and that only lived in the memory as a remembered thing. Exhausted with watching, sleep overtook her, and fancy, or imagination, did its fairy work most splendidly. She was again, as of old, by that being whom she loved more than any thing else on earth—his brow was wreathed in gladness—her eye undimmed by a tear; again she lived on every joyous look and feature—the bright light shining from those beautiful eyes, overflowed her soul with gladness; she listened, enraptured, to the magic tones of love, and the thrilling tones of joy; the laughing hours of other days came back again with all their mirth and guileless thoughtfulness, and hope and joy were all that was before her in the cloudless perspective of the future. From such blessed meditations—replete with such anticipations of pleasure and happiness, she awoke to find herself—alone.

A heavy tread in the passage, and the sound of approaching footsteps, broke upon the ear. In an instant the tear was dashed aside—the head raised—the eyes flashed—and the mouth curved in a bright, sweet smile.

"My husband! my dear husband," she uttered, as she started forward to greet him. His face was pale and altered, and the cold dew stood on his garments like one fatigued; the damp air had numbed him, as he stood the object of so much love. He took her hand; his own was cold as ice; its touch thrilled through and through her frame.

"You are ill, love; why, oh why, will you wander through the damp night!"

"I am not ill," said he; "my body is strong enough to bear me, and you are my spirit's love. Oh, Kate! Kate! if you but knew how bitterly worthless and mean in mine own eyes your

matchless devotion makes me appear, scorned and despised as I am, you would still pity and forgive me."

"Oh, Aubrey! I would rather thou shouldst in hot words of anger chide me, than hear thee talk thus. I have been sitting here in my solitude, imagining thee lost to me forever."

"Kate," he murmured, unconsciously, "thou knowest I love thee."

"Aubrey! would I might say I loved thee; but see," and she stepped nervously to his side, then dropping her head on his shoulder, she took his hand and placed it beneath her bosom. He started, for he thought her heart was bursting from her side; but tears came to her relief, and she became calm, for she felt that his were mingled with them, and that his arms were round her as they were wont to be.

"Aubrey," said the wife, as she looked up imploringly into his face, "why will you not abandon this mode of life? It is this, combined with your long absence, that, like a cold spectre, lays his hand upon all within his reach, and sends shivering and death into my heart's inmost core; it is this that frightens, and finally unnerves me. You tell me of success at play; alas! if successful, are you happy? Is it not at the expense of health, quiet, happiness, nay, even remorse, honour, that you succeed? Is there no principle to betray, no obloquy to follow?"

"Fear not, dearest," he answered, fondly, "that dear, delightful, exciting being, Hope, assures me that we shall yet be joyful as we once were."

"Be it so," she replied, "for whilst you are—alas! my lips will not utter the word which crawls in my brain, and chokes in my throat. That thought, my husband, haunted me by night and by day. If I kneel to pray, that only will rise to my lips; if I would kiss our child, it rests between her eyes and mine; there is but one time it comes not—when I think not of it—when with thee, thee, Aubrey. Thou art not guilty, with thy smile bent on me; heaven is on my heart and soul; then am I thine, thine—proudly thine."

Aubrey promised, and for a time it was so, that every moment, not consumed by him on absolute business, should be devoted to her, and to their child. In the cultivation of the earth, in the beauties of nature, and the society of those he still loved, he found employment, enjoyment, and content. At length he began to yield to the seeking of those haunts, that, like an evil conscience, haunted his wife, and pressed dark and gloomy upon his own soul. Each day he resolved more strongly to disentangle himself from his dissolute companions, and seek that calm retreat, and bestow those thousand nameless little attentions that his wife now doubly merited; but he remained, now, longer absent than before, knowing that he had given pain he did not choose to witness, and fearing, not reproaches—her nature was too loving for that—but tears, and the wan cheek and faded smile of her who should have claimed all his kindness.

Brilliant glowed the autumn, with its many-coloured leaves; it was that calm hour, when the solemn light of the radiant stars shine through the straggling branches of old trees—when all living and timid things throw off the restrain-

ing fears of the steps of man—and when we calm our sorrows, and exalt our spirits by a communion with external objects. There is a rich music in every intonation of nature's voice, and the melody of that sweet voice is never still; all that has life has a season or an hour for its eloquent and sweet song—each bright bird, each beautiful and laborious insect, pours out its tributary streamlet into the deep ocean of universal harmony—the winds and plummy forest—waves and sinuous caverns, and shells, their miniatures—the upspringing plant, and herb, and budding flower, all mingle in the hymn of general jubilee, and the soft influence of sleepless sounds, with their cadence, to which passion's voice ministers, and their contemplation, make the spirit gentler and wiser.

"Kate," said Aubrey to his wife, one evening, towards the latter part of November, "where is my cloak; I must go forth to-night, my word is pledged with my partners in infamy, and I will redeem it."

That pale cheek grew paler at this intelligence, but she knew it would be useless to remonstrate with her husband, for, lawless as he was, he would not break his word idly.

"Look not so drooping, wife, I promise, nay, more, I swear, by Him who is Almighty and powerful, and all merciful, that after this night I will quit that accursed trade forever."

"May God, in his mercy, have it so," she added, in a low and deeply agitated tone; "thence I resign my soul into the hands of my creator, and die in peace."

With the deepest agony and remorse, he clasped to his bosom that being who had, indeed, given him so many beautiful proofs of the depth of woman's undying love—and thus they parted.

Her tenderness and affection had unclosed the flood-gates of memory, and as he called to mind her counsel and excellent warnings, he determined, internally, to abandon this mode of life and live for her alone.

With the very resolution upon his lips which would have proved his safety, he was lost and ruined. Oh, that fatal morrow, which was to have witnessed reformation for the past, and joy for the future, never came! He had tottered for an instant upon the brink of a dark and yawning precipice; he had pushed rudely aside the friendly hand which would have saved him from destruction, and even as the ground crumbles beneath the feet, he was whirled headlong into the abyss.

It was with great anxiety that this erring man wandered forth that night; the hours seemed to pass with painful tardiness; time appeared to his restless mind to stand still; and the occasional gusts of wind which wailed wildly through the trees, sounded to his ear like the knell of death. He heard the sullen moaning of the dash of the waves at the foot of his dwelling; he thought of his wife, alone and deserted by him who had sworn "to cherish her," and of his only child, till he wept—stern as was his soul, he wept in very bitterness. Now it was, that the pure and upright would have looked and clung to the hope which never forsakes the righteous; but there had been, too long, no place in his heart for holy thoughts; he looked not for consolation, in the gloomy hour of tribulation,

where alone it was to be found, and therefore was he desolate.

The moon, as she sailed along the heavens, imparted a distinctness to the surrounding scenery; and the tall trees, with their leafless branches, resembled so many spectres, with their gaunt arms extended to clutch the unwary traveller at every step.

The cloudless sky was studded with millions of brilliant luminaries that seemed to be shining with more than ordinary lustre, as a figure, closely enveloped in a mantle, glided into a lonely street. Had he been a lover of nature, the silent beauty of the heavens must have attracted his observation; but he was seemingly too much wrapped up in his thoughts to throw a single glance towards the gem-like orbs that glowed so beautifully in the overhanging firmament. A piercing wind swept through the street, moaning and sighing, as if it felt the pain that it inflicted. Doors and shutters were closed against the common enemy, and the streets were forsaken, except by a fearless or necessitous few, who glided along like grim ghosts of the night. Aught, save love or murder, would hardly venture forth on this bleak night, it would seem; and yet pleasure sends forth her thousands, and necessity her millions, to brave all the dangers and troubles of this boisterous world.

The place to which our wanderer directed his footsteps, was a lonely back building, in the heart of the city of —, but so concealed by the surrounding houses, that it might as well have been in the silent bosom of the forest. He ascended a narrow flight of steps that led from the outside of the edifice, with the familiarity of an accustomed visitant, and soon emerged from the gloom of the night, into the light and life of a gaming-room—that gay altar of dissipation and temple of pleasure, which too frequently makes those that laugh, and that within its precincts, feel more desolate than the house of mourning.

The countenances of the assembled group, bore the gloomy and absorbing earnestness of men whose hopes are thrown into a fearful hazard. Oh! that Aubrey had, ere that fatal night, detached himself, at once and for ever, from this haunt of dissipation and subsequent misery, and stood forth a redeemed and unfettered being; his virtue would have acquired new strength daily; and those faults which scathed his maturity, been then thrown back among the rubbish of his youth.

But we know not what we do; we weave the garlands of joy even at the precipice of death, and disport in the sunbeam, unmindful of the storm that is lowering afar off, and will soon be at hand.

Aubrey left that room a beggar; his last cent had been staked and lost; he was irretrievably ruined. His prospect over the bare wilderness of life was, indeed, a desolate one, with not one bosom to gladden his path. All that made the past delightful, was a curse, and an abyss of misery. His heart was like the sands of the desert, parched and barren—no living stream of hope or gladness quickened it—it was a bleak and withered region, the fit abode of never-ending gloom and comfortless despair.

In the meantime, deeper sorrow than ever fell upon the unhappy being left to pine in solitude.

There was a weight on her spirits, an abandonment in her heart, and a chilliness in her limbs. A calm, such as comes over a wound that mortifies, had settled down upon her mind.

Memory tuned her harp of a thousand chords, and the joyous days, lost to her forever, came crowding thick and fast upon her brain; an unsullied nature, a light unbroken spirit, child-like thoughts, and merry gladness, in all their freshness, had departed. Who could restore them? The sunshine of existence was gone—the brightness of hope extinct. Life was now before her unveiled; the beautiful, the bright romance was at an end, and she had waked to grieve awhile—to mourn—to struggle—and to die!

How strong is that desire of the thing called happiness, implanted in our hearts; and yet it exists not; its promises dazzle our eyes, but its reality is unknown; there may be joy and pleasure—happiness never. If we look back to each moment we have experienced happiness, how has it ever been mingled with fever and with fears. It is the mirage which leads us over the desert of life, ever fated to end in disappointment. Or, like the clear and azure waters, that, in the east, seem to flow before the weary and parched traveller, yet a little further, and on he urges his weary way; but in vain—the fair stream is a delusion!

The dews fell heavily, as with hasty and rapid strides that lost-one left the city, and pursued his path homewards; the red stars were still visible in the heavens, and the dangerous damps clung to him as he wandered onward. Silence was on that crowded city, and deep sleep, for it was long after midnight; the latest lingerers had disappeared from the streets, and the lights from the long line of windows in the dwellings of the rich. Even the voice of wrangling and debauch was stilled in its own haunts—for men, the dissolute and wicked, were gone to their repose.

It was not the frown from the brow of his lovely wife that he feared; to him that had always been unclouded, and her lips had only breathed affection. She was one of those gentle beings whose sweetness withers not with the hour or the season, but endures through all vicissitudes. It was the recollection of that fervent and forbearing love that now pressed like an incubus upon the conscience of the gambler, and he bitterly reproached himself, as he thought of the many little delicacies he had deprived her of, and squandered in selfish dissipation. His imagination wandered to the past and future, and every picture he conjured up, added keenness to his pain.

In an agony of terror he reached his dwelling—once so happy, now cheerless as the tomb. That pure, angelic being, whose very existence seemed bound up in his, why comes she not to meet him?

He entered. Silence hung o'er the hall—a death-like and breathless gloom. His senses reeled, and his brain whirled round and round with giddiness. He strode hastily to his apartment; a number of persons were passing through it with appalled looks, as if assembled there by some event of horror. "What has happened." The tone of his voice was almost in a whisper, and yet so solemn, so thrilling, that it arrested the step of her to whom it was addressed.

"Look, and see." He threw an anxious and confused glance upon the marks of recent disorder and desolation. In one corner his child lay sleeping on the floor, but not with the soft quiet that is wont to lie on the lids of a babe; it seemed to have wept itself to slumber, and sobs were yet breaking heavily from its surcharged heart. Poor child! is there no one left to take care of you? Alas! the eyes that have hitherto watched over your slumbers, are closed forever. Sleep on, poor babe! you will waken no more to the kiss of maternal love.

He stepped towards the bed; his wife, still young, and bearing the traces of loveliness, lay there evidently in the agonies of death. A dead new-born infant lay in smiling beauty near her, and a few attendants stood, awaiting in tearful silence, the last sigh. He stood aghast. His lips moved fruitlessly for awhile, at last he uttered, audibly: "I have killed you." His eye was wild and staring, yet expressionless, as he left the room. All the hopes of his ill-spent life were crushed; the only prop that had so long withheld him from his doom, had been suddenly taken away.

What fearful sound is that, which, borne upon the night-wind, breaks the surrounding stillness?

Come hither, and learn. That blood-stained floor, and out-stretched human form, discover in the features of the mangled corse, the once gay and thoughtless Fitzhenry. But yesternight he sat, amid his proselytes, full of excitement and hope; now his own hand has done the deed that nothing human can remedy.

How little does a gambler reck of his work: or of the horrors which result from a practice, of which many think so lightly. The aim of a gambler embraces the robbery of a fellow-being, and the ultimate ruin of self. However successful he may be, his end at last is crime. How many still persist, by this baneful practice, in destroying the good feelings of a mind, whose opening promise was fair; many souls, who partake largely of kindly and noble elements, who, if they could dissolve the illusions of vice, might be rescued from this guilty enthrallment. With a determined effort, let them throw aside their partners in iniquity, and detach themselves, at once and forever, from their pestiferous influence. If they have talents it will call them into public favour; if of too mercurial a temperament to remain inactive, let their attention be drawn to the politics of the day, and in the frequent discussions opposing opinions call forth, the higher tone of their minds and sentiments may be displayed, the precocity of genius brought into action, and they may finally ameliorate the condition of their fellow-citizens, and instead of having the name of a gambler, blazoned forth as a monument of everlasting infamy, their names may be recorded, and handed down to posterity, as among the benefactors of mankind.

Men pursue riches under the idea that their possession will set them at ease, and above the world. But the law of association often makes those who begin by loving gold as a servant, finish by becoming themselves its slave; and independence without wealth is as common as wealth without independence.

## THE ANTHOLOGIA OF SELECTED POETRY.

NO. VII.

## THE ORPHAN—By William Carey.

Poor Boy, though in thy tender years,  
Thy eyes are dimm'd with flowing tears,  
Thy little heart is pierc'd by grief,  
Thou canst not hope, from *Mau*, relief.

Oh! child of Sorrow cease to weep,  
Though in the dust, thy Parents sleep,  
The bonds of death thou canst not break,  
Nor from the tomb, the Slumb'ers wake.

An early Orphan left alone,  
Upon the world unfriended thrown,  
A Mother's love, who can supply?  
Or watch thee with a Father's eye?

Though all unmindful of thy good,  
Forgetful of a brother's blood,  
And, heedless of thy woful state,  
Thy kindred cast thee off to fate,—

The God, who gave to them the power  
To aid thee in this trying hour,  
To thee his mercies will extend,  
And ever prove thy steadfast friend.

His love thy tender youth will shield;  
His hand exhaustless treasures yield;  
His wisdom pours the precepts kind  
Of life eternal in thy mind.

Cease, Child of Sorrow, cease to weep,  
Though in the dust thy Parents sleep,  
The Saviour of the world shall be  
A Father even unto thee.

## EXTEMPORE ON LIFE.

Of Life the emblem is a flower,  
That buds and blossoms in an hour.  
'Tis subject to the same decay—  
For time and death sweep both away.

## ON A PALE WOMAN WITH A BARDOLPH HUSBAND.

Whence comes it that in Clara's face,  
The Lily only has a place?  
Is it, that the absent rose,  
Has gone to paint her husband's nose?

## TRUE BEAUTY.

The diamond's and the ruby's blaze  
Dispute the palm with beauty's queen;  
Not beauty's queen commands such praise,  
Devoid of virtue—if 'tis seen.

But the soft tear in Pity's eye  
Outshines the diamond's brightest beams,  
And the sweet blush of modesty  
More beauteous than the ruby seems.

## ON A CORRECT LIFE—By the Rev. Dr. Young.

Courts can give nothing to the wise and good,  
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude—  
High stations, tumult—but not bliss, create—  
None think the great unhappy but the great.  
Fools gaze and envy—Envy darts a sting,  
Which makes a swain unhappy as a king.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

*A publishing Month.*

The subscriber commences this month the publication of the Bulwer novels—a re-issue of the Marryat Novels, being the fifth edition—The Sketch Book of Character and the Celebrated Trials—the 13th vol. of the Lady's Book—and the Philadelphia Saturday News. Of Bulwer's novels it is unnecessary to speak. The merits of the writer, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Scott has fallen, are as well known in this country as in his native England. The reputation he has acquired by his novels of Pelham, Devereux, Disowned, Paul Clifford, Eugene Aram, Last Days of Pompeii, Rienzi, Falkland, and the Pilgrims of the Rhine, will be as lasting as the language in which they are written. For the accommodation of those who may have part of his works in their libraries, the subscriber will make their sets perfect at Fifty cents the novel. A remittance of One Dollar will command any two of the novels—Two Dollars any four of his works—Three Dollars any six—Three Dollars and Fifty cents the whole set complete. Three sets will be furnished for Ten Dollars.

Marryat is also re-commenced, and will be forwarded to subscribers on the most accommodating terms. This is the Fifth Edition issued by the publisher and the demand for it still remains unsatisfied.

This work will be sent to subscribers with the Lady's Book one year for Five Dollars—The Sketch Book of Character to be published in five numbers, semi-monthly, for One Dollar, will be found a very agreeable miscellany.

The Celebrated Trials is a standard work for the Lawyer or for a private Library. It will be furnished complete for Two Dollars, issued semi-monthly, and to be completed in September. Sooner than was at first contemplated.

The Lady's Book will still go on improving. It is with unfeigned gratitude that the subscriber acknowledges the steady patronage that he has received from the public, and in consideration of this he has at a large expense engaged the assistance of several ladies and gentlemen of the highest literary reputation in the country, who have accepted the offers made to them to contribute to his magazine. Their contributions will commence with the fourteenth volume, and their names will be given before the conclusion of the thirteenth volume. Commencing with the fourteenth volume, the Lady's Book will be principally composed of original matter of the best kind to be procured in this country, and purely American in its character. The embellishments will probably be the same, perhaps, the Steel Engravings may be dispensed with and a FASHION PLATE GIVEN EVERY MONTH. Great care is now taken with the mailing of each number, but errors will now and then occur against which it is impossible to guard.

The Philadelphia Saturday News and Literary Gazette was commenced on the 2d of July. The subscriber's acquaintance with the publishing world, the fact that he has correspondents and agents in all parts of the country, and in Liverpool, England, give him facilities in the publication of a weekly paper that few others possess. These facilities he intends making the most of, and the public will reap the benefit. The two gentlemen engaged with him, are well known. Alderman McMichael was the original for the first four years, of its existence sole editor of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier—and Joseph C. Neal, Esq. has been from the commencement the editor of the Gentleman's Vade Mecum. The following notices will shew in what estimation these gentlemen are held by the Daily Press of this City.

"We see that Mr. Godey is about to issue a Newspaper to be called 'The Saturday News,' in which he will be aided by Alderman McMichael and Mr. Joseph C. Neal, two good men and true, with genius and judgment, power to draw tears or create smiles.

Well, success attend the young folks."—*Phila. U. S. Gaz.*

"*Cleaver Trio*—Our enterprising and talented young townsmen seem determined that the public shall not suffer for want of Newspapers. Not less than half a dozen have been commenced within the last month or two, among them 'The Saturday News,' a weekly paper on the plan of the Saturday Courier, and to be under the editorial supervision of Messrs. Godey, McMichael, and Neal, three gentlemen well and favourably known to the Philadelphia Public. The success of a literary enterprise with such aids and abettors cannot be doubted. We cordially wish them success."—*Phila. Enquirer and Courier.*

"The Saturday News, is the title of a new weekly paper, the prospectus of which is now in circulation. It will be conducted by Morton McMichael, Joseph C. Neal, and Louis A. Godey, Esqs. A better trio for a weekly Journal cannot be found in the Union. Mr. McMichael is a writer of vigorous and versatile talent, and Mr. Neal is our *beau ideal* of an Editor. We doubt if there exists his equal in a peculiar "walk" of writing among all the Journalists of the land. We sit down to his columns as we would to a dinner, being certain of nurture and refreshment, the course and the desert. Mr. Godey is himself a spirited Scribe, and has a felicitous knack in what he writes of hitting the taste of the Times. To use a novel phrase, we wish them all success."—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

"The Saturday News, is the title of a new paper to be published by Messrs. Louis A. Godey, Morton McMichael, and Joseph C. Neal, all of whom are experienced in the matter of periodical literature, and are familiar with the Gray goose quill. Mr. Godey is well and favourably known as the enterprising publisher of the Lady's Book, one of the best magazines issued in this country, and is likewise a writer of much ability. His aid will be of essential service to the enterprise. Mr. McMichael has long been connected with the Philadelphia Press, and has few superiors in the management of a periodical. His style is easy and vigorous, and possesses an invaluable tact at seizing upon the most popular topics, and treating them in a manner which enhances their interest. Of the third individual of this trio we shall not speak. His merits, if he has any, and his deserts are so well known to the readers of this paper as to render any thing we could say unnecessary."—*Pennsylvanian.*

The following is from the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, and alludes to Mr. Neal, who was formerly editor of the Gentleman's Vade Mecum.

"The portrait of Peter Brush, which is going the grand tour of newspaper travels, is a capital portrait of a lazy, idle, noisy, grog shop politician, that could hardly have been better painted by Hogarth himself, is wrongfully credited to the Cincinnati Farmer. It is one of the good things of the Vade Mecum; and was written for that paper by one of the most amusing and perfect delineators of humorous Originals in this country. Indeed, we have for several years been of opinion that the gentleman in his particular line has not his superior on either side of the Atlantic."

With all these advantages the subscriber unhesitatingly asserts that the Philadelphia Saturday News will be second to no other paper in the Union. The best English Magazines, such as Blackwood, the Metropolitan, New Monthly, Tait's, and Fraser's, with a host of others are laid under contribution, and the public will have in a Two Dollar paper that for which the Subscribers to the New York Albion pay six. There are other prominent features in the publication to be developed as the work proceeds, which will no doubt be of the most satisfactory character.

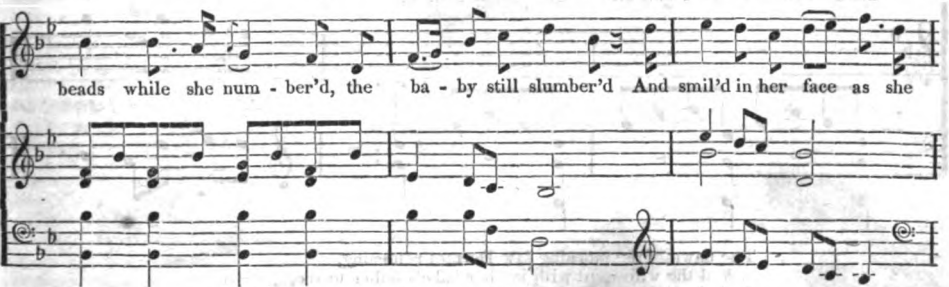
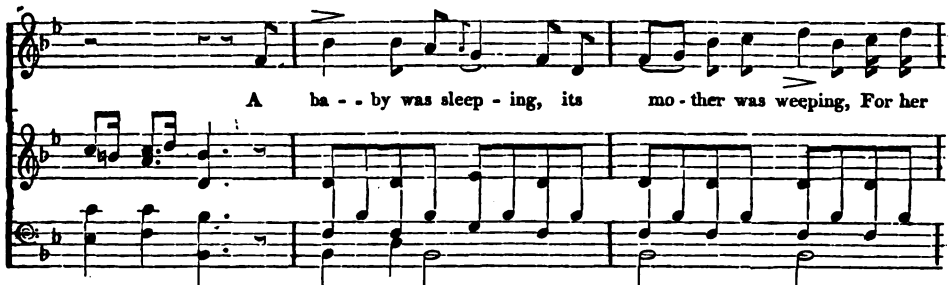
The Lady's Book has no connection with any other publication. The matter is exclusively set up for it and is not afterwards used in any other shape.

# THE ANGEL'S WHISPER:\*

## A POPULAR BALLAD,

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

*Molto Espressionc.*



\* A Superstition, of great beauty, prevails in Ireland, that when a Child smiles in its sleep, it is talking to Angels.

bend - ed her knee, "Oh! bless'd be that warning, my child, thy sleep a - dorn - ing, For I Colla voce.

*Lento.*  
know that the An - gels are whispering to thee." And

while they are keep - ing bright watch o'er thy sleep - ing, Oh! pray to them soft - ly my

ba - by with me, And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy Father, For I Colla voce.

*Lento.*  
know that the An - gels are whispering with thee.

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,  
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,  
Said, "I knew that the Angels were whispering with thee."





General Dyer's Charge  
at the Battle of the Marston

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

AUGUST, 1886.

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moon rose  
going thus early ahead, recognized the emperor's  
person, and, with a cry of joy, said he had served  
in the army of Italy, and would join the march.  
"Here is already a reinforcement," said Napole-  
on: and the march recommenced. Early in the

forwards from Grenoble to arrest the march. The

\* The allusion is to Marmont's conduct at Esconne  
and Angereau's hasty abandonment of Lyons when the  
Austrians approached it in March, 1814.





# THE LADY'S BOOK.

AUGUST, 1886.

## RETURN FROM ELBA.

*The following account of Napoleon's first landing in France on his return from Elba and his arrival at Paris is from the pen of J. G. Lockhart, Esq., the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott.*

THE evening before Napoleon sailed (February the 26th), his sister Pauline gave a ball, to which all the officers of the Elbese army were invited. A brig (the *Inconstant*) and six small craft had meanwhile been prepared for the voyage, and at dead of night, without apparently any previous intimation, the soldiery were mustered by tuck of drum, and found themselves on board ere they could ask for what purpose. When the day broke they perceived that all the officers and the emperor himself were with them, and that they were steering for the coast of France; and it could no longer be doubtful that the scheme which had for months formed the darling object of all their hopes and dreams was about to be realized.

Sir Neil Campbell, who had been absent on an excursion to Leghorn, happened to return to Porto Ferrajo almost as soon as the flotilla had quitted it. The mother and sister of Buonaparte in vain endeavoured to persuade the English officer that he had steered towards the coast of Barbary. He pursued instantly towards Provence, in the *Partridge*, which attended his orders and came in sight of the fugitive armament exactly when it was too late. Ere then Napoleon had encountered almost an equal hazard. A French ship of war had crossed his path: but the emperor made all his soldiery lie flat on the decks, and the steersman of the *Inconstant*, who happened to be well acquainted with the commanding officer, had received and answered the usual challenge without exciting any suspicion. Thus narrowly escaped the flotilla which carried "Cæsar and his fortune."

On the first of March he was once more off Cannes—the same spot which had received him from Egypt, and at which he had embarked ten months before for Elba. There was no force whatever to oppose his landing; and his handful of men—500 grenadiers of the guard, 200 dragoons, and 100 Polish lancers, these last without horses, and carrying their saddles on their backs—were immediately put in motion on the road to Paris. Twenty-five grenadiers, whom he detached to summon Antibes, were arrested on the instant by the governor of that place; but he despised this omen, and proceeded without a pause. He bivouacked that night in a plantation of olives, with all his men about him. As soon as the moon rose the reveillee sounded. A labourer going thus early afield, recognized the emperor's person, and, with a cry of joy, said he had served in the army of Italy, and would join the march. "Here is already a reinforcement," said Napoleon: and the march recommenced. Early in the

morning they passed through the town of Grasse, and halted on the height beyond it, where the whole population of the place forthwith surrounded them, some cheering, the great majority looking on in perfect silence, but none offering any show of opposition. The roads were so bad in this neighbourhood, that the pieces of cannon which they had with them were obliged to be abandoned in the course of the day, but they had marched full twenty leagues ere they halted for the night at Cerenon. On the 5th Napoleon reached Gap. He was now in Dauphiny, called "the cradle of the revolution;" and the sullen silence of the Provençals was succeeded by popular acclamations; but still no soldiers had joined him—and his anxiety was great.

It was at Gap that he published his first proclamation; one "to the army," another "to the French people," both no doubt prepared at Elba, though dated "March 1st, Gulf of Juan." The former, and more important of the two, ran in these words—"Soldiers we have not been beaten. Two men raised from our ranks,\* betrayed our laurels, their country, their prince, their benefactor. In my exile I have heard your voice. I have arrived once more among you, despite all obstacles, and all perils. We ought to forget that we have been the masters of the world; but we ought never to suffer foreign interference in our affairs. Who dares pretend to be master over us! Take again the eagles which you followed at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Montmirail. Come and range yourselves under the banners of your old chief. Victory shall march at the charging step. The eagle, with the national colours, shall fly from steeple to steeple—on to the towers of Notre Dame! In your old age, surrounded and honoured by your fellow citizens, you shall be heard with respect when you recount your high deeds. You then shall say with pride: I also was one of that great army which entered twice within the walls of Vienna, which took Rome, and Berlin, and Madrid, and Moscow—and which delivered Paris from the stain printed on it by domestic treason, and the occupation of strangers."

It was between Mure and Vizele that Cambronne, who commanded his advanced guard of forty grenadiers, met suddenly a battalion sent forwards from Grenoble to arrest the march. The

\* The allusion is to Marmont's conduct at Esconne and Angereau's hasty abandonment of Lyons when the Austrians approached it in March, 1814.

colonel refused to parley with Cambronne; either party halted until Napoleon himself came up. He did not hesitate for a moment. He dismounted, and advanced alone; some paces behind him came a hundred of his guard, with their arms reversed. There was perfect silence on all sides until he was within a few yards of the men. He then halted, threw open his surcoat so as to show the star of the legion of honour, and exclaimed, "If there be among you a soldier who desires to kill his general—his emperor—let him do it now. Here I am." The old cry of *Vive l'empereur* burst instantaneously from every lip. Napoleon threw himself among them, and taking a veteran private, covered with cheverons and medals by the whisker, said, "Speak honestly, old Moustache, could'st thou have had the heart to kill thy emperor?" The man dropped his ramrod into his piece to show that it was uncharged, and answered, "Judge if I could have done thee much harm—all the rest are the same." Napoleon gave the word, and the old adherents and the new marched together on Grenoble.

Some space ere they reached that town, colonel Labedoyere, an officer of noble family, and who had been promoted by Louis XVIII., appeared on the road before them, at the head of his regiment, the seventh of the line. These men, and the emperor's little column, on coming within view of each other, rushed simultaneously from the ranks and embraced with mutual shouts of *Live Napoleon! Live the Guards! Live the Seventh!* Labedoyere produced an eagle which he had kept concealed about his person, and broke open a drum which was found to be filled with tricolour cockades; these ancient ensigns were received with redoubled enthusiasm. This was the first instance of an officer of superior rank voluntarily espousing the side of the invader. The impulse thus afforded was decisive: in spite of all the efforts of general Marchand, commandant of Grenoble, the whole of that garrison, when he approached the walls, exclaimed, *Vive l'empereur!* Their conduct, however, exhibited a singular spectacle. Though thus welcoming Napoleon with their voices, they would not so far disobey the governor as to throw open the gates. On the other hand, no argument could prevail on them to fire on the advancing party. In the teeth of all the batteries, Buonaparte calmly planted a howitzer or two and blew the gates open; and then, as if the spell of discipline was at once dissolved, the garrison broke from their lines, and Napoleon in an instant found himself dragged from his horse, and borne aloft on these men's shoulders towards the principal inn of the place, amid the clamours of enthusiastic and delirious joy. Marchand remained faithful to his oath; and was dismissed without injury. Next morning the authorities of Grenoble waited on Napoleon, and tendered their homage. He reviewed his troops, now about 7000 in numbers; and on the 9th of March, recommenced his march on Lyons.

On the 10th, Buonaparte came within sight of Lyons, and was informed that Monsieur and Marshal Macdonald had arrived to take the command, barricaded the bridge of Guillotierre, and posted themselves at the head of a large force to dispute the entrance of the town. Nothing daunted with this intelligence, the column moved on,

and at the bridge of Lyons, as at the gates of Grenoble, all opposition vanished when his person was recognised by the soldiery. The prince and Macdonald were forced to retire, and Napoleon entered the second city of France in triumph. A guard of mounted gentlemen had been formed among the citizens to attend on the person of Monsieur. These were among the foremost to offer their services to the emperor, after he reached his hotel. Surrounded by his own soldiery, and by a manufacturing population, whom the comparatively free admission of English goods after the peace of Paris had filled with fear and discontent, and who now welcomed the great enemy of England with rapturous acclamations, Napoleon could afford to reject the assistance of these faithless cavaliers. He dismissed them with contempt; but finding that one of their number had followed Monsieur until his person was out of all danger, immediately sent to that individual the cross of the legion of honour.

This revolution had been proceeding during more than a week, ere the gazettes of Paris ventured to make any allusion to its existence. There then appeared a royal ordonnance, proclaiming Napoleon Buonaparte an outlaw, and convoking on the instant the two chambers. Next day the *Moniteur* announced that, surrounded and followed on all hands by faithful garrisons and a loyal population, this outlaw was already stripped of most of his followers, wandering in despair among the hills, and certain to be a prisoner within two or three days at the utmost. The *Moniteur*, however, was no very decisive authority in 1815, any more than in 1814; and the public mind continued full of uncertainty, as to the motives and every circumstance of this unparalleled adventure. Monsieur, meanwhile, had departed, we have seen with what success, to Lyons; the duke of Angouleme was already at Marseilles, organizing the royal Provençals, and preparing to throw himself on Grenoble and cut off the retreat of Buonaparte; and Louis continued to receive addresses full of loyalty and devotion from the public bodies, of Paris, from towns, and departments, and, above all, from the marshals, generals, and regiments who happened to be near the capital.

This while, however, the partisans of Napoleon in Paris were far more active than the royalists. They gave out every where that, as the proclamation from the gulf of Juan had stated, Buonaparte was come back thoroughly cured of that ambition which had armed Europe against his throne; that he considered his act of abdication void, because the Bourbons had not accepted the crown on the terms on which it was offered, and had used their authority in a spirit, and for purposes, at variance with the feelings and the interests of the French people; that he was come to be no longer the dictator of a military despotism, but the first citizen of a nation which he had resolved to make the freest of the free: that the royal government wished to extinguish by degrees all memory of the revolution—that he was returning to consecrate once more the principles of liberty and equality, ever hateful in the eyes of the old nobility of France, and to secure the proprietors of forfeited estates against all the machinations of that dominant faction: in a word, that he was fully sensible to the extent of his

past errors, both of domestic administration and of military ambition, and desirous of nothing but the opportunity of devoting, to the true welfare of peaceful France, those unrivalled talents and energies which he had been rash enough to abuse in former days. With these suggestions they mingled statements perhaps still more audacious. According to them, Napoleon had landed with the hearty approbation of the Austrian court, and would be instantly rejoined by the empress and his son. The czar also was friendly: even England had been sounded ere the adventure began, and showed no disposition to hazard another war for the sake of the Bourbons. The king of Prussia, indeed, remained hostile—but France was not sunk so low as to dread that state single-handed. It was no secret, ere this time, that some disputes of considerable importance had sprung up among the great powers whose representatives were assembled at Vienna; and such was the rash credulity of the Parisians, that the most extravagant exaggerations and inventions which issued from the saloon of the duchess de St. Leu (under which name Hortense Beauharnois, wife of Louis Buonaparte, had continued to reside in Paris), and from other circles of the same character, found, to a certain extent, credence. There was one tale which rung louder and louder from the tongue of every Buonapartist, and which royalist and republican found, day after day, new reason to believe; namely, that the army were, high and low, on the side of Napoleon; that every detachment sent to intercept him, would but swell his force: in a word, that—unless the people were to rise *en masse*—nothing could prevent the outlaw from taking possession of the Tuilleries ere a fortnight more had passed over the head of Louis.

It was at Lyons, where Napoleon remained from the 10th to the 13th, that he formally resumed the functions of civil government. He published various decrees at this place; one, commanding justice to be administered every where in his name after the 15th; another abolishing the chambers of the peers and the deputies, and summoning all the electoral colleges to meet in Paris at a *Champ-de-mai*,\* there to witness the coronation of Maria Louisa and of her son, and settle definitively the constitution of the state; a third, ordering into banishment all whose names had not been erased from the list of emigrants prior to the abdication of Fontainebleau; a fourth, depriving all strangers and emigrants of their commissions in the army; a fifth, abolishing the order of St. Louis, and bestowing all its revenues on the legion of honour; and a sixth, restoring to their authority all magistrates who had been deprived by the Bourbon government. These proclamations could not be prevented from reaching Paris; and the court, abandoning their system of denying or extenuating the extent of the impending danger, began to adopt more energetic means for its suppression.

It was now that marshal Ney volunteered his services to take the command of a large body of troops, whose fidelity was considered sure, and who were about to be sent to Lons-le-Saunier, there to intercept and arrest the invader. Well

aware of this great officer's influence in the army, Louis did not hesitate to accept his proffered assistance; and Ney, on kissing his hand at parting, swore that in the course of a week he would bring Buonaparte to his majesty's feet in a cage, like a wild beast.

On reaching Lons-le-Saunier, Ney received a letter from Napoleon, summoning him to join his standard as "the bravest of the brave." In how far he guided or followed the sentiments of his soldiery we know not, but the fact is certain, that he and they put themselves in motion forthwith, and joined the march of Buonaparte on the 17th at Auxerre. Ney, in the sequel, did not hesitate to avow that he had chosen the part of Napoleon long ere he pledged his oath to Louis; adding that the greater number of the marshals were like himself, original members of the Elbese conspiracy. Of the latter of these assertions no other proof has hitherto been produced; and the former continues to be generally as well as mercifully discredited.

In and about the capital there still remained troops far more than sufficient in numbers to overwhelm the advancing column, and drag its chief to the feet of Louis. He intrusted the command of these battalions to one whose personal honour was as clear as his military reputation was splendid—marshal Macdonald; and this gentleman proceeded to take post at Melun, in good hope, notwithstanding all that happened, of being duly supported in the discharge of his commission.

On the 19th, Napoleon slept once more in the chateau of Fontainebleau; on the morning of the 20th, he advanced through the forest in full knowledge of Macdonald's arrangements—and he advanced alone. It was about noon that the marshal's troops, who had for some time been under arms on an eminence beyond the wood, listening, apparently with delight, to the loyal strains of *Vive Henri Quatre* and *La Belle Gabrielle*, perceived suddenly a single open carriage coming at full speed towards them from among the trees. A handful of Polish horsemen, with their lances reversed, followed the equipage. The little flat cocked hat—the gray surcoat—the person of Napoleon was recognised. In an instant the men burst from their ranks, surrounded him with the cries *Vive l'empereur*, and trampled their white cockades in the dust.

Macdonald escaped to Paris; but his master had not awaited the issue of the last stand at Melun. Amid the tears and lamentations of the loyal burghers of the capitol, and the respectful silence of those who really wished for the success of his rival, Louis had set off from the Tuilleries in the middle of the preceding night. Macdonald overtook him, and accompanied him to the frontier of the Netherlands, which he reached in safety. There had been a plan organized by generals Lallemand and Lefevre for seizing the roads between Paris and Belgium, and intercepting the flight of the king; but marshal Mortier had been successful in detecting and suppressing this movement.

On the evening of the 20th of March Napoleon once more entered Paris. He came preceded and followed by the soldiery, on whom alone he had relied, and who, by whatever sacrifices, had justified his confidence. The streets were silent as the travel-worn cavalcade passed along; but

\* Napoleon took the idea and name of this assembly from the history of the early Gauls.

all that loved the name or the cause of Napoleon were ready to receive him in the Tuilleries; and he was almost stifled by the pressure of those enthusiastic adherents, who, the moment he stopped, mounted him on their shoulders, and carried him so in triumph up the great staircase of the palace. He found, in the apartments which the king had just vacated, a brilliant assemblage of those who had in former times filled the most prominent places in his own councils and court: among the rest was Fouché. This personage was not the only one present who had recently intrigued with the Bourbons against Buonaparte—with as much apparent ardour and perhaps with about as much honesty, as in other times he had ever brought to the service of the emperor. "Gentlemen," said Napoleon, as he walked round the circle, "it is disinterested people who have brought me back to my capital. It is the subalterns and the soldiers that have done it all. I owe every thing to the people and the army."

Written for the Lady's Book.

### MUSINGS.

BY MISS MARY E. MACMICHAEL.

THE love of woman should be kept like a devoted bird,  
Whose melody is only in the temple arches heard;  
A spiritual idol, in its holiness enshrined,  
Whose altar burneth only with the sacrifice of mind.

I met thee first beneath the stars, beneath the silver  
moon,  
Mid the fragrance and the music of the leafy month  
of June,  
And thy presence fell upon my soul, like eve upon the  
sea,  
And stilled it to a mirror of the starry hosts and thee!

That starry host I've worshipped as nature's light, till  
now,  
But a serenest beauty is floating o'er thy brow;  
I bring no gift of passion to stain the altar stone,  
But the pure and holy worship of the intellect alone.

My lips may oft be passionate, for human hearts will  
swell,  
At the crushings of affection that impatiently rebel;  
But the smoking of the incense-cup defileth not the  
shrine,  
And the weakness of my spirit must not be felt by  
thine,

### THE SOUL'S PARADISE.

BY DR. T. A. WORRALL.

'T is evening—and unbroken stillness round,  
In the high feelings not of mortal birth,  
Absorbs my being, in what I have found  
'To be a spirit, which is not of earth,  
I ask no more than happiness like this—  
It is enough—pure bliss!

Beautiful—richer than the ocean's gem,  
Flows the bright stream from the Eternal's throne!  
And earth and time, what is my soul to them,  
Or they to me? My spirit stands alone!

'T is sweet to dwell in happiness like this—  
It is enough—pure bliss!

Life is pure love within this form of dust,  
And mind must find eternal being there.  
Shrine of the breathings mingling with the just,  
Earth cannot dim what he has made so fair—  
There is unfading happiness in this,  
It is enough—pure bliss!

'T is evening—thought is like a vision spread,  
Sweet, but most solemn moment still to me:  
When like a chrystal fountain from its bed,  
Love gushes forth, bright as a summer's sea:  
I ask no more than happiness like this,  
It is enough—pure bliss!

The past, the future, what a mighty thought!  
One point uniting the vast sum of time:  
Mind, matter, all which has been, will be sought,  
In visible conjunction, rise sublime!  
My moments flow in happiness like this,  
It is enough—pure bliss!

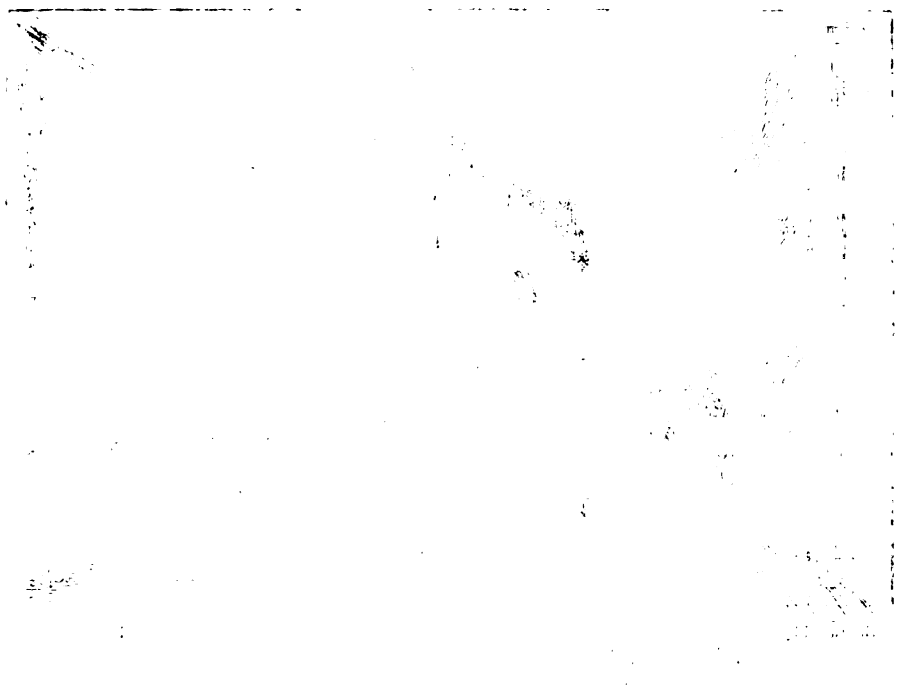
I have not lived in vain, if joy be love,  
And love be endless in the spirit light;  
I sought and found the peace that is above,  
Rest to the soul in essence purely bright!  
I cannot ask more happiness than this,  
It is enough—pure bliss!

I walk the earth—yet am not of the earth,  
Dweller with men—I do not feel as man—  
The mystic life in higher, holier birth,  
Has taught the problem earth has sought to scan;  
I feel unmingled happiness in this,  
It is enough—pure bliss!

There is a harmony of soul to me,  
There is a gladness which my being fills;  
A child, Oh, Father, I am fed by thee,  
Thy love like oil, into my breast distils,  
Flow on—flow on—such happiness as this,  
It is enough—pure bliss!

The star of morning marks the perfect day—  
The leaves of being step by step unfold:  
And when the soul has triumphed o'er its clay,  
Spring's flowers are turn'd to autumn's fruits of  
gold.  
Endless will be the happiness like this,  
It is enough—pure bliss!

Of method, this may be said, if we make it  
our slave, it is well, but it is bad if we are slaves  
to method. A gentleman once told me, that he  
made it a regular rule to read fifty pages every  
day of some author or other, and, on no account  
to fall short of that number, nor to exceed it. I  
silently set him down for a man who might have  
taste to read something worth writing, but who  
never could have genius enough himself to write  
any thing worth reading.





Engraved by

**MURDER OF THE REGENT MURRAY.**

R. S. Gilbert.



Engraved by

**SCENE FROM ROB ROY.**

R. S. Gilbert.

## SCENE FROM ROB ROY.

[To illustrate Engraving.]

THE scene, from one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, is laid in the mean inn where Osbaldiston and Baillie Nicol Jarvie receive a rough reception from the occupants of the hostel.

The picture most truly represents the scene thus described by the great novelist; "'We are three to three,' said the lesser Highlander, glancing his eyes at our party; 'if ye be pretty men, draw.'" And, unsheathing his broadsword, he advanced on me. I put myself in a posture of defence, and, aware of the superiority of my weapon, a rapier or small-sword, was little afraid of the issue of the contest. The Baillie behaved with unexpected mettle. As he saw the gigantic Highlander confront him with his weapon drawn, he tugged for a second or two at the hilt of his *shabblie*, as he called it; but finding it loth to quit the sheath, to which it had long been secured by rust and disuse, he seized, as a substitute, on the red hot coulter of a plough which had been employed in arranging the fire by way of a poker, and brandished it with such effect, that at the first pass he set the Highlander's plaid on fire, and compelled him to keep a respectful distance till he could get it extinguished. Andrew, on the contrary, who ought to have faced the Lowland champion, had, I grieve to say it, vanished at the very commencement of the fray. But his antagonist, crying, 'Fair play! fair play!' seemed courteously disposed to take no share in the scuffle. Thus we commenced our rencounter on fair terms as to numbers. My own aim was to possess myself, if possible, of my antagonist's weapon; but I was deterred from closing for fear of the dirk which he held in his left hand and used in parrying the thrusts of my rapier. Meantime the Baillie, notwithstanding the success of his first onset, was sorely bested. The weight of his weapon, the compulgence of his person, the very effervescence of his passions, were rapidly exhausting both his strength and his breath, and he was almost at the mercy of his antagonist, when up started the sleeper from the floor on which he reclined, with his naked sword and target in his hand, and threw himself between the discomfited magistrate and his assailant." This is the moment chosen by the artist. In conclusion we may add, for the information of those who have not read the story, that this terrible affray ended without bloodshed.

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*Extract from the History of*

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[To illustrate Engraving.]

Among the six prisoners there was one man whose life it proved the keenest, yet probably unconscious, cruelty to spare. This was Bothwellhaugh, a gentleman of the clan of Hamilton, and a blood relation of its chief, the Earl of Arran (Duke of Chatelherault in France), the first peer of the realm. He had married the heiress of Woodhouselee, and resided with her in

her own ancestral home in the lovely vale of Esk, and where she had just given birth to a child. At this moment the tocsin sounded throughout Scotland; the queen had escaped from Lochleven; and the loyal Hamilton, tearing himself away from his new-born hope and his young wife, ran to join the muster of his clan.

The result of the struggle is known. Mary stood on a hill to look on at the battle which was to decide her fate; and the Hamiltons in the van, led on by Lord Claud Hamilton, knowing that they fought under the eye of "the most unhappy of queens, the most lovely of women," left their ground in a burst of enthusiasm, and rushed on to the encounter. The space between them and the enemy was considerable, and their force was almost spent before they came to close quarters. When at length the spears of the two opposing lines were locked together like the arms of lovers, and the tug of battle commenced, a continuous fire of musketry opened upon one of their flanks, while on their other, they were attacked by the elite of the regent's troops. The main body of Mary's adherents behind, disheartened by a spectacle for which they were unprepared, or controlled by the destiny of the fated queen, remained stupified; and the Hamiltons unsupported, or rather sacrificed, gave way, and the battle became a flight.\*

When Bothwellhaugh, a dishonoured soldier and a condemned criminal, ascended the scaffold soon after, it may be conceived with what feelings he turned his eyes towards the south, and saw in imagination his "pallid rose" drooping feebly yet fondly over his little bud. When delivered from death—he scarcely understood why or how—it may be conceived how eagerly he spurred his steed towards the lonely valley of the Esk.

To describe the scene which met his view, and the tale which knelled in his ear, without a creeping of the flesh, a curdling of the blood, and a sickening of the heart, is impossible. His estate of Woodhouselee had been given away to a favourite of the regent; and this man, sir James Ballenden, eager to enter upon his new possession had, seized the house at night, and turned its mistress and her infant out into the open fields. The young mother had but lately risen from the bed of her confinement; she was undressed; the night was bitterly cold. The result is told to this day in the superstitions of the peasants of the Esk; who see a lady thinly clad in white, with an infant in her arms, flitting wildly around the spot where the mansion stood. A frenzied scream sometimes thickens their blood with horror, as the phantom sinks among the ruins.

Bothwellhaugh turned back from Woodhouselee.

Sir James Ballenden, who held a high and honourable office in the law, would have been a fair mark for vengeance under any ordinary circumstances. But the wrongs of the Hamilton were not such as could be weighed in the common balance of blood. Something must be done—he knew not what. Something that would shake the very realm to its centre. Something that

\* Melville says, that the vanguard was composed chiefly of commoners of the neighbouring barony of Renfrew.



would be heard by every ear in Scotland, as distinctly as the scream of the lady of Woodhouselee had thrilled along the Esk. Sir James Ballenden was but an agent, a servant—a pitiful dastardly hound, who only worried at the command, or under the protection of his master. That master was the true offender. The blood of the first man in the country would be a fitting libation. Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh determined to slay the regent of Scotland.

He dogged his steps for some time like fate. He followed him to the borders, and when the regent had dismissed his army, at a motion of Elizabeth's royal finger, returned upon his traces to Edinburgh. He was with him in York and London, when Murray went crouching to the footstool of the English queen, to prefer a charge of murder against his sister; in Perth, in Glasgow, in Stirling, he hovered around him, like a bird of prey circling above its quarry, and only waiting an opportunity to strike.

The regent, in the meantime, held on his way, successful alike in policy and war. When about to pass through Linlithgow, on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh, a warning reached his ear. It came from John Knox, and the first-named place was mentioned as the spot of danger. There was nothing preternatural in the foresight of the Scottish apostle; for the frightful wrongs of Bothwellhaugh, were already well known, and Linlithgow, besides being favourable to the cause of the queen, was a seat of the Archbishop of Saint Andrews, who had there a house.\* This house was more particularly pointed to the regent, as the place to be avoided.

Constitutionally brave, and steeled more against the sense of danger by a long course of daring and success, James Stewart smiled scornfully at the warning. Was *his* wonderful destiny in the hands of the petty laird of Bothwellhaugh? Was the blood of a line of Scottish kings to sink in the ground at the command of a vassal of Hamilton? In vain had the Earl of Huntly beset his path, as if he had been stalking a deer; in vain had Bothwell—in vain had Darnley, raised the dagger against his breast; in vain, but a few months ago, had a hedge of Northumberland and Westmoreland spears risen up to prevent his return to Scotland alive. All were in vain. Secure alike from war and treachery, he bore a charmed life; and when his gallant steed swerved at the sight and cheers of the tumultuous crowd, as they commenced their march through Linlithgow, the regent probably addressed him inwardly with the Roman's encouragement, "*Quid timeis? Cæsarem vehis, et fortunam Cæsaris!*"

At this moment, however, the warning was repeated still more emphatically—perhaps for no better reason than that they were now approaching the house of the Archbishop of St. Andrews: the alarm spread among the friends who encircled him, and murmurs arose, that it was madness to expose a life so precious to them, and to the kingdom, to any unnecessary risk. The regent himself began to think that his danger was something more than imaginary; and,

at length, turning his horse, he gave orders to the cortege to face about, resolving to quit Linlithgow by the same gate by which he had entered, and make a circuit round the town.

The house which had excited their fears, and which they thus left behind, formed part of the line of buildings; and a sort of gallery, or apartment, projecting from the walls, overlooked the street. In this gallery stood the Revenger, a brass carabine of peculiar construction, the barrel being rifled, raised to his eye, and a lighted match grasped between his fingers. The floor was carpeted with a feather-bed, that no sound might be heard from his footsteps, and the wall behind was hung with black cloth, that his shadow might not be observed by the passers-by. A fleet horse stood saddled and bridled at the back door, the front entrance was strongly barricaded, and the *closets*, or covered courts, in the neighbourhood, leading to the rear of the house, were stuffed with furze. And so stood Bothwellhaugh, his eye fixed grimly on the visor of his piece; his lips as hard as stone, yet half open with expectation; and impatience, mingled with iron resolve, scowling on his brow.

When the regent reached the gate of the town, he found the crowd of citizens, thus thrust back, struggling with a tide of population, rushing in with equal force, from the neighbouring country, to see the show. The way was for the moment impassable; and Murray, chafing with impatience scorned to wait till it was cleared. Changing his determination as suddenly, and as unconsciously as before, he turned his horse again, and passed on his allotted path.

It may be that, on finding himself again pursuing the same track, against which he had been warned, and which he had but a few minutes before determined to shun, some unusual sensation passed across his heart. It may be that his thoughts were carried at that moment, by association, to the other epochs of his wonderful story. Perhaps the heart-broken moan of his queen and sister rose upon his ear; perhaps the frenzied scream of the lady of Woodhouselee pierced through his brain. These are the speculations of poetry. We only know that the regent, determining to defy and baffle the danger which it seemed he could not shun, called to his followers to dash hastily past the archbishop's house, and thus frustrate the scheme, if any such existed, of his lurking enemy.

Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,  
Murder's foul minion, led the van;  
And clash'd their broadswords in the rear,  
The wild Macfarlan's plaided clan.

Glencairn, and stout Parkhead, were nigh,  
Obsequious at their regent's rein,  
And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,  
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

But the regent could not dash over the bodies of his countrymen, and would not if he had been able. The crowd before was as dense as the crowd behind; every dwelling, every close, continued to pour its quota into the flood. They were near the house of the archbishop, and perhaps the very circumstance retarded their progress, from the eagerness of the vassals to crowd round their master at the dangerous spot, and if

\* The Archbishop was the natural brother of the Duke of Chatelherault (the chief of the Hamiltons), and uncle to Bothwellhaugh.

need was, to die with him, or for him. The order of the line was broken; the chief was encircled by devoted friends; and only now and then the waive of his proud plumes could be discerned from the gallery among the crowd of heads. They were opposite the house. The window was open, but the gallery empty; for there was no footstep on the floor, no shadow on the wall. They did not see the glare of the tiger-eye of Bothwellhaugh—the damp of deadly hate standing on his brow—the hand which clutched the carabine trembling with impatience. Another moment and the regent is safe. It came not. A shot was heard above the cheers of the crowd; and he fell, mortally wounded, from his horse. \*

To mark the fate of his victim; to fly to the rear of the building; to bound upon his steed, were but the occupations of an instant. The Revenger gained the open country unmolested: for to force an entrance into the house was a work of time; and he fled, at full speed towards Hamilton, the capital of his clan. But not alone. Leaving their comrades to force an entrance as they might, some ready-minded vassals of the regent had darted away, almost at the moment of the deed, to intercept him. Owing to more accurate knowledge of the neighbourhood of the town, he had the start; but now, serving as a guide himself, the whole party, pursuers and pursued, scoured over the heath together.

Bothwellhaugh was hardly a spear's-throw in advance; but his horse, which had been the gift of Lord John Hamilton, was all muscle and mettle. Onward the noble brute bounded—straight as an arrow—over field, and moss, and dyke, and burn. When his strength began to fail, whip and spur were applied, till his sides welled blood and sweat at the same time. But even the rowels at length failed in their effect, and the sense of pain became dead in the wide wound they had formed. The pursuers were close upon his heels. At every leap he had taken, however, mad and desperate, they had come thundering after; and he now distinctly heard the groan-like panting of their steeds, and the sobs with which the riders caught breath as they flew.

A stream was in front, broad, deep, and sluggish, winding through a morass. There was no purchase in the soft ground for the animal's heels, even if in full vigour for the leap; but, spent as he was, and callous even to the spur, what hope remained? Bothwellhaugh, however, still held on his course. As he neared the water, he tried the rowels again, to the very hilt—without effect. A hoarse cheer arose from the pursuers behind. He then suddenly drew his dagger, as he had gained the brink—struck it deep into his horse's haunch; and the affrighted animal sprang madly over the gulph.

He was now safe, and arrived speedily at Hamilton; where he was received in triumph by his friends and clan. After having remained there for some time, Bothwellhaugh passed over into France, and offered his services to the Guises, the kinsmen of the queen of Scots. By them he

was treated with much distinction; and even a circumstance which he felt as a bitter insult, was probably intended as the very reverse. When it was the question among them to murder the famous Coligny, the leader of the protestant party, overtures were made to the Scottish assassin, with the view of engaging him to strike the blow. Bothwellhaugh spurned at the proposal with scorn and indignation. "The admiral," he said, "was no personal enemy of his. A man of honour was entitled to avenge his own just quarrels; but would cease to be so if he committed murder for another!"

I may add that the Archbishop of St. Andrews, two months afterwards, fell into the hands of his enemies at the capture of Dumbarton castle, and was hanged without ceremony; and that the heir of the regent Murray was murdered in the prime of his youth by the Earl of Huntly.

## DAVID HUME.



DAVID HUME, an historian and philosopher, was born in 1711, at Edinburgh. After having made a brief attempt to reconcile himself to mercantile labour, he relinquished it, and, determining to give himself up to literary pursuits, he went to France, to study in retirement. In 1737 he came to London, and published, in the following year, without success, his *Treatise on Human Nature*; which he afterwards recast, with the title of *An Inquiry concerning Human Understanding*. In 1742 and 1752 appeared his *Essays*; *Political Discourses*; and *Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*. In the interval between the publication of these works, he accompanied, in 1747, General Sinclair on an embassy to Vienna and Turin, and in 1752 was appointed librarian to the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh. In 1754 he brought out the first volume of his *History of England*, which was so coldly received that all his equanimity was required to support his disappointment. He persisted, however, and his work gradually gained ground. It was completed in 1761. The sum which he was paid for the copyright, together with a pension from government, made him completely independent. After having attended the British ambassador to Paris, and been left charge d'affaires in that capital, and after having

\* The fire-lock of the carabine in the engraving involves an anachronism, for which Mr. Cattermole is not to blame. The piece is preserved at Hamilton Palace; but somebody, from a singular species of taste has thought proper to replace the original match-lock, with the modern invention.

from 1767 to 1769, been under secretary of state, Hume settled at Edinburgh, where he died in 1776. His Correspondence with Madame de Boufflers was published a few years ago. On the metaphysics of Hume it is unnecessary to enlarge. Innumerable pens have been drawn in the hope of showing the fallaciousness and the danger of them. His History, which has long been popular, charms by the ease and spirit of its style, and its philosophical tone; but it is often exceedingly unfaithful, and betrays somewhat more than a leaning towards principles which are abhorrent to every friend of freedom.

ROBERT BURNS.



ROBERT BURNS, a poet of whom Scotland has reason to be proud, though her scanty patronage of him ought to make her blush, was the son of a small farmer and gardener, and was born near Ayr, in 1759. Some education he received, and he acquired the French language and practical mathematics. Reading was his delight, and every leisure moment was devoted to it. The perusal of some of the best English poets gave him a taste for poetry, and love inspired him to pour forth his feelings in verse. At his outset in life, Burns was engaged in the labours of agriculture. He then became a flax dresser, at Irvine; but his premises were destroyed by fire. In conjunction with his younger brother, he next took a small farm, and in this also he was unsuccessful. Fortune now seemed resolved to thwart all his wishes; for a female whom he loved, was refused to him by her parents, and he was at once in danger from the kirk and the magistrate. In this situation, he resolved to print his poems, for the purpose of raising some money, and then to seek his fortune in the West Indies, as an assistant overseer. His passage was actually engaged when a letter from Dr. Blacklock, recommending a visit to Edinburgh, put an end to his scheme of emigration. In the Scottish capital his poems had excited universal admiration. Brighter prospects thus opened upon him. For more than twelve months he remained in Edinburgh, invited, feasted, praised, and caressed, by the fair and the great: at length, with the sum of five hundred pounds, the produce of his poems, he withdrew to the country, married the object of

his affection, took a farm, and also obtained the office of an exciseman. Of all the offices which could have been given to him this was the most unpoetical and the most unsuitable. It is marvellous that none of his professing and powerful friends saw the disgrace and ridicule of suffering their favourite bard to be thus degraded. Among the numerous places, either sinecures or of little labour, which are so lavishly distributed, one might surely have been conferred on him whom the Scotch delighted to honour! No effort, however, appears to have been made in his behalf. For three years and a half he strove to derive a subsistence from his farm. But his confirmed habits of intemperate conviviality, and other circumstances, forbad success; and he was at length compelled to give up his lease, remove to Dumfries, and depend upon his profession of an exciseman. While he was occupied in watching stills and hunting smugglers, and, at the same time, labouring under disease and dejection, he wrote his admirable songs, for Thomson's Collection. Worn out with vexation, and the consequences of his love of inebriating liquors, he died on the 26th of July, 1796, leaving his wife and family in an unprovided state. A subscription made by his friends, and the profits arising from an edition of his works, raised his family above want; and a splendid monument, has, within these few years, been erected to his memory. Humour, pathos, vivid imagery, energy, and no small share of elegance, distinguish the poems of Burns. His prose, though sometimes overstrained, is flowing and full of spirit. In conversation, too, which is not always the case with men of genius, he fully sustained the character which he had acquired by his writings.

He that, like the wife of Cæsar, is above suspicion, he alone is the fittest person to undertake the noble and often adventurous task of diverting the shafts of calumny from him who has been wounded without cause, has fallen without pity, and cannot stand without help. It is the possessor of unblemished character alone, who, on such an occasion, may dare to stand, like Moses, in the gap, and stop the plague of detraction, until Truth and Time, those slow but steady friends, shall come up, to vindicate the protected, and to dignify the protector. A good character, therefore is carefully to be maintained for the sake of others, if possible, more than ourselves; it is a coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer, protection to the oppressed, and inspiring the oppressor with awe.

The intoxication of anger like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves; and we injure our own cause, in the opinion of the world, when we too passionately and eagerly defend it; like the father of Virginia, who murdered his daughter to prevent her violation. Neither will all men be disposed to view our quarrels precisely in the same light that we do; and a man's blindness to his own defects will ever increase, in proportion as he is angry with others, or pleased with himself.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE REGAINED.

BY MRS. RHODA ARMSTRONG.

## IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

ALFRED assisted the heart-stricken father and daughter to the house; he would then have pursued the Indians, but Nicholas offered his services.

"I will go," said the black, "massa Drayton used to me, I dandled him when he a babe. I 'spect no one dare say as much to him, when he was in his tantrums, as I could; but I don't 'spect him back nohow; old massa tried until he try no more."

Alfred thought it more advisable to allow the black to follow his own opinion, as there seemed sufficient need for his presence at Enesdale. Ada remained stupefied and bewildered for a considerable time; at length hysteric sobs, followed by copious showers of tears, relieved her heart from its overwhelming load of woe. Mr. Mowbray did not evince as much emotion as might have been expected, for despair had nearly deadened every feeling of his soul. His son, his guilty son, had been wounded almost by his sister's hand; every hope of his return to the home and religion of his fathers, was now lost. That hope had clung to the deserted parent's mind, and had kept him in a state of fevered anxiety from the moment of his abduction; but now it was gone. In the beautiful language of inspiration, he exclaimed, "My child has forsaken me, and sworn by them that are no gods; he has trodden my portion under foot; he has made my pleasant portion a desolate wilderness!"

Sadly and drearily passed the day. The beaming sun; the glad song of birds; the perfume of opening flowers, could not bring comfort to wounded hearts. They separated early, and gladly did Ada seek the aid of prayers to soothe the anguish that rankled in her bosom. In lowly attitude, with clasped hands, and eyes upraised to heaven, she poured forth her sorrows to the throne of mercy; she prayed for her father and herself, but most for her misguided brother, that the error of his ways might be revealed to him, and that he would return to the home and the God he had forsaken. While thus she prayed, her sorrows became hushed, and as she bowed herself, in humility of spirit, to the decrees of Providence, she experienced the truth of that merciful promise, which tells the sufferer that they who seek in purity of heart for consolation and support, will in nowise be cast out.

As the Red Men retreated, Nicholas followed in their track, but not being able to keep pace, as they trod the unfrequented forest paths, he lost sight of them, and in attempting to return, he missed his way. Poor Nicholas wandered about through the whole of the day, with only such refreshment as the clear stream afforded. At every step he became more and more bewildered, and as day declined, and no habitation appeared in view, his feelings became uncontrollable—sometimes he ran, sometimes he shouted for help—but in vain. No welcome sound betokening the proximity of his kind, met his ear; the low wind that ruffled the branches of the

trees on the approach of evening; the murmur of the brook; and the chirp of some solitary bird, were all that broke the stillness of the woods. In fearful suspense he walked on as the sun descended. At last it sank, and his sensations amounted to agony. In every sound, as night approached, he fancied he heard the footsteps of the bear or panther, and his terrified imagination pictured venomous reptiles in every uneven substance upon which his foot pressed. Still night came on, gradually enveloping the earth—calmly as when none but the aborigines of the soil trod those solitudes, and the poor black, faint and exhausted, seemed as if the violence of his fears had blunted their intensity. It was awfully dark, and despairingly he climbed a tree, resolved to shelter himself in its branches until morning. He had kept his mournful vigil for some time, when to his joy he beheld a vivid flame quivering among the trees. Fear and terror fled, and Nicholas capered nimbly from his elevation. He ran—shouted—paused for want of breath, and ran and shouted again; but he was at too great a distance from the fire to meet a response from those by whom it had been kindled. After the first impulse given to his limbs, by the hope of meeting with companions in the wilderness, the fatigues he had undergone checked his speed, and gave him time for a little of that reflection, which, had it been sooner exercised, would, in all probability, have prevented the adventure in which he was now engaged.

"I may as well tink, before I put myself in the way of those desperate fellows," soliloquized Nicholas. "I 'spect they tink great deal about massa Drayton; and maybe as they can't let out a little of the white man's blood, in return for young massa's, they'll content themselves with poor black's. Whew! I am low enough, now, to do without bleeding." Nicholas continued his soliloquy until, after some meanderings, he came within a few yards of the fire which had lured him from the lodging he had selected for the night. He then stopped, and concealing himself behind a tree, surveyed the scene before him. A partial opening of the woods formed a resting place for the very group he had pursued. There was a clearing of the trees; but whether the hands of man had caused it, or whether it was a whim of nature, was uncertain. In the centre of this clearing burnt a pile of wood, which, it would appear, had been kindled to give light, for the warmth of the atmosphere rendered its heat unnecessary. The Indians formed a circle round it, while on a couch of leaves, over which was thrown the skin of some animal, lay the renegade, Drayton Mowbray—his pale face, no longer disfigured by the Indian paint, forming a strong contrast to the red countenances of the savages; his eyes were fixed upon the flame, as it threw its fitful gleam on the dark trees and the stern visages of the Indians. The black looked upon

the group in dread, and even the features of his once beloved young master, seemed, in his mind, to be endowed with a portion of that fierceness which characterized the remainder of the party. In breathless agitation, he continued for some time; at length Drayton Mowbray broke the stillness which reigned around. He rose from his rude bed, and notwithstanding the pain and weakness which he appeared to suffer from his wound, he stood erect and firm, while his Indian costume added a more lofty and warlike appearance to his naturally tall stature. He advanced within a few paces of the fire, and waved his naked arm for the others to approach; silently and quickly was he obeyed.

"My brethren," he said, "you have accompanied me hither, with much inconvenience to yourselves, to gratify me; you have disarranged your plans, and I feel your compliance with my desires the more, because I know they are such as you could not participate in. There was one tie which bound me to the abodes of the white man—one tie alone—the love I bore my sister; it clung to my heart even from the moment in which I cast off the trammels of my race, and proved that there were souls which need but opportunity to free themselves from the vanities of what is termed the civilized world, and could adore their Creator, amid his works, as purely and as fervently as beneath the tenement which man, in his pride, rears for his worship; but one feeling drew me to my home—one weakness of my white brethren held me in its thrall; it was the attachment which I still owned for that being who armed her lover, or her husband's hand, I know not which, against me." The voice of the misguided enthusiast faltered slightly, and he paused. An observer so acute as Nicholas now was, could perceive that the insensibility of the Indian character was not altogether attained by their proselyte.

"The white warrior," observed Radensah, "throws his glory down before women; he calls himself the sovereign of the earth, but he bends before the glance of the young maiden, as a reed before the wind."

"True, true!" responded Drayton, "another deviation from the track of nature. The Great Spirit made woman inferior to man, but he endows her with artificial powers; he tries to elevate her to his own rank in the scale of intellect, and deludes himself with a belief of his success. Alas! the only proof we receive of that phenomenon is, that man prostrates his soul, and fancies that it is woman's that has been exalted. Away with such dreams! Radensah, where is that lock of hair which the lesson of civilization taught me to prize so highly!"

"It is here. I have seen my white brother wear it next his heart. I thought it was a powah, and took it from the ground to day." As he spoke, he produced the gory tress which had once adorned Ada's head. Drayton took it.

"Yes, it was a charm, indeed—a talisman that withheld me from pursuing the dictates of reason and nature; but now, perish such recollections," and he flung the hair amid the burning wood.

"It is good, it is good," murmured the Indians.

"Shout, my brethren, shout, that the white

man has cast away the claims which fettered down his soul. Let thy voices tell to these ancient woods, these shady dells, which, for ages, have remained inviolate, free from those scenes which stain the soil peopled with the sons of refinement. Here no proud monument is raised to tell of deeds of glory, which also proves the faithful record of crimes of the deepest dye. Thus, for the vanity of preserving acts of splendour from oblivion, they would seek to palliate wrong and rapine. Thank heaven, one people is found upon the earth which knows no act to immortalize the black deeds that sully thy fair work. Here, amid these despised, untutored beings, shall my life be passed. Here, that Mighty One, whom the red and white man worship, although in different guise, has set his seal alone. Here, grand in his works—works which the worms of the earth dare not aspire to imitate, I call upon ye to proclaim to the spirits which surround us, that one mind, brought up in reverence of customs and habits which have accumulated the dross of centuries, now flings off their trappings, and renouncing the tortured paths of his fathers, adopts the plain track of nature—beautiful in its simplicity, and rational in its ways. Shout, brethren, shout!" The Enthusiast was obeyed, and the unearthly yells of the Indians, struck fresh terror to the heart of the unsuspected witness of the scene.

"What deblish fellows they be," groaned Nicholas; "and massa Drayton is as bad an Ingee-man as any of them. If I get safe back, all the coloured men in Merica may go Ingeehunting for me."

The energy to which Drayton Mowbray had given way, exhausted his strength; a livid paleness overspread his face; the flashing of his dark eyes ceased, and they moved in heaviness and languor. These appearances were not lost upon the Indians; two of them retired a little from the group to consult upon the best way of treating the wounded man. Their dialogue took place close to the spot in which Nicholas lay concealed, but although he could hear their words distinctly, he was not informed of their intentions, as they conversed in their native tongue; but a fresh spur was given to his fears, when he heard Redensah announce to Drayton, that it was advisable for him to take a draught of a soporific nature. The danger he should incur if discovered, while his young master, as he called him, lay unconscious of his presence, struck the mind of the black. To escape unnoticed was impossible; at once to make himself known was the only feasible plan. Accordingly, while some of the Indians were preparing the soporific, Nicholas darted forth, and flung himself upon his knees before Drayton.

"Oh, massa, massa! do not take sleepy ting until you leave word for poor black man not to be killed while you doze. Oh, massa! I nebber thought you were such a desperate Ingee-mah, or I nebber would have come after you. Oh, massa! sure you nebber go to sleep and tink when you wake you see poor blackey dead. Poor blackey that nursed you when you were one of his own sort—that is, when you were a little white chap no higher than my knee. Oh! do tell the Ingee gentlemen to let blackey go before you take your nap."

Drayton raised himself and demanded of Nicholas "How he came there." The story was soon told, even though embellished with the scintillations of Nicholas' fancy. "And what purpose did you suppose your presence here would answer," was the next inquiry.

"No purpose, massa Drayton; but when I saw you bleeding, and poor Miss Ada crying, and old Massa looking like sorrow itself, Nicholas tought he better come and let you know how desperate bad every ting was."

"Aye, bad enough, Nicholas, when my sister would not hear me; for several days have I tried to speak to her, but in vain."

Now Nicholas, with inconceivable rapidity, recounted Ada's ignorance of her brother's being in existence; told how sternly Mr. Mowbray had interdicted the subject, and how he gave orders that his daughter should be permitted to believe him dead, rather than shock her by confessing that he had abandoned her, his father, and his home. All this Nicholas told, and perceiving in the countenance of his auditor a slight relaxation of its assumed sternness, he ventured to petition for his return, and concluded by supplicating for his own life, more especially.

His anxieties, respecting himself, were soon relieved, but, as may be supposed, his wishes for the return of Drayton, were of little avail. It was not without many misgivings that he beheld the potion administered, which was to soothe the senses of the Renegade into forgetfulness; but he was drawn from the contemplation of danger, by the appearance of refreshments, which were given to him by one of the Indians. These consisted of cakes of Indian corn, and a piece of half roasted fish; but Nicholas had fasted too long to be very nice in his appetite, and he proceeded to cook his supper with much satisfaction, a little more to his taste. The decaying embers of the fire threw but a faint light upon the recumbent forms of the Indians, as they stretched themselves upon the turf and sank to slumber. The moon, which struggled from behind the heavy clouds, cast its straggling beams beneath, and gave a finishing of light and shade to a scene worthy the genius of a *Salvator Rosa*.

Having satisfied the cravings of his appetite, Nicholas, too, stretched himself upon the grass, and by degrees the drowsy god shed his influence upon him, and notwithstanding his efforts to resist, he soon slept profoundly. The sun was high in the Heavens, when the Black awoke; he looked around for the Indians, but they were gone; a suspicion darted into his mind, that he had been a partaker of the draught administered to "Massa Drayton;" but whether such had produced a sleep so heavy, or that it was the natural effects of an exhausted frame, he could not judge. He started upon his feet, and proceeded to reconnoitre the place where he stood. The remains of the repast of the preceding night were on the grass, and in a conspicuous spot lay a written paper. This, Nicholas carefully committed to his pocket; having broke his fast with the fragments of food, he resolved to lose no time in retracing his steps to Enesdale. With aching limbs and exhausted frame, after his toilsome and fruitless journey, one difficulty was yet to be encountered, which was, to find his way to some habitation, where he could learn in what

direction of the country he now was, and obtain information respecting the road he should pursue. This was soon overcome, by meeting with a farmer's wagon, in which he was readily accommodated with a seat, and the black in return recounted his wonderful adventure with massa Drayton, and the Ingee-men.

The same morning found Alfred Berrington, in a state of torturing anxiety, in which apprehensions for the safety of the black were mingled. When Jane entered the parlour with his breakfast, he eagerly inquired respecting Ada.

"She is now with her father," returned she, "but since sunrise she has been on her knees, communing with her Father in heaven, Ah! Mr. Berrington, she has been heavily visited, and I fear that the removal of Mr. Mowbray from this abode of sorrow, will soon call for a fresh exertion of her fortitude."

"But what can have induced young Mowbray to so strange a dereliction of every human affection," asked Alfred.

"It is, indeed, sir, inexplicable," returned Jane; "but he was always an eccentric youth. Mrs. Mowbray was an Englishwoman, and to all appearance had been brought up amongst the high and mighty of the land. Mr. Mowbray visited a distant relation of his in that country, and we heard that he had contracted a rich alliance there. I was engaged by old Mr. Mowbray to wait upon the new married lady. Oh, sir! how beautiful she was—just like Miss Ada, now; only she had a grander look, as if she was above us all. She seldom conversed with any of the people about the house. When she wanted anything to be done, she always gave her orders to me. She generally sat all day reading, or embroidering, and very seldom busied herself in household affairs. I do not think she was happy; I believe our habits and her's were very different, and that she grieved for being absent from her friends; but Mr. Mowbray was always occupied, and did not see as much as I did. When her son was born, she used to sing to him. Oh! how sweetly her voice sounded. Once, I remember, she was singing him to sleep, in gayer tones than was her wont; Mr. Mowbray sat with his letters and other papers, in that window; he seemed intently engaged with the writings, but her singing interrupted him.

"My dear, I wish you would not make a noise until I have done," he said, and then went on examining his papers—quite ignorant that he had wounded her feelings; but Mrs. Mowbray seemed to think it very unkind; tears started to her eyes, and she left the room. I longed to tell her that he did not mean to vex her, but she was so distant, that I could not. When Mrs. Arundel came here, she saw how matters were, and advised Mrs. Mowbray for her good, but to no purpose; her fits of melancholy increased, and after the birth of her daughter, ill-health was added to her sorrows, which I cannot help thinking was half fancy. Mrs. Arundel took the little girl with her to New York, and brought her up; but her visits here were frequent, and looked for with delight by us all, but chiefly by Drayton. There was no school near this place, and Mrs. Mowbray undertook to educate her son herself—it was the only occupation she seemed to take a pleasure in. Mrs. Arundel disapproved of the eccentric ideas which

he imbibed in his solitary pursuits; she advised her sister-in-law to send him to a public school, but Mrs. Mowbray, gentle, and even careless on every other subject, on this point was stubborn. Mr. Mowbray did not see the error of his son's education until it was too late; when he attained the age of fourteen, his father wished to accustom him to business beneath his own eye, but then his inclinations showed themselves. He felt disgusted with a way of life to which he was a stranger, and openly avowed his repugnance. Mr. Mowbray, whose business was his pleasure also, could not enter into the feelings of his son; Mrs. Arundel entreated Mrs. Mowbray to use her influence; her answer was, 'No, I have destroyed my own happiness by conforming to the wishes of others, and my advice to my children shall be, to follow any way of life consistent with virtue, which they deem likely to make them happy, and to suffer no inducement to draw them from it. Had I insisted, when I married, upon remaining in that society to which my wishes pointed, in place of burying myself here, how differently should I have spent my life.' Well, sir, after two years, passed in vain endeavours to give to Drayton a taste for business, the disagreement broke out between the Indians, Pennsylvanians, and Virginians. You remember, sir, that some of the latter, together with some Englishmen, were carried to a fort near Lake Erie, while others were conveyed up the Ohio. The Indians attacked this house, and carried off young Mowbray. His mother's declining health sank beneath the shock—she was seized with frequent fainting fits, and expired in a week after. Measures were at once taken for the release of the captives, which were successful—Drayton alone remained in the hands of the Savages. Mr. Mowbray, accompanied by several friends, set out, not doubting but that he could easily ransom him. On reaching the wigwams of the Savages, he was told that his son was at liberty to depart with him, if he pleased; but to the amazement of the party, the misguided boy steadily refused. Threats and supplications were equally vain. The Indians said that he might leave them, but it should be of his own free will and accord; but if the white men resorted to force, they should be repelled by force. I need not recount all the means that have been used to regain him—all have failed. This unnatural conduct of his son completely changed Mr. Mowbray's course of life. He retired from business, and lived here, brooding on his griefs; when any event takes place, which renews the subject afresh in his mind, he is subject to fits of melancholy, which prayer only can soothe. Ah! Mr. Berrington, we are weak creatures! and perhaps the Almighty may have thus heavily visited Mr. Mowbray to wean him from earthly cares, and draw him nearer to himself—for are we not told 'Whom God loveth, he chasteneth.'"

These events Ada also heard that morning, though with somewhat different shades; but as her father's relation was not likely to be so impartial, we have preferred detailing Jane's narration.

When Ada had heard all, she retired to the solitude of her own chamber—a deep and solemn feeling pervaded her soul; she seemed the only being that could wake the chord of nature in her

brother's breast—who could draw him from the mad pursuits of his wayward fancies, to the way of reason and virtue. The thought of his perishing amongst those who had never heard the blessed promises of Scripture, whose hearts had never been imbued with the love of that Supreme Being who had sent his Son to be a sacrifice for sinful man—was misery insupportable. She felt that it might be in her power to awaken repentance in his heart, and she supplicated Heaven to enlighten her in the way she should take—vowing that no worldly affection should prove an obstacle to her accomplishing the mighty work entrusted to her hands.

Alfred waited for her appearance with much anxiety, but it was late ere he was gratified. Her face was very pale; all its playful expression had vanished, and she seemed to have divested herself of those little coquetties, which every pretty girl uses, in a more or less degree, in the presence of her lover. Her hair was simply confined by a single comb—no graceful arrangement of its tresses betraying that a mirror had been consulted—while her plain white robe was unadorned by zone or riband.

"Oh, Ada! dearest Ada!" said Alfred, as he led her to a chair; "can I do ought to ease your mind. How very pale and sad you look; tell me, if you think it would answer any purpose for me to pursue your brother, and explain my error."

"No, Alfred, none."

"Well, but something must be done, and, indeed, that is the only step that I can fix upon."

"Yes, something must be done, and now, Alfred, I require a proof of your regard for me, and one to which you must sacrifice, what I believe to be your most cherished hopes."

"I am ready to make any sacrifice that will bring peace to your bosom."

"Thank you, dear Alfred; it is, indeed, in your power to do much. Stay," she continued, seeing that he was about to speak, "stay, and hear me. When I told you I loved you, I was happy; I did not know the trial that awaited me; a gay and free heart was mine, and that I gave you."

"And that gift I prize beyond all earthly good, Ada; I will be worthy of it, as far as lies in man's power. I will be father, brother, all to you; only give me an opportunity to prove my sincerity."

"I believe you; I firmly believe you, and now entreat you for a proof of it. Alfred, I demand your forgiveness for an unconscious fault, an imperative duty calls me from you—I trust, not forever. Then if you would not add fresh pangs to a heart so keenly wounded as your poor Ada's, tell me that you will bear a separation from me with patience and resignation."

"Ada, my life! Ada! what do you mean! Surely you cannot dream of driving me from you. You know not what you ask; you are in grief—in sorrow for your brother's conduct, and your father's declining health; and where can your sorrows be soothed, if not by me, who love you with more than a father's tenderness, with more than a brother's love. Ada! I thought when you selected me to be your husband, the reliance you could place upon me in misfortune was not forgotten."

"Nor was it, Alfred; but pray be calm. I



have a sacred mission to perform, and I would fain make my path as easy as possible—for tread I will, with Heaven's help, let what difficulties on earth present themselves. From you and from my father I expect some. They may afflict my mind; they may weaken, but they shall not destroy my resolution. I look for my support from Him who hath said, 'When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them.' "

"Your calmness astonishes and alarms me. Now that my hopes have been so nearly realized, surely you will not tell me that they must be relinquished? Do not fence your heart with Stoicism enough to prevent your seeing that such a mandate would make me supremely wretched. No, Ada, I will not believe there is any duty which should empower you to create so much misery in my breast, though, perhaps your elevated ideas may render your's insensible to it."

"You wrong me, Alfred; but I cannot become your wife while my brother wanders, in his mistaken pride, an outcast from humanity and religion."

"Why not; will your remaining single recall him, think you; or is it because, unhappily, my hand wounded him. Ada, on my knees, I beseech you to become my wife, even as you promised; together, then, we will seek your brother. Oh, Ada! have pity on me, and say you will."

"Pray do you have pity on me, Alfred," she exclaimed, bursting into tears, and throwing herself into his arms. "Do not break my heart by witnessing your grief. I must not suffer any inclination to draw me from the will of Heaven. Your grief only adds to mine, but I cannot alter my determination."

"And what is that determination?"

"To seek my brother, even in the haunt of the savages," she replied, in a low, solemn tone, her fortitude returning as though the holiness of her purpose endowed her with superior strength of mind. "To implore, on bended knees, his return to the faith he has abandoned; and by holding forth the sacred promises of his Redeemer, to draw him from the snares of the heathen. 'Tis true, I am a weak, unskilful girl; but He who dropped manna in a wilderness, may give words to my tongue; and He who called to Samuel, when but a child, will not be deaf to me if I call upon him with purity of thought, and uprightness of intention."

"Ada, your enthusiastic affection for your brother, blinds your better reason. Your father will never consent to your exposing yourself to the fatigue of such an expedition, and the hazard you would incur when left to the mercy of those Savages."

"There is not the danger you may at first imagine. The Indians appeared completely under his command, and notwithstanding he was treated with violence, they evinced no desire to retaliate. My father, it is true, may, for a time, refuse his sanction, but standing, as I fear he does, on the verge of eternity, he will not, when it is properly represented to him, reject any virtuous means to lead his son to the ways of religion and peace."

"I cannot agree with you, Ada; it is true, parental feelings may uphold your father in your

absence; the hope of reclaiming an erring child may lessen, although it cannot dispel his anxiety for your fate; but where is my help, or my support. Ada, I implore you to banish all ceremonious scruples, and give me a right to accompany you."

"Heaven knows no foolish coyness should part us, could your presence be of service; but, alas! it might only mar my project. Drayton's is a strange heart; and if I sought him in the character of wife to that man whose arm was raised against him, all my supplications would be fruitless. Believe me, Alfred, all my chance is to go alone and unaided, at least unaided by so near a friend. Nicholas shall accompany me; he always had a certain degree of influence with Drayton; indeed, the more I reflect upon the matter, the less the hazard seems."

Alfred believed that he had never known misery until now; he could only hope that Mr. Mowbray would interdict her departure, or that Nicholas should, on his return, bring such intelligence as might induce her to abandon her design.

Late in the evening the Black reached Enesdale, and gave an account of all he had witnessed. When his tale was told, he gave Ada the paper he had found upon the grass. It ran as follows:—

#### "MY SISTER,

Much as I despise the customs of thy race and mine, yet the natural feelings of our hearts I freely acknowledge; as the dove cherishes her young, so is thy remembrance cherished by me; to indulge my affection for thee, did I steal to the home I have renounced. Nicholas tells me that my reception there was caused by the ignorance of events which took place after our mother's death—so let that pass. I fain would have seen thee alone—but now, farewell. Wilt thou not sometimes think on me, when the leaf is in the bud—when the blossom decks the shrub—when the ripe corn falls to the earth, and when the hoar frost encrusts the tree—let the image of thy brother visit thee in thy dreams; and thou shalt come to mine as the only feeling of nature which I imbibed in my days of childhood—farewell."

"Father, Alfred!" she exclaimed, as she concluded the billet; "I implore you, as you value my peace of mind, my eternal happiness, detain me not from my brother; does he not love me? Oh! he has been misled—infatuated, or he would not have left us. Father! dear father! suffer me to pursue my brother; let me be the humble instrument, under Heaven, to smooth the latter days of thy life; to conduct your prodigal child to your arms, and make your heart to sing for joy."

"Ada, my precious child!" he said, clasping her in his arms; "inestimable boon of a merciful Providence, who, if he has stricken me in one child, has made me more than amends in another. I honour your piety, your affection; but I must not sacrifice my only comfort. No, no, Ada! you must not follow the generous dictates of your soul. Offer your prayers for the restoration of your brother; and through the mercy of

Heaven, they may prevail, and he be rescued from the snares which encompass him."

"My father, seek not to restrain me; there is an inward monitor, which tells me if I undertake this mission, I shall succeed. Oh! reflect upon the happiness that would be mine if I attained so precious an object; and the misery I must ever feel from knowing that one so dear to me is living an outcast from civilized society—self-exiled from the delights of home, and above all, an alien to that church, which has for its head 'Him that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, who spreadeth out the heavens as a curtain.' Do not, I entreat you, refuse me; for although you should do so now, I will renew my supplications to you again and again; I will cast off every selfish wish of ease, every dear affection of my bosom, until I have at least attempted to awaken the voice of nature in my poor, misguided brother's heart."

It is needless to recapitulate all Ada's efforts to gain the approval of her father. Often, her heart sank at the apparent impossibility of its ever being granted to her. Whole nights did she spend without sleep, reflecting in what way she should proceed to draw him to her wishes. At times it crossed her mind that it would be better for her to depart secretly, but she shrank from such a step. Her father was gradually becoming weaker, and she too well knew that the dereliction of his son was an arrow in his heart which kept him from peace. Each day she renewed her efforts, and at length the invalid, lured by the sanguine representations of his daughter, half consented. She consulted with Nicholas on the most probable method of discovering the tarrying-place of the tribe into which her brother had been adopted. He readily entered into her plans, and she soon had the satisfaction of knowing the part of the Ohio, on whose banks they now fixed their wigwams. This intelligence obtained, she resolved to make a decisive effort for her father's unreserved sanction. She entered his chamber, and with prayers and tears besought him to yield to her desires. Her perseverance gained the mastery, and he reluctantly yielded.

"Should I die, Ada, before your return, how will it be with me in the last sad hour, when I cast my eyes around, and behold not my daughter, my pious child?"

"Dear father, hope better! if, indeed, that hard trial should be so near, Heaven, in its mercy, will guide my steps homeward, and your parting moments be soothed by both your children. Father, as Jacob prospered, with the blessing of his parent, so may I—give it, therefore, that my undertaking may be hallowed; then should peril await me, I shall have that within which shall preserve me from vain conceits or fears. Your blessing, my father! your blessing!"

She sank upon her knees. The invalid raised himself, and gazed with holy fondness upon her, as fair and innocent she bent before him, and thus devoted herself to rescue a brother from the paths of darkness; and while he uttered blessings, fervid and sincere, from that sacred font—a father's heart—a glad assurance fell upon his soul, that his Ada's efforts would not sink to earth, even though no proof of their efficacy was given to mortal eyes.

"There is a Book,

By Seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light;  
On which the eyes of God, not rarely look,  
A chronicle of actions just and bright."

With a calmness which could only be obtained from a reliance upon a Superior Being, did Ada prepare for her journey. But how shall we describe her lover's feelings. Madly he flung himself before her and besought her to forego her rash purpose—entreated her to pity his situation and not doom him to agony and suspense—but in vain; her heart bled for him, but her resolution was unshaken.

"Go, Alfred," she said, "to your happy home. Let the society of your parents and sisters compensate you for the loss of one who is withheld by sacred duty from claiming a portion of their affection, and who more keenly feels the severity of her lot from the sorrow it obliges her to inflict upon one who is so deservedly dear to her. Go, dear friend, and in mercy spare me from the dreadful task of bidding you farewell."

"You are mistaken, Ada, if you suppose I will return to my home without you. Your father does not deny me the name of son, though you may that of husband. Here is a letter that will acquaint you with my determination."

Ada read it. It contained a recital of the unhappy events which marred his happiness, and concluded thus:—"As in my present frame of mind it would be impossible for one to attend to any business, and as you must be aware that I endure extreme anxiety, I trust my respected father and mother will not disapprove of my intention of remaining at Enesdale until Ada's return. Mr. Mowbray is scarcely able to leave his chamber, and it will afford my heart the only consolation it can admit of to share and enlighten his grief. I send my love to Rose and Emily. Tell little George I shall be home in time to celebrate his birth day, &c.

ALFRED BERRINGTON."

"Heaven bless you, Alfred," she emphatically exclaimed, "you have eased me of one pang—you will supply my place with my poor father. Oh! bless you—bless you!"

Finding after numerous attempts the impossibility of drawing our heroine from her determination, orders were given to insure her comfort when travelling. A low vehicle, to be drawn by two horses, was procured. It was probable that their course might be in part through woods where a carriage could not pass, and in that case it must be abandoned, and the horses resorted to. Jane, with a fearful heart, arranged refreshments for the self-devoted wanderers, and Ada forgot not a packet of gaudy trinkets to present to the Indians, whom she might find it necessary to conciliate.

At length all was in readiness, yet difficult was it for Ada to appoint the day on which she meant to set forth; often as it rose to her lips her heart sank at the prospect of separation; but the hour must come, and even that obstacle was removed, though not without fresh calls upon her firmness and patience. The deep sorrow of her father, the impetuous anguish of Alfred, could not shake the exalted purpose of her soul; she rejected all temptations which could draw her

from the path her duty seemed to point out. But, oh! what unutterable sorrow reigned in the parting hour. Tears, those strangers to the eyes of man, fell from the weak and agonized parent. Ada's voice essayed to speak of comfort, but her broken sighs told too plainly how much her words and feelings were at variance. "Father I shall ere long return and you shall hold your son in your arms—you shall rejoice that we purchased with so little suffering—so great a joy. Alfred you will take care of my father, I know you will until I come home."

"Ada," said the weeping father, "if you should never see your home—if my darling should find her grave in the wilderness—her death by the tomahawk!"

"Dear father, banish such gloomy thoughts, all will be well. Farewell—farewell. Soon I shall be here with joy and gladness all around me."

Mr. Mowbray wept over her as he held her in a sad embrace—in silence Jane and Rachel kissed and embraced her—a solemn feeling stealing over all as they beheld this fair young being leave her father and her lover's arms. Once more she suffered Alfred to hold her to his bursting heart and kiss her clear forehead.

"You will forget the sorrow I have occasioned you Alfred, and be a son to my poor father."

"I will, I will, my dearest Ada; but you have indeed imposed a heavy trial on me."

"I have, I know I have. But you'll forgive me, and now farewell to all—to you, my father—to you Alfred—to all."

She sprang into the carriage in which Nicholas was seated. "Drive on!" she exclaimed, "quickly—quickly."

She was obeyed. The horses proceeded rapidly—as they came in front of the house, she waved her handkerchief in the air; it was observed by the weeping group who stood in the portico; they answered the token of recognition—another moment and she was out of sight. No friend whom her griefs could pain, save Nicholas. Freely she gave way to the gush of woe which gathered in her bosom; yet not long did she yield indulgence to her feelings: she recalled her own courage, and sought to preserve that of Nicholas' unabated. But the home she had quitted was indeed sad and desolate. Jane and Rachel spoke but in whispered tones, and the desolated father seemed overpowered by the intensity of his grief. Alfred tried to cheer the little family, and, perhaps, his efforts were as efficacious as those of most young men might have been. But Ada, the tender and assiduous nurse—the gentle director—the lively companion, was gone—and her place was not to be supplied. Alfred attended to her favourite garden, but the occupation which might have charmed him when she shared it had lost its power to amuse. Keenly he felt

"How ill the scene that offers rest,  
"And heart that cannot rest agree."

Nicholas and Ada proceeded on their journey with as much speed as the nature of the path by which they had to travel would admit of. On the two first nights they fared tolerably well; being lodged at the habitations of their kindred beings. The admiration of Ada's affectionate

heroism, which these early settlers of the wilderness testified, was ardent and sincere; and the sympathy she experienced from the entertainers of her own sex fell on her soul like the balm on Gideon's fleece. May the unaffected and genuine hospitality which she enjoyed never be exchanged for the glare of false politeness. May the lessons of history warn us in our march of civilization, that what we gain in refinement we may lose in integrity,—that while we weave the roses of elegance and luxury we may remember not to enervate ourselves by their sweets, lest we bend beneath the noble exertions for which we are destined. No glare of compliments dazzled Ada—a warm cordiality told her she was welcome and made her feel her temporary resting place a home—and when, on the second morning, she left the abode in which she had passed the night, and was informed that her next lodging must be beneath the canopy of Heaven, her kind hostess shed tears. Ada almost wished she had not met with so much friendship, as it served only to soften her; she was prepared to meet danger, but the pity of a stranger overpowered her. Through the day they journeyed by the borders of an interminable forest, uninterrupted. Silence reigned around; Ada had now time to arrange her thoughts, which the anxiety to be permitted to pursue her brother had hitherto kept in a state of agitation. Several times during the day they halted to refresh their weary steeds and partake of the refreshments which Jane had prepared. Towards evening they alighted when a convenient spot offered to pass the night. Nicholas kindled a fire; but how did she repose. Ada, the beautiful, gentle and tender Ada, rested beneath the spreading trees, a mantle thrown on the earth her only couch, and Nicholas keeping watch while she slept—when she awoke she took the post as sentinel, while her faithful attendant sought the rest he needed. Then she set her thoughts reverting to her father and her home; and well did she, in those lone moments, appreciate the lessons of forbearance which her aunt had imparted to her. The next day, and the next, passed on; still the magnificent scenes of nature alone met their view. The majestic waters of the Ohio flowing through wood and vale, even as it does now. Ages pass away and leave it as before; while she who gazed upon it then, in hope and fear, is gone, her very existence no more remembered. Towards the evening of the sixth day the wigwams of the Indians appeared in view. Then fears unknown before sprang up in Ada's breast, her frame trembled, her tongue became parched, and she was scarcely able to proceed. Not long were their figures concealed from the Aborigines of the land. A shout, which was re-echoed by the surrounding hills, told them they were perceived, and several of the tribe appeared in view. "Now heart be firm," thought Ada. As she urged her jaded steed forward, various sounds mingled with the dashing water-fall and rustling leaves. The setting sun threw a deeper tint on the countenances of the Red Men as they approached, making them seem more hideous in our heroine's sight, who now recalled that courage which she knew was needed.

Falsehood is often rocked by truth, but she soon outgrows her cradle, and discards her nurse.

## YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

THE most wretched of children is the spoiled child—the pet who is under no subjection, and who gets all the trash for which his little mouth waters. 'Tis he who bumps his head, in the act of going somewhere he was forbidden to approach; and 'tis he whose little stomach aches considerably in consequence of eating too many sweet things, coaxed out of the cupboard of a fond but injudicious mother.

Spoil the boy, and what are we to expect of the man? Will the dog be well-behaved, which was let to go his own way when a puppy? Will the steed be steady in harness, if, when a colt, no care was taken of it? The spoiled boy inevitably becomes the wilful man, and with the wilfulness comes discontent.

Unfortunately, those who have always been accustomed to find others yield to them, and to have their own way, become habitually selfish, and utterly regardless of the feelings and wishes of those about them. Self-gratification is naturally the first wish of the child; but it is the fault of parents, if, by injudicious indulgence, the man is led to anticipate that, as everybody yielded to him in boyhood, everybody must yield in after life.

Frederick Fairleigh was the spoiled child of his family, the youngest of three children, and the only boy. He was the pet of both father and mother, and being lively, intelligent, and good-looking, he soon became a favourite. Spoiled in infancy, he was unmanageable in boyhood, and wilful, and self-sufficient in the early days of maturity. Master Frederick having been used to his own way, it was not likely that Mr. Frederick would voluntarily relinquish so agreeable a privilege. At college, therefore, he continued and matured the habit of idleness, which had been censured, but never sufficiently corrected at school.

As for study, he never got further than "stud," and was much more frequently seen in a scarlet hunting-coat, than in his sombre academic costume. The idle man at Oxford during term time is not likely to do much good at home during the vacation—Frederick Fairleigh did none. Ere he ceased to be in years a boy, he became what is termed a "lady's man," flirting with all the pretty girls he met, and encouraged to flirt by many a married dame old enough to be his mother. Petted and spoiled by everybody, Frederick became the especial favourite of his grandfather, Sir Peter Fairleigh, and spent much more of his time at Oakly Park than at his father's house.

Before young Fairleigh was one-and-twenty his father died, and being then the immediate heir to Sir Peter's baronetcy and estates, he naturally became a greater favourite than ever. One precept the old gentleman was perpetually preaching to his grandson: he advocated an early marriage, and the more evidently the youth fluttered, butterfly fashion, from flower to flower, enjoying the present without a thought of the future, the more strenuously did old Sir Peter urge the point.

The spoiled child had no notion of relinquish-

ing old privileges, he still had his own way, still flirted with all the pretty girls in the neighbourhood, and thinking only of himself, and the enjoyment of the moment, never dreamt of the pain he might inflict on some, who viewing his attentions in a serious light, might keenly suffer in secret when they saw those attentions transferred to another.

He was five-and-twenty when he first met Maria Denman, the richest heiress and the prettiest girl of the county; and when the old Baronet saw the handsome pair rambling together all the morning, and sitting together in corners at night, he secretly exulted in the probable realization of one of his fondest hopes—the union of his pet grandson with his favourite, Maria. There could be no misunderstanding his attentions; there was indeed a tacit understanding between the young couple: but Frederick Fairleigh certainly never had in so many words distinctly said, "Maria, will you marry me?" Months flew away, two years had already elapsed, and though Frederick certainly seemed attached to Maria, yet, when other pretty people came in his way, he still flirted in a manner not quite justifiable in one who had a serious attachment, nay almost an engagement elsewhere.

Poor Sir Peter did not manage matters well; indeed, with the best intentions in the world, he made them worse. It was not likely that one who had never been accustomed to opposition should all at once obey the dictation of a grandfather. Opposition to the match would immediately have brought matters to the desired point,—for Frederick, though not quite aware of it himself, devotedly loved the fair Maria. But she, like the rest of the world, had assisted to spoil him: she had been too accessible, too easily won; and really loving him who had paid her such marked attention, Frederick had never seen a look or a word bestowed upon another which could give him the slightest uneasiness. A pang of jealousy would probably have at once opened his eyes to the state, of his own heart. But always kindly received by Maria, and always happy in her society, the spoiled child saw in her kindness, and in her smiles, nothing beyond the voluntary and unsolicited preference which he had been but too well accustomed to receive from others. He was, therefore, never driven by doubt or by solicitude to pause and scrutinise the state of his own heart.

Instead of offering feigned opposition to the match, however, Sir Peter openly opposed the line of conduct pursued by his volatile heir, and, by continually harping on the subject, he at last really made the wilful young man believe that, of all disagreeable things in the world, a marriage with the woman who was really dearest to him of all beings on earth, would be the very worst.

"My dear sir," he cried one morning at breakfast, after hearing a long lecture on the subject, "how you do tease me about Miss Denman!"

"Tease you, Fred," said Sir Peter, "tease you! for shame: I am urging you to secure your own happiness."

"Surely, sir," he replied, "there is plenty of time,—I am still very young."

"Young Sir!—you are a boy, Sir; a boy in

judgment and discretion, a very child, Sir, and what's worse, a spoiled child."

"Well," said Frederick, laughing, "don't be angry, if I am a spoiled child the fault is not mine."

"Yes, it is Fred—I say it is, things that are really good of their kind are not so easily spoiled."

"Indeed!" said Frederick, with a look of innocent surprise, and, taking up Sir Peter's gold watch, which lay upon the table, he opened it, and pretended to poke about the wheels.

"I see what you mean, you satirical monkey," cried Sir Peter, laughing; "give me my watch, Sir, and let me now tell you that where there is real good sense and stability, the man will very soon learn to get rid of the selfishness—yes, Fred, I am sorry to repeat it, selfishness was my word—the selfishness and self-importance, resulting from over-indulgence in childhood."

"I wonder then any one should care about a selfish, consequential fellow, like myself," said Frederick.

"You mean to insinuate that you have been and are a general favourite, popular with everybody, and well received wherever you go? I grant it, my dear boy, I grant it,—and I should be the last person to say that I wonder at it; but then you have got into one or two scrapes lately."

"How do you mean?" said his grandson; "when and where?"

"Why, for instance, the Simmonses, with whom you were so intimate; did not Mr. Simmons ask you rather an awkward question the last time you were there?"

"He asked me my intentions," said Frederick, "my views with respect to his eldest daughter, Caroline—he inquired, in fact, if I was serious."

"A puzzler that, hey, Fred?" chuckled the baronet, who was not sorry the occurrence had happened.

"It was awkward, certainly," said the youth, "but how could I help it? They invariably encouraged me to go to the house, and I positively never was more attentive to one daughter than to another."

"Possibly not: but depend on it where there are unmarried daughters in a family, fathers and mothers never receive the constant visits of a young man without calculating probabilities, and looking to consequences. However, for Susan Simmons, I care not three straws; I am only anxious that a similar occurrence should not deprive you of Miss Denman's society."

"That is a very different affair, Sir," said Frederick; "surely you would not compare Susan Simmons with Maria?"

"Ah!" said the old man, "that delights me, now you are coming to the point, the other was a mere flirtation—all your former fancies have been mere flirtations; but with Maria (as you say), it is different; you really love her, she is the woman you select for a wife."

"I did not say any such thing; I have not thought of marriage, I am too young, too unsteady, if you will."

"Unsteady enough I admit," said Sir Peter, shrugging his shoulders, "but by no means too young; besides your father being dead, and your

mother having made a second marriage, your home as a married man will be so desirable for your sisters."

"I wonder you never married again, Sir," said Frederick.

"You would not wonder," said Sir Peter feelingly, "had you witnessed my happiness with the woman I loved; never tell me that taking a second wife is complimentary to the first. It is a taciteulogium on the marriage state I grant you; but I consider it anything rather than a compliment to the individual in whose place you put a successor. They who have loved and who have been beloved like myself, cannot imagine the possibility of meeting with similar happiness in a second union. Plead the passions if you will as an apology for second marriage, but never talk of the affections; at least never name the last and the happiness which you enjoyed in her society, as a reason why you lead a second bride by the tombstone of your first, and vow at the altar to love and to cherish her."

"Why, my dear Sir, can there be any harm in a man's marrying a second wife?"

"Not a bit of it; I am speaking of it as a matter of feeling, not of duty; in fact, I only give you my own individual feelings, without a notion of censuring others. But were I about to marry, Maria Denman is the woman I should choose."

"I wish you would then, my dear Sir," said Frederick, carelessly, "for then I might enjoy her society without the dread of being talked into a marriage." With these words he left the room, and Sir Peter cogitated most uncomfortably over the unsatisfactory result of the conversation.

The next day Frederick Fairleigh was off to some races which were held in the neighbourhood, and as if to show a laudable spirit, and to prove that he was master of his own actions, he avoided Maria Denman as much as possible, and flirted with a new acquaintance—the beautiful widow of an officer.

Sir Peter was in despair; Maria who was an orphan, and had been entrusted to his guardianship, was on a visit to Oakly Park, and in her pensive countenance and abstracted manner, he plainly saw that his ward was really attached to Frederick, and was hurt and distressed by his extraordinary conduct.

"I wish our Frederick would come home," said Sir Peter, who had been watching his ward, while she diligently finished a cat's left whisker in a worsted work-stool which was fixed in her embroidery frame.

"Our Frederick!" said Maria, starting.

"Yes, my dear, our Frederick; did you not know he was in love with you?"

"I hope I am not apt to fancy young men are in love with me Sir Peter, and certainly Mr. Fairleigh has never given me any reason to—"

"Stop, stop, no fibs," said the Baronet.

"He has never told me that a——" Maria hesitated.

"He has never formally proposed for you; is that what you mean to say?"

"Decidedly."

"And never will, if we don't make him; but do you mean to say that he has never given you reason to suppose that he loved you?"

"Pray, my dear guardian," said Maria, evading a direct reply, "look at your grandson; you must be aware that his attentions are lavished indiscriminately on every young lady he gets acquainted with. Words and looks that might be seriously interpreted with others, evidently mean nothing with him. He—he gives it out that he is not a marrying man."

"Not a marrying man! how I hate that phrase! No man's a marrying man till he meets with the woman that he really wishes to marry. And if men are not marrying men, I'd be glad to know what they are!—a pack of reprobate rogues! As to Frederick I'm determined——"

"Pray make no rash resolves respecting your grandson, Sir Peter—especially in any matter in which you may think I am concerned."

"I tell you what, Maria, I know you love him," said Sir Peter. "I see his attentions have won your heart. You have been, and are, quite right to endeavour to hide your feelings, but it is all in vain; I see as plain as possible that you are dying for the ungrateful, foolish, abominable fellow."

"Oh Sir!" cried Maria, rising in confusion, but she again sank into her chair, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

"Do not think me cruel and unkind, Maria," said the old gentleman, seating himself by her side and taking her hand; "you are very dear to me, you and my grandson are the two beings on earth who engross my affections; and believe me Frederick devotedly loves you."

Maria shook her head, and continued weeping.

Many weeks had elapsed, and young Fairleigh was still absent from Oakly Park. Maria had, however resumed her cheerfulness, and Sir Peter seemed less annoyed than might have been expected at his grandson's evident determination not to follow his advice. To account for this change we must state, that Sir Peter having accidentally been obliged to search for some book in Frederick's apartment had discovered several matters that convinced him of his attachment to his ward, and those presumptive proofs having been made known to Maria, she had made a full confession of the state of her heart. A print, which when exhibited in a portfolio in the drawing-room had been pronounced a perfect resemblance of the then absent Maria, had been secretly taken from the portfolio, and was now discovered in Frederick's room. By its side was a withered nosegay, which Maria recognised as one that she had gathered and given to him; and in the same place was found a copy of verses addressed "to Maria," and breathing forth a lover's fondest vows.

All this amounted to nothing as proofs that Frederick Fairleigh was in duty bound to marry the said Maria Denman. In a court of justice no jury would have adjudged damages, in a suit for breach of promise of marriage, on such trivial grounds as these; but they served to show Maria that he who had thus treasured up her resemblance could not be altogether indifferent to her, and she at last felt relieved from the humiliating idea that she loved one who had never for a moment thought seriously about her.

Sir Peter and his ward were now often elc-

seted together, and one day after an unusually long discussion, she said,

"Well, Sir Peter, I can say no more; I consent."

"There's a dear good girl!" cried the old man, affectionately kissing her "and now we'll be happy in spite of him. But now for my plans. It will never do to stay here at Oakly Park with all these servants to wonder and chatter; no, no. To-morrow you and I, and your maid and my confidential man, will go to Bognor, the quietest place in the world, and we'll have nice lodgings near the sea, and I'll write to that miserable boy to come and meet us."

Maria looked rather grave, but Sir Peter, chuckling with delight, gave her another kiss, and then went to expedite their departure, and to write a letter to his grandson.

Fairleigh, who now began to get very tired of the fascinating widow, was yawning over a late breakfast when his grandfather's letter was laid before him.

"Ah," thought he, "more good advice I suppose, urging me to marry. One thing at all events I'm resolved on, never to marry a widow: if people would but let me alone, really Maria after all is—but what says the Baronet?"

#### MY DEAR GRANDSON,

Finding that all my good advice has been thrown away, and at length perceiving that you never intend to invite me to your wedding, I now write to announce my own, and request you with all speed to hasten to Bognor, where we are established at Beach Cottage, and where nothing but your presence is wanting to complete the happiness of your affectionate grandfather,

PETER FAIRLEIGH.

"Astonishing! of all men in the wide world the very last!" Well, there was no use in wondering; Frederick hastily packed up, and was very shortly on his way to Bognor to pay his respects to the new-married couple. On inquiring for "Beach Cottage" he was directed to a picturesque abode, the very beau ideal of a house to "honey-moon" in; and he was immediately ushered into the presence of the Baronet, who was sitting alone in a charming apartment which looked upon the sea.

The meeting occasioned some little awkwardness on both sides, and it was a relief to Frederick when Sir Peter rose to leave the room, saying, "there is a lady who will expect to be made acquainted with you."

"Yes, Sir," said Frederick, "pray permit me to pay my respects—to—to ask her blessing; pray, Sir, present me to—my grandmother."

Sir Peter left the room, and Frederick half inclined to view the marriage in a ridiculous light, sat wondering what sort of old body could have been fool enough to enter the married state so late in life. He heard a footstep slowly approach the room, (rather decrepid, thought he); a hand touched the lock of the door: it opened; and Maria stood before him clothed in white.

She advanced towards him with a smile, held out her hand, and welcomed him to Beach Cottage.

"Good heavens!" cried Frederick, sinking on

the sofa, and turning as pale as a sheet, "is it possible! I—I deserve this—fool, idiot, madman that I have been; but oh! Maria, how could you consent to such a sacrifice? You must have known, you must have seen my attachment. Yet, no, no, I have no right to complain, I alone have been to blame!"

Sir Peter had followed the young lady into the room; she hastily retreated to the window, and the Baronet in apparent amazement addressed his grandson.

"What means this language addressed to that lady, Sir; a lady you avoided when I wished you to address her, and now that she is lost to you for ever, you insult her by a declaration of attachment."

"Sir Peter," said the spoiled child, springing from the sofa, "if you were not my father's father I'd—"

"Well, what would you do, young man?"

"But you are!" cried Frederick, "you are, and what avails expostulation," and he sank again on the sofa choking with agitation.

"Pray young man," said Sir Peter, "control your emotions, and as to rage, don't give way to it—were you to kill me, you could not marry my widow."

"Not marry her—could not, were she free!" cried Frederick, as the utter hopelessness of the case flashed upon him.

"No, my dear boy, no, not even if she were free."

"I would!" shouted the youth.

"Impossible! if I were in my grave, you could not."

"I could! I would! I will!" cried Frederick.

"What! marry your grandmother!"

"Yes!" said Fairleigh, clenching his fists, and almost foaming at the mouth, "yes, I repeat it, yes!"

It was impossible to hold out any longer. Sir Peter and Maria burst into immoderate laughter, which only increased the agitation of the sufferer, until Sir Peter wiping his eyes, said,

"Go to her boy, go to her; my plan has answered, as I thought it would, and you will be a happy fellow in spite of your folly."

Maria earnestly impressed upon her lover's mind that she had most reluctantly yielded to the persuasions of her guardian, in suffering this little drama to be got up for his edification; and Frederick having now experienced the anguish which he would have endured had he really lost Maria, proved by his steady devotion the strength of his attachment. "Beach Cottage" was retained as the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fairleigh during the honey-moon, and Sir Peter danced at their wedding.

For the Lady's Book.

## THE SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

BY MISS MARY E. MACMICHAEL.

EUGENE MONTCAIRN, and Walter Brook, were educated in one college. Eugene was the elder, by two years, and possessed of a large fortune. Scarcely had he passed the boundaries of boyhood; but he was tall, for his years, and his person, though not matured, was elegantly formed; he had a free gait, and elastic step; gaiety and good humour was the predominant expression of his face. His eyes were deep-blue, quick, glancing, and brilliant; his features were small and regular, his mouth wore the most mischievous expression in the world; and his flaxen hair clustered in natural ringlets around his forehead. The arrogance of wealth—that overbearing superiority with which the poor are looked down upon from the mighty elevation created by a few splendid baubles (when gold speaks all tongues are silent) is far from being confined to matured existence. That perfection of moral beauty, so naturally ascribed to childhood; that brightness of the young spirit so cherubic, so shadowless, with which we are wont to invest the fresh and frolic beings, around whom the ineffable glory of new life is yet thrown! Alas! it is only a dream! With his just perception of wearing a better garb, or possessing higher privileges, the veriest urchin will lord it over his fellow, and taunt him with his humbler condition. To Eugene, wealth and family gave the prerogative of insolence; but although a wild, reckless boy, he was free from this taint. Gifted with unusual talent, amenable to no controul, he was the very spirit of idle frolic; and yet, there was a redeeming wealth in his character—an intense ardour breaking out at times, in the pursuit of higher objects, and a richness of pure feeling, gushing, like frequent and bright fountains, along his erring and uncertain path, that elevated him far above the common herd. His handsome, though slender proportions, seemed at times dilated and instinct with the energy of his nature. His usually gay and careless features, could assume an intense expression; his laughing blue eye, could darken, with deep and troubled feeling; and the veins in his fair forehead, swell and recede with strong or contending emotion. Walter Brooks was his class and room-mate; and so unlike (though his friend) that it was the mingling of sun-light and moon-light. In form, Walter was as unlike as in disposition. His forehead was pale and ample, and bounded by the moist, dark auburn hair, and softly pencilled eye-brows, seemed a temple dedicated to thought. Thoughtful and reserved beyond his years—seldom mingling in gaiety, he chose rather the intellectual than the sensual pleasures, which he courted with assiduity. Study was with him—a habit; and indulgence in the day-dreams of the visionary—a passion. He possessed a highly cultivated taste for the fine arts; and a spirit of poetry, mingled with, and imbued all his actions. The turn of his mind prevented his forming many friendships at school; aside from his attachment for Montcairn, he possessed little in common with others. Their affections seemed moulded, and mingled by circumstances. Walter,

It is a doubt whether mankind are most indebted to those who dig the gold from the mine of literature, or to those who purify it, fix its real value, and give it currency and utility. For all the practical purposes of life, truth might as well be in a prison as in the folio of a school-man, and those who release her from the cob-webbed shelf, and teach her to live with men, have the merit of *liberating*, if not of *discovering* her.



too, had pride, arising from a consciousness of mental superiority, which made him, unwisely, prefer the respect, to the love of those by whom he was surrounded. And while his face expressed meekness and gentleness, he nourished in his bosom, wild hopes of distinction, and passions, fearful when excited, and which vented themselves upon those who aroused them in bitter sarcasm and proud defiance. He had these deep faults, and yet his failings were forgotten in the many noble and generous traits by which they were redeemed. He had an open hand, a frank heart, and a fearless spirit. Eugene was the chief of all the sports and games, and possessed an unlimited influence over his associates—the natural ascendancy of a daring spirit. He called in vain upon Walter to join them in their various scenes of amusement; the latter pursued his solitary way, during the hours of relaxation, wholly absorbed in the pursuit of science. In the midst of their jokes, his countenance maintained the coldest immobility; sometimes he would lift his clear eye from the page he was scanning, and fix it, for an almost imperceptible space, upon the tormenting boys, with an expression of deep scorn. He had an intimate acquaintance with history, the dead languages, and those of the living, most pregnant with beauty and usefulness, and a mass of general information, truly surprising for a person of his years; he had matured and enlightened his mind from the great fountain of books—those streams so often tainted in their course by prejudice or ignorance.

Three years had passed over the head of each; already the sprouting beard upon the lip, but more, the decision which shone out in moments of difficulty, told that they were entering upon the confines of manhood. Eugene was the same careless laughter-loving being among his associates, as when he first entered upon his duties. No excursion of pleasure could be got up without he joined—it was incomplete if his song, his jest, and his pun, were wanting. Time and circumstances had likewise had their effect upon Walter; they had not, indeed, changed his character, but they had called forth new traits, and strengthened those that were. The young men had begun anxiously to count the slowly lapsing months and days which must yet separate them from the haunts and friends of their childhood. Each arrival was sure to bring to Walter the envied package, with the kind wishes and anxious inquiries of his mother and sister, and the little welcome history of domestic affairs from the latter. The common recollections of the past—the pursuits of the present—and anticipations of the future, in which they indulged, were silently adding, link after link, to the chain that bound their affections together.

"Eugene," said Walter, as they sat conversing, before retiring for the night, "as you have no parents looking for you, as a matter of course, I shall expect you to go home and spend the summer with us; and I will make you acquainted with a nice little sister of mine, who bears the simple name of Mary; and whose affectionate epistles to myself you have so much admired."

And this resolution was eventually effected; for the enthusiasm with which it was formed,

had a holier and deeper fount than the mere overflowing of a melancholy temperament.

"With all my heart, Walter," Eugene replied, "I have long had a desire to see, and judge for myself of the merits of your sweet, boasted, reclusé sister."

All the preliminaries had been settled; adieus made; good wishes recapitulated; and promises to correspond regularly with those left behind. Their comrades chatted with—embraced them both affectionately—and they were gone. The bustle and activity of the journey; its pleasing strangeness and novelty; and the light raillery of the elder, soon dispelled from their elastic minds, whatever of melancholy had begun to gather there at the thoughts of parting, and, perchance, forever, from those with whom one of them at least had been united in the closest bonds of intimacy. It was a perfect summer's morning. The wheat, golden from ripeness, swayed gracefully in the light breeze. The slender oaks shook their small bells in the air with ceaseless motion; the birds, twittering, alighted from the full leaved trees, scattering dew-drops from the branches, as the friends pursued their way. Upon the third day after their departure, they arrived at their place of destination. They entered the door—met no one—the tones of pleasant voices sounded upon their ear; Walter opened the door which stood before him, and entered the apartment where the family were assembled at supper. There sat the mother and daughter; the only companion of her solitude was Mary—and she was, indeed, all that the most sanguine wishes could desire; beautiful as day, and adorned with all the worth of heart, and susceptibility of an ardent mind. Of the world she was ignorant as a child, and long learned to think, that the mountain and the valley which girt her home, encircled all that was worth knowing or loving in the world.

"My dear son!"—"My dearest brother!" were uttered at once, and Walter was caressing his parent and sister by turns.

"This," said he, as Eugene advanced in the room, "is Eugene Montclair." He spoke in a tone that seemed to imply, that they were already familiar with the name; and the sudden smile of even maternal welcome, which irradiated the features of the matron, as she raised her eye to the young stranger, evinced that she received him as the friend of her son. Upon Mary, who had been led by her brother to take a deep interest in his character, not a word, nor a look was lost, and a glance of fond approval soon told the watchful Walter, that she was satisfied. The growing intimacy of the social circle seemed cemented, and the travellers joined the suppers-table. Walter was entertaining Mrs. Brook with a history of his pursuits, and the manner in which he had passed his time, and Eugene forgot every sensation save that of pleasure, in looking upon, and conversing with the fascinating Mary.

"My sweet sister," said Walter, after the tea-things were removed, "will you sing for me, as of old, and charm Eugene?"

With a fond glance, she seated herself unhesitatingly upon the piano-stool, and after a slight accompaniment, sung with exquisite pathos, a plaintive air. There was a natural beauty in her

voice—a profound melancholy in its intense sweetness, that could dissolve the soul of the listener. Eugene was entranced; all that was dear to him in the memory of the past; the joys of home and childhood; the tenderness and truth of his first friendship—every cherished hour—every endeared spot; all that he had loved and lost upon earth—his gentle mother, seemed again to live, and again to fade, as he listened to the strains. Without paying any attention to him, and apparently without any effort to herself, she breathed forth melody after melody, for her own pleasure, like some lone nightingale, that, in a home of green leaves, sings to cheer its solitude with sweet sounds. She was lovely as one of Raphael's Madonna's; and, like them, there was a silent beauty in her presence that struck the most superficial beholder with astonishment and satisfaction. Her hair, of a golden and burnished brown (the colour of the autumnal foliage, illuminated by the setting sun) fell in gauzy waveings round her face, throat, and shoulders. Her small clear forehead, gleamed with gentle thought; her carved, soft, and rosy lips; the delicate moulding of the lower part of the face—expressing purity and integrity of nature—were all perfectly Grecian. The hazel eyes, with their arched lids and dark arrowy lashes, pierced the soul with their full and thrilling softness. She was clad in graceful drapery, pure as virgin snow; but, pure as the garment was, it seemed a rude disguise to the resplendent softness of the limbs it enfolded. The delicate light, that gleamed from the alabaster lamp, was a faint smile of the ineffable spirit of love that burned within her transparent frame; and the one trembling, shining star of even, that palpitates responsively to happy lovers, never looked so divine, as did Mary, to the enraptured gaze of Eugene, as he sat there, ardently tracing her every movement. And not alone for him was this hour the dawn of passionate feeling. The same spell was felt in the heart of the maiden, veiling the world, and lifting her spirit into vast and immeasurable regions of unexplored delight. One moment their eyes met and glanced upon each other the look of exalted, of eternal love—mute, blessed, and inexpressible. Their lids fell, and were raised no more. Rapture swelled their breasts, and swelled their full hearts—a rapture felt but not seen; for, motionless, and in deep silence, as if every outward faculty were absorbed in reverence, they continued, each inwardly knowing, hearing, seeing nothing but the divine influence and attraction of the other. Noiselessly, Mary arose and left the instrument; Eugene followed; the conversation disturbed his mood of ecstasy, and he proposed retiring. As the door closed upon his retreating figure, Walter said, "Good night, and may you sleep soundly, for I cannot leave my mother, from whom I have been so long separated, and you, my darling sister, until midnight."

He was now in his chamber—shut out from the world—a change had come upon his spirit. He looked out upon the straight silent walks, buried in gloom and shadow; and the tingling silence of the air was holy and calm as a deserted oratory, when the last strain of the vesper hymn has died away—the last taper has ceased to burn—the last censer has been flung—and

both parties and worshippers have departed. Naught interrupted the deep stillness that prevailed. Oh, night! how intensely beautiful art thou! Whether in the stillness of thy starry twilight, or in the clear, placid and pearly effulgence of thy chaste moon, who pursues her path alone; or whether thou wrappest thy brow in its black and midnight mantle, and goest forth with thy tempests to the work of desolation. On the wide sea—on the wide moor—by the ocean strand—and mountain lake—and cottage—and cornfield; oh! thou art beautiful, and bow down the soul to the dust in dumb adoration! The spirit of poetry mingles its voice with the thrillings of thy wind-harp; and even in thy deep and holy silence, there is a voice to which the mind listens, and stirs the heart's deep places. Eugene cast himself upon the bed, after he had drank of the beauty of nature. "I dreamt not of love!" he exclaimed, "I sought her not. She stood before me, lovely as an angel that heralds departed spirits to the kingdom of bliss; fearless, but mild, she poured the magic of her gaze upon my soul. I will lay my fortune at her feet; she shall—she must be mine." Soon after he fell asleep; he lay the remaining hours of that too short night, entranced in bliss, as if the bright form of his beloved were still shining on him.

In the morning he awoke before Walter, and the inexpressible harmony of his new-born passion was indelibly associated with his recollection of the preceding night. As Eugene entered the breakfast-room the family had not assembled, and Mary was sitting alone in the recess of a window, wrapped in such a profound reverie, that she was unconscious of his approach, and he paused to regard her. There was, in her countenance, an expression of innocence and sublimity of soul, of purity and strength, that excited the warmest admiration, and inspired sudden and deep confidence. She looked like some supernatural being that walks through the world untouched by its corruptions; like one that unconsciously, yet with delight, confers pleasure and peace; and Eugene felt the power, and thought that the terrors of life would lose their mortal weight and be resolved into beauty by her sympathy. He sat down beside her, and so earnestly did she listen, and he speak, that they were not aware of the entrance of the other members until they had saluted them twice. Mary was unacquainted with the forms of the world, and knew not any impropriety in the advances she made towards intimacy with her new acquaintance—for she felt none—her only aim was to wile away the hours of his stay under their roof, pleasantly. It will not be wondered that the day passed joyfully over; her songs, and conversation, found him an impassioned and delighted listener, and he was perfectly captivated. He felt as flattery, the frank and intimate tone she assumed towards him, and knew not that she would have treated any other, similarly situated, with the same unsuspecting and friendly demeanour. The evening passed happily as the day had done, and the hour of leave-taking for the night at length arrived, and they separated.

In a small apartment was Mary sitting at midnight; her head resting on her hand, and her whole appearance divested of that gay and buoy-

ant character which had previously been all her own. All was quiet and peaceful as the grave; the birds were hushed upon the boughs, and no sound was heard, save the gentle ripple of the river, upon whose treacherous surface her windows looked. All seemed consecrated to silence and solitude—to the hush of nature. At once her attitude was changed; her hand was needed to brush away the drops that were gathering in her eyes; her features became suddenly overcast; the soft smile faded away, and even as spring sunshine is succeeded by the sudden shower, the light that dwelt in her sunny orbs grew dim with tears. She loved; nay, more, she had confessed that love. With palpitating bosom, and with suppressed breath, she had heard Eugene, in a soft tone, inspired by tenderness and affection, paint the bliss that should be theirs, in the wedded state—when he would throw his wealth into her lap, and his honours at her feet, and bid her wear them with him; when, with an unchanged heart, he would fulfil at the altar his plighted troth; with truth in his breast, and passion on his lips, he had offered all to her. She wept for joy; she was not distracted with worldly dreams—with no thoughts of pleasures or of worldly vanities; she lived for her lover; beneath her gentle exterior burnt a flame that was to all others a scorching fire—to him, innocent as the flame that licked the Prophet's feet. "The first, the only ~~thurs~~ I have ever shed for this cause, and they shall be the last," she exclaimed, raising her head, like a flower surcharged with moisture. Days—weeks—and even months, rolled on, and the lovers passed hour after hour, so ardent, so halcyon, so bright, and so unreal—creating for themselves a radiant atmosphere, like that which glows around isles of eternal peace and joy.

"One hour of passion so sacred, is worth  
Whole ages of heartless, and wandering bliss;  
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this—it is this!"

Their whole lives was a paradise of natural beauty, investing with its own loveliness the moulder past, and mingling it with the vivid present. The winding of the shore—the deep recesses of the wood—the foliage, and inland fountain, nature's voluptuous bloom—and the breaking waves, murmured around them a woven minstrelsy of love and joy. Earth, river, and sky—like three gods, lent their aid to bestow tranquillity and animation to the scene, with a splendour that did not dazzle—a richness that could not satiate. The air was redolent of perfume; the refreshing breezes seemed to blow from Paradise—quicken their senses, and bringing to them the odour of a thousand unknown blossoms. They had entered, as it were, an enchanted garden; the living and immortal light of the heavens above; the pure element, with its waves that shone and trembled as stars; the adorned earth; and above all, the heaven of delight they had created in their own breasts—life seemed a choral hymn of beautiful and glowing sentiments. They had lived to see all the beauty of existence unveiled to its very depths; they had mutually dreamt a dream that had steeped their souls in divine, and almost uncommuni-

cable joy. They had an insatiable thirst for the presence of each other, which only grew intenser with the enjoyment of its own desire.

"Oh, love! what is it, in this world of ours,  
Which makes it fatal to be loved;  
Ah! why, with cypress branches, hast thou wreathed  
thy bowers,  
And made thy best interpreter—a sigh?"

"Eugene," said Walter, one day, "I have just received a letter from our old preceptor, requesting us to come and spend a few days with him; nay, frown not so, you are to be married in a fortnight, and cannot, surely, dread a rival."

"I dreaded not a rival, Walter; I would not insult Mary, by such a supposition; but the thought of a separation is bitter. However, as you so seldom make a request, particularly of this nature, I accede."

"My beautiful," said Eugene, to his betrothed, the evening preceding their departure, "you must allow me to have one of these sunny tresses to wear next my heart, as a talisman against danger."

The lock was severed—the last kiss taken—and Eugene gazed upon her a moment, as if he wanted to stamp her image yet more indelibly upon his memory. She was in tears. Alas! little did he think he was parting from his idol forever.

"Come, cheer up, beloved one; I shall return, ere long. Pledge me your word to be mine when I come back."

"I vow," said she, falling upon his neck; "nothing but death shall change me—if even that; and if ever I cease to feel for you as I do at this moment, you shall hear it from my own lips. But let us not speak of that; we will again be happy, and you will never leave me then." As she spoke these words, she looked into his face with a sad smile, while drops bedewed her lashes, and trickled down her cheek. At last he made one desperate effort, pressed her to his bosom, and bidding her a long, a last adieu, hurried from the apartment. His horse stood saddled at the door; he sprang into his seat, and his retreating figure was obscured until he again emerged from the wood, in company with Walter.

With the departure of him she loved all happiness seemed to have fled from the maiden. The places she used with him to visit in their daily excursions, on foot or horseback, served only to call up recollections of the past, and render her present solitude, short as it was to be, more lonely than she had ever felt.

In compliment to their guests, the Collegians had given a supper; conviviality was the order of the night; good feeling circulated, and the laugh, the song, and the jest were heard. A slight difference occurred between the friends, I know not of what nature; both were heated with wine; Walter gave Eugene the lie—in return he struck him. "Remember!" said Walter, "I swear, by the living God, that you wash out that stain with your blood."

"Very well," said Eugene, with the utmost composure and nonchalance, "I shall think of what you, as a foolish boy, have said."

Walter fiercely strode out of the room, and in

a few moments returned, bringing with him a pen and ink. He sat down and wrote a challenge, and it was handed by one of the company to Eugene; he read it impatiently, and exclaimed aloud, "You act like a madman," and tore it deliberately in pieces, and threw it from him.

"Ha!" retorted Walter, "you may succeed in making my class-mates think me a madman, but you have already convinced them that you are a coward."

"Stop, sir," interrupted Eugene, darting upon him a look of defiance, "dare you, even in thought, couple that word with my name; you shall have the satisfaction you demand."

The fatal challenge was sent and accepted; both were wretched. The thought of the morrow pressed heavily upon their souls; but they had passed the Rubicon, and dared not return without being sneered at. They had taken their places. The question, "are you ready?" was asked. There was a moment of breathless suspense; the awful monosyllable sounded upon the ear like the knell of death. Oh! the anguish—the heart break of that interval. The signal was given—the report was heard; then followed a convulsive shout—Eugene placed his hand upon his breast and staggered backward; the blood forsook his cheek—his brow contracted—he fell; a torrent, and a dark red stain extended itself over his vest, and saturated the earth with his life's gushing stream. They sprang to him; his voice was nearly choked; "Mary, I have your token—I love you even in death." There was a slight struggle—a contraction of the sinews of the neck—a quivering of the under jaw, and all was over. The last sad duties were now all that was required.

Blessed—blessed would it have been for poor Walter, had he too fallen.

He sprang frantically towards the corse. "Oh, God! I have killed him—him, whom my sister loved so dearly. Already her curses are hissing in my ears; I was to have been his brother, too—yet there he lies, stiff and cold. Oh, God! oh, God! speak to me, Eugene—look upon me; my brain's on fire—how it whirls. By that prostrate form I swear! I call upon the dead to witness the oath—that my heart is seared—the brand is upon me—a Cain—a Cain." He shrieked, and threw himself with frantic violence beside his murdered friend. "No breeze can revive the pulses in my heart; I am old before my time; all around is dark and dread; nature howls the curse into my ears—his blood be upon thy head; there are strange tongues communing with me—the bat and the owl—the grave worm, and each crawling thing is upon me—night—midnight is my season—I shrink from the sun, 'for he sleepeth and will not wake.'" He was stunned—stified; the air seemed to grow suffocating; he fell and became insensible.

The day was sinking, as a traveller bent his way towards the mansion of the Brooks'. The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, but its radiance still burned upon the west; onward—still onward he urged his panting steed. June had trod in the steps of her sweet sister May, and the heart's-ease, the rose, and the lily, welcomed her approach. The horseman alighted—demanded an interview with Mary—and concluded his

painful narrative, by putting into her hands a lock of hair, once bright and auburn, but now faded and discoloured by a sanguine hue. It was her own—her own—the ringlet which she had given her Eugene, and which he had worn as a talisman, and kissed a thousand times, when gazing upon each golden hair. And that stain—that deep and horrid stain! could it be mistaken? Oh, no! his heart's best blood had consecrated, and dyed that fair tress. She endeavoured to look calm, whilst it was evident her heart was bursting; no shriek, no idle tear escaped her surcharged bosom; her eyes closed, and pitying nature suspended the consciousness of woe.

With its deep and mellow livery, its splendid and glowing sunset, and its rich and shadowy twilight, the autumn came and went; the winter also passed away; and the sweet notes of the wood-lark hailed the arrival of the spring. Nature reviving, assumed the aspect of gladness; and the primrose and the violet peeped out from their concealment. But Mary—the uncomplaining Mary—was unaffected by the beauties of the season; she prayed for resignation, but her heart was in the tomb; despair, quiet, but certain despair, had fixed upon the springs of existence. The worm lay buried at the root, and the fall of the flower was inevitable. Symptoms of pulmonary decline made themselves visible in the increased lustre of her eye, and in the fitful hectic of her cheek. Medical aid was summoned, but when the blight is at the core, man's art avails naught. An eternity of bliss would have been dearly bought at the price of the soul-felt anguish she had undergone; misery burst at once upon her, whose path had, until now, been only among flowers, and whose young heart had never known grief. She was a fair and stainless being—unfitted for a world of sin and sorrow—and the first rude touch of trial severed the chain, and gave back her pure spirit to the Creator who endowed it.

She turned her eye, for the last time, upon the glowing sky, and with unutterable tenderness and solemnity, grasped her parent's hand, and pressed it to that poor heart, whose pulses were fast hastening to decay. It was a trying and an awful moment, and strong as was the hallowed hope of re-union within her breast, it was evident that the frailty of nature wrestled with the spirit—for though no murmur escaped her lips, tears swam in her pure eyes, as steadfastly, sweetly, and mournfully, she continued to gaze upon the object of filial affection—so soon to be left desolate and alone.

A quivering of the under lip, a tremor of the closing eye-lids, and a long-drawn sigh, were the termination of the conflict. Beautiful, even in dissolution, she reposed upon that couch, from which she was doomed to rise no more; those brilliant orbs, closed forever—their lids were sealed, and the long lashes, by which they were fringed, lay like a soft shadow upon a cheek, paler than the mountain snow. The bloom of vitality had passed from that enchanting lip—but still the traces of a radiant smile hung round it, and told how divinely sweet it must have been in life; while upon her guileless brow sat a calm and hallowed serenity, blended with the gentler traits of suffering and sorrow. Unshorn and unshrouded, the long auburn ringlets, which had

swept over her shoulders, like wreaths of silk,  
now receding from her temples, formed a mellow  
contrast with the marble hues of that transparent  
face.

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;  
And stars to set—but all—  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own—oh, death!"

What pen can paint the mute, the wild, the  
despairing anguish of the mother, as, for the last  
—aye, the last time, she pressed the faded lips  
of the angelic child!

The evening wore away, and the noiseless—  
the mysterious night came on. Then came the  
brief and ceremonious visits of the undertaker—  
with his hollow sympathy—his trembling voice,  
but tearless eye—the cold and mechanical scrutiny  
of the length of the body.

The funeral took place. Consecrated by  
prayer—by benediction—by unbought tears—  
they bore her to her final resting-place upon earth;  
the plumes upon the hearse glanced and nodded  
through the bright green trees that shaded the  
pathway that led to the tomb of her ancestors.

"And what is beauty's power?  
It flourishes and dies;  
Will the cold earth its silence break,  
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek  
Beneath its surface lies?  
Mute, mute is all  
O'er beauty's fall."

Who is that with outstretched arms, and emaciated  
cheek, straining his sunken eyes after the  
coffin? 'Tis Walter—the heart-riven Walter,  
come home to die. That night he slept beneath  
the dashing waters of the deep river that ran  
behind their dwelling.

## THE ANTHOLOGIA OF SELECTED POETRY.

NO. VIII.

ON A COQUETTE.

Hast thou not seen a busy bee  
Rove through the air supremely free?  
Its slender waist, and swelling breast,  
In nature's beauteous colours drest,  
While on its little pointed tongue  
All Hybla's luscious sweets were hung?  
Such Nancy is—but, oh! the thing,  
Wears, like the bee, a poisonous sting.

### THE MENDICANT'S TALE—By William Carey.

Here, while I sit, and listen to the blast,  
That moaning flies o'er yonder waving corn,  
Back, on my road in life, a look I cast;  
Ah! woful day that ever I was born?  
Bending beneath a weight of ill I groan;  
Poor, old, and weak, I mourn and mourn alone.

No wife, no child have I;—my sons so brave,  
Who, once, my lov'd supporters round me grew,

Are gone before me, to the silent grave:  
A green turf hides my treasure from my view:  
I long, with them, my weary head to rest,  
Where want and sorrow can no more molest.

The fool of woman's pride, in early youth,  
I suffer'd all a wayward Maiden's scorn;  
Another proffer'd her his love and truth,  
Then falsely left her on the world forlorn.  
Beside her cottage, oft, the live-long night,  
I watch'd complaining, till the morning light.

But youth is strong of heart;—nor can despair  
O'erthrow the mind of man—when in his prime:  
The fondest love, the most distracting care,  
Must yield, at length, to absence and to time.  
Thus I forgot my grief; and loved again,  
A milder maiden soothed my pleasing pain.

In wedlock joined—we shar'd the village joys:  
Full twenty summers in my arms she lay;  
Four daughters fair and good, four manly boys,  
Heav'n bless'd us with; but call'd too soon away.  
One died: another fell: a swift decay  
Consum'd my blossoms in their fragrant May.

When of my precious darlings all bereft,  
Like one half-crazed and reckless, I became:  
Yet the kind Partner of my choice was left,  
Though sorrow prey'd upon her weaken'd frame.  
Nine months, without complaint, she droop'd her  
head,

The tenth—unhappy me! beheld her dead.

I weep no more. The springs of grief are dry;  
Once I had tears, but wept them all away,—  
A voice, at midnight, calls, when none is nigh,  
In yon lone church-yard o'er their mould'ring clay.  
Where my sweet children, with their mother sleep,  
On their cold bed, for years, I loved to weep.

Misfortunes multiplied—my scanty wealth  
Melted, and all my worldly friends grew cold:  
Age followed—sore affliction—loss of health—  
Ingratitude, too tedious to unfold.  
While school'd in grief—my downward course I trod,  
Sick of the world—I fix'd my hope in God.

My fourscore years appear a little day!  
In fleeting sun-shine, and in tempest past.  
The *Morning* of my youth soon fled away;  
The *Noon* was short, and clouds the eve o'ercast.  
All nature round me shows her setting light;  
And soon these eyes shall close in death and night.

### MARIA; OR THE MOTHER'S DIRGE—By the Same.

From bubbling springs and streams that rise  
In mountain grot, or willow vale,  
Bring water, while I close these eyes  
And kiss these lips so cold and pale.  
From tufted grove and shadowy glen,  
Untrodden by the feet of men,  
From sedgy banks and fragrant fields;  
Bring every flower that nature yields;  
And scatter every breathing sweet  
On loved Maria's winding sheet.

Blest Spirit, newly freed from pain,  
While o'er thy faded cheek I bend,  
Belov'd and watch'd, and wept in vain,  
A moment more thy flight suspend :  
Behold, while hovering on thy wing,  
With water from the silver spring,  
I wash thy limbs. I spread thy bier,  
And lay thee down, with many a tear,  
Clad in thy shroud of spotless white,  
To slumber through thy weary night.

Thy tender smile, thy soothing voice,  
Thy playful innocence, no more  
Thy fond, fond mother shall rejoice;  
Thy little dreams of bliss are o'er.  
Of all the graces of thy mind  
No token wilt thou leave behind :  
No trace of thee will soon remain,  
But, in this breast, a Mother's pain ;  
A mossy grave ; an humble stone,\*  
To tell thy years and name unknown.

## GOOD NIGHT.

The clock strikes ten ; its warning sound  
Reproves my long delay ;  
Yet who from scenes, where bliss is found,  
Would wish to haste away ?  
And who would stop to count the hours  
Where every path is strewn with flowers,  
And beauteous prospects charm the sight !  
Forgive my fault ! Good night ! Good night !

And, oh ! if other words than these  
A warmer wish convey,  
My heart the welcome phrase would seize,  
Its feelings to pourtray ;  
Whatever comfort nature knows,  
Whatever blessings Heaven bestows,  
May these thy peaceful heart invite  
To constant joy. Good night ! good night !

Sweet and refreshing be thy sleep,  
And all thy visions blest !  
Angels thy watchful guard shall keep,  
Nor evils dare molest.  
And in the silent midnight hour,  
When fancy with her magic pow'r,  
Paints distant forms in colours bright,  
Remember me. Good night ! good night !

## TO A YOUNG WIFE.

Thou art all that my fancy can dream,  
Thou art all that my soul may adore,  
And the glance of thine eye is a heav'nly dream,  
Which the vot'ries of vice must deplore.

\* In Kingston Church Yard, at Portsea, the following lines were cut on the tomb-stone over the grave of Maria Sheridan Carey, who died on the 28th of February, 1807.

"In vain I watch, in vain I weep,  
Still, still, and breathless is thy sleep ;  
And cold and dark, and damp and deep,  
Thy narrow bed my Daughter."

I have bowed to thee early and long,  
Thy spells are but strengthened by time,  
For thy voice has a tone like a seraphim-song,  
And thy smoothness of brow is sublime !

We met when the heart was untam'd,  
When no shadow had sullied life's sky,  
When thou wert all beauty, and I, unreclaim'd,  
Was as free as the breeze that swept by.  
As wild as the foam on the wave,  
Was the wit that flash'd free from thy tongue,  
And I sigh'd in my heart at each whisper you gave,  
So fair, and so artless and young.

We met as two beings would meet,  
Whose spirits were cast in one mould ;  
Even now, but to dream of that hour is sweet,  
Though darkness has over it rolled.  
Oh, God ! how I pant to go back  
To that season unshadowed by gloom,  
To bound but again over life's fairy track,  
When youth was a bud in its bloom !

Our spirits soon mingled as streams  
That unite and go down to the sea,  
And whenever a ray from thy destiny beams  
Its light is extended to me.  
Thou wast faithful and fond when we met,  
Thou art faithful and fond even now ;  
And tho' beauty's sweet light lingers over thee yet,  
There's a shade on thy eloquent brow.

Oh ! doubt not the passion that thrills  
In the depths of a bosom like mine,  
The world may beset us with trials and ills,  
But affection shall never decline.  
Thou art all that my fancy may paint,  
Thou art all that my soul may adore,  
As bright as a seraph, as pure as a saint—  
I wish not, I ask not for more.

## THE WIFE.

"She flung her arms around him—" *thou art all  
That this poor heart clings to.*"

I could have stemm'd misfortune's tide,  
And borne the rich man's sneer ;  
Have brav'd the haughty glance of pride,  
Nor shed a single tear ;  
I could have smil'd on every blow  
From life's full quiver thrown,  
While I might gaze on thee, and know  
I should not be alone.

I could—I think I could—have brook'd,  
E'en for a time, that thou,  
Upon my fading face hadst look'd  
With less of love than now ;  
For then I should at least have felt  
The sweet hope still my own,  
To win thee back—and whilst I dwelt  
On earth, not been alone.

But thus to see, from day to day,  
Thy bright'ning eye and cheek,  
And watch thy life sands waste away  
Unnumber'd, slowly, meek ;

To meet thy smile of tenderness,  
And catch the feeble tone  
Of kindness, ever breath'd to bless—  
And feel, I'll be *alone*.

To mark thy strength each hour decay,  
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,  
As filled with heaven-ward trust they say,  
"Earth may not claim thee longer."  
Nay, dearest, 't is too much—this heart  
Must break, when thou art gone;  
It must not be, we may not part,  
I could not live *alone*.

A DOMESTIC SCENE—By *Mrs. Hemans*.

'T was early day—and sunlight stream'd  
Soft through a quiet room,  
That hush'd, but not forsaken seem'd—  
Still, but with nought of gloom;  
For there, secure in happy age,  
Whose hope is from above;  
A father communed with the page  
Of Heaven's recorded love.  
  
Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,  
On his gray holy hair,  
And touched the book with tenderest light,  
As if its shrine were *there*;  
But, oh! that Patriarch's aspect shone  
With something lovelier far;  
A radiance all the spirit's own  
Caught not from sun to star.

Some word of life e'en then had met  
His calm, benignant eye,  
Some ancient promise, breathing yet  
Of Immortality;  
Some heart's deep language, when the glow  
Of quenchless faith survives;  
For every feature said "I know  
That my Redeemer lives."

And silent stood his children by,  
Hushing their very breath  
Before the solemn sanctity  
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death;  
Silent—yet did not each young breast  
With love and reverence melt?  
Oh! blest be those fair girls—and blest  
That home where God is felt!

THE SPRING JOURNEY—By *Bishop Heber*.

Oh! green was the corn as I rode on my way,  
And bright was the dew on the blossoms of May,  
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,  
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,  
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud;  
From the soft vernal sky, to the soft grassy ground,  
There was beauty above me, beneath and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from  
the hill;

And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,  
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,  
To gaze where the rainbow gleam'd broad over  
head.

Oh! such be life's journey, and such be our skill  
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill!  
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be  
even,  
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of  
Heaven!

NIGHT.

Now is the time  
For thoughts sublime,  
When the stars to the heights of heaven climb;  
And invite the soul  
To the same high goal—  
O far away from this world of crime!

Now is the hour  
For feeling's power,  
To fall o'er the heart like a precious shower;  
Like a shower of dew,  
From the night arch blue,  
While its sacred tears from their fountains pour.

Now is a ray  
On the hill and bay,  
O sweeter far than they wear by day!  
'T is the planet bright  
Of memory's night,  
That steals all the gloom of her shades away.

O now to dwell  
On those loved well,  
Who may the sad, sweet rapture tell?  
O none but those  
From whose deep soul flows  
The music of the minstrel's shell!

I love to keep  
Still watch by the deep,  
While it smiles like a babe in its dreaming sleep,  
And the moon above  
Bends a look like love,  
All the calm, fair breast in its light to steep.

The most consistent men are not more unlike to others than they are at times to themselves; therefore it is ridiculous to see character-mongers drawing a full length likeness of some great man, and perplexing themselves and their readers by making every feature of his conduct strictly conform to those lines and lineaments which they have laid down: they generally find or make for him some ruling passion the rudder of his course; but with all this pother about ruling passions, the fact is, that all men and women have but one *apparent* good. Those, indeed, are the strongest minds, and are capable of the greatest actions, who possess a telescopic power of intellectual vision, enabling them to ascertain the real magnitude and importance of distant goods, and to despise those which are indebted for all their grandeur solely to their contiguity.



## THE FEMALE COSTUME IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VI.



The female costume of this reign comprises all the previous fashions with fantastic additions and variations too numerous to detail in words. Gowns with enormous trains, girded tightly at the waist, and with turn-over collars of fur or velvet coming to a point in front, and disclosing sometimes a square-cut under vest or stomacher of a different colour to the robe, are of the termination of this reign. The sleeves are of all descriptions, but the waist is exceedingly short, as in Henry V.'s reign. The head-dresses are mostly of the horned or heart shape, the latter exceedingly high, with tippits or veils sometimes attached to them. (Vide engraving above.) The Harleian MS. 2255, fol. 6, preserves "a ditty against the forked coiffures," or head-dresses which the ladies wore in the time of Henry VI., beginning

"Off God and kynde procedith al bewte."

Large turbans of the true Turkish form, made of the richest materials, are frequently seen from

this period. In a poem presented by Lidgate to Henry VI. a lady is drawn sitting up in her bed with a turban on, and another with a similar head-dress attending her. (Vide figures *a* and *b*.) Isabella of Bavaria, queen of Charles VI. of France, is seen in Montfaucon's work with a heart-shaped head-dress of exceeding size, and the story goes, that she carried the fashion to such an extent, that the doors of the palace at Vincennes were obliged to be altered to admit the queen and the ladies of her suite when in full dress: but this anecdote, if authentic, might relate to the steeple head-dress, which succeeded the horned or heart-shaped, and was worn, as its name implies, of a portentous height. Isabella is represented with one in another illumination copied in Johnes' edition of Froissart, the prints to which are all engraved from miniatures of the fifteenth instead of the fourteenth century.

Figs. *a* and *b*, from Harleian MS. 2278; *c*, from the blade of a *misrécorde* in the Meyrick collection; the rest from royal MS. 15 E. 6, fol. 450.

## THE CONSCRIPT.

At a time when the severity of our military code affords so popular a theme of declamation, perhaps the following tale, founded on circumstances which came under my observation a few years ago, may serve as an illustration of the rigid measures by which the discipline of the French army requires occasionally to be enforced, and convince our philanthropists that humanity would gain little by the change were our military punishments assimilated to those of that nation.

Early in the spring of the eventful year 1830, I found myself a wanderer on the banks of the

Loire, just at that period when the harsh laws of the conscription were put in operation for the purpose of augmenting the ranks of the French army, previous to the expedition against Algiers. Its stern decrees carried anguish and dismay into the bosom of many a hapless family, and every village mourned for the prime of its youth dragged from their homes and their families to take part in a quarrel wherein they felt not the slightest interest. The rigid enforcement of this obnoxious law added fuel to the smouldering flame of popular discontent. The conscripts deserted by hundreds, or were in many instances rescued from the parties who had charge of them, and

severe measures were consequently resorted to by Government to check this growing spirit of opposition to its authority.

I had left Blois in the morning, and enjoyed, so far as the confinement of the diligence would admit, that succession of interesting scenery which greets the eye of the traveller down the Loire. But as I approached the entrance of that lovely valley which forms the eastern approach to Tours, I found that even the sluggish pace of the diligence conveyed me far too rapidly past scenes on which the eye could gaze with delight for ever: therefore, as I was in no hurry to reach Tours before evening, I determined to prosecute the rest of the journey on foot, leaving my baggage to precede me to the place of my destination. I escaped from the confinement of the diligence just as the brilliant rays of a setting sun were shedding their unveiled splendour over the smiling face of nature, gilding the placid waters of the Loire with their gorgeous hue, and adding to the beauty of this romantic spot that brightness of colouring with which the departing sun in southern climes often enriches the landscape before it becomes shaded in evening darkness. The sky was clear and serene, save where some solitary cloud glided across the heavens, like a winged messenger pursuing the god of day to his western couch, while the evening breeze, which had now commenced, cooled the air, and afforded an agreeable relief after the heat of a sultry day. All nature seemed invigorated at the approach of evening: the lazy goatherd, who before lay basking in the sun's rays, now roused from his slumbers, began to collect and drive home his scattered flock. The active fisherman now turned his little skiff, and impelled it swiftly over the rippling stream, as he bent his course homewards with his finny spoil. The husbandman, released from his toilsome occupation in the field, might now be seen busily engaged in the lighter task of dressing the vines and fruit-trees which clustered around his cottage. The villagers whom business or pleasure had led into the neighbouring town were now returning in merry groups, counting their gains and displaying to each other the goods they had purchased by the sale of their farm produce. Their gaudy dress and animated figures, as they emerged from the shade of the trees which skirted the road, gave life and energy to the landscape, while the noisy laugh, the harmless raillery, with which their conversation abounded, bespoke that happiness and contentment which were quite in unison with the mild and tranquil scenes around them.

In the midst of this interesting picture might be seen small parties of peasant girls, decked out in all their country finery, hastening along the road, to join in the diversions of the evening at the neighbouring villages, or to pay visits to their town acquaintance. As I had now become tired of my solitary ramble, I thought I could not do better than enliven the rest of my journey by entering into conversation with a party of these damsels, to whom, by way of introduction, I offered my escort to Tours. An English damsel would have blushed, held down her head in silence, and taken to her heels on the first opportunity, had she received such an offer from a stranger; but, fortunately, French girls are not so timid; high or low, they all think themselves

entitled to attention, and whether his services are accepted or not, one can never go wrong in making a tender of them. The party accordingly accepted my offer, with the remark that they felt much indebted to me for my complaisance. Imagine me then escorting along the high road to Tours four laughing damsels, whose sparkling dark eyes and handsome figures made amends for the swarthy hue which a constant exposure to the sun had bestowed upon their complexions. A dress of white cotton, with scarlet sleeves and silk sash, set off their light slender forms to the best advantage, above which towered a lofty head-dress of stiff muslin, covered with a profusion of glossy ribbons, while a pair of long gilt ear-rings reaching to the shoulder, and a silver crucifix or trinket suspended by a row of glass beads from the neck, served to complete their simple decorations.

We soon became the best friends in the world, and with great gaiety pursued our way for upwards of a mile along the margin of the river, whose thickly wooded banks, clothed in the gay verdure of spring, and chequered with the gaudy tints of blossoming fruit-trees, displayed to the view every variety of brilliant colouring which the imagination can fancy. Numerous cottages and villas, surrounded by gardens and orchards in the highest state of cultivation, covered the slope of the bank, whose craggy summit was almost hid under the thick masses of green ivy and party-coloured moss with which the vegetation of centuries had clothed its rugged front: while the curling smoke, which might be seen issuing from crevices of the rock, showed where the daring vine-dresser had hewn for himself a residence even in front of the precipice which frowned and tottered over the road below. Nature and art seemed here to have combined the utmost efforts to increase the beauty of the scene. Each succeeding turn of the road varied without diminishing the richness of the prospect, till at length the view was terminated by the magnificent cathedral and bridge of Tours, which could now be seen dimly in the horizon. The sight was so interesting, that it had quite distracted my attention from my fair companions, till I renewed our conversation by inquiring the object of their journey.

"Why," said one of them, "we are going to pay a visit to a young girl, whose intended husband has just been taken away as a conscript. She is one of the prettiest girls in the whole district, and perhaps you shall see her too as a reward for your gallantry in escorting us."

Of course I bowed my thanks, and at the same time expressed a wish to learn some further particulars regarding the youth who had thus been so unfortunately baulked when on the high road to happiness.

"His name was Jean Baptiste," continued my informer. "He was quite the delight of our neighbourhood, he was so kind, so good-humoured. None could waltz or sing better than poor Baptiste. Everybody was fond of him. He and the pretty Annette had long been warmly attached to each other, but fortune was unpropitious to their union. Baptiste was poor, and had an aged grandmother to support out of his earnings. Annette's relations on that account opposed their marriage for several years, till her lover

had, by his frugality and industry, saved a little money, with which he purchased that cottage you see peeping out from among the trees. All objections being then removed, he was on the point of being married to Annette, when he was drawn as a conscript, and was forced to join the army, leaving his intended wife and poor old grandmother in the greatest affliction. I can assure you it would have made your heart bleed to have witnessed their separation."

"But why did not Annette accompany her intended husband?" I inquired.

"She would gladly have done so, but then there would have been no one to take care of his grandmother, who is quite blind, so Annette had to give up all thoughts of accompanying Baptiste, and has gone to reside with her during his absence. As she must lead a very solitary life there, we are on our way to pay her a visit, and tell her all the news of our village."

The friendly intention of their journey raised these kind-hearted damsels very high in my estimation, and made me determine to accompany them on their visit. A few minutes' walk brought us in front of the cottage, the approach to which was shaded by a row of fruit-trees, around which the jessamine and honeysuckle were intertwined in gay festoons, while the tendrils of the spreading vine covered the walls with their brilliant verdure, and almost hid the small latticed window, which could just be seen peeping through its green curtain.

The door was opened by Annette herself, whose beauty was certainly worthy of the high encomiums I had heard bestowed on it. Her figure, though small, was of the most exquisite symmetry. Her long dark hair was not confined by the same formal starched head-dress as that worn by her companions, but flowed in graceful ringlets down her shoulders, and shaded with luxuriant curls, a face of the most expressive sweetness. The grief which had chased the rose from her cheek, and dimmed the lustre of her rich black eye, gave an expression of extreme softness and delicacy to a countenance which, if lighted up by the fire of animation, and the glow of health, would have been deemed attractive even in a country more distinguished for female beauty than Touraine. Her cheeks were not darkened with that sunburnt hue which generally spoils the complexion of the peasant girls in the south of France, but, pale and delicate, seemed to denote that her constitution had been too feeble, and her frame too weak to permit her to join in the laborious exercises of her more healthy companions.

Seated beside the window, and engaged in the monotonous task of turning the noisy wheel, was her lover's grandmother, over whom the young girl seemed to watch with even more than filial tenderness. She was an interesting old woman, of about seventy years of age, whose silver locks still clustered in profusion over a forehead furrowed by the hand of time and misfortune. As the company entered she raised her sightless eyeballs towards the door, till recognizing the well-known voices of her female visitors, she called them to her, and, assuming all the sprightliness and vivacity of youth, began to join in the conversation which ensued regarding their mutual acquaintance. In the mean time I was not ne-

glected. I was introduced in due form to Annette; a chair was given me to rest my weary limbs; some dried fruit and a bottle of *vin du pays* were set before me, while Annette bustled about to get ready a cup of coffee to complete my repast.

As I had now got far into the good graces of the company, they began to indulge their curiosity by numerous inquiries regarding the fashions, gaieties, and amusements of my native land, on all which points I gave them the best information in my power. My answers seemed to afford great entertainment to all the party; and I was happy to see that the shade of melancholy which had clouded the face of Annette, gradually wore off, and the old grandmother began in her turn to give me an account of the scenes of horror and bloodshed which she had witnessed during the Revolution, in which she had been a great sufferer. She was one who had evidently seen better days, her manners and language bespoke an education superior to her present humble sphere, and gave additional interest to her tale of past misfortunes.

Meanwhile time flew rapidly away. The stars began to twinkle in the blue vault of heaven, reminding me to make use of their lustre to guide me to Tours. I seized my hat and cane, gave a salute to each of the damsels, two to Annette, who already began to be a great favourite with me, and after promising to repeat my visit in the course of a few days, I slipped a small present into the hands of the old lady, and trudged forward on my way to Tours. The shades of night had now veiled the beauties of the surrounding landscape. The former busy scene was exchanged for the most tranquil silence. Nothing could be seen but the reflection of the stars bespangling the smooth waters of the Loire, and the dark mass of the cathedral raising its huge turrets above the surrounding gloom. Nothing could be heard but the gentle murmuring of the stream, and the solemn tones of the cathedral bell calling the pious to their evening prayers. I pushed forward as quickly as possible, crossed the bridge, reached my hotel, and on the down bed of mine host of the *Boule d'Or*, soon forgot the fatigues of the day, and fell asleep to meet again in my dreams the dark eyes and interesting features of the lovely Annette.

When an Englishman first arrives in Tours, he has considerable difficulty in convincing himself that he has not, by some circuitous route, again found his way to his native land—everything there being quite a *P. Anglaise*. The town was at this period crowded with British emigrants, and it certainly displayed no small degree of good taste on their part, that they had fixed upon a residence as much distinguished for its architectural splendour as for the advantages of its situation. The broad waters of the Loire, interspersed with numerous little islands, form its northern boundary, and afford an easy mode of conveyance to the delightful scenery in the neighbourhood, while gardens, orchards, and vineyards, filled with the choicest productions of a generous soil, cover the gently swelling hills which bound the view in every direction, and compose the verdant amphitheatre in whose peaceful bosom the town appears to repose.

With the assistance of a few letters of intro-

duction I was soon quite at home in Tours, and my time passed very agreeably in the enjoyment of the various amusements which the town afforded. In the morning I played cricket with the English, golfed with the Scotch, or rode steeple-chases with the Irish, and I was a constant visitor at the "Cafe Anglais," where a selection of English publications, and a mixture of society from all parts of the United Kingdom, served to divert me during the evening.

The promise of revisiting Annette was almost forgotten, till the tempting appearance of a fine afternoon reminded me of it. I was soon on my way to the cottage, where, on my arrival, I found her and the old woman enjoying the freshness of the evening breeze on a seat before the door. It was not long ere I was seated on the grass by their side. A hearty welcome spoke their pleasure at my visit, and I fancied that the bright eyes of Annette sparkled with additional lustre, as she held out her delicate little hand to salute me on my arrival, saying,—

"I am glad to see Monsieur has not forgotten us, for we have much need of some one to cheer our solitude."

"Your lover will soon return to enliven you again, I hope."

"Ah, poor Baptiste, I fear I shall never see him again. Many have left this place to go to the wars, but few, alas! have ever returned."

"Never fear, the troops will soon come back from this expedition, and you will then forget all your sorrows in a merry wedding."

"I fear that will never be, Monsieur; but tell me, I pray you, is there any news from the army—when does it embark?"

I could give her no satisfactory information on this head, but cheered her with the rumours which were then current, that the expedition would yet be abandoned. The approach of evening made us enter the cottage, where a cup of coffee with cakes and honey were set before me by Annette. The coffee was excellent, and the cakes did infinite credit to Annette's cookery. I soon got so engaged in conversation that hour after hour slipped away without my feeling any inclination to take my departure, and the evening was already pretty far advanced, when, to our surprise, footsteps were heard approaching the cottage.

"Annette," said the old woman, "were it not that Baptiste is far away, I could have fancied that was his footstep."

A glow of crimson overspread the pale cheek of Annette as she rose and approached the door. But before she could reach it, the latch was raised, and a young man in a military dress entered the cottage.

"My dear Baptiste! are you then returned to us?" screamed Annette, and, with a convulsive sob, fell senseless in his arms. His aged parent arose, and with tottering steps advanced to meet him.

"My prayers," said she, "have then been heard, and I shall embrace my dear boy once more before I die!"

The youth tenderly saluted her, while tears rolled down his sunburned cheeks. Then, throwing open the window, he carried towards it the lifeless body of Annette. It was long before animation returned, and then she held him with a

convulsive grasp, as if afraid that he was again to be torn from her.

"And are you then returned, my dear Baptiste!" she exclaimed, "never to leave me again! And are you to stay with your grandmother and me in our little cottage? Oh, how happy all the neighbours will be when they hear of your arrival! But why are you silent? Why do you turn away from me? Why are these tears rolling down your cheeks?"

A few sobs were the only answer he could make.

"For God's sake, my dear son," said the alarmed grandmother, "tell us what has happened. Why are you thus affected?"

"My dear mother, I have much to tell you, but I will do it at another time," he replied, glancing an expressive look towards me. I began to see that I occasioned an embarrassment to the party, and prepared to take my leave.

"Monsieur is an Englishman," said Annette, introducing me to him, "who has shown much kindness to your grandmother and me."

"Do not leave us, then," said he grasping my hand; "from you I can have nothing to fear, and I may stand in need of your advice."

"Good heaven, Baptiste!" said Annette,—"what have you done? Something preys upon your spirits. Ah, how pale is your cheek—how sunken your eye! You must be ill, very ill, indeed."

"I am only fatigued, I have travelled far, and scarcely tasted food," he replied.

Annette immediately ran to her little cupboard, and turning out her store of dainties pressed him to partake of them. But it was in vain. His heart was full. He could not eat, and falling backwards on his chair he burst into tears, while Annette and his grandmother endeavoured in vain to soothe him. His heart at last was relieved. He recruited his fainting spirits with a little food, and then began to detail the circumstances which had led to his unexpected return.

"After I left you," said he, "I was marched off with the rest of the conscripts from this quarter to Lyons, where I was separated from them and drafted into a regiment stationed at the camp at Marseilles, mostly composed of young conscripts, torn as I had been from the bosom of their families, and forced into a service quite at variance with all their former habits. Unaccustomed to the use of arms, we made slow progress in learning our military duties, and therefore were treated with unusual severity by those officers who had the task of drilling us. Reproofs, confinement, nay, even blows, were resorted to in order to quicken our progress. Such treatment was not likely to remove our aversion to a military life. The conscripts murmured and seized every opportunity of deserting from the service. Several of my comrades urged me to do the same, but in vain. I determined to return home with credit or never. A circumstance soon, however, occurred which left me no other alternative. I had unluckily fallen under the displeasure of our Adjutant, for some harmless raillery which I had exercised on him, and he took every means in his power to be revenged on me. Unluckily his situation gave him frequent

opportunities of gratifying his resentment. For a time I endured his insults, though my blood was boiling with rage; till one day, when I and several of my comrades being under his charge, at a distance from the camp, and beyond the reach of a superior officer, he took that opportunity of indulging his spleen against me. Every thing I did was found fault with. He abused me; I bore the insult quietly. He threatened me; still I remained passive. At last he struck me across the face with his cane; rage then made me frantic; I seized my firelock, and with the butt-end felled him senseless to the ground. My comrades looked on in silence, but the deed was no sooner done, than the consequences which might result from it flashed across my mind.

"If you return to the camp you are lost," said my comrades; "your death will be inevitable. Join us then and fly from a service you detest."

"There was no time to deliberate. I followed their advice, and, leaving my foe prostrate on the ground, plunged into the neighbouring forest, walked all night, and next morning found myself thirty miles from the camp. Here I separated from my companions, who took the road to Lyons, while I with a sad heart hurried here, to see my dear Annette and grandmother once more, before I quit my native land for ever!"

"Oh, no!" cried Annette, entwining him in her arms: "you must not leave us; you shall never part from us again."

"Peace, child!" said the old woman, who, though almost overcome by her own emotions, endeavoured to calm the agitation of Annette. "Baptiste must depart; for to remain here after what has happened would only ensure his destruction. But you need not be separated from him; he will have much occasion for some one to comfort him in his exile, and, go where he may, I trust his industry and good conduct will always enable him to provide for you."

"I can never," said Baptiste, "think of removing Annette from her family, her friends, and her native land, to accompany a banished outlaw whose union with her can only bring with it dishonour and disgrace."

"Oh, talk not so," said Annette, "I will not leave you. Your misfortunes would then prey upon your mind, and, if left to yourself in a foreign land, would soon bring you to the grave. See how poorly you look already!"

"But what is to become of our grandmother if we go away?" inquired Baptiste.

"Hear me, my children," said she; "let not the wish to add to the comfort of my declining years ruin for ever your own happiness. Remember that you, Baptiste, must quit your native country—not for a short time, in which case Annette could await your return; but perhaps for ever, and if you value her happiness or your own, you must marry her and take her with you. This little garden and cottage will supply all my wants, and Annette's relations will look after me when you are gone. I shall no doubt feel your loss deeply, but it must be borne with resignation. Have you yet settled where you are to fly to?"

Baptiste informed her he had not yet arranged his plans, but he thought there would be least danger in going down to the sea-coast and taking shipping for England. Here I was called upon to join in the consultation. I frankly told him

that though England might be the easiest of access, and the most secure place of refuge, still I did not think it likely to answer his purpose. His ignorance of the language, the great difference of manners and customs he would experience, as well as the numerous obstacles which a foreigner has to encounter in earning a livelihood under such disadvantages, were, I considered, insuperable objections to his plan. These difficulties had never occurred to the ardent mind of Baptiste, who now saw them in all their force. He then anxiously inquired of me where I would recommend him to fly to? After some hesitation I advised the Netherlands, where, though under a different government, he would still be in a manner in his own country. The language, habits, and customs were similar, and he would be equally safe as in Britain. The plan was obviously the best which could be adopted, but many difficulties attended its execution. In order to reach the Netherlands, it was necessary to pass through the greater part of France. This could not be done without a passport, nor could the passport be obtained without almost a certainty of discovery.

"I return home through the Netherlands," said I; "and if you have no objections to pass for my servants, I will procure passports as such for you both without incurring suspicion."

"God bless you for your kindness!" said they all, as they saw their difficulties vanish before this suggestion.

It was accordingly settled that Baptiste should remain in concealment till the following evening, when he was to be privately united to Annette, and the day after they were to bid adieu to their friends, and proceed with me on their journey. Having made this arrangement, I quitted the cottage and proceeded to Tours: quite well pleased at the idea of cheating Charles X. out of a conscript, and happy that I had it in my power to contribute my aid to the union of a pair whom nature seemed to have destined for each other.

The whole of the following day was spent in bidding adieu to my friends in Tours, and in making the necessary preparations for my journey. Without much difficulty I obtained passports for Baptiste and his spouse as my servants, and thinking everything was now secure, I ordered a coach to be in readiness for my departure. Then, as soon as evening approached, I proceeded to the cottage to witness the nuptials of the young couple, at which I had engaged to be present.

I found the happy pair gaily dressed for the occasion. The homely garb in which I had hitherto seen Annette, was now exchanged for one of white muslin, which rendered her sylph-like form yet more light and airy. Her raven locks, which before were allowed to float loosely over her shoulders, were now plaited and braided with more than usual care. The bloom had returned to her cheek, and animation sparkled in her eye, though tears of regret frequently hung trembling on her long dark eyelashes, as the idea of her approaching separation from her home and kindred recurred to her mind. She was attended by her sister, who was to officiate as bridesmaid, and nothing now was wanting but the

priest to complete the ceremony. In the meantime I chatted with the bride, joked with her sister, talked of the weather and crops with the bridegroom, and endeavoured to make the anxious moments of expectation glide past as rapidly as possible.

Footsteps were at last heard approaching. Baptiste stepped to the door to welcome the priest, but, instead of meeting him, was seized in the rude grasp of a gendarme. The door was thrown open, and a party of soldiers entered the room, dragging with them the unfortunate prisoner. A shriek of horror burst from the lips of the wretched Annette, as she fell senseless in the arms of her sister. The grandmother hurried to her assistance, but the feebleness of age overcame her agitated frame, and she sunk to the floor in a state of insensibility. The ill-fated Baptiste for some time gazed on these scenes of anguish in a state of stupor. Not a sigh escaped his lips, though the heaving of his ample chest showed the struggle which nature held within. His eye was fixed; his features betrayed no emotion; his soul seemed occupied in the contemplation of his misery. A fleeting moment had blasted all his hopes, and consigned him to a punishment from which he knew there was little hope of escape. The large drops of perspiration which rolled down his forehead marked the agony of his soul, while the angel of death seemed already to have set his seal on his pallid features. The distressed state of his bride, at length aroused him from his stupor. He shook off the soldiers who held his arms, and, rushing towards her, endeavoured to recall the spirit which appeared to be deserting its frail tenement. His efforts were successful; the soothing tones of his well-known voice awoke Annette to a sense of her misfortunes, and while he endeavoured to calm her, I exerted myself in assisting and consoling his aged parent, on whom this misfortune threatened to produce a fatal effect.

The soldiers, though accustomed to such heart-rending scenes, could scarcely refrain from tears, and, to cheer the spirits of his friends, endeavoured to persuade them that the crime of their prisoner would only subject him to a short imprisonment. In this belief Baptiste also encouraged them, for though he was aware he had little chance of escaping with life, yet he wished not to deprive them of hope—the last comfort of the wretched. When they were so far recovered as to be able to bear the pangs of separation, Baptiste was marched off to Tours, and, as I could be of very little service at the cottage, I left its inmates in charge of Annette's father, and accompanied the party to town; where, after undergoing an examination, Baptiste was committed to prison, to await the issue of his trial, and as I learned that this was likely to take place in a few days, I countermanded the preparations for my journey and deferred my departure, in the hope that I might be able to render him or his afflicted friends some assistance.

As soon as Baptiste's imprisonment became known, his cell was thronged by his numerous acquaintances, each bringing him some little present to add to his comfort in confinement. Few of them anticipated that any serious punishment would be awarded against him. Their simple minds could not conceive how the good-

natured Baptiste could be capitally convicted for leaving a service into which he had been forced, or for returning the blow of one who had wantonly assaulted him. Their opinions buoyed up the spirits of his relations, who awaited the result of the trial in that fever of expectation which is experienced when all we hold dear is at stake. The mind of Baptiste was not so easily elated. He knew that his offence would be regarded in a very serious light, and though he deemed it cruel to check these ill-founded hopes, yet he prepared his mind for the worst, determined to bear with fortitude whatever might be the issue of his trial. This was speedily approaching. A military tribunal was appointed, and the necessary witnesses having arrived, it proceeded to try Baptiste for his offence. The court was crowded with his friends; and it was with great difficulty that Annette and his grandmother could be persuaded to await the result in an adjoining house, where the progress of the trial could be communicated to them. Baptiste knew too well that the evidence against him was too clear and satisfactory to hold out a chance of escape by the denial of his guilt. When called upon, therefore, to plead to the charge of desertion and mutiny, he rose, and with a firm and manly confidence answered:—

"If to have left a service into which I was forced be desertion, of that I am doubtless guilty. If to have repelled an unprovoked insult be mutiny, of that I am also guilty."

A murmur of regret was heard from the crowd at this open avowal. The friends of the prisoner had expected that the want of evidence or some legal plea might have operated in his favour, a hope which this confession threatened to cut off for ever. The president of the tribunal, unwilling to take advantage of his confession, warned him of the fatal consequences which must attend such an avowal.

"If my conduct has been wrong," replied Baptiste, "I will not add baseness to guilt, nor seek to shelter myself from punishment by a falsehood."

"Young man," said the president, evidently much affected, "I cannot allow your life to be thus thrown away. At the same time that I admire your frank and open declaration, I feel that it would be improper for me to take advantage of it; I shall, therefore, examine the evidence against you, that every chance of life which martial law affords may be given you."

The trial accordingly proceeded. The witnesses were called and examined; but the charge was too well substantiated, and the evidence too strong to admit of the slightest possibility of an acquittal. The president shook his head in despair, as he saw every legal chance of escape lost to the unfortunate culprit, who was now asked if he had any witnesses to call in his defence.

"I make no defence," replied Baptiste; "but if the testimony of an irreproachable life be of any avail, I believe there are many in this court who can bear witness in my behalf."

"Yes, we can, we can," echoed the surrounding crowd, and a few of the by-standers being then examined, spoke very warmly in his favour.

"But it is all in vain," said the president with a sigh, as he closed the proceedings, and turned to his brother officers for their opinion. "It is all in vain; the law is imperative; the crime is

proved, and however much we must regret it, his doom is inevitable." The other members of the court assented.

The hand of the president trembled with emotion as he signed the verdict, and handed it to the other members for their approval. He then, with a faltering voice, had begun to read aloud the sentence on the prisoner, when a loud scream interrupted him. A commotion was heard among the crowd, and Annette, led by her anxiety to the court at this critical period, rushed forward and fell at the feet of the president, exclaiming, "Oh, save him; in mercy save him!" He raised the weeping girl and delivered her to the care of the attendants; but she burst from them, and running towards Baptiste clasped him in her arms.

"I have lived but for him, and I will die with him!" said Annette—"I have been the cause of his crimes, if such they can be called. It was on my account he deserted the army. But for me I am sure he would have remained without reluctance. If you will not save him, then, in mercy, extend the same punishment to me, for I cannot survive him!"

Baptiste was quite overcome. Loud sobs burst from his anguished heart, as he endeavoured in vain to console the distressed girl. The whole court was in tears at the affecting scene. At last Baptiste regained his composure, and observing the emotion of the members, he thus addressed them:—

"Though you sit as judges, I see you can feel as men. I was affianced to this lovely maid, once the pride of our peaceful village, when the harsh laws of the conscription tore me from her—separated me from an aged parent, who depended on me for support—parted me from the friends of my childhood. Is it a wonder then that I entered the service with reluctance? Had I been called to the defence of my country, I would have suffered in her cause without repining—nay, I would have exulted, would have gloried in the sacrifice. But I was about to be led into a foreign clime, to undergo banishment from my home and all I held dear. Yet I bore all this. I rejected the solicitations of my comrades who urged me to desert, till the insults of a villain drove me to despair. He struck me, and I returned the blow. The consequences I knew might prove fatal to me, and I therefore followed the advice of my comrades, and fled. These are my crimes. For this I await the sentence of your tribunal; and whatever that may be, I would for myself bear it without repining, but for the sake of this wretched girl—for the sake of my numerous friends, who anxiously await your decision; if it is in your power let mercy be extended to me, so shall you save a soul from the anguish of death, and have the blessings of one who is ready to perish."

The energy of this appeal for some time shook the nerves of the president: his eye glistened and his voice became almost inaudible as he informed the prisoner that the severity of martial law would not permit him to commute the sentence, but promised to represent his case favourably to the minister-at-war.

The prisoner thanked the president for his kindness, and the court then proceeded to pass sentence of death upon him. Annette accompanied him back to prison. The expectation of

mercy which the president held out again inspired her with hope, and supported her in the midst of her distress. The sad tidings of Baptiste's condemnation had been communicated to his grandmother, whose aged frame now sunk under the load of accumulated misery. She was unable to remove from the house where she had awaited the issue of the trial; the hand of death was evidently upon her, and the ebbing tide of life was fast rendering her unconscious of her woes. The duty of attending on her, drew Annette from the prison, and in some degree prevented her mind from dwelling too much on her misfortunes; but the anxiety of mind under which she laboured was evidently wearing out her weakly and exhausted frame. It was in vain that her friends endeavoured to draw her from the spot, it was in vain that they pressed her to take proper nourishment, and attend to the delicate state of her health,—she refused all their solicitations. Nothing drew her from the bedside of her dying friend, but the duty of visiting the unfortunate Baptiste, whose numbered days were now drawing to a close.

Though a strenuous application for mercy had been forwarded to the minister-at-war in Baptiste's favour, yet the frequent desertions of the conscripts, together with the various instances of mutiny and insubordination which had recently occurred among them, rendered government anxious to make a serious example, and counteracted all the influence which had been used in his behalf. After a few days' delay, an order arrived for his immediate execution. I happened to be with him when the melancholy intelligence was announced. The anxiety which the president and members had shown on his behalf, had made him lately entertain a hope of pardon, in which he had not previously ventured to indulge, and the sudden extinction of this fondly-cherished idea made him at first feel most cruelly the bitterness of his lot. His agitation, however, soon subsided, and he began to make preparations for meeting his approaching fate. His execution was to take place early the following morning; and in order to spare the feelings of his relatives and friends, it was determined that they should be kept ignorant of the circumstance till all was over. But he had still to meet with Annette, when she came to pay her evening visit; and to maintain his composure and to deceive her at their last meeting was no easy task.

At the usual hour she appeared at the prison—her spirits elevated by the expectation of her lover's pardon, in consequence of the delay which she supposed had taken place in the confirmation of his sentence. It would have been cruelty to have undeceived her. Baptiste folded her to his breast, parted her clustering ringlets, and kissed her pale forehead.

"We may now feel less anxious, my dear Baptiste," said she: "your application for mercy must ere this have been successful."

"Do not be too sanguine," he replied. "The anxiety of government to make an example at this critical period will, I fear, prevent any attention being paid to the recommendation for mercy in my behalf."

"It cannot be," said Annette; "they will never be so barbarous as to sacrifice your life for this trivial offence. I am sure you will be par-

done. I am told you will only be removed into some regiment in the colonies, where I will accompany you. In a few years your term of service will expire, when we can return to our little cottage, and peace and happiness will once more smile upon us."

Tears filled his eyes, as she portrayed this picture of future happiness, which he knew too well was never to be realized. He endeavoured to change the subject by inquiring after the state of his grandmother's health.

"Alas!" said Annette, "she is hastening fast away from this world of cares; she sends you her blessing, and wishes she were able to visit you, to bestow it in person."

"Tis well," replied Baptiste, "that she is quitting this scene of woe, she may yet be spared the bitterest pang which could befall her."

"Come now, Baptiste," said Annette, endeavouring to cheer him, "do not be so gloomy; see what I have brought you," and she produced a small basket of dried fruit, which she had selected for his use. "See here, too, is some coffee for your breakfast to-morrow."

A convulsive shudder overspread his frame, as he recalled to his mind the awful events of to-morrow. He sobbed aloud, and burst into tears.

"You are ill, very ill, my dear Baptiste—your forehead is burning: come, I will tie this handkerchief round it; 't will ease your pain," and as she spoke she loosed one from her neck, and bound it round his aching head.

Her kindness only the more unnerved him, and a considerable time elapsed before he could summon resolution to part from her. "Farewell my love," said he at length with a tremulous voice—"May God bless and watch over you, when we are separated for ever!"

"Dispel these melancholy ideas," said she, "and keep your mind easy for my sake. I will see you again to-morrow."

"To-morrow, alas!—to-morrow!" he repeated mournfully, as he took a last view of her slender form, while she passed through the grated door and along the vaulted passage which led from the lonely cell.

He put the handkerchief into his bosom, and, as if striving to collect himself, walked for some time in silence round the room. As his agitation subsided, I asked him if I could be of any service to him or his friends on this trying occasion.

"My wishes in this life are now few. My grandmother is likely soon to follow me to another world, and Annette's relations will, I have no doubt, attend to her comfort. All I have to ask is, that you will break the melancholy tidings to them as gently as possible, and try to console them under their afflictions. You have shown attention to me when I most required it; for this unlooked-for kindness accept my sincere thanks. I had often heard of the generosity of the British, now I have experienced it. My earnest prayers shall be breathed for your welfare." He grasped my hand, and bedewed it with tears as he added, "I must now bid you farewell; the small portion of time which yet remains to me, must be spent with my confessor."

With some difficulty I obtained his consent to attend him in the morning: and took my leave with a sorrowful heart, wondering at the dispen-

sation of events, which was about to close the earthly career of so deserving a youth.

My rest was broken and undisturbed. The fearful events of the morrow flitted across my imagination in a thousand dreadful shapes. Sleep soon fled my eye-lids; I rose, and heard the bell of the cathedral pealing forth in solemn tones the knell of the unfortunate Baptiste. I hurried on my clothes, and proceeded to the prison, where a strong detachment of military was already assembled to conduct him to execution. I found him receiving the last consolations of religion from his spiritual attendant. A smile of joy passed over his placid features as he held out his hand to welcome my arrival.

"I now feel quite tranquil," said he in answer to my inquiries, "and disposed to bear my fate with the resignation becoming a man and a Christian."

His appearance corroborated his words. His spirits were no longer depressed. He spoke in a cheerful, and even a lively tone. His step, as he walked from prison, was firm and active; and as he took farewell of his attendants, he alone was composed; every eye but his was suffused with tears; instead of receiving, he administered consolation to his weeping friends. When he reached the gate of the prison, Baptiste entered a mourning coach, accompanied by his confessor and two guards. The military procession then moved forward at a slow pace. The muffled drums rolled forth their heavy mournful notes; the bell of the cathedral tolled in a louder and more solemn tone; while the soldiers, with dejected looks and reversed arms, marched slowly forward, seemingly anxious to prolong the fleeting moments of existence which yet remained to their unhappy victim. The ground where he was to suffer, was at length reached, and Baptiste sprang from the carriage with a light and active step, and walked firmly to the spot destined for his execution, close to which the troops, were drawn up in square. An officer then read aloud the proceedings of the court; and while the troops were engaged in choosing by lot who should perform the painful duty of carrying the sentence into effect, I was allowed once more to approach Baptiste. He bore this awful moment with the composure of a hero. His courage was unshaken and his countenance unchanged at the dreadful preparations. But a faint glow crimsoned his cheek, as he said, "Forget not to tell Annette that even at this moment her remembrance is nearest my heart. Console my poor grandmother, if she yet lives." He could say no more. His executioners were before him, one of whom approached to bind up his eyes. "I will give the signal by the falling of this handkerchief," said he, taking from his bosom the one which Annette had left with him the preceding evening. He seemed to spend a few moments in devotion before proceeding to give the agreed-on signal.

But now a thrilling cry of horror was heard among the crowd, and Annette rushed towards the spot, her long black tresses flowing behind her in wild confusion, her eye lighted with the fiery insanity of despair. In vain the bystanders strove to restrain her. Frenzy seemed to have endowed her with herculean powers. She burst from their grasp, and sprang forward towards



Baptiste, crying, "Let me die with him, if I cannot save him!" But Baptiste heard her not—he saw her not: the fatal handkerchief fell, and a well-directed volley instantly terminated his existence. Annette fell senseless on his bleeding corpse. She was raised by her friends, and every effort used to restore her to life, but all was in vain. The horrors of the scene had proved too much for her weak frame—her soul had fled its earthly mansion—Annette was gone for ever!

On my return to the prison I learned that Baptiste's grandmother had died in the course of the night; that Annette, in consequence, went early to the prison, to convey the melancholy intelligence. Here she found that Baptiste was gone—gone to execution. She flew with the rapidity of lightning through the streets, and reached the fatal spot only to breathe out her existence on the lifeless body of her lover.

For the Lady's Book.

### TO MISS C. E. G\*\*\*\*.

Lady! 'tis not with joy I gaze  
On one so innocent and fair:  
Pity looks forward to the days  
Of blighted hope or wasting care.  
But, no! I will not think that eye  
Can e'er be dim, that cheek decay;  
That lips, whose words are mirth, a sigh  
Can ever breathe, a grief betray;  
But deem thee, as I would a star,  
A bright creation, lone, and far  
From earth, whose light may ne'er be less—  
Immortal in thy loveliness.

Such enviable gifts are thine,  
Thine, too, a brighter, richer dower,  
A mind that to thy beauty is  
As fragrance to the flower.  
The flower may die, the fragrance lives,  
And thus the mind, that in thy page  
And converse ever breathes, shall leave  
Its treasures to a future age.

G. H.

Washington, D. C.

### "NICE PEOPLE."

Expose me to the malevolence of the wicked, the artifices of the designing, or the influence of the corrupt; but Heaven defend me from the infection of "Nice People." "Nice People!" the very expression makes me shiver; the recollections it revives fills my soul with self-reproaches. I cannot escape, and if sometimes I wish I had never been born, it is when I hear repeated these hated words.

Gentle reader, would you learn the origin of this repugnance to a portion of society, who are usually in high repute?—listen to the short narrative of one who sought, and found, and was their victim! I hold myself up not as "an example to imitate," but as "a warning to deter." The career of inexperienced youth is beset with

temptations and snares. Yield to all and each, rather than to the fatal allurements and fascinations of "Nice People!"

My father was a country gentleman of considerable fortune and extensive information. He had an income of three thousand a-year, and knew the fourth volume of Blackstone by heart. He was astonishingly fond of the law, and every thing belonging to it, from the livery of a javeleinman, to the full bottom-classed wig of a judge. He administered it after the most approved fashion of his class, and could shake his head at a culprit with electrifying effect. The shelves of his library were literally one sheet of "calf," even the three top ones, which, to speak the truth, were only "in boards," were painted to match, with a beautiful fidelity to nature. So much for my father and his hobby.

My mother was a notable personage, simple and sweet-tempered, and not unreasonably proud of the rank and consequence to which marriage had elevated her. She was the daughter of my father's head gamekeeper. The "young squire's" heart was "snared" one evening that he went down to the lodge to give orders to old Joseph, and in a month Miss Patty moved her residence from one end of the grounds to the other. I had three brothers and three sisters, all younger than myself except Tom, he was the first. I need not enter into any history of our young days, they were tolerably like the days of other children. We were born in sin, and bred in mischief.—"Nursery-plants" till two years old, then transplanted to the parlour,—petted till five, whipped till ten, schooled till fifteen, and brought out properly "*finished*" a year or two after. I will bring you at once to the afternoon upon which I was to leave the parental roof for the first time. I had decided upon the bar as a profession, out of compliment to my father, and he cheerfully paid down, to a special pleader of some note, two hundred pounds, which was to entitle me to the *entrée* of his chambers, until I should deem myself as clever as my master, and which we considered would be in about two years. At this time I was nineteen years of age. After I had taken leave of my mother and sisters, and been treated with "kisses" enough to stock a confectioner's shop, my father called me into his study, to give me a few words of advice, in addition to the "voluntary contributions" I had "thankfully received" from others.

"Charles," said he, "you are now going up to London, for the first time. You will be your own master. Ride your passions and desires with a curb—snaffle won't do in such a place. Don't be led away by idle pleasures. Look to your profession. It's a noble one, my lad! Blackstone was the greatest man that ever lived! except Burns! Have moderate recreation, but avoid much company. Young men go too fast. Get acquainted with some quiet 'nice people,' none of your rioting, roystering folks, who turn night into day, for pleasure, and then day into night, from necessity—but discreet, quiet, 'nice people.'" After these, and many more hints to the same effect, we parted, and early next morning I found myself located in a small dark set of chambers, up three pair of stairs, in Churchyard Court Temple.

I was a simple-minded lad, and I think I may

say, considering all things, a well-conducted one; at any rate I had no positive vice, so that there was less danger in making me my own master, than there usually is in cases where boys are prematurely treated as men. My inclinations were very studious, and I resolved to avail myself of the advantages before me. For two years, then, I attended Mr. C.'s chambers with great regularity, reading from five to eight hours daily. The cautions of my father against gaiety and dissipation were unnecessary, for so determined was I, not to risk the possibility of being led astray, that during the whole of this time I did not make a single acquaintance. At length my health began to suffer considerably from such close confinement and want of relaxation. My mother and father entreated me to make the acquaintance of some "nice people," with whom I might occasionally spend an evening; they said I needed company, so I made up my mind to have it. One evening, I was writing to my father, to ask him if he could send me a letter or two of introduction, when young Butler, a fellow-pupil, opened my door. We sat down and had a cigar—smoking was a weakness I sometimes indulged in.

After some little conversation, "Fleming," said he, "go to Willis's rooms with me to-night?"

"Willis," I replied, "I can't go to his rooms. I don't know him."

"My dear fellow," continued he, laughing, "I mean Willis's public rooms in King Street, St. James's; there is a ball to-night, to which I am a subscriber. You must really go."

I shook my head.

"Gad! but you must," said he. "Such a room! such music! such devilish 'nice people!'"

"Nice people!" said I, in an enquiring tone.

"Egad, and there are, too. I'll introduce you to fifty—there's the Princes, from Brunswick Square; and the Stanhopes, from Fitzroy; the Regent's Park Trees; and the city Walls—all 'nice people'; but if you shouldn't like them, there's the——"

"What time shall I be ready?" said I. It was the very introduction I required.

"Not later than ten," replied my young friend.

"I will call and take you there in my cab."

He called as he had promised, and I was presently introduced to, and moving among, the gay and glittering throng. We had not been in the room above ten minutes, when I saw a party who had just entered, bearing up the centre. It consisted of three young ladies and an elderly one, apparently their mother, a grey-headed gentleman, who might well be the husband and father, and a thin, pale young man, who walked as if he were afraid of making an impression on the floor. Each beauty had evidently been careful

"To have her sails, before she went abroad,  
Full spread and nicely set to catch the gale  
Of praise."

And their appearance, as they came up in convoy, excited no little attention. I was about to ask Butler if he knew them, but he anticipated me.

"Gad," said he, turning round, "here are the Princes;" and away he flew to pay his respects,

with as much show of importance as if they had been Princes of the blood." In about ten minutes he returned. "Fleming, you *must* be introduced to the Princes—you really must—they are such devilish 'nice people.' Come."

"One moment," said I; "tell me a little about them," and we moved on.

"About them," said he. "Oh! old Prince is a Proctor, and a capital business he has too; his house is in Brunswick Square—his establishment just what it ought to be. As for himself, there isn't a better old fellow in England; but his wife, Mrs. Prince, she is an excellent creature! so kind! so motherly! And the girls——" We turned short round, and came full upon them.

"Ah!" exclaimed my companion, "most fortunate meeting, indeed. Ladies, we were just speaking of you. Allow me to introduce my most particular friend, Mr. Charles Valentine Fleming. Mr. Fleming—the Misses Prince."

The three graces curtsied. "Fred," continued my friend, addressing the slim young man, who was their brother, and who, from the direction of his eyes, was apparently counting the wax-lights in a chandelier; "Fred, my particular friend, Fleming." Mr. Frederick Prince lowered his eyelids, put a scented handkerchief to his lips, and smiled faintly. Well, an introduction thus satisfactorily completed to the young people, nothing remained but one to the old, and that followed, as you will hear, in a most natural way.

The music commenced, and I summoned up courage to offer myself as a partner to one of the Misses Prince; indeed, I may say, to *Miss* Prince, for she evidently had the advantage—in years. She was not the handsomest of the family, but, as the eldest, I considered claimed the compliment. We stood up, and I found her a very chatty creature, without a portion of that bashfulness and reserve which make a girl look at her shoe when spoken to, and limit her conversation to the overworked monosyllables—yes and no. On the contrary, she looked me boldly in the face when I addressed her, laughed fashionably loud, and twice corrected me with her fan for some little pleasantry. In other respects, too, she was rather a striking person. By the end of "L'Étè," I was much pleased with *her*—by the end of "La Poule," equally so with *myself*. During the last promenade I should have had no hesitation whatever in pronouncing her "an uncommonly nice girl."

"Come," said she, in an easy and familiar tone, as she moved off, "let me take you to mamma." And she placed her arm within mine, as unceremoniously as if we had been on a six-quadrille-in-one-evening footing with each other. How much more sensible than if she had treated my arm like the wing of a butterfly, not to be touched without soiling. We threaded our way to the card-room, and up to a whist-table in a corner. "Mamma, let me introduce to you Mr. Fleming, a most particular friend of Henry Butler's." I was flatteringly noticed.

"Are you a stranger to these rooms, Mr. Fleming?" inquired Mrs. Prince.

"Entirely," I replied.

"Do you know?"—"Diamonds are trumps," said her partner, as fourth hand, she threw away a small heart to her adversary's best spade. "Many persons here," continued Mrs. P., en-

tirely overlooking her mistake, and the next hand.

"But one—until I had the honour of"—and I bowed—a bow will often finish a sentence as satisfactorily as words. It did now, for turning to the young lady on my arm, she certainly acknowledged the compliment with a gentle pressure.

"Do you not think the music extremely good?"

"Very," said I. "No one *could* play better."

"A revoke!" exclaimed a sharp-eyed, sharp-boned, sallow-skinned, old maid, as at this *mal-a-propos* moment, the talkative Mrs. Prince threw down a spade to the lead, and in an instant, five withered fingers, with nails like screw-drivers, had laid face-uppermost the fatal evidence.

"A true bill," said the good-tempered Mrs. P. "I plead guilty."

"You'd better not, it won't save you," said her partner, in a guttural voice, something between a grumble and a grunt.

"Do let us go away from this," said Miss P. "I wonder how mamma can ever play with that ill-tempered lawyer, Old Bailey." And we went again among the dancers, and a quadrille forming, it was natural we should help to complete it—and did so.

"Are you fond of music," said my partner.

"Extremely. Do you play?"

"I trifle a little with the harp—and you?"

"With the flute," said I.

"Georgiana is a proficient on the piano, and Emily sighs over the guitar; as for my brother, he did once assist us with the violin, but he discontinued it from a belief that it made one shoulder higher than the other. Fred is *so* particular."

With these and other fluent nothings, we finished a second set. During the evening I danced with both Georgiana and Emily. Georgiana was a tall stiff girl, yet certainly good-looking, but without any of the encouraging kindness of her elder sister; and, indeed, as taciturn as politeness admitted. During the whole of six figures, she only smiled once, and that was at an accident. Opposite to us was a little dowdy creature whose head exactly reached the elbow of a remarkably tall man, her partner. In "*chussez croisée*," the poor little thing slipped and fell.

"What an awkward fellow," said Georgiana, "he has dropped his bundle."

Emily was a very different creature, and decidedly the most fascinating of the three. It was not her face, for she was not handsomer than the others; it was not her figure, for she was rather short, but the expression of the former, and the airy lightness of the latter, with a charm of manner altogether indescribable, amply sufficed to take the fancy prisoner. She was fond of poetry, and had a considerable dash of romance in her character—open and ingenuous to a fault, expressing her likes and dislikes with an earnestness very entertaining. With Emily, I confess, I was forcibly struck.

Towards the close of the evening, I again came in contact with Mrs. Prince. She had "cut the cards," and was reclining on a sofa in the ball-room, chatting to a highly-rouged dowager beside her, and amusingly pointing out the little peculiarities of walk, talk, dress, manner, general appearance, and *effect* of the troop of young

and middle aged creatures that, during the quadrilles, or between them, passed in review before her, ever and anon relieving the monotony of ridicule, by some motherly remarks about "my girls."

This friendly *tele-a-tele* was unfortunately broken up by Mrs. P. not detecting any resemblance between her coloured companion and about five feet nothing of sallow mortality, that happened to be her daughter, and whose figure looking at its increasing thickness downwards; she, in an unlucky moment, and in the plenitude of her satire, declared to be like a note of admiration turned upside down.

When the indignant matron fled from the loquacious Mrs. P., I took her place. We chatted upon various subjects. Among others, of course, her daughters. She favoured me with the little peculiarities of each. "Fanny was 'so lively and clever,' Georgiana 'so reserved and satirical,' Emily 'such a thoughtless little puss,' but all 'dear good girls,' and 'so domesticated and united.' If," continued their happy mother, "you should ever feel inclined to join us of an evening, and pass a quiet hour, we shall be delighted to see you. We have always a little music, perhaps a quadrille. Do not wait for a formal invitation," said she, putting her card into my hand, "but come in—in a quiet way."

And thus commenced my acquaintance with these "nice people."

I returned to my chambers that night, or rather early in the morning, delighted, as you may imagine, with the lucky accident that had befallen me. Really, if I had given up three months in hunting out an introduction, I could not have managed a more promising one.

Unlocking my door, and looking into my sitting room before I went to bed, I found a letter from my father. I trembled and turned pale. The seal was large and black. My mother, sisters, brothers, all rushed to my mind in an instant. For the first time in my life, I felt there was one I valued less than the others; for, assured that death had called a victim, I could not help wishing whom it might prove to be, though had I seen all in health and strength before me, I never could have decided with whom I would most readily part. With trembling hand I opened the letter. In the first few lines there was no preparation for melancholy news. Anxious to learn the worst, I hurriedly glanced my eye from line to line, and from page to page. I breathed more freely, for there was not even a word of grief much less death. I reached the last sentence, the last words—"your affectionate father," and I put the letter down, hurt, that by an act so thoughtless, he should have caused in my mind an excitement so painful.

I reperused my father's letter. Happy man! He had been commanded to proceed to Windsor to receive the honour of a baronetcy. A disturbance had fortunately taken place in his county-town, which would, unless promptly suppressed, have undoubtedly led to—God knows what! He acted with great decision on the occasion, and made a speech in the market-place *impromptu*. It had a wonderful effect upon the populace. Being altogether unintelligible, they concluded it was law, and he being generally esteemed an oracle, the rioters, amounting in num-

bers to upwards of twenty, were appeased for a time, and ultimately successfully attacked and routed by a strong force of yeomanry cavalry, who had, by dint of considerable labour, been brought together. For this act of service to the state, he was to be rewarded in the manner of which I have spoken.

In folding up the letter, which had thus unexpectedly informed me of this addition to the honour and importance of our family, my eye rested on a few lines which had hitherto escaped me; they were written on the side, and were as follows:—

“It is with the most poignant sorrow, my beloved Valentine, that I inform you of the sudden and violent death of your brother Tom. He fell a victim to his passion for hard riding. He was out with our hounds the day before yesterday, and taking a strong dike, his horse fell upon him, and, melancholy to relate, he was killed on the spot. Of course we have been plunged into great affliction; perhaps the most unhappy feature of the case is, it happening just as he was about to become heir to the distinguished honour, which, as I told you, is to be conferred on yours, &c.—H. V.

“P. S.—It will be as well that you should come down to attend the funeral if possible.—Should you not be able, and wish to write, do not give me my title before next Friday.”

Tears rolled down my cheek, as I read this brief announcement of my brother's death. For an instant I felt indignant at my father for having made it secondary to the news about himself; but this feeling quickly subsided, when I reflected how much more common is death than honour.

The following morning I had a visit from Butler. I explained to him why I could not call in Brunswick Square, and begged him to leave my card there, which he promised to do. For a week I was absent from town. I went home, of course, to attend the funeral—I did so as chief mourner, my father being engaged at Windsor, and therefore unable to attend. On my return to my chambers, I found the cards of Mr. Prince, Mr. Frederick Prince, Mrs. Prince, and the Misses Prince. I was much touched with this little attention. On the following day I opened my door to a knock very rarely heard, I should think, in the Temple. It was loud enough and long enough to have reached the very cellars of the building of which I inhabited the sky-parlour. A servant in a glaring livery of blue, red and gold, desired me to tell Mr. Fleming, that Mrs. Prince was at the Temple Gate, in the carriage, and wished to see him. I told the fellow I would be down in a few moments; whereupon he took off his hat and attempted a bow, but which was, as it usually is, when persons detect themselves in an impertinence to the wrong person, a sort of apologetic and nervous wriggle of the whole body.

I put myself a little into order, and went down. There was no mistaking the carriage. It was a large yellow-bodied one with red wheels, and blue hammer-cloth, upon which were glaringly emblazoned the arms and quarterings of Mr. Prince, the Proctor. Before I reached it, I saw feathers and veils in profusion; I found not only Mrs. P., but two of her daughters. At their pressing invitation I went for a drive with them,

and then home to dinner. Their kindness and attention were beyond any thing I can express. The cheerful and congratulatory manner in which they spoke of my father's elevation, and the delicacy and tact with which they alluded to my brother's death, asking me if I was not now the eldest son, created in me quite an interest for them all, and I already looked upon these extremely “nice people” as old friends, rather than acquaintances of yesterday.

Before I left Brunswick Square that evening, I had promised to return the following day on a visit for a week. All lent their powers of persuasion, though I confess I wanted but little: had it been otherwise, when Emily begged I would “put by my books, and come,” I should have at once complied. It would be too long a story, if I were to enter into detail of the week in question. It was one round of pleasure, increasing hourly, until I felt myself the happiest creature in existence. I did not disguise my attachment to the youngest daughter—my love, my passion, for her, when I had reason to believe it returned. This happened on the very morning I was about to terminate my visit. I went into the library, and found her alone reading a letter. It was crossed and recrossed, but this *prima facie* evidence of its being from a woman, yielded to the bold and masculine hand in which it was written. I turned pale, and was about to retire, stammering out some apology for my intrusion, but she assured me I did not disturb her, and in fact looked her wish that I should remain; and then she began talking of the letter, and her cousin Augustus, and his beautiful uniform, and the Cape of Good Hope, and a long passage, and a variety of other matters; and concluded by informing me that her said cousin was on his voyage to Calcutta to join his regiment; that he had light hair and blue eyes, wrote sweet poetry—had been staying with them a twelvemonth, before his departure—was a delightful, kind, good creature, and that she looked on him “quite as a brother.” I confess these last words hardly removed the suspicion that flashed upon me, as I marked her flushed cheek and sparkling eye. The “green-eyed monster” had already more than a finger upon me. She saw the tyranny with which I was threatened, and in a tone of sincerity a cynic could have not doubted, assured me there was nothing but their consinship between them. Of course, a conversation thus begun, did not end here, but you need not be afraid that I shall repeat all that passed between us; such scenes have no interest for an audience, indeed will not even bear rehearsal before the curtain; suffice it that from that morning I considered myself, if not preferred, in the high road to *preferment*, and fully justified in indulging in the hopes I had for some time silently dwelt on.

My intimacy with the family continued unbroken for nearly a year, during which time I might almost have considered myself a member of it. From old Prince I received just that sort of attention which a youngster likes. He was always as happy to see me—or appeared so—as if we hadn't met for a month, though in truth I never lost sight of him for two days together. We used to sit over our wine and discuss the leading topics of the day with a briskness which lost nothing by repetition; and although we were wide-

ly opposed in politics, I being a Tory, and he a worshipper of Hume, our arguments never degenerated into personalities; this might have been from an inclination on his part to yield perhaps a little more than is desirable in an antagonist of spirit. For instance, after a long discussion on any subject, and a tolerable exhaustion of the *pros* and *cons*, he invariably wound up with the words, "Well, perhaps after all, you are right." This was always accompanied by a slight elevation of the brow, and then immediately after came three or four very deliberate, but affirmative movements of the head, which said plainly and flatteringly enough, "I think you are."

I observed something of the same concession to me in every member of the family, and it was a quiet, winning flattery I could not resist. I was charmed with all of them without knowing at the time, that it was because I was so delighted and satisfied with myself, and often exclaimed, "Well, if ever there were nice people, I have found them here." Mrs. Prince was perhaps the most adroit in the use of that most dangerous weapon of attack—flattery. Her assaults never defeated themselves by their violence. Her moments were rarely ill chosen; if she saw that I was prepared, she stood at once disarmed, waited her opportunity, and when I *did* feel myself touched, it was so slightly, as to create no alarm. She knew that she applied a subtle poison, and that a scratch was sufficient to ensure inoculation. If ever any thing was to be done, "*Charles*" must be acquainted with it. Any place to be visited, "*Charles's convenience*" to be consulted. Any thing in dispute, "*What does Charles think?*" was the ready question—and "*Charles says*" so and so, the certain quietus.

The girls also played admirable seconds to their mamma—Miss Prince in particular. She displayed a great interest in me: her manner was really affectionate. She was some years older than myself, and this gave her naturally a license the others had not. She used to take me out shopping three or four times a week, though I confess, I had rather been at home with Emily; and hardly, indeed, I may say never, made a call without I was with her. Then, she used to talk—which the others did not—about my affairs and prospects, and occasionally touched upon marriage, always warning me against choosing "a mere girl." More than once she most kindly put me on my guard against a family I visited in Harley Street, and whose "attempts," she assured me, "to catch every young man of their acquaintance, were really disgusting." Besides all this, she monopolized to herself the exclusive right of doing many little things for me that I should have preferred at the hands of her sister Emily—such as knitting purses, making watch-guards, mending gloves, marking my handkerchiefs with her hair, and so on. In return for this, she claimed my opinion on all matters concerning herself, in a manner that almost made me believe I had really a great interest in them: and, indeed, from the most important step she ever took, viz. choosing a new dress, or bonnet, or selecting a song, down to going to church or chapel—a *seven days' wonder*—would never act without my knowledge or approbation. Georgiana displayed her interest for me in a different way. She was, as I have said, a haughty and

satirical girl. Her visitations in the latter line were so general, that I believe I was the only person of her acquaintance who escaped; the fact was, I was a very particular friend of Butler, and Butler was, or at least so people said, a very particular favourite of hers. If I had been to judge myself, however, I should hardly have ventured to say that she cared two snaps of the finger about him, although there certainly was an *inclination* towards him, not observable in her manner to any one else. Be it as it may, she spared me, and I never knew wherefore, unless out of respect for him. Besides this negative approbation, she occasionally condescended to ask my judgment upon any book we might both have been reading, or any play we might have seen performed; this was a good deal, considering that she was in the habit of saying that young men of the present day were such insufferable and shallow coxcombs, they were only fit company for one another.

I shall hardly be expected to say, much of Emily's manner and behaviour to me after what I have intimated about her. She was the centre of attraction for me—the choicest flower of the bouquet. Yet it was strange, that from the time of the interview of which I have spoken, I observed a considerable alteration in her, for which I could not satisfactorily account. She seemed for hours, nay, days together, to have lost her spirits and all animation, and frequently when engaged in conversation with me, suddenly lost its thread, and then would attempt an apology, and call it absence, and force a laugh. More than once I fancied that she perhaps regretted the encouragement she had given me; but when with my nerves strong and my mind bent on a "disinterested sacrifice," I was about to speak to her on the subject, a look, a smile, a tone, would at once disabuse me of the injurious belief my anxiety had created.

As yet, I have said very little about Mr. Frederick Prince—the fact is, we were no great admirers of one another at the commencement of my intimacy with his family; but this, I believe, rather from my liking his mother and sisters, and he not caring at all about them, than from any other reason. By degrees, however, we became intimate enough, indeed, I may say, very intimate, and at last, all the time I passed out of his house, was passed in his company. He was a regular dasher, and in all his equipments a very proper person; then he kept most undeniable company, and had a shaking-hands intimacy with many of the "first-rate men upon town." To more than one nobleman he was clearly privileged to nod, and from the easy manner in which he caught, or threw a recognition, whether across the street, or into a carriage window, I had every reason to suppose him long accustomed to the aristocratic method. Occasionally I wondered how he should have formed a circle of friends so entirely without his family sphere, and once or twice I questioned him about it, but he assured me the cause was with them. "My dear Fleming," said he, "one must breathe pure air sometimes, and really our people never know any body that any body knows."

It was some considerable time before he satisfied me that he had more than a street acquaintance with them. One evening, however, we were

at the Opera together. Towards the end of the ballet we were joined by an individual, who seemed on an unusually familiar footing with him. He was about seven or eight and twenty, and though decidedly a plain and common looking man about the face, had something in his manner and address which bespoke the gentleman. His language was coarse, but it was the coarseness of what is termed, *slang*—an acquired idiom by no means endurable, but not innate vulgarity. He appeared to have been drinking, his breath was redolent too of tobacco; altogether he seemed a fitter subject at that moment for a public house of another description, though, to do him justice, he appeared perfectly at home where he was. Prince introduced him to me as Sir Vincent Silk. Till the curtain fell he amused me by telling me the names of half the people in the house. And then, turning to Prince, he said, "I suppose we shall see you in the square by-and-by." Without waiting a reply, he nodded familiarly to me, and took his departure. We also left immediately after. I proposed supping at the Bedford, but was overruled. My friend said he had some friends in the neighbourhood, and should go there—indeed, he had promised Sir Vincent. "You will find a good repast," said he, in his usual affected style, "and no ceremony. Come."

I took his arm, and walked to St. James's Square. We knocked at a door on the south side, and were admitted into a hall, where I was left until my companion went up stairs and brought down his friend, the master of the house, and who, after an introduction, most politely bowed us into a brilliant apartment filled with company. I was considerably struck with the scene. The walls were literally clothed with plate glass and splendid pictures. In an adjoining room, equally superb, was laid out a long and elegantly supplied supper table, groaning under the weight of silver and glass, with which it was furnished. I felt a little bewildered. Not so Mr. Prince, who was as unmoved as in his mother's drawing-room, nodding and chatting to fifty different people. The greater number very soon began amusing themselves round a large table, upon which was spread money in confusion. I was at once satisfied of the rank of the company, from the immense sums I saw before them, and the indifference with which they paid and received them. Fifty or a hundred pounds were put up and taken down with a nonchalance which I then considered perfectly unapproachable by any but a person of the first breeding. One or two gentlemen presently addressed me in the most polite manner, and pressed me to the supper table, where I was supplied most liberally with every delicacy. Wines of all sorts sparkled around me, and I could not but fancy myself, as I sat alone before such profusion, in the hall of some magician, and the hero of an Arabian Night's entertainment. The time wore on, and I joined my friend. He had been very fortunate, and his winnings were considerable. Sir Vincent Silk was at his elbow, with a hand perfectly full of notes, which he had won under the same lucky stars. They insisted on my sitting between them, and when we rose to leave, I had thirty counters, or pieces, as they called them, for which a gentleman obligingly gave me six five pound

notes. As we went home, elated with our success, I learned we had been in a gambling-house! I started with unaffected horror. "A gambling-house!" said I, "I thought they were gentlemen—friends of yours."

"So they are," replied Mr. Prince, as coolly as if he were telling me the day of the week. "Perfect gentlemen, I assure you. Did you not see Lords F. and G.—the honourable Mr. H., and baronets without number? Why, Fleming, I should think you saw two-thirds of all the men in town."

I suppose I looked somewhat as I felt. He tried to laugh me out of my "ridiculous notions," and as we parted for the night, or rather day, bade me try, the first thing on rising, whether my notes were forgeries. From this time I was more than ever with Frederick Prince: indeed, as I have said, I was always with him when not in Brunswick Square. I was perpetually reflecting on the odious vice in which I had unconsciously almost, taken my first step, and with a full conviction of the ruin to which it led, continued night after night indulging in it. It was wonderful how much I rose in Frederick's estimation, and the terms of cordiality we were on, took me, if possible, more than ever to his house. I fancied he encouraged, what I felt he must observe, my attachment to his sister Emily; and this more than any thing else in the world, gave him an interest in my eyes. After leading this life of double excitement for a considerable time, I began to think that it was advisable to end the one and the other, for the sake of both my peace and pocket. I was thunderstruck one morning in looking over my accounts, to find that I had lost at different times over the gaming-table, no less a sum than six hundred pounds, and this all drawn from a small stock of ready money that came to me when I was of age. Added to this, I had lent in different amounts to my companion Frederick, as much as three hundred more, though, as far as that was concerned, it was of course as safe as in my banker's hands. My great intimacy with his mother and sisters had naturally entailed on me considerable expense. From one end of the season to the other we were recreating ourselves in some of the fashionable lounges of the West End. No new opera was brought forward but we passed our judgment upon it—Malibran never sang but some of us lent our sweet voices to hymn her praises—no gallery of pictures ever opened but we connois-seured each inch of canvass—no exhibition for the encouragement of any art or science escaped us. Horticultural *fetes* and fancy-fairs we attended with exemplary perseverance. And, in a word, from Windsor Castle to the Thames Tunnel we left no sight unseen. Looking at the terms we were on, it would have been very false delicacy to hesitate for a moment in allowing me to pay for it all.

As a set-off, however, to all this, I had placed in the hands of old Prince a considerable sum of money, at least as much as five hundred pounds, which he told me he could lay out to the greatest advantage—to return without doubt fifteen per cent. About this time I dined in Brunswick Square, and passed an unusually delightful evening. Miss Prince was perfectly lavish of her fascinations, Georgianna was what I had never

seen, witty without being severe, and Emily, my own Emily, more brilliant and happy than I had seen her for months. Mrs. Prince was gaily itself. She engaged me in a quiet *trite-à-tête*, and let me into the secret that Butler had that morning proposed for Georgiana, and had been received. She then went on to hint, as I understood her, something of the same kind about another of the girls, which much surprised me, as I had never seen or heard of any particular attention to Fanny, and concluded by remarking that it would be singular indeed if all of them should be bespoken about the same time; and in saying this she looked at me in a way which nearly drew from me my proposal for Emily on the spot. I restrained myself, however, for a better opportunity, and left that evening, fully resolved to find it on the following morning.

The same night I went with Frederick for the last time, so I had deliberately vowed it should be, to play in St. James's Square. I had a considerable sum in my pocket, for I was anxious, should luck prove with me, by playing high to recover something of what I had lost. It was otherwise, I had soon changed and melted all but my last note. It was for twenty pounds. I placed it by my side while I waited the issue of a main in which I was heavily backing the caster in. He threw out. I put my hand down for my note, to stake my last—it was gone. I looked round, Prince was beside me, as he had been all night; he too, a serious loser. I asked him if he had seen the note. He replied "No." "You have taken it up by accident," said I looking into his hand, "it is that £20 with a corner torn." He turned savagely upon me, and said it was a lie! He had not taken up a note at all. The fact was, he was half mad with his losses, and cared not what he said. I, who was little less excited, retorted sharply; and we went to lengths that words could not smooth away. When I laid my head upon my pillow I hardly knew distinctly what had occurred. When I awoke in the morning I gave not a thought to the loss I had sustained, and the dispute that had arisen: one thought only possessed me, and that was the offer I was about to make to Emily. My whole happiness, I believed, depended on possessing her, and though it would be untrue to say I was not nervous and agitated, it rose rather from hope than fear. I could not but feel that the connexion would not be disagreeable to her family. Mrs. Prince had almost told me as much, on more than one occasion, and she was so straightforward and sincere; and as for my *own*, they had so impressed on me the value of "nice people," that I considered it would be of all things the step most likely to delight them. I dressed and hastened to the house. On such a mission I did not wait the propriety of hours. No one seemed to think I came too soon; it was quite clear that every one thought there was something to hear. We hurried from subject to subject—smiled, laughed, looked serious, and then—smiled, laughed, and looked serious again. Presently Georgiana, said she should go in to a young friend who lived next door, having promised to read aloud "*The results of Machinery, or the Working Man's Companion*,"—and she went. Most fortunately almost immediately after Mrs. P. had come commissions for the other girls—and we were left alone. And

now, it is impossible to give you more than the faintest conception of what followed. I spoke of my attachment—my respect for the family—my wish to settle—my ability to do so. Mrs. Prince drew me out in her own peculiar way, till I was fully delivered of all I had been burning to say, and after some irresistible compliments about my family, my profession, my talent, and my honour, which conveyed to me her perfect approbation and consent, she made some slight, very slight observations about our relative ages: but loving Emily as I did, I considered two years on my side amply sufficient, and therefore made no reply. We continued our interview a little longer, during which I was exhausting language in praises of her daughter.

"Well," said she, rising, "I can say no more, Charles; I will send her in, and she shall answer for herself." And she left the room. I heard her go up stairs—and I waited in intense anxiety the appearance of Emily. Some minutes passed—hours they seemed to me—at length I caught the sound of a footstep, her own light, fairy footstep on the stair. I hurried to the door, and waited to receive her. A hand was on the door—it trembled—so did I. It opened slowly—my heart was in my mouth. She entered. She! My Emily! No, horror! Miss Prince. Every thing seemed suddenly to swim around me. I uttered some exclamation—I know not what, and staggered to my chair. I know not how. She followed me, and hanging over me in the most affectionate manner, took my hand, and slightly pressed it, and sighed. I attempted to speak to explain, but for some minutes my tongue refused its office, it seemed too large for my mouth. At length I did succeed, and stammered out, "It—it—it is your—your—your sister." She let go my hand—started, just far enough to reach a chair, and falling into it, uttered a scream that would have been worth fifteen pounds a week on any tragic boards in London. At the moment, however, I was alarmed, and seizing the bell-rope, hung on it till Mrs. Prince, Georgiana, Emily, and all the servants in the house were around us.—The latter part of the company were readily dismissed, and an explanation followed. I said that Emily had ever been the object of my love and attention—that it must have been seen—that Miss Prince I had ever respected, and did respect—but—

"Emily!" exclaimed the indignant mother, interrupting me, "Emily has been engaged these twelve-months to her cousin." I looked incredulous.—"Yes," she continued, "to her cousin Augustus, whose arrival in England is hourly looked for." I sought the deceiver's eye, but it was turned away. For some minutes I was silent, but roused by the torrent of words from Mrs. P., and the sighs, and sobs, and groans of Miss P., I said I was not aware that I had in any way justified them in supposing for a moment that my attentions to Miss Prince were serious. "Not serious, sir!" retorted Mrs. Prince, who from first to last was the only female orator. "Why, it has been obvious to all the world. Every one has spoken of it. Have you not always been with her! Has she ever seen a friend unattended by you? Not serious, indeed! Why my poor girl, my child, my Fanny will be ruined, if you forsake her!" And here she wept nearer

nature than any one I had seen attempt it. I saw there was a breach nothing would be likely to heal, but a remedy I felt no inclination to apply, and, therefore, thought the best thing to do was to bid them good morning. I verily thought the kind, good-tempered, motherly Mrs. Prince, would have forcibly retained me; but I was not to have a wife forced down my throat, and, therefore, in spite of persuasions, their remonstrances, their threat of "a breach of promise," and then a flourish about Mr. Prince, and Mr. Prince, junior, I left the house amid the titter of the servants who had been attentively listening to all.

I hurried to my chambers, resolved to pack up, be off to my father's, and cut these "nice people" for ever. On the stairs I met Sir Vincent Silk. He put a pink note into my hands. It was a most polite invitation from his friend Mr. Frederick—a morning meeting to satisfy his honour for having taken my twenty-pound note, or as he put it—for having been charged with taking it. I accepted it very briefly, and as on such occasions, one is more than permitted to introduce a friend—I mean expected to do so—I hastened to make the offer to Butler, who declined, under the excuse, and a very sufficient one, though it had not occurred to me, of being about to become my antagonist's brother-in-law. To my next application there was no scruple.

We were on the ground at the proper time—so were they. Sir Vincent Silk came up with a look which clearly betokened that he had, to him, a most ungrateful office; so it proved, for he was charged with an attempt at reconciliation. I was required to say, that Mr. Prince had *not stolen* the note, and to express my regret and apology for having charged him with it. My second was in full possession of all the facts, and replied that I had never said more than that he had *taken it up by mistake*. Therefore the expression *stole* was supplied by Mr. Prince himself. This was reported to Mr. P., and pulling up his stock, he expressed himself "perfectly satisfied." It was now my turn, and recalling to his mind, that he, Mr. P., had given me the lie, I demanded the fullest retraction of the offensive word. Sir Vincent at once declared that it was altogether impossible; "for," said he, "although there is no doubt it was wrong, and uncalled for, and all that—yet there are times at which a man cannot apologize." He turned from us, having finished this speech, took up a pistol, "and next proceeded quietly to cook." Mr. Prince differed most essentially from Sir Vincent: and in spite of all remonstrance, insisted on withdrawing all the offensive language he had used. The thing thus settled, we had the discredit of walking scatheless from the ground. One or two circumstances occurred which compelled me to remain in town longer than I had intended. The evening before I was to start, I was unexpectedly broken in upon by my quondam associate. He placed a letter before me. I had certainly grown into request. It was another invitation similar to the one of which I had so recently disposed, and given, because I had dared to love a girl who had encouraged me in doing so, while an older flame was burning at a distance, of which I was ignorant. The gentleman, whose acquaintance I was to make in this most agreeable man, was Mr. Au-

gustus Hamilton, of his Majesty's—regiment of foot.

Again my second and myself were in the field shaking, as the song says, "the sparkling dew-drops away." Although, when I first promised my attendance, I felt something very like an inclination to appease my indignation by doing a murder, yet, looking at my rival, I could not bring myself deliberately to rob his Majesty and the people of so promising a hero. One word of explanation I considered would, nay must acquit me of every thing that could call upon me to stand up for him to practise his trade upon, and I should have given it, but Mr. Frederick Prince, late principal, and now second, had learned the lesson read by Sir Vincent Silk, for the purpose of teaching it to others. He repeated it pretty much in the same words as he had heard it, and as I did not feel as much inclined to dispute it as he had done, we took our ground. Mr. Augustus Hamilton was decidedly the thinnest man in his Majesty's service. He was dressed in a light chocolate-coloured surtout, which fitted him like his skin, and he looked for all the world like six feet of German sausage. Though an excellent soldier, for all I know to the contrary, I could not but observe that he wanted the knack of standing at ease. The word was given—"Fire,"—and here his profession stood him in great stead. About a thousand times as much accustomed to the order as myself, he obeyed it with, I can't calculate how many times more alacrity, but seeing that I nearly shot my right toes off, after I received the contents of his pistol in my shoulder, there can be no doubt but that he was the lightning of our storm, and I the thunder. What followed I don't exactly know. I was conveyed to an hotel, where I lingered "now hope, now fear, my bosom rending," about fifteen weeks. This gave me plenty of time for reflection, and a hundred times I went over, step by step, my intimacy with the Princes—an intimacy beginning and ending with a ball. One morning it occurred to me, to send to old Prince for an account of the money he had employed for me; and, as he had nothing to do with our misunderstanding, and had always behaved in a handsome and generous way to me, I wrote a most friendly note. He sent me an equally kind reply, enclosing a check for seventeen pounds, which he said was the result of our joint speculation in indigo! Fifteen per cent. rose in my throat, but I made an effort and swallowed it. This was a pretty addition to the list of advantages accruing to me from my introduction to these very "*nice people*." Loaned out of three hundred pounds by the son, and robbed of twenty; introduced to a hell, where I sunk six hundred—proctored of nearly as much, and flattered out of more than I can ever bring myself to name. To crown all, I entirely threw away a year, got fooled by a flirt, and crippled for life. Have I given you sufficient reasons for shuddering at the very thought or mention of "*Nice People*?"

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.



ADVISERS.

THERE is a family named Partington, that has lately commenced its residence in Upper Harley street. It consists of a father, mother, two sons, and two daughters. The father is a sturdy, red-faced, good sort of man, and the mother is a slender, fallow, good sort of woman. John, the elder son, is with his father in the wine and spirit line, in America square; Charles, the younger son, is in the law: the two girls expect to be married. There is at present a great deal of *Advice* stirring about, and the Partingtons have given and received more than their due proportion of it. It has often astonished me why so much of that commodity has been, and continues to be given; nobody thanks you for it: indeed, nine people out of ten tell you, in pretty plain terms, to keep your advice to yourself—yet still we continue to give it. Never was benevolence more gratuitous than ours!

Hardly was the family well settled in Upper Harley street, in a most commodious situation, when they received a visit from Mrs. Chambers, who gave Mrs. Partington the following advice.

"My dear Mem, (for to this diminutive is our French madame humbled since the Revolution)—my dear Mem," said this matronly Mentor, "only conceive that you should never have heard of Doctor Level. I've got three of my girls down under his hands, and I hope to get Julia down the moment she comes from school."

"Down! Mrs. Chambers, I don't quite understand you." "No! only conceive how odd! By down, I mean down flat upon their backs upon three sofas. Doctor Level says it's the only way to bring up girls straight. All depends upon the spine: bile, nerves, tooth-ache, asthma, and every thing of that kind: all springs from the spine." "Well! but Mrs. Chambers, is not horse exercise a better thing? my girls ride in St. James's Park now and then, with their brother Charles, as a make-weight. I can assure you, several young men of very considerable property ride there: and, according to my calculation, men are more apt to fall in love on horseback than on foot."—"Horseback! only conceive how dreadful! Doctor Level won't hear of it: he says girls should be kept quiet—quite quiet: now you know Anna is short and rather thick in her figure: the poor girl burst into tears on reading that Lord Byron hated a dumpy woman; I was quite in despair about her, only conceive! no more figure than my thumb! I spoke to Doctor Level about it, and he said, 'It's no matter, she must have the *long gaiters*.'"—"Long gaiters, Mrs. Chambers! a very pretty appurtenance to a grenadier, but surely for a diminutive lady." "Oh, Mem, I beg your pardon; it's the best thing in the world; let me advise you as a friend to try the long gaiters. (Elongators?) I'll venture to say, that in six years he would make little Crachami as long as the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. How he manages it, I don't know; but there are two long straps that keep down the shoulders and flatten the ankles; then he turns a sort of a screw, under the sofa, which sets the straps in motion, and pulls out the body just for all the world, as if he were rolling out paste for a gooseberry-pie crust. Well, my dear Mem, would you believe it! we have

already gained two inches, and Doctor Level promises me, if I keep Anna quite quiet for three years and seven months, she may get up quite a genteel figure—Jemima and Lucy are rather better figures; I hope to have them up and about in a twelvemonth."—"Poor girls don't they find it very dull?"—"Oh no; I left them this morning with 'Irving's Four Orations,' and 'Southey's History of the Brazils.' Plenty of amusement, that's my maxim! Let me advise you as a friend to follow my example." Mrs. Chambers was qualified to give all this advice from living in Lower Grosvenor street, which gave her much more knowledge of the world (especially on a fine Sunday,) than could be possessed by an inhabitant of Upper Harley street. Mrs. Partington, for the same reason, was bound to take it in seeming thankfulness. Most fortunate was it for the two Misses Partingtons, that their mamma was "advised as a friend." But for those soul-revolting expressions, Mrs. Partington might have been induced to call in Doctor Level to bind her daughter's back-bones over to their good behaviour: and the two Misses Partingtons, in lieu of cantering under the back-wall of Marlborough House, and kicking up as much dust as a couple of countesses, might, at this present writing, have been flat on their backs, in the back drawing-room in Upper Harley street, like a couple of Patiences on a monument, smiling at a white-washed ceiling!

The trunk of the family-tree of the Partingtons is not the only part of that venerable fabric destined to be assailed by advice. The branches have suffered considerably by the same tempest. John Partington, the eldest son, is suspected of entertaining a *penchant* for Fanny Smith, a figurante at the Coburg Theatre. The affair has been long whispered in the family, and his aunt Isabella has lately thought it her duty to give him a little advice. Aunt Isabella lives in Great George street, Westminster: a celebrated beauty in her day, but that day was not this. The private nickname of Aunt Isabella in the family, is Aunt *Was-a-bella*, but this has never come to her ears, as she has money to leave. Aunt Isabella now inserts red paint into the channels of her cheeks. With such an admirable specimen of "the florid gothic" under his very nose, how could Mr. Soane have clapped a Grecian court of justice upon the right flank of Westminster Hall? "Nephew John," said Aunt Isabella, "sit down by the fire, but don't put your feet upon that hearth-rug. Is not it pretty? I bought it of Mrs. Fry, who bought it of an interesting young woman in Newgate. John, you know I have your good at heart." John fidgeted, and looked wistfully at his hat, which he had left unluckily out of reach. Mrs. Isabella, after the above stock prelude, poured forth her cornucopia of advice; which she assured him she should not have given, if she had not been sure of his having too much good sense to feel offended at what she was about to say. She begged to hint to him in confidence that his goings on were no secret; she pointed to Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," a series of delicate engravings that adorned the walls of her buidoir: she then took down a volume of Bell's "British Theatre," which she opened at George Barnwell, and assured him that it was every word true: she proved to his conviction

that virtue was a good thing, and vice a bad one: and concluded by intimating, that figurantes were, like tetotums, to be looked at, but not touched. John Partington promised amendment; and on the very day following drove Fanny Smith in his Stanhope to Epsom races, in a white satin pelisse and a Leghorn hat with an undulating brim. In so doing, John Partington, I fear, acted too hastily. He should first have consulted his biographical dictionary, wherein he might surely have found many instances of men who had given up a young mistress, because desired so to do by an old aunt. No such case occurs to me, off hand, but many are doubtless to be met with in the books.

But of all advisers, commend me to Charles Partington, the youngest son; who, as I before mentioned, is bred to the law. To be sure the young man has suffered advice in his time, about giving up Lord Byron and sticking to the Term Reports, but that is no reason for his inflicting it so unmercifully upon others. Charles always advises his two sisters whom to dance with, and where to buy their white kid gloves and Albums. He advised his aunt Isabella by all means to go to the University Club-house, to meet the Duchess of Gloucester: aunt Isabella complied, with a private hope of meeting a cherry-cheeked fiddler from Oriol, who wrote Mus. Bac. Oxon. after his name: but she lay four hours upon the stairs, and after all missed the fiddler. He also advised his said aunt to go to Cross street, Hatton garden, where there is more advice wasted than in all the Metropolis besides. Aunt Isabella complied, but did not much like it. She objected to the phrase of "a guilty heart striking its fangs into its own proper bosom," alleging that a heart has no fangs; and that though a bosom has a heart, it by no means follows that a heart has a bosom. I fear she is growing too nice in her metaphors. Charles Partington's last advices are scattered upon his cousin Emily Green, who was courted by Captain Taper. Charles advised her by no means to think of him, and then trotted all over London in quest of proofs. These did not extend beyond showing the lover to be a swindler, a drunkard, and a debauchee; but they seemed to answer every purpose. Emily cried; and, possessed by her adviser of all the Captain's frailties in a focus, said she was now quite happy; she could never sufficiently thank her cousin Charles for the good advice he had given her: she begged he would take charge of a whole packet of love-letters and deliver them to the Captain, receiving hers in exchange. Charles snatched up the deposit, and ran across the Park to Arabella row, Pimlico, as hard as he could lay leg to ground. He found the Captain at home, and, after giving him a word of good advice with respect to paying his debts and leaving off wine and women, laid his budget of epistles upon the table. The Captain, with sorrowful solemnity, gave up Emily's letters in return; and, as a parting request urged Charles Partington to deliver a final leavetaking letter to Emily. Charles (with a sagacity which hereafter must make him a Master in Chancery, at least,) complied with the lover's request; and on his return, advised Emily as a friend not to read it. Emily said she would not, but told him he might as well leave it on the table,

Charles did leave it on the table. (A Master in Chancery! phoo! he will be a master of the Rolls!) and, in a week, the Morning Post told the world that Captain Taper and Emily Green were man and wife.

With these, and many other examples that might be cited, surely it is high time to have done with advice altogether. Why should not a certain association prefix a syllable to the commodity they aim to crush, and dub themselves the Society for the suppression of *Advice*? Or why should not Mr. Rothschild institute a Grand Alliance Advice Company, into which every friend of every family might cast his stock of spare wisdom? This might be afterwards sold in shares. Individuals might apply at this office for advice when they wanted it, and state their respective cases with a fee of three guineas, "to advise as within." Nothing is worth having that is not paid for.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

On our cover will be found an advertisement of the SATURDAY NEWS, to which we ask attention. We have annexed a few of the very many flattering notices which the paper has already received, in order that our readers may see the estimation in which it is held by our brethren of the press. It gives us pleasure to add, that although but a few weeks in circulation, the *Saturday News* has received so ample a share of patronage that its success is certain.

What ought to be done with the he or she that could pen the following, which we copy from the *Saturday News*?

"It is customary in America, at many of the way-side houses, to have a tooth-brush fastened to the pump by a chain for the convenience of the lodgers."

What are way-side houses?—Oh! these English travellers!

We remember well, being at the Point House, when Lieut. Coke, author of a *Subaltern's Furlough*, landed. After an introduction and a little chat, the vehicle (a common wagon) which had been contracted for during the conversation, drew up—and we shall not soon forget the expression of the Lieutenant's countenance, when he asked—"Is that the mode of conveyance in this country?" He might well ask the question. A miserable one-seated wagon and the frame of a horse to convey four persons. Yet Coke was a fine fellow, and has written a fair book about our country. He has not indulged in fibs, like the writer whose extract we have given above, nor like the one which we annex—

"On our journey from Baltimore to Wheeling, the night was so dark that the driver found it impossible to proceed. He unhitched his horses, tied them to the tongue, and came inside with a segar in his mouth. He very formally introduced himself as General B—, and conversed with us as if we were his equals. Upon our remonstrating with him upon his rudeness, he observed, that if we did not like it we might go out—there was no force—we were not obliged to stay in—and very deliberately taking off his stocking and drawing it over his head for a night cap, quietly went to sleep."

Now we do not believe one word of the above, although it might have happened. Some of the *Generals* on the Baltimore and Wheeling route formerly had a very independent way with them—and General B—, in particular, must have been a son of one of the signers. What a large leg the General must have had, or what a small head.

We publish in this Number the second part of *The Regained*. It will be found to increase in interest as

it proceeds. It is the first time since the publication of the *Lady's Book*, that any story has been commenced and not completed in the same number. The length of this article has precluded the possibility of giving it entire, and its uncommon merit made us loath not to publish it. It will be completed next month.

We have received from our valued correspondent, Miss Gooch, "Extract from a Village Clergyman's Diary," but too late for publication this month.

A communication from "Mary" is received, and our thanks are returned to the writer, in whom we recognise an early and constant friend.

*Scene from Rob Roy and Murder of the Regent Murray*, in this number, shew to what a state of perfection the art of engraving on wood has arrived in this country. They are by Mr. Reuben Gilbert, an artist, who though young, has been long at his profession and is an enthusiast in the art. To give proper effect to the engravings they are printed on India paper, the finest that is used for the purpose. Our readers will recognise their old friend, The Baillie, in his hour of peril.

Numbers 1 and 2 of the *Bulwer Novels* are printed and ready for delivery. It is pleasant to observe, and the publisher is grateful for it, that the patronage of the *Bulwer novels* is likely to exceed even *Marryat*. No delay will take place in regularly forwarding the numbers as published.

Numbers 1 and 2 of *Celebrated Trials and Sketch Book of Character* are also published.

We have many papers on our exchange list, some of which we believe no longer exist, as we do not receive one half of those to which we send. From this time, those papers we do not receive we must decline sending to. Those exchanging with both *Saturday News* and *Lady's Book* need send but one paper, addressed to *Saturday News*, and those exchanging with *Lady's Book* only, will please address *Saturday News*.

It may be amusing to some of our fair friends, and we, therefore, subjoin an account of some of the dresses worn at a late levee of the Queen of England:

*Her Majesty*.—White satin body, sleeves, and front of the skirt splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train, rich blue satin, brocaded silver, with handsome silver border, lined with white satin. (The whole English manufacture.) Head-dress, feathers, and diamonds.

*H. R. H. The Duchess of Kent*.—White satin, richly embroidered in silver, body and sleeves ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train pale blue satin, with rich silver border, and lined with white gros de Naples. (The whole British manufacture.) Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

*H. R. H. The Duchess of Gloucester*.—Magnificent dentelle de soie, beautifully embroidered in bouquets, flounces of blonde, looped up with the agraffes of diamonds in festoons; train pale grey broche satin, lined with rich white satin; garniture composed of double row of blonde ribbon, and dentelle de soie; corsage superbly trimmed with diamonds; mantille and sabots fine blonde. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds, necklace and earrings en suite.

*H. R. H. The Princess Augusta*.—White crape embroidered in silver en tablier, border over rich white satin; corsage trimmed with blonde and diamonds, and blonde sabots; train blue and silver blonde, lined with white gros de Naples, trimmed with superb lama rouleaux; head-dress, silver lama toque, blonde lappets and diamond ornaments.

*Duchesses*.—*BEAUFORT*: Most magnificent black crape elegantly embroidered in silk, the body trimmed with Chantilly lace; sleeves in the style of the reign of Charles IX., trimmed with lace; train splendid

black velvet; a *la Reine Adelaide*, the velvet a relief, on satin, handsomely trimmed with jet, and lined with rich satin. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, ornaments of jet, and lappets of Chantilly lace. *NORTHUMBRIA*: Rich white silk, richly embroidered in gold; body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train, splendid white Irish tabinet, richly brocaded in gold, and trimmed with gold band and fringe, lined with white silk. Head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and blonde lappets. *GORDON*: Court costume (sleeve de Louis XIV.), a train of Royal purple satin, trimmed with gold lama, and festooned with gold bullion tassels; Brussels point mantille and sabots; rich white satin petticoat, with gold lama flounce. Head-dress, a toque, with Brussels point lappets; ornaments, sapphires and onyx. *DOWAGER OF RICHMOND*: White satin, embroidered with gold; pure Irish poplin train, with broad gold trimming. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

The following from *Memoirs of Marie Antoinette*, Queen of France, gives a pretty picture of what is termed etiquette, and yet it was for the demolition of some of these absurdities, aided by other causes, that this queen lost her head.

"The queen's toilet was a most tormenting system of etiquette. Her tire-women put on the petticoat and handed the gown to her majesty, while it was the duty of the lady of honour in waiting to pour out the water for washing, and put on the other clothes. If a princess of the blood-royal happened to make her *entree*, she took the duty of the lady of honour; and she had in her turn to resign it, if a nearer relative to the throne made her appearance. One winter's day, says Madame Campan, I held a garment unfolded ready for the queen to put on: the dame d'honneur came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A rustling was heard at the door, it was opened, and in came the Duchess d'Orleans, she took her gloves off and claimed her office of waiting on her majesty; but as it would have been wrong in the lady of honour to hand the garment to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess. Another arrival; it was the queen's sister-in-law, and the Duchess d'Orleans had to resign the office to her, going the former round. All this while, the queen kept her arms crossed on her bosom and appeared to feel cold: Madame observed her uncomfortable situation, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, hastened to serve the queen, and in so doing knocked her majesty's cap off. The queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not till she had exclaimed several times to herself—'How disagreeable! how tiresome!'"

*A gallant reply*.—Mr W—B— being asked by the pretty Miss G—what age he was, replied with his accustomed gallantry, "My age, my dear madam, is exactly what you do in every thing.—XL." (excel.)

*A horrid Simile*.—"My gracious!" exclaimed a dashing wit, as he entered the drawing-room of the pretty Mrs. — whose passion for music causes her to be constantly at her piano from morning till night; "really, I am surprised at the resemblance you bear to the gaoler of Newgate!" "I," cried the lovely pianiste, rattling her fingers over the piano, in surprise and indignation. "I! How so, Sir?" "Why," rejoined the laughing wit, "because you so dexterously handle the keys."

*Erratum*.—On the third page of Miss Gooch's highly interesting story of "Leaf from my Unwritten Journal," published in the July Number, first column, tenth line from the bottom, for "conversing" in a corner, read "crouching." We make this correction, as with the original reading the sense and beauty of the passage is marred.

# I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

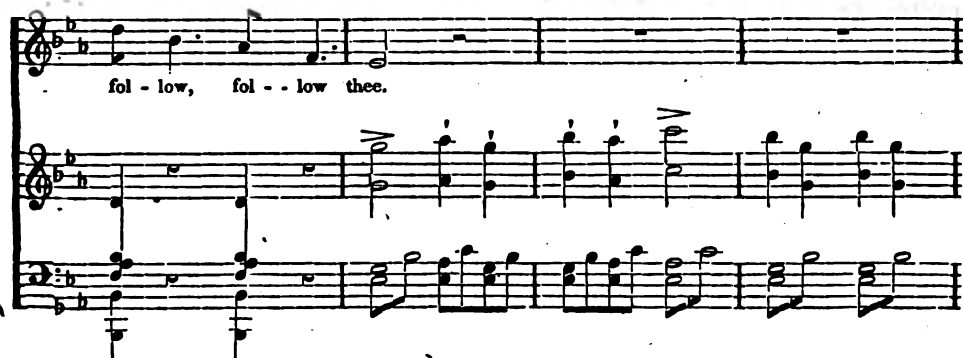
A MUCH ADMIRER SONG.

MUSIC BY JOHN BARNETT.

PIANOFORTE.

*Allegretto non troppo.*





## II.

Though dear the tones of looks, of home,  
 For losing thine could they repay me?  
 Friends shed tears to see me roam,  
 But have their smiles the charm to stay me?  
 Ah! no, o'er earth and sea, I'll follow thee, follow  
 thee,  
 Ah! no, o'er earth and sea, I'll follow, follow thee.

## III.

I've said my last farewell to all,  
 From some it cost me much to sever,  
 But when I heard thy dear voice call,  
 And thought I more might hear it never,  
 I fled and rovd, o'er earth and sea, I'll follow thee,  
 follow thee,  
 Oh! yes, o'er earth and sea, I'll follow, follow thee.

## RECEIPTS.

*Delicate Ice for Tarts, &c.*

Take a little yolk of egg, and melted butter; and having beat them very well together, dip in a quill feather, wash over the tarts with it, and sift sugar on them just as they are going into the oven.

*Puffs.*

Puffs, properly so called, are a sort of small pasties, made with delicate puff paste instead of what is denominated standing or raised crust. This puff paste is also to be cut in square pieces, instead of round; and prepared apple, raspberry

jam, &c., being put on each square, the puffs are turned over, and baked on tin plates. They are called apple puffs, raspberry puffs, &c. according to the contained ingredient.

*Rose Drops.*

Beat very fine, and pass through a lawn sieve, a pound of double or treble refined loaf sugar; then, beat to a fine powder, and sift, half an ounce of dried red roses. Mix both well together; and, wetting it with as much lemon juice as will make it into a stiff paste, set it on a slow fire, and keep stirring it till the whole be quite scalding hot: then, dropping it on paper, set it near the fire, and next day the drops will come

freely off. Keep them dry, in neatly papered boxes.

### *Apple Jelly for preserving Sweetmeats.*

This useful article, for covering rich sweetmeats, and other purposes, is very easily made: in summer, with codlins; in autumn, with rennets or winter pippins—pare, quarter, and core,

apples of either description, or almost any one, and put them into a stewpan with water be sufficient to cover them. When the fruit is pared to a pape, add a quart of water, boil it half hour longer, run it hot through a flannel bag, put it up in a jar, and keep it covered for use. A little lemon peel boiled with the apples, and a pound of powdered loaf sugar added to each pint of the pulp, and boiled up, will make a very good apple jelly for the table, or to eat with cream.

Mr. Kellner, the composer of the Music to the Blind Mother, originally intended it for Mr. Bulwer's Flower Girl, from the Last Days of Pompeii. Being threatened with an injunction, if he published the music with these words, he requested the Rev. Hobart Caunter to write words to the music, in the same measure as Mr. Bulwer's song, expressing sentiments that would agree with the music. How the Rev. Poet has succeeded in his task we leave the readers to judge, by giving the two songs, side by side. Both are beautiful.

## THE FLOWER GIRL OF POMPEII.

BY MR. BULWER.

Buy my flowers—O buy, I pray !  
The blind girl comes from afar :  
If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,  
These flowers her children are !  
Do they her beauty keep ?  
They are fresh from her lap, I know;  
For I caught them fast asleep  
In her lap an hour ago,  
With the air, which is her breath,  
Over them murmuring low !  
On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,  
As their cheeks with tender tears are wet ;  
For she weeps—that gentle mother weeps,  
As morn and night her watch she keeps  
With a yearning heart and passionate care.  
I see the young things grow so fair :—  
She weeps—for love she weeps  
From the well of a mother's love !

Ye have a world of light,  
Where love in the loved rejoices ;  
But the blind girl's home is the house of night,  
And its being are empty voices.  
As one in the realm below,  
I stand by the stream of woe ;  
I hear the vain shadows glide,  
I feel their soft breath at my side,  
And I thirst the loved forms to see.  
And I stretch my fond arms around,  
And I catch but a shapeless sound,  
For the living are ghosts to me.  
Come buy, come buy !

Hark ! how the sweet things sigh !  
(For they have a voice like ours.)  
"The breath of the blind girl closes  
The leaves of the sadd'ning roses.  
We are tender, we are sons of light,  
We shrink from this child of night ;  
From the grasp of the blind girl free us,  
We yearn for the eye that sees us ;  
We are for night too gay,  
In your eyes we behold the day.  
O buy, O buy these flowers !"

## THE BLIND MOTHER.

BY THE REV. HOBART CAUNTER.

Hush thee, babe ! alas the while,  
The parent sees not her child ;  
She can feel its soft breath, tho' she sees not its smile,  
And hear its young notes wild.  
To gaze upon the sun,  
When he's fresh from the lap of morn :  
More delighted would I run,  
Than to hear the lark's sweet horn.  
Hush, my child, thy soft sweet breath,  
Thy soft, angelic breath,  
Seems of some cherub born.  
From thy lips an incense seems to rise,  
As if on its way to its native skies ;  
But I feel—thy sightless mother feels,  
As through the gloom she gropes and reels,  
With a bosom pierc'd by misery's goad—  
How sternly Care has laid its load.

No more I weep or sigh,  
For the fountain of grief is dry !  
My day is turned to night,  
Nought now my pleasure enhances ;  
Not a gleam of sunshine beams on my sight,  
And I live alone with my fancies—  
As one who appears in sleep  
To be tossed on the stormy deep ;  
O'er me the dark shades of night  
Flit, while their dim forms mock my sight ;  
For they seem from my eyes to flee.  
Upon Heaven I fix those eyes,  
To gaze on boundless skies,  
But the sun has no beams for me.  
Hush my babe, hush my babe !  
I can hear its young notes wild,  
But long to behold my child !  
The lip of the parent closes,  
O'er its cheek as the babe reposes,  
But she saw not her child as it prest  
So fondly the parent's breast ;  
And she grieves with a mother's sorrow,  
She longs for that last to-morrow,  
When her spirit shall rise  
From earth to the light of the skies.  
My babe, hush my babe !

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# THE LADY'S BOOK.

SEPTEMBER, 1836.

## PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1836.

FIGURE I.

A robe of sea-green silk, the skirt very full; tight *corsage*, half-high and square; long sleeves very flat at top, the fulness drawn by two tight bands into separate puffs, diminishing in size to the wrist; white muslin pelerine, open in front, and the ends appearing under the belt, which fastens with a gold buckle; muslin cap *a la Paysanne*, the crown high and bent forwards, lappets of Vandyke lace, and pink roses arranged in three separate little wreaths; primrose gloves, and black kid slippers.

FIGURE II.

A dress of lilac cashmere satin, tight *corsage*, *arriere*; the point rounded off at the waist: a deep collar of fine white muslin, edged with British lace, tight long sleeves, the tops flattened, and a fall wider than those before described hanging below the elbow, and edged with black lace. Citron colour silk bonnet (the brim cut deep and square at the sides) bouquets of fruit and leaves under brim, coloured like the bonnet, and two ostrich feathers on the left side of the crown. Kid slippers; citron colour gloves.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## EXTRACT FROM A VILLAGE CLERGYMAN'S DIARY.

BY MISS C. E. GOOCH.

"Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein, and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him."  
*Proverbs, chap. 26th.*

*Wednesday eve.*

I have just returned from performing the ceremony of marriage between Henry Overton and his rich cousin, Lousia Ann Barton.

It is a proof how little we studious people know of what is passing around us. I thought—nay I am sure—I heard that he loved and wooed Caroline Deans; they were always together, but it seems I was mistaken. Caroline was at the wedding; there is nothing like a love-lorn damsel about her; she looked more beautiful than ever, and was gayest of the gay. I felt myself called on to admonish her, lest the exuberance of her spirits should make her overstep the bounds of propriety. I believe she thinks more deeply of serious matters than I was aware of; for when I told her that "she ought to be very—very good, and grateful, she had received so many blessings," she answered earnestly, and with a changed look, "oh! yes! I am as grateful as I am happy!" Frail creatures that we are and prone to suspicion. I fancied that the bridegroom looked unhappy; there was something in his eye that chilled my soul, and when I bade him good night, and a continuation of happiness, he answered with a sneer that rolled my warm feelings back to their source,—“thank you—thank you! oh yes, I am extremely happy—and you have made me so.”

He was certainly very gay, but I feared that he drank more wine than was becoming, and his gaiety was too reckless. I do not like such boisterous spirits: it is not that cheerful certainty of bliss that pleases me—but, perhaps, I am too fastidious.

The bride is a fine looking woman, always cold and haughty; to-night affectation was added to the superstructure. I heard old Mrs. Overton say that she behaved charmingly; so I suppose it was all right, for every body knows that Mrs. Overton is a very model of good breeding and propriety. I pray that they may be happy, but there is something presses on my mind that they will be otherwise. I cannot help thinking of the look of the bridegroom when I bade him salute the bride: an absolute spasm passed over his countenance, and his kiss was as cold as the moonbeam on a bank of snow. But why do I think of such fantasies? I am old, my eyes are dim, and fashions and manners have changed. I will turn my mind to better things and dismiss these vain forebodings.

*Friday.*

I have just returned from Mrs. Deans, where I have been since daylight. Heaven support and strengthen her under her misery! Caroline is dead! dead of a broken heart—and I blamed her

levity! I rebuked her—perchance more harshly than I intended, adding my mite to crush an already broken spirit. He *had* wooed her, and won the affections of her young heart. For his sake she had refused the proffered love of two others, superior to him in worldly goods, and equal to him in every personal or mental attraction. Still though she felt herself betrothed to Henry, she did not throw off all reserve, and proclaim her engagement.

Mr. Overton's brother died and left his only daughter under the guardianship of her uncle. She was young and inexperienced, and being educated in a fashionable boarding school, early imbibed notions of her own importance. This importance was wounded, that her cousin Henry, the handsomest young man in the neighbourhood, should love another better than herself. Guided by a spirit of mischief, she attempted to estrange him from Caroline, and attach him to herself, in which attempt she was powerfully aided by her uncle and aunt. Henry at first laughed at her folly, but at length began to attend more patiently to his father, who lamented that the lands so comfortably adjoining, should be separated for ever; his mother constantly repeated that if he would but marry his cousin, he might be the first man in the county, aye, perhaps in the State. It is sufficient to say that his love, that was indeed but a selfish feeling, and sought his own gratification, not the welfare of the object, gradually cooled toward Caroline, and that at last he quitted her entirely. He paid her polite attention and respect whenever he met her, but he no longer sought her society, and when his attentions to her were mentioned before him, he turned it into a joke. "Nothing serious, oh! no, she was a fine girl, and any gentleman might like to attend her." Caroline heard this with anguish; but womanly pride, and maidenly delicacy, forbade her to proclaim her wrongs, or ask the sympathy of her companions. She affected to take the same tone, and laughed at the idea that a pleasant young man could not visit her family, or pay to her the common attentions of the day, but it must be thought that he was to be married to her. Beneath this calm exterior, her soul was writhing in agony; she succeeded in concealing this anguish, but the struggle was killing her. Once, and once only, did she see him alone. It was in the middle of a lane, thickly hedged on each side with the savin, the wild pear, and the briar, that they met by accident; each paused, each felt a dread of the now inevitable interview. The deserter and the deserted, the wronger and the wronged, now met, with averted eyes and cold greetings, where they had walked with the sweetest feelings of honest affection and youthful confidence. But the die was cast, and mustering all his courage, Henry approached her with extended hand. "My dear Caroline, I have wished to see you; do not turn away, do not refuse to shake hands with me. You think me a heartless villain, but I will convince you with five words that I am the victim of circumstances. I repeat, I adore you—but fate has compelled me to give up the delightful hope of calling you my own. *Still* dear Caroline, I wish to retain your friendship. I entreat you not to refuse me. I would explain all to you, but it is another's secret. I can only say I am doom-

ed to expiate the folly of others. For your own sake treat me as I treat you. Let not the malignant fools that surround you, think that there has been aught but friendship between us. Though my heart breaks in the effort I will not give them that triumph over you. Let me be to you as a brother and friend." Caroline wept, she believed him, felt pity for his sorrow and indignation against those unknown agents who were the cause of it. She returned to her home with a lighter heart, for she felt satisfied that she was yet loved, and she could easier give up her love and her happiness whilst convinced that he loved her and suffered like herself, than endure the yet more bitter and more agonizing conviction, that he had ceased to love her; that her charms had lost their power, that her presence was unwelcome, her love despised, and that the object of her devotion loved another.

"Her rival—*hers*—language has not a word  
By women's ear so utterly abhorred."

This pang she thought he had spared her, and still confiding in his friendship and his judgment, she did controul her emotions, and answered the jests of her companions with *badinage* as light as their own. Perhaps there was a secret pride in showing her lover that she possessed a heart as firm—as proud as his own.

"One pang remained, perchance, tho' unconfessed,  
Some secret hope yet lingered in her breast,  
But this, too, was destroyed."

His cousin, who had of late professed much friendship for her, and affected to believe that there never had been any sentiment warmer than friendship between her and Henry, now selected her for a confidant, and with great show of modesty and bashfulness informed her, that *she* should soon be married to her dear cousin, and requested Caroline to be her bridesmaid! With her eyes apparently bent on the roses she was pulling to pieces, she yet watched the countenance of Caroline, and, I fear, enjoyed the agony she saw pictured in every speaking lineament. At least Caroline thought so, as she caught that stealthy look, and she resolved to die before she would gratify her rival by a symptom of sorrow. One mental glance at the duplicity and deceit with which she had been treated, changed the deadly sickness of her heart into warm resentment, her pride enabled her to assume an air of calmness, as she congratulated her triumphant rival on her approaching marriage, and declared that she thought them formed for each other. Miss Barton seemed surprized and disconcerted, but rallied herself for another blow, and probably hoping to disturb the self-command of Caroline, said, "Oh, you flatter me, so superior as Henry is to all the gentlemen I know; I don't feel worthy of such devoted attachment. I used to think that *you* and he were formed for each other, and really wonder that he never fell in love with you. Indeed, to tell you the truth, I did suspect something of the kind, till he assured me that he never had felt any thing but as an acquaintance."

Again her eye was fixed on Caroline, but she was now on her guard, and answered gaily,

"Oh, no! we should never suit at all: I like him very well as an acquaintance to flirt with,

but not as a lover. I beg your pardon; I don't mean any thing disparaging, but our dispositions are so different that we should not like the same person. But this will be a busy time, and as I am to have the honour of pulling off your glove, I must make preparations to look my best."

They parted. Caroline returned to her home and poured her agony into the sympathising bosom of her true friend—her mother. Mrs. Deans, a proud spirited woman, of respectable family, and formerly moving in a higher sphere than the parents of Henry Overton, was as indignant as her daughter, and feeling nothing herself but haughty contempt, forgot that Caroline loved, and fancying that their sentiments were alike, urged Caroline to appear the gay girl she formerly had been. She did not possess deep penetration, and saw not—suspected not—that the exertion was too much to require; that the chords of her heart were breaking one by one, and, instead of taking her from a scene where her temper was kept in constant irritation, and her feelings in constant tension, she made use of every incentive to excite her to "show by her behaviour that she was not a forsaken damsel," and exulted in her daughter's half delirious spirits, little thinking that her efforts to sustain them were sapping the seat of life.

I have already mentioned her conduct at the wedding, which her mother had declined attending, on pretence of a sprained ankle. Caroline was attended to her home by Doctor Hammond, who was settled in the village, and had long felt a *penchant* for her. Her mother was standing at the door, looking anxiously out into the moon-lighted path, when they approached; she gave the Doctor an invitation to enter and partake a cup of tea, which her maternal solicitude had provided for her daughter. The gentleman, more than ever fascinated by his beautiful companion, accepted the offer, and was soon seated by the table.

Caroline, after a glance of sorrowful reproach to her mother, seated herself, and complaining of fatigue and head-ache, took little share in the conversation, which was principally on the sprain of Mrs. Dean, as she had sufficient tact to avoid asking any thing about the wedding.

Anxious to please the mother of Caroline, Mr. Hammond offered to write a prescription for a bath that would relieve her immediately—materials for writing were placed upon the table, the prescription written, and Caroline drawing a sheet of paper before her, commenced writing upon it, uninterrupted by the others, who were discussing the comparative merits of some sort of herbs. At last, the Doctor, thinking he had sacrificed enough to policy, turned to Caroline, and said, "I have heard of the charming effusions of Miss Caroline's muse—I suppose she is now composing an epithalamium. Will you permit me the pleasure to peruse it?" With an air of gallantry he extended his hand for the paper. Caroline made no opposition, but gazed at him with such a wildly vacant manner, that he exclaimed, in alarm, "Miss Dean! good heavens, what is the matter?" With an unnatural peal of laughter, Caroline fell back in convulsions. Her mother sprang to her assistance, and by the aid of the Doctor, conveyed her into the next room and laid her on a bed. Mrs. Dean,

too much terrified for the moment to think of concealment, rushed up stairs, and summoned her only domestic, a stout girl, and her younger daughter. Her convulsions continuing in spite of the simple remedies at hand, Mr. Hammond said he would leave them for a moment till he could run to his office and procure some medicine. He was followed to the door by Mrs. Deans, who, even in that moment, was awake to the necessity of caution, and earnestly entreated him not to make known her daughter's illness to any person, as Caroline would never forgive it. Promising any thing she asked, he hastened to obtain every remedy he could lay his hands on, and returned in a very few moments to the bedside of the sufferer. What a sight awaited him! He told me these circumstances himself, and described his horror at seeing the unfortunate girl, her head supported on the bosom of her mother, the dark blood bubbling and foaming out of her mouth at every respiration. The mother groaning in anguish of spirit, her breast and hands covered with the blood of her darling child, who yet wore, as if in horrid mockery, the ornaments that decked her at the bridal. The wreath of roses, her admiring parent had twisted in her hair, yet remained there, though her comb had fallen out, and her dark locks, scarcely to be equalled for length and beauty, poured over her neck and dappled in her heart's blood. The Doctor, in his haste, had fortunately seized a small medicine chest which contained the necessary remedies, and he had the pleasure after a time, to see that the stiptics he administered produced their effect.

She raised her hand feebly to her brow, and feeling the roses, pulled them off, and holding them to her sister, said, with a faint smile, "Put them away, they will get soiled, and I shall want them to-morrow when I am married—none but white roses will do then." The Doctor interfered, prohibited her speaking, and besought her to lie quiet. "Well," said she, "I will, if mother will sing to me. Mother, dear mother, sing your child to sleep; as you did in old times—sing me 'Waly, Waly, love is bonny.'" "Sing!" exclaimed her mother, almost inarticulate with agony, the hot tears pouring in streams down her cheeks. "Yes, my dear madam, try if possible; her life depends upon keeping her quiet," said the Doctor. Her mother, mastering, by a strong effort, her grief and agitation, took her hand, and seating herself by her pillow, commenced her song.

Mrs. Deans had been celebrated for her musical abilities, and yet retained her sweet voice.—"Never," said the Doctor, "shall I forget the thrilling expression given by her mournful tones to the old song she sang to her dying daughter."

"Oh! Waly, Waly, love is bonny,  
A little time while it is new,  
But when it auld it waxes cauld,  
An' fades away like the morning dew.  
I leant my back against an aik—  
I thought it was a trusting tree,  
But first it bent, and syne it brake—  
Sae my true love proved false to me!"

"She sleeps," whispered her mother, pausing. The Doctor bent gently over and felt her pulse. She slept—yes, she slept in this world to awaken no more!

The Doctor hastened over to rouse me, and bring me to speak what consolation I could to the afflicted family. I could scarcely believe or comprehend him. Though I have witnessed so many sudden deaths, though I humbly endeavour to keep myself prepared should the dread summons be unexpectedly sent to myself, I could not realize that she, whom but an hour or two before I had seen radiant in health and beauty, was now a corpse. But, alas! I was too soon convinced of it!

"Oh, sir!" said the Doctor, "I am used to scenes of sickness, sorrow and suffering, but never did I feel so deeply affected as by the events of this night. She, whom I have so long admired—she, who but a few hours since was dancing gaily with me to strains of the liveliest music—she, whom I restored but an hour since apparently in health to the arms of her mother—is now stretched a cold corpse! Oh! what a sight it was—yet elegantly dressed—her dying head yet wreathed with flowers—her heart-broken mother, raising her quivering voice, to soothe with melody her expiring child—her young sister gazing with childish wonder and childish sorrow, then hiding her face and her sobs in the bed-clothes—never, no never, can I forget to-night!"

Day was breaking over the hills, as we entered the house of sorrow. The mother was standing at a table in the parlour, sealing a letter: she did not notice us, but turning to the girl who stood waiting her orders, gave her, with an air of firm determination, the papers, and said sternly, "Do as I told you—not a word more or less, or you will repent it!" The bewildered looking girl took the letter, and darted out of the house without reply. The mother, her strength apparently failing when her object was accomplished, tottered to a chair, where she sat in speechless, tearless agony. I seated myself by her side and attempted to take her hands, but they were firmly clasped over her bosom, and I shuddered to see her still wet with the crimson-tide that had flowed in the veins of Caroline. I could not essay the common topics of condolence; there was a desolate grandeur in her look and attitude that seemed to say, she relied on her own powers of mind for calmness and consolation. She paid no attention to what I said—I do not think she ever heard it.

Mr. Hammond beckoned me to the other room, and I gazed with awe on the spectacle there presented. The early beams of morning were glancing through the window, and brought fully to view every ghastly object.

We grow so familiar with death from our very infancy, that it ceases to fill our bosoms with that horror it once did, unless accompanied by something singular and dreadful. Appearances are almost every thing, and usurp, in many instances, the horrors of reality. We pass every day, unheeding and unpitied, the victims of genuine grief and real misfortune, to have our feelings delightfully harrowed—our commiseration and tears excited, by the dressed-up woes, the imitation agonies of the theatre. There is an inordinate and unhealthy craving in the human mind for excitement that is never satisfied, but like the opium eaters of the East, requires larger and larger doses, to stimulate its sensibilities. It is this, that while we pass over common deaths,

as indeed things of course, throws a horrible fascination over murders—executions—tortures, and suicide! Even to me, the scene on which I now gazed had a dreadful excitement. To see that young and lovely girl, whose amiable qualities and winning manners had made her an universal favourite, extended breathless before me, still wrapped in the shining satia, spotted with dark splashes of blood—still adorned with her highly prized ornaments, that glittered in the sunbeam, like gilding on a tomb-stone.

Kneeling by the bed-side, with her face hid in her arms, was the young sister of the dead. Mr. Hammond took her by the hand and looking at her swollen countenance, kindly bade her retire and try to sleep—"You will be sick, and your mother has enough to bear without more afflictions." He led her to the door, and then returned to me. "Some one should be sent for to perform the last sad duties," said he; "but poor Mrs. Deans seems unable to speak or give directions; with your approbation, I will go myself and speak to Mrs. Woodbury and another to come over." Left alone with the dead, I knelt by her side, and poured out my feelings in supplications for the living, and if a prayer for the departed did mingle with my orisons, contrary to the stern tenets of our church, I trust the "tear of the recording angel will blot it out," if I offended.

The house door opened, and I heard the mother, in a tone of concentrated emotion, demand, "Did you see *him*—Did you *give it to him*?" "Yes," said a woman's voice, "he was up—he was the first person I saw—I did just as you told me—I put it into his hands, and run home; but he is coming after me, I looked back and he was behind me." "Go into the kitchen and light your fire," was the response, and I sighed to see how the every day occupations went on in spite of death; the birds were twittering and singing cheerfully from the eaves and the vine-covered porch. I almost wondered how they could be so heartless; her watch, too, lay busily ticking on a chair, part of a chain, with its fairy links wrenched apart, yet attached to it, the other half still fastened to her dress and encircling her marble throat.

My reflections were interrupted by a man's step rapidly approaching and entering the house. I thought it was the Doctor, but was surprised at hearing the voice of Henry Overton, speaking, and in anger, to Mrs. Deans.

"I have come, ma'am, to return the lines which Miss Caroline so strangely sent me this morning; I thought she had more delicacy than to do such a thing. Had they fallen into any body's hands but my own, the consequences would have been very unpleasant both to her and myself, and I trust this is the last thing of the sort I shall be troubled with!"

I was about to make my appearance and interfere, when I was prevented by the answer of the indignant woman.

"You had better put them into Caroline's own hand—she is in there!"

"No, it is of no consequence; I do not want to quarrel," said he.

"But it *is* of consequence," said she. The door was pushed open, and Mrs. Deans almost dragged him into the apartment.

"There," shrieked she, "Man—look *there*, and see your work! See my angel child—ten thousand times more lovely, more excellent, than the woman for whom you murdered her! Listen! while I lay upon you the malediction of a heart-broken mother! May you never again—"

"Stop, nor blaspheme your Maker!" cried I, rushing forward and catching her uplifted hand; "vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay it."

"I thank you!" exclaimed she, "your words have sanctified my curse, and it *will* be repaid."

Mr. Overton had stood for a moment as if bewildered, then staggering to the bed, he gazed long and wildly, as if to be certain it was not an imposition. Alas! the pallid cheek, the white lip, and the bloodless ear, while all around was stained with crimson, told the tale too plainly; with a deep groan he fell against the bedstead, and, before I could catch him, to the floor.

I called on Mrs. Deans to assist me in removing him to the next room, but she indignantly refused.

"I would not touch him for the wealth of worlds! No! let him lie at the feet of her his black hearted treachery killed! Would to God he might never move again!"

I was shocked at this vindictive feeling, and spoke to her severely upon her duties as a Christian, and the injury it would do to the fair fame of her departed daughter; the latter consideration seemed to strike her, and she handed me some water and a bottle of cologne, with which I plentifully wet his face, and forced some into his mouth. He soon gave signs of returning consciousness, rose, and supported by my arm, left the house.

"Are you well enough to walk home," said I, "or shall I go with you?"

"Yes, I am well now; I never fainted before; I—I—am always sick at the sight of blood. I thank you, but I had rather be alone; I do not know why Mrs. Deans sent for me, I'm sure I never—"

He stopped, for he saw by my looks that I was disgusted with his behaviour. I left him and returned to the house, where some women at this moment arrived from the neighbouring houses. I endeavoured to get the mother to converse with me, that I might turn her thoughts to a more fitting channel, but declaring herself unable at that time, she requested me to come at another opportunity.

I had picked up from the floor the paper that Mr. Overton wished to return, which I immediately knew to be the very letter I had seen Mrs. Deans send in the morning. I mentioned it to the doctor, who accompanied me home, and we agreed that it was necessary that we should peruse it, that we might better know how to conduct ourselves in this disagreeable and sorrowful business. I had no sooner opened it than the doctor exclaimed, "That is the very paper she was writing at the moment she was seized with convulsions! I know it by my own writing on the back; I had begun to write, but took another sheet."

With redoubled interest, I now perused the sad record of her latest feelings, and my heart bled to think how wretched—how despairing *her's* must have been to make her write so bitterly. I

will transcribe the lines, for I shall return the original to her mother.

I know he is not happy—for I saw it in his eye; I heard it in the hollow laugh, that just concealed a sigh!

I felt it in the fever'd hand, that in the dance touched mine;

I saw the goblet tremble as he quaffed the bridal wine! I know he does not love her—I read it in his look; Alas! too long—too fatally—I've conn'd that treacherous book!

Those who have loved so fondly, can never love again, Although the links are sundered—they drag the broken chain;

Yes! in the halls of mirthfulness—in hours of giddy glee—

Thou'lt feel the iron in thy heart, and shuddering think of me!

Yes! even when thy lip is pressed to that of thy young bride,

There will be one unbidden guest—I shall be by thy side.

And let her watch thy slumbers—when her hand is clasped in thine;

Then, if thou murmurest a name, be sure that name is mine!

And I—the wrong'd forsaken one—I still will pity thee;

For thou wilt bear for years the pang—the grave will end for me.

#### Saturday.

I have been over to see Mrs. Deans, her mind is in a sad state; I said every thing to soothe her, that I thought justifiable, but she listened to all I said with a calm apathetic manner that shocked me. Her mind was evidently pre-occupied, and when I paused, she asked me if I thought her brains unsettled, or if I thought her in possession of her senses. I told her there was nothing, I was sure, in what I had said, to give rise to such an idea, unless she wished to intimate that the Christian truths I had offered to her notice were such as to shock her.

"Oh, no! God forbid! but I have a reason for asking you the question that in no way concerns yourself or what you have been so good as to say to me."

"Certainly," said I, though I confess, with some twitches of conscience, "I am sure I do not see but that you are sane."

"Then you will not regard what I now say as the ravings of a mad woman; I tell you that neither Henry Overton or his deceitful wife shall attend the funeral of my last treasure. I could not bear it; and should I see them, I should proclaim her wrongs and his perfidy to all assembled!"

I was shocked at this determination, but combated it in vain. In vain I reminded her of the mild precepts of our meek Saviour—of the duty of forgiveness—nay of the impolicy, in a worldly view, of such denunciation. I could obtain no other answer than "I will do it if they dare to brave me by coming; let them take the consequences; they have murdered her—yes! they have as much murdered her as if they had plunged a dirk into her bosom; and shall I, her mother, suffer her pale remains to be insulted by the presence of her assassins? Never! never! Talk not of it. I have sworn it, and I will keep my oath. Yes! my precious one! I have sworn it over your lifeless body! others may break their faith, but your mother will keep her's!"

I was compelled to desist, and left her, uncertain what steps to pursue. I called upon Dr. Hammond to commune with him; I had scarcely stated my dilemma, when he told me that the matter was already arranged, as Mr. Overton and his bride would set out in the morning on a bridal tour. Relieved by this intelligence, we conversed on the circumstances for some time, and by comparing notes, we threw light upon various points that had before seemed obscure. The Dr. had himself formerly loved and wished to marry her, but had been rejected for Overton, whose jealousy had prohibited her from associating with other gentlemen unless he was present. His requests were laws with her, and during his absence at college, she had abstained from every amusement, however healthful or innocent, rather than give him a moment's pain.

The Doctor showed me some lines he had composed, or that, as he said, had come into his mind, on the sad scene of her death. I begged them of him and copy them below.

Dear mother! let me weep to-night,  
For I must laugh to-morrow;  
Nay! do not think your child so weak,  
As thus to show her sorrow.  
I will not shed one tear of grief,  
When he 's wedded to another;  
But, oh! to-night you'll let me weep  
Upon your breast, my mother!

Among her young and joyous mates  
She seem'd the lightest hearted!  
But gone the merry smile and glance,  
When the bridal train departed.  
Her stern resolve that checked the tear,  
Sustained her to her mother's door;  
Then, feeling none but friends were near,  
Convuls'd she sank upon the floor.

Still fainter grew her failing frame,  
And, as her kindred o'er her bent  
In misery,—half unconsciously—  
She wildly pour'd her last lament.  
“Young sister! shed no tears,  
Nor breathe a sigh of sorrow;  
But gather ye fresh flowers—  
For I'll be wed to-morrow!

“And see that spotless are,  
The blossoms of your wreath;  
For pure and stainless eye should be,  
Thy bridal chaplet—Death!  
I am not craz'd—but yet  
My brain is growing wild.  
Come, mother, come! and once again,  
Sing to repose—your child!

“Yes! chant some nursery tale,  
'I will tell of days long fled.'  
She was obeyed—but ere the song  
Was ended—she was dead.  
Farewell to life's romantic dream!  
Farewell the hope that named thee mine!  
Light be the turf above thy head,  
Lamented—injured—Caroline!

#### Sunday Evening.

The sad ceremony is over; I have seen the form of the unfortunate Caroline deposited in that small enclosure, where hundreds now repose, and where in a few years I shall, probably, rest beside her.

Dec. 25, 1819.

I have just returned from eating my Christmas dinner at Mr. Overton's; I have not seen him for several years till this week. He removed soon after his marriage to Newport, where he has been very successful in mercantile pursuits. Now that the scourge of war is upon our shores, and the fleets of Great Britain threatening our commerce, he has returned to the home of his father, and taken possession of his patrimony. His father is dead, but his mother has continued to reside here. I saw them at meeting on Sunday, and could scarcely recognise the gay, elegant young man, I had formerly known, in the bustling important looking person before me. Mrs. Overton, too, has grown into a fat peony-faced dame, but their daughter—their only child, is as lovely a creature as I ever beheld. I looked from the squire's pew to that formerly occupied by Mrs. Deans and her family; it is directly opposite, across the broad aisle; it happened to be empty; poor Mrs. Deans has long been laid beside her daughter, and little Lucy went far away to some distant relations. I wondered if *they* thought of Caroline, or felt a moment's compunction at seeing her place empty!

I received a note, requesting me to partake of their Christmas dinner. I wish to be in charity with all men, and accepted the invitation. I fancied there would be some constraint in our meeting, but I was mistaken; he seemed to have forgotten former scenes and persons, in the constant good fortune that had attended him. It was natural that we should talk over old times, and former friends, but I sedulously avoided mentioning what I thought would pain him. I might have spared my solicitude. We were looking at the pictures he had sent down, one of them, a beautiful Madonna, seemed familiar to my eye.

“Don't it resemble some one whom you formerly knew!” said Mrs. Overton. I hesitated.

“Mrs. Overton thinks it resembles Caroline Deans, whom we knew formerly,” said he, carelessly, “but in my opinion it is much handsomer than ever she was!”

I was shocked, and had not his daughter been present, whose young heart I would not pain, I should have answered him reproachfully. Can it be that I alone remember the things gone by? Can it be that what is so vividly impressed upon my heart and recollection, is but as a dream to others? It is true I have lived a life of humble usefulness, my journeying and my adventures bounded by my parish, while they have been abroad into the world, adventuring in the great lottery of fortune, and mixing with strangers; but I cannot think that any event could erase from my mind the death-bed of Caroline. He has been a prosperous man; fortune has poured in upon him, and he has an amiable and beautiful daughter, on whom both parents lavish the affection they do not feel for each other. But the ways of heaven are inscrutable, nor is it for men to question them.

October 15, 1815.

I had a singular dream last night; I dreamed of Mrs. Deans. I have dreamed of Caroline,



but never before of her mother. I thought she came to me laughing and gaily attired, and handing me a mourning dress, such as she always wore after the death of Caroline, bade me present it with her compliments to Henry Overton! Strange I should have such a dream! but I have been rather ill for a few days, and when the bodily organs are out of order they operate upon—

*Evening.*

How much more misery is it my lot to witness? Even while writing the above I was burst in upon by a messenger, who entreated me to go to the great house—Overton Hall—as its vain possessor called it, for Miss Adelaide was dead—Mrs. Overton in fits, and Mr. Overton ready to kill every body he saw! I stopped to ask no questions, but with dreadful forebodings, put on my cloak and followed the messenger as fast as my aged limbs would permit me. Alas! alas! what a house of mourning! There, on a bed, her face blackened and her features distorted by convulsions, lay the envied heiress—the beautiful Adelaide. Her hands grasped with the death agony the splendid curtains that, torn from the bedstead, lay dragging partly on the floor. The delicate muslin of her dress was rent and spotted, and a broken phial lay by the bed-side. Her father was there, “alone within the chamber of the dead.” I started to see him, for a few hours had done on him the work of time. His features had collapsed; his usually florid tint had given place to a death-like paleness; his eye was wild and bloodshot, and in his trembling hand he grasped a pistol, that he turned alternately toward the door and his own forehead. Horror renewed the strength of which age had robbed me. I rushed in, seized and disarmed him. He gazed at me for a moment with an idiotic stare, then consciousness and expression returned to his countenance—the consciousness of guilt and misery—the expression of despair. He dashed away my hand, and pointing to the bed, yelled out, “Look there! look there! Do you pity me? do you pity me? or like the fiends around, do you whisper—retribution!”

Appalled at the dreadful spectacle, I knew not what to say; I felt that the words of consolation and comfort at this moment would be mockery. Loud shrill screams of heartfelt anguish rose, wild and long, from the adjoining apartment; they were the cries of Mrs. Overton; and seemed to excite her wretched husband to renewed agony. He grasped and shook the bedstead, against which he leaned, with frantic violence; something slipped from the mass of drapery and fell upon the floor. I stooped and picked it up; it was the miniature of a young and handsome man. The father's eye glanced upon the countenance; he tore it from my hand, dashed it upon the floor, and trampled on it with the gesture of a madman. The white foam, speckled with blood, flew from his lips as his muttered execrations rose louder and louder till they thrilled me with terror. “Wretch—villain—betrayed—would to God I could trample upon your heart as I trample upon your accursed likeness! Oh! that I could see you dying before me in agonies like my own—that I might laugh at your pangs as you have laughed at *hers*! But I will have vengeance! I will crush your

black soul from your worthless body as I crush *this*! May the bitter curse of a bereaved parent light on you! May your—” Paralyzed almost to imbecility, I yet had power to catch his arm and cry, “Forbear! oh, forbear! ‘curse not that ye be not cursed:’ ‘Vengeance is mine saith the Lord!’” I paused, struck by the singular coincidence. Memory poured back its returning waves, and brought to mind, that eighteen years before, I had stood with my present companion by the death-bed of youth and beauty—that with these very words I had endeavoured to arrest the curse of a *bereaved parent* upon this very man, who was now hurling maledictions against another. The curse was, indeed, fulfilled—but *woman* was still the victim. The unhappy man stood motionless; to *him*, too, had come the reminiscences of other days. The storm of passion had left his brow, but was succeeded by an expression of acute sufferings—of utter wretchedness, that told plainly the withering of the heart's core. “Yes,” said he, in a subdued tone that spoke volumes: ‘Vengeance is mine saith the Lord,’ and fully hath he repaid it!”

\* \* \* \* \*



## A MOTHER'S BIRTH-DAY SONG.

### TO HER FIRST BORN.

Beautiful and most beloved!

The year that dawned upon thy birth  
On rosy wings hath lightly moved;  
And still thy healthful hue, thy buoyant mirth,  
Gladden thy mother's conscious heart,  
Oh, could'st thou ever be what now thou art!

But vain the wish and wild—

The stroke of suffering or of woe,  
Must reach the mother through the child;  
And thou, unconscious babe! thou, too, must know  
The general doom; thou, too, must share  
Man's common heritage of toil and care.

Dear as thou art, and dear

As to thy father's heart and mine  
Thou ever must be, yet the tear,  
From which we cannot shield, may soon be thine;  
And pain on that sweet open brow  
May set a seal, though all is sportive now.

But, oh! thou loveliest flower!

Though blasts may bruise thy slender stem,  
Or winter's bleak, ungenial shower  
Weigh to the dust thy scarce-expanding gem;  
Still is the root secure in earth,  
Still lives the promise of a brighter birth!

Hence at thy natal hour,

'Tis not the anxious mother's prayer  
That far from thee may fall the shower,  
The cloud sail o'er thee, and the tempest spare,  
Nor that thy life may glide away,  
Unvexed by cares, a cloudless summer day!

The path to heavenly light

Through darkness leads; a breath divine  
Succeeds the struggle and the fight,  
Oh, may that light, sweet babe! that wretch be thine!  
And to the mother's prayer be given  
To hail her first-born child, the child of heaven.

## THE FEMALE COSTUME IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD IV.



The costume of the ladies of the reign of Edward IV. was no whit behind that of their lords in extravagance or splendour. Monstrelet tells us, that, about the year 1467, the ladies left off the fashion of wearing tails to their gowns, and in their room substituted borders of lettice and marten skins, or of velvet and other materials, as wide and sometimes wider than a whole breadth of the stuff. They wore on their heads round caps, gradually diminishing to the height of half an ell, or three quarters, as some had them with loose kerchiefs atop, hanging down sometimes as low as the ground. They began to wear their girdles of silk much larger than they were accus-

tomed to do, with the clasps more sumptuous, and collars or chains of gold about their necks much quainter than before ("plus cointement"), and in a greater variety. Paradin says the ladies ornamented their heads with certain rolls of linen (he calls them "fontanges"), pointed like steeples, generally half, and sometimes three quarters of an ell in height. These were called by some, great butterflies, from having two large wings on each side resembling those of that insect. The high cap was covered with a fine piece of lawn hanging down to the ground, the greater part of which was tucked under the arm.



The ladies of a middle rank wore caps of cloth, consisting of several breadths or bands twisted round the head, with two wings on the sides like ape's ears; others again, of a higher condition, wore caps of velvet half a yard high, which in these days would appear very strange and unseemly.

It is not an easy matter, continues the author, to give a proper description in writing of the different fashions in the dresses of the ladies, and he refers the readers to the ancient tapestry and painted glass, in which they may see them more perfectly represented. "To these he might have added," says Mr. Strutt, "the illuminated MSS., wherein they are frequently enough to be met with;" but his readers might have satisfied themselves still more completely, as indeed ours may do, by a glance at the costume of Normandy. The peasantry of Rouen, Caen, Caux, &c., to this day wear the identical steeple caps with the butterflies' wings that, three hundred and sixty years ago, towered upon the heads of the gentle dames of Paris and London. The evanescent caprice of some high-born fair has given a national costume to the paysannes of Normandy, who have reverently copied for nearly four centuries the head-dress worn by their mothers before them.

Addison, in the Spectator, has a pleasant letter on this subject, comparing the steeple head-dress to the *commode* or tower of his day; and, following Paradin, he says, "The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous *commode*; and succeeded so well in it that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned, as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people, the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the woman on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament that it lay under a kind of persecution, and, whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was amongst them, it began to appear again some months after his departure; or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words,—the women that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over."

In a MS. copy of Froissart, in the Harleian Library, a waggish illuminator has ridiculed the steeple cap and its appendages by drawing in the margin a swine walking upon stilts, and playing the harp: its head being decorated after the prevailing fashion. By the sumptuary laws of this reign the wives of esquires and gentlemen, knights, bachelors and knights under the rank of lord, unless they were knights of the Garter, were forbidden to wear cloth of gold, velvet upon vel-

vet, furs of sable, or any kind of *corse*s worked with gold, and to the former was forbidden the use of figured satins, and even of stuffs made in imitation of it, or of the finer cloths of velvet or gold. The wives of persons not having the yearly value of forty pounds, and widows of less possession, their daughters, &c. were forbidden to wear girdles ornamented with gold, silver, or gilt work, or any *corse of silk* made out of the realm, or any coverchief exceeding a certain price, or the furs of martens, soynes, and lettie, with a variety of minor prohibitions. The word *corse* is said by Strutt to mean here the corset or stays, it being derived from the French *corps*; and a pair of stays, consequently called at first a *pair of bodies*, from whence our word *bodice*. Something like a bodice certainly appears about this time, that is to say, the body of the dress is visibly laced in front over a sort of stomacher, as in Switzerland and many parts of the Continent to this day; but any kind of "corse worked with gold," we take simply to mean any kind of bodies (of gowns) so embroidered, and not a corset or pair of stays, though probably their origin. The expression, "any *corse of silk* made out of the realm," has, however, certainly no reference to stays or even to the body of a gown; for in Richard III.'s time there was an order for "one yard three quarters corse of silk meddled with gold," and "as much black corse of silk for our spurs." So that corse here seems to signify the quality of the silk itself.

Figs. a and b, from Royal MS. 14, E. 2; c, Ibid. 19, E. 5, dated 1478; d, Ibid. 15, E. 4, dated 1483; e, Harleian, MS. 4373; the others from Cotton collection, Nero, D. 9.

## THE LADY BRIDE\* PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

The Lady Bride Plantagenet  
Her vesper hymn has sung,  
And knight and bard in hall are met,  
And harps are gaily strung:  
But where is he whom beauty's eye  
Has watched for all the day,—  
The brightest star of chivalry,  
The gallant knight, De Grey!

The Lady Bride Plantagenet  
Has clasp'd her jewell'd zone,  
And prison'd in a golden net  
Her lovely locks of brown;  
The bugle sounds, the portal rings,  
The pages throng the way;  
"Now what so late to wassail brings  
The gallant knight, De Grey?"

His helm is off—his lofty brow  
Is gory all and pale;  
An arrow from his rival's bow  
Had pierc'd his glittering mail;  
He looked upon his weeping bride,  
But word he could not say;  
He sank within her arms and died,  
The gallant knight, De Grey.

\* Bride was a name much given to females in the olden times.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE REGAINED.

BY MRS. RHODA ARMSTRONG.

IN THREE PARTS—PART III.

"Brethren," she exclaimed in an animated tone, "I come to your dwelling unprotected; if the arms of your warriors are only employed to revenge wrongs or to prove your prowess and your valour, not raised against the weak or the defenceless, then I have no reason to fear, for I have never done you wrong, and therefore cannot be an object of vengeance, and 'twere greater glory to chase the bear and the panther through your woods, than to rend the tresses from a head like this." As she spoke, she threw back her calash, and entwined her long ringlets in her snow white hands, her eyes shone sparkling and undaunted, her form was erect and dignified, for well she judged that courage, even in a woman, would win their respect, and more certainly ensure her safety, than all the tears that Niobe ever shed. The savages retired, and spoke in a loud tone for a few minutes, during which time our heroine alighted; still she preserved the Boadicea-like bearing which she had assumed, no trace of the simple and timid girl could be found. Calmly she stood until the consultation of the Indians was ended, then one advanced and addressed her:—

"The white maiden tells us true, we make no war with women, she is safe as the Redbreast in its nest—but why does she wander here?"

"To seek her brother, who has been adopted by one of your tribes. I mean the white youth, Drayton Mowbray."

Hardly had she uttered the name when that brother appeared, and hastily making his way through the groups of Indians, he stood before her. All her dignity and firmness forsook her, and she would have fallen to the ground, had not Nicholas supported her. She looked with a mixture of fondness and terror at the renegade, who continued silent and apparently unmoved. After a pause of a moment, he demanded,

"Why come ye hither, Ada? Why have ye left your easy home to brave the roughness of the wilderness?"

"Why, brother, does not your heart answer the question, why indeed have I left my blessed home, my dying father—but to follow one who cares not for me."

"Brethren, leave us for a time, we cannot give the timid fawn a lion's heart, we cannot make this tender maiden suppress the fears which she has imbibed—things that you know not nor dream of to her are dear; when ye are absent she will regain her strength." They slowly obeyed, but Ada's heart beat with fresh apprehensions for she fancied she could perceive a malignant look gleam from the eyes of the savages as they were leaving the spot. It was, in truth, a fearful scene—she watched them eagerly while their uncouth forms vanished into their huts, upon which the sun shed its full flood of radiance as it descended behind the sombre woods. Yet she commanded her feelings until she and Nicholas were alone with the adopted Indian. With shrinking emotion she surveyed his form—it was changed, sadly changed since they had parted—

the dark eye which then sparkled with intelligence, had altered its expression to one of mingled keenness and grandeur. The lips which had been cast in a feminine mould, were now compressed, and gave an unbending harshness to a face of superior beauty. The open forehead, the arched brow were still there, but alas! even the disgusting custom of disfiguring the face by paint, had not been neglected. Yet discontent and care had left their marks, and a look was legible which seemed to the anxious sister to say, "Time has past with me but roughly since I saw thee last."—"My brother," uttered the trembling girl, "my brother, dost thou not remember when we were children, we had a plant we loved, in that little garden beneath my mother's window. We tended it carefully, and oh! how we rejoiced when upon one of its tiny stalks two buds appeared—they expanded into flowers—on my birth day we culled the hardier of the two. How fared it with the one remaining!—it drooped and died. Just emblem of our lives—I am that lonely flower. Thou hast forsaken me, and I must droop and perish. Oh! my brother, canst thou behold me here in the midst of fearful danger, and say no word to comfort or cheer me?"

"Ada, the life I have adopted is the one of my choice, to you it is repugnant; we may both follow the dictates of our hearts. The dove builds her nest in the foliage of the tree, while the lark arranges hers upon the earth. Go thou and pursue the plan which thou preferrest, even as they do. Leave me to mine, and forget me."

"Is that nature? Are we so constituted that we can forget? What, forget the very ties which are interwoven with our existence. The very affections which elevate us above the brute. Brother, cease I beseech thee, these wanderings of fancy. The rights of nature must be still acknowledged in your heart, and to them I appeal. Can you behold me worn and exhausted, far from home and friends, and still preserve that chilling aspect, that look of stern apathy?"

Drayton caught his sister in his arms; her feelings, long suppressed, overcame her, and she wept bitterly: even the brother's eyes were moist. She saw that he was moved, but renewed her efforts to draw his thoughts towards home, but he silenced her.

"Come, my sister, darkness throws her veil around us. You require rest and refreshment. I will seek accommodation for you to-night, since you have lodged so roughly lately, you will be able to repose beneath our wigwam."

Ada was too faint to oppose his wish of dropping the theme at this moment, and she assented to his desire. Fondly his arm encircled her waist, her head reclined upon his shoulder, and followed by Nicholas, they moved towards the huts. To Ada's excited imagination, she seemed to be placed in some scene of dark enchantment. The glaring visages of the savages as they flitted to and fro before the large fires at

which they dressed their coarse victuals, while others seated on the grass looked fierce and grim before the fitful blaze. Her brother conducted her to a hut in which two females were seated. The elder of the women was watching a kettle suspended over a wood fire, in which some vegetable was boiling; the younger sat upon a low stool lulling a babe to rest. In the far corner of the apartment lay two children sleeping. The women regarded Ada with a keen gaze of curiosity. Drayton spoke in a low tone to the female who was at the fire. Ada supposed he was consulting with her respecting the best means of accommodating her for the night, she approached the mother of the babe, and offered her some of the trinkets which she had brought with her—they were eagerly accepted and admired. The other female left Drayton, and Ada presented her also with beads and rings. They who have gifts to bestow, can always conciliate, whether in the untutored or civilized world, and Ada fancied she was now regarded with more gentle looks. Some cakes of Indian corn were set before her, which, with some milk, constituted her supper. She eat heartily, notwithstanding her strange and alarming situation.

"Can you partake of the unsavoury viands of those children of nature," asked Drayton, "who know not how to please the pampered appetite. Their food is made to supply our real, but not our artificial wants."

"The coarsest morsel can I eat for my brother's sake. The richest or most delicate could not content me if deprived of his love." Drayton replied not; and soon he left her to prepare her resting place. Gladly did she retire to it, rejoiced to escape from the sinister glances of the savages, who evidently viewed her with distrust or dislike. Drayton's presence, however, appeared sufficient to protect her now, and she hoped such might be the case, while she was exposed to danger from them. Soundly she slept, even on her rude couch, and morning found her mind and body invigorated. Determined to lose no time in probing her brother's heart, lest indeed, her father's eyes might be closed by strangers' hands, she decided upon that day making every possible exertion to remove his blind infatuation. Part of an old carpet and a coarse blanket formed a partition between the corner of the hut allotted for her use and the apartment (if such it might be termed) which was occupied by the members of the Indian family. Through one of its numerous openings, our heroine could perceive that the sole occupants of the wigwam at present were herself, the old woman and the children. She, therefore, seated herself on her bed, hoping to see her brother enter before she encountered the Indians. Two hours rolled heavily on. Once during that period, Tamaha, the mother of the children, came into the hut; when she had soothed her babe; and refreshed herself, she returned to her labour in the fields. Soon after Ada saw some of the males enter and depart. At length came Drayton, accompanied by Nicholas. His long absence had in some measure abated the ardour of her hopes—if the links of nature were not wholly severed, would he not have come to her soon?—she feared so; but, recalling her composure, she hastened to meet her brother, and was soon locked

in his embrace. "Mahera," he said, "will you not give our white maiden food?"

Mahera nodded in the affirmative, and the two elder children came near and gazed with wonder on the stranger. She drew forth her lessened hoard of glittering baubles, and gave them to the delighted boys. "Do you like them?" asked Drayton, addressing the eldest, whom he had taught to speak English.

"Yes, but I like to look at her better; her eyes are brighter than those beads, and she is very, very pretty. Did the Great Spirit send her here?"

"Yes," replied Ada, solemnly; "the Great Spirit did indeed send me here."

"What for? To bring us corn and cooling fruits was it? I am sure it was for good, you look so pretty."

"He will tell you one day why I came," she said, pointing to her brother.

Soon as an opportunity offered, she petitioned for an interview with her brother, uninterrupted by witnesses. He wished to shun the subject, but so urgently did she press it, that she obtained her point. From the entrance of the wigwam he directed her to the spot where they should meet, when the fervid blaze of noon was past.

The day had been one of alternate storm and sunshine. Large clouds moved in solemn grandeur over the deep blue expanse of heaven. No breeze fanned the leaves. The surrounding woods and hills looked serene and still—smoothly glided the silver Ohio, now seen, now lost, as it wandered through vale and forest. Far from being in unison with the scene were the hearts of the brother and sister as they met beneath the tuft of trees which Drayton had selected to shade them from the sun, and also to screen them from the observation of the Indians. It was some time before either could commence a conversation on a topic of such painful interest as theirs was likely to prove. Drayton was first to introduce it, apparently desirous to dispel her hopes, if she entertained any, of weaning him from the pursuits he had embraced. "Ada," he said, "if you have come hither with any idea of drawing me back to the world I have left, I tell you plainly to banish it. The ways of man, filled as they are with vanity, I despise. I pass over the mass of mankind, and examine the actions of those whose brilliant achievements are held up to dazzle and warp the mind of youth, and lead them to view deeds of selfishness and wrong with veneration and delight. In the glories of an Alexander the unprejudiced mind will behold murders for which a poor man would have been detested. In the courage of Semiramis I see only the extravagant and wild ambition of a woman, endowed with power, and as the event proved, aspiring to stretch it beyond all natural limits, thereby destroying tens of thousands. The first Brutus sacrificed his son to the vanity of being deemed a patriot—the second stabbed his friend from the same noble motive. Perish such records—fit illustrations of a civilized world—away with them. The life of free, unfettered nature I reverence, and that which I reverence I will adopt."

"Without one thought of me or of your father, Drayton? If you could witness the anguish you

have caused—if you could see him in premature old age, sinking to the grave, yearning to hold his son once more in his arms, and bless him ere he died, you would say the unfettered laws of nature impelled you to his side.”

“My father and I have different views on every subject. Four years since, when I was scarcely sixteen, he would have nailed me to the drudgery of the desk.—Ada, I have heard of tortures practised upon criminals, one of which was to confine the poor wretch in an iron box, too small by far to permit him to expand his limbs, and in this crushed and tightened state he was caged until he died. That iron box my father prepared for me, not for my body, but for my soul.”

Ada was appalled by the bitterness of her brother's words. “Father of Heaven,” she exclaimed, “give words to my tongue to move this parricide. Yes, brother, that is the very word—Parricide! for you would destroy your father's happiness, his life, and his good name! The various occupations of your fellow men were open to you. You were free to choose, but you rejected all. If my father had been informed that you preferred any other he would not have urged you to adopt his own.”

“None were preferred by me, they all led to the same vain useless purpose. Was there one by which I could have gained a subsistence if thrown in these wilds?—No, not one. I had hands given me by nature, but I was ignorant of their use—I had powers bestowed upon me, but I was not made acquainted with them until I came amongst those who pursued the untutored dictates of their reason, and sought not, by first creating wants, to be afterwards compelled to invent arts to supply them.”

“You had nobler faculties granted to you; faculties which you have buried and degraded. Can you indeed resolve to live here without aiming at the perfection of your nature to which all good men aspire? Can you leave your dearest friends, to waste your days amongst those savages whose most boasted virtue consists in a fierce desire to revenge injuries, and above all, can you forsake the sublime truth of the Gospel for the horrible idolatries of these ignorant beings?”

“The desire of vengeance is implanted by the hand of nature.”

“Perhaps amongst the evils incurred by Adam's fall, that desire may have stolen into our hearts; but, he who came to save us, whose pure life must win even the reverence of heathens, displayed the beautiful lesson of forbearance. True, our nature may lead us to revenge, but we are raised above our native bitterness, we approach one step nearer to perfection when meekly we forgive those who injure, and do good to those who hate us.”

“Sister, have you often seen or heard of Christians practising this sublime precept? Are not the instances of their conduct resembling that of those poor Indians, more frequent?”

“Alas! yes; but, should that withhold us from urging their utility. If each man say that others do not forbear, and therefore he need not, he uses a shallow and fallacious argument. Banish, my brother, these mists of error from your mind—forsake these outcast wanderings and you will bring peace and happiness to our father's heart, and self esteem to your own.”

“Your aunt Arundel made you somewhat more than a housewife, Ada. My mother used to fear that your mind would remain void of culture, under her tuition.”

“My aunt tried to make me what every American girl ought to be; she knew that we have calls upon our endurance which the ladies on the other side the Atlantic know not of. My lot may be to encounter the inconveniences and perils of a newly settled part of the country, and she taught me to prepare myself to meet them. I fear I have but badly profited by her lessons, but I trust her precepts may be urged throughout the land; they would tend to make the female character at once amiable and respectable—we should be firm without boldness—competent to depend upon ourselves, where courage was necessary, yet so imbued with lessons from a higher source as to be humble, modest and unassuming.”

“Return, Ada, to your father; with such a daughter he may well spare a son like me. Yet stay; there is one to share the advantages of my aunt's education. I mean that magnanimous youth who gave me this wound.” He held forth his arm while he spoke.

“Forgive him, Drayton; do not hold ill will towards him for what he did in my supposed defence. Forgive me, too. Had I known that it was my brother, against whose life his hand was raised, I would have sacrificed my own to have preserved him.”

“I believe you would; but, as this is our parting hour, let us forego these useless arguments. Let me, in holding my sister to my heart, for the last, last time, forget that there is one who is dearer to her than her brother, who will banish from her remembrance the hours of childhood, when we two loved fervently and purely as those beings who inhabit yon bright abode.”

“The last time, Drayton; oh! say not so, all earthly love is nothing to the hope of bringing you back. I need not blush to own to you that I have given my heart to one who is worthy of it. That we loved sincerely and believed a separation would doom us both to misery, is true. Yet for thee have I forsaken him, his grief or his entreaties could not detain me from my brother. Come, Drayton,” she continued, flinging her arms round him, “let not a stranger's hands rob thee of thy right to close thy father's eyes. Oh! perhaps even now that fatal moment is at hand, and yet his children come not; perhaps his spirit lingers but to bless us ere it takes its flight. Oh! agony of thought. Brother, dear brother, canst thou indeed know this, and shut thy heart to my supplications.”

“Ada, it is useless; I would accompany you to my father's dying bed, but that would bring no consolation to you or him, unless I could promise never to return to this primitive life, and that is impossible. Still do I love to go bask in the golden rays of the sun, and gaze upon the open vault of heaven. Still do I love to bathe these free limbs in the clear stream—still do I love to gain my subsistence from yon woods by my own hands—these natural delights I never will renounce.”

Ada sank upon her knees. “Oh! thou who rulest the tempest, give words to my tongue, to

move his obdurate heart. Let not a Saviour for him have died in vain. Lend even to my weak spirit some ray to light his soul. Brother," she said, raising her hands in supplication, "shut not thine ears to the voice of mercy. When this world is receding from your view, of what avail will the gods thou hast worshipped be to thee? How wilt thou mourn thy wasted talents—how wilt thou regret thy forsaken father and sister—how wilt thou sink before His presence whose precepts thou hast cast away. Brother, brother, view thy condition aright, and fly from the fearful delusions of thy fancy."

Her brother turned away, and concealed his face with his hands.

"I cannot see the workings of thy features," she resumed. "I cannot tell the movement of thy heart, but oh! may your silence portend good. May a light from the Holy One strike upon thy soul, even like the star that pointed out the abiding place of the Messiah to those who sought him. With agony of grief I cry aloud to Him to save thee; He will not be deaf to my prayers. Oh! no, no, no—see brother, see," she cried, starting from her humble posture, "behold his own mark in the heavens—behold the sign of his covenant with sinful man—it comes to remind thee of all his mercies. Disregard it not; fall, brother, on thy knees, pour forth your soul before Him who pointed yon glorious arch. He is as mighty as when he bade it first appear, commanded the rushing waters to cease, and sent his servant Noah to inherit a smiling land."

Her prayers prevailed; tears bedewed the brother's eyes, and together they bent their knees amid that magnificent exhibition of the power of a deity. There was the variegated bow—its colours bright and gorgeous—glowing beneath the rays that beamed from the luminary of day, while fleecy clouds moved to and fro across the blue expanse of heaven. It was a scene calculated to reclaim an erring heart, indelibly stamped as it was by the hand of God. The false colourings of his imagination were put to flight, and the wayward youth joined in the pure orisons of his sister, who seemed like an angel sent from the regions of the blessed to bear the promise of pardon and of peace.

It was night, and Ada lay upon her rugged couch, waiting the arrival of her brother. She had not seen him from the time the sun had set, and now she judged midnight approached. All was still within the hut—Nicholas was also absent—a thousand fears assailed her—should she after all be disappointed—should her father die ignorant that his son was recalled to himself and his friends. The reflection was almost insupportable. She lay scarcely daring to move or breathe, agitated by undefinable apprehensions, until she perceived by the faint light of the moon which beamed through the apertures of her apartment, the coarse carpet move, it was withdrawn, and the form of an Indian appeared. Her breathing became short and difficult, she closed her eyes as if in sleep, and when she ventured to open them he was gone. She lay motionless. A slight noise struck her ear, she listened for a few seconds, then raising herself she looked through an opening in the blanket. The Indian family lay upon their mats in sound repose. The night

was hot and sultry, and the entrance to the hut was left open to admit the air. While thus she intently examined the outer part of the wigwam, a handkerchief was thrown across her mouth from behind, and instantaneously tightened so as to prevent her screams. She was borne rapidly through an aperture in her apartment, opposite to that in which the family lay, and which must have been recently made, and concealed by logs in such a manner as to escape Ada's attention. She struggled to free herself from their grasp, but ineffectual was her resistance against the superior force of the two Indians who forced her along. Having reached the river they loosened the fastenings of a canoe, placed her in it, and rowed away from the shore. After some time they removed the handkerchief from her mouth, and the terrified girl besought them in piercing accents to tell her why she was thus violently carried away. No answer was returned, and in an agony of despair she flung herself on the bottom of the boat, and abandoned herself to all the wildness of grief. Her father's dying bed, her happy home, and Alfred's anguish when convinced that she should return no more, all recurred to her with painful bitterness. The canoe still went on, darting by the numerous islands which dotted the noble stream, sometimes the moon's light was obstructed by clouds, sometimes shut from Ada's view by the intervening woods. Oh! with what painful feelings did she gaze upon it—slowly it declined, and darkness shrouded the grim visages of the savages from her view—she wished to weep, but horror had dried up the source from whence the pearly drops are wont to flow. Then she remembered how wilfully she had persisted, contrary to her father's and her lover's wish, in exposing herself to danger, and deeply did she repent of her rashness. Now she should die, and the manner in which she met her fate be for ever buried from the knowledge of her friends. Perhaps Nicholas had learned the designs of the Indians, and had sought safety in flight. But her brother—was he too in danger—had she brought destruction upon him also? The voice of the Indians interrupted her mournful reflections.

"Does the white maiden sleep?" asked one. "No," replied the other, "fear, no doubt, will keep her waking; we shall teach the English squaws to stay at home, and not attempt to decoy our friends." A short laugh followed, and they continued to row with unabated strength. About three hours passed thus, when one of the savages pointed to a narrow promontory, covered with trees, which jutted into the river. "There are our friends," he exclaimed. Ada raised herself, and looked towards the spot. She could discern amid the gloom, two figures who appeared to be watching their approach. Her fate, she thought, must now be soon decided. She endeavoured to be calm, but it was a hard trial to part patiently with all those gay and warm hopes which glow in the bosom of youth. A locket given her by Alfred, hung round her neck, she drew it forth and pressed it to her lips, and to her heart with a sad and despairing sensation; then with anxious looks, she gazed upon the Indians who stood upon the narrow point of land. On darted the canoe until it reached the spot. The Indians in the boat spoke some words in their native

tongue, and were answered by one of those on shore, who then received her from the boat, and silently and quickly bore her a few paces and placed her on the ground. Then suddenly turning round, she beheld him spring into the boat, and grapple with the savage who was engaged in securing the canoe to the knotted trunk of a tree which projected over the river, while his companion encountered the other who had landed, in the same hostile manner; violently they struggled, those in the canoe stood near the boat's edge, the one who had sprung from the shore essayed to fling his antagonist overboard, but in the struggle the splashing waters received both; they sank and rose, again, but still continued their dreadful combat, as if the water had been their natural element. Day was now dawning, and Ada sought to distinguish the features of the combatants, but what was her amazement to recognize in one of those on the shore the dusky features of Nicholas, who was arrayed in an Indian guise; quickly her eye glanced to the other's, and her brother's face met her view above the water's edge. Her frantic shrieks filled the air as she beheld the peril in which he was placed. In a few moments more she rivetted her eyes upon them, in terrible but silent suspense. Drayton had seized his opponent by the coarse locks, and with a mighty effort of strength had plunged him beneath the wave. Appalling were the struggles of the savage as the work of death proceeded, he dashed the waters with his hands and feet—now his efforts ceased—were renewed with less power—ceased—were renewed—and ceased for ever. Drayton, almost exhausted, swam to the shore, upon which he dragged the gaunt form of the suffocated wretch, then hastened to the assistance of Nicholas. The hands of the black were clenched in those of the Indian, who flung him to and fro—fatiguing, although he could not overpower him. Drayton released Nicholas from his grasp, who instantly drew forth a loaded pistol and sent its contents through the head of the savage. "Hurrah," he cried, "Nicholas killed an Ingee man. Next time you talk of taking white ladies for your squaws, sending their brothers over the mountains, and making dogs' meat of black men, I expect you'll keep a look out to see Nicholas isn't within earshot, like a frog amongst the bulrushes. Hurrah, here'll be news for old Massa—Miss Ada come back—Massa Drayton come back, and Nicholas kill an Ingee man—hurrah! hurrah!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Slowly sank the sun to the west; no clouds veiled its splendour; gaily the birds poured forth their notes of melody; flowers shed their perfume around; all spoke of life and beauty, while Ada's finger lingered on the threshold of mortality. Humbly resigned to quit those delights for more durable and exalted bliss.

"Look Alfred, look once more, tell me for the last time if my child approaches."

Alfred, hopeless of having joyful intelligence to impart, looked from the chamber window. The beautiful but inanimate objects of creation alone met his view, he returned to the bedside of the invalid—"I see them not, sir, but they may yet come."

"Deceive not the dying man," said the cler-

gyman, who stood at the opposite side of the bed, "deceive him not. My friend, wean your thoughts from a world of grief and sorrow—a world which you are soon to quit, and place them on holier hopes. Offer as an atonement for your sins your afflicted heart, offer it in humility, and it will pave your way to the abode of the blessed."

"I do, I do, but I must mourn my children—above all, my saintlike, my good Ada. If I could but know that she was safe, if I could be assured that she was not exposed to fearful danger, I could deny my fond heart the bliss of seeing her. Oh! Ada, my child, my child!"

Tears fell from the eyes of Jane and Rachel, and even those of Alfred and the minister of the Gospel could scarcely be repressed.

"Come hither, Alfred, and receive my last bequest. In the event of neither of my children returning, you will find you are not forgotten as to worldly wealth, but if heaven should in mercy spare her, I leave you one inestimable treasure, my dutious, my pious Ada. Take her with my blessing—be to her a brother and a friend—these eyes will no more behold her—no more will these arms encircle her—no more will her gentle accents fall upon my ear—I grow weak—Jane, Alfred, lay me back—gently, there, there."

Jane having laid his head, which, with Alfred's assistance, she had supported during the time he had been speaking, on his pillow, placed a cordial to his lips. The hue of death overspread his face. Cold damps, the precursor of dissolution, were on his brow. The final hour was too surely come. On their knees the little household awaited the departure of its head, in awe and silence, interrupted only by the low, solemn prayer of the clergyman. While thus engaged the feelings of all present assumed a more exalted cast, the cares and pleasures of the world were lessened in their sight, and their thoughts were fixed above. The sound of horses' feet, in rapid movements, interrupted their meditations. Alfred approached the window, an exclamation of joyful surprise escaped from his lips. The eyes of the expiring man were turned towards him, in a longing anxious gaze. Alfred returned to the bed, a few words were uttered, and Jane and Rachel raised the dying man. Footsteps were heard upon the staircase, the door flew open, and Ada, the heroic and tender Ada appeared, followed by the brother she had regained and Nicholas. The father pressed his children to his breast. Drayton then sank upon his knees—"Forgive, my father, thy sorrowing and repentant son. I have been guilty, most guilty. I have brought thy gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, but yet have pity on my contrite heart, and forgive me ere thou diest."

The power of utterance was denied, but the grateful and holy expression of the parent's eyes as he looked upwards, and clasped his thin, white hands in prayer, told the penitent youth that his pardon was sealed. The father then stretched forth his hand to his daughter and Alfred, joined theirs, and after a lapse of some moments, during which he appeared to be pouring forth his soul in prayer, his spirit fled

"To that happy shore,  
Where billows never beat nor tempests roar."

\* \* \* \* \*



After the unfortunate defeat of General Braddock, the provincial troops under Washington retreated to Fort Cumberland. While there, the American Patriot, whose noble deeds were yet in embryo, was requested to grant an interview to a lady and gentleman, whose anxiety to learn the fate of a friend had induced them to undertake a hazardous journey from New York. With a generous suavity he attended to their wish, and conducted them to the most suitable place which offered in those agitated times for private converse.

"May I," said Colonel Washington, "be favoured with the name and purpose of the lady who so courageously ventures even to the cannon's mouth."

"Her name, Colonel, is Ada Berrington. Her purpose hither to seek her brother, who we have understood has been wounded in the late engagement. We have learnt also that the troops who are in a condition to set forward, are to proceed to Philadelphia, and my wife has come hither to gain permission, if possible, to convey her brother to that city, under the escort of the army. We shall need nothing but protection. The vehicle in which we travelled hither can readily keep pace with the march of the troops."

"Her brother wounded, say you, sir? Pray, what is his name?"

"Drayton Mowbray," answered the lady, raising her eyes to the face of Washington.

"He has been wounded, I fear, dangerously. He fought bravely, and much as I admire this lady's affectionate daring, I must own he has proved himself worthy of it. Amongst those whose loss we may deplore, should his wounds prove fatal, the name of Drayton Mowbray shall stand foremost."

"Thank you, generous sir, for this tribute of respect to my brother, but allow me to ask if it will be possible to obtain a compliance with my request?"

"I have not the sole command; the difficult task of refusing you shall not devolve on me, if such should be the result. However, if George Washington can aid his countrywoman in the furtherance of her views, she may command him."

His endeavours were successful, and Ada's boon was granted; it was the last time her brother required her care. A simple headstone, bearing his name, marks the spot where his ashes repose. He was called away ere the struggle for independence arose, under the guidance of that Master Spirit whose deserved appellation is the Deliverer of his Country, else might he have claimed a place in the bright roll which records the names of those who planted the Banner of Freedom on the shore of the New World. May Columbia's Stars stand unsullied ever in their brilliance! May the darkness of slavery ever be in contrast with their radiance. May our nation stand forth an example of simple and virtuous grandeur, and may our descendants preserve unimpaired, the noble structure cemented by the blood of our forefathers!

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.

## RULES FOR HYGIENE.

### EXTRACT.—No. IV.

#### XXXV.

"Riding on horseback has been justly celebrated as a very useful sort of exercise, more especially for invalids. In general, it may be laid down as a rule, sanctioned by experience, that riding on horseback is the best exercise for regaining health, and walking for retaining it. Riding strengthens in a most effectual manner the stomach and intestines: and to the hypochondriac and those whose spirits are broken down by grief it is an inestimable remedy."

#### XXXVI.

A strong case of the immense advantages of a regular course of riding.

"One of our prelates," says Sydenham, a man eminent for wisdom and learning, "after he had for a long time given himself intemperately to his studies, and with the whole stress of his mind, applied himself too much to close thinking, fell at length into the hypochondriacal distemper, which continuing a good while, all the ferments of his body became vitiated, and all the digestions quite perverted. He had more than once gone through the chalybeate course. He had tried all the mineral waters, as likewise the antiscorbutics of all kinds, and testaceous powders, in order to the sweetening of his blood. Then, between the disease and the cure, continued for so many months together, being nearly destroyed, he was seized with a colliquative diarrhoea, which in the consumption, and other chronical distempers, when all the digestions are quite spoiled, is wont to be the forerunner of death. At length he consulted me, and I considered there was no more place left for medicine, since he had taken so many and so efficacious, to so little purpose. I therefore advised him to commit himself wholly to riding for a cure, beginning with short stages, such as were most suitable to such a condition. I desired him to persist daily in that practice, till in his own opinion he was very well, increasing his stages gradually every day, till he should be able to ride as many miles in a day, as prudent and medical travellers usually do; that he should not be solicitous about what he ate or drank, or have any regard to the weather; but that he should, like a traveller, take up with whatever he met with. He set out upon this course, gradually augmenting the distances, till at length he came to ride twenty, nay, thirty miles a day. He persevered in this course for some months, in which space of time he rode several thousand miles, until he was not only well, but had acquired a strong and robust health of body."

#### XXXVII.

"When persons are confined within doors, leading a sedentary life, they will not compensate for the want of regular exercise by a hard ride, or walk, once a week; for the nerves of such people being unaccustomed to bear such a degree of agitation, are overstrained and not relieved by it; and the circulation of the fluids, which is in general slow and languid, will be thrown into disorder."

## XXXVIII.

"It is a good rule to vary the exercise you take. Lord Bacon correctly observes, "that it is requisite to long life that the body should never abide long in one posture, but that every half hour at least it should be changed, save in sleep."

## XXXIX.

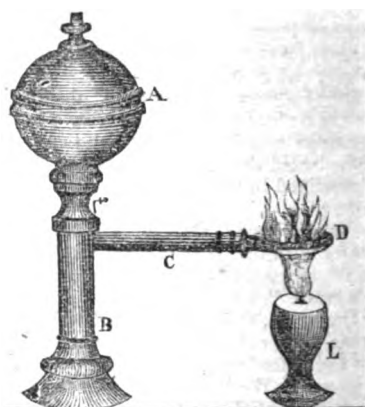
"It is highly injurious to sit down to a substantial dinner or supper immediately after a fatiguing walk, or riding, or other violent exercise. Every man, therefore, after such exercise should rest for some time before he sits down to dinner or supper."

## NATURAL MAGIC.

Among the wonders of science there are perhaps none more surprising than the effects produced upon coloured objects by illuminating them with homogeneous light, or light of one colour. The light which emanates from the sun, and by which all the objects of the material world are exhibited to us, is composed of three different colours, *red*, *yellow*, and *blue*, by the mixture of which in different proportions all the various hues of nature may be produced. These three colours, when mixed in the proportion in which they occur in the sun's rays, compose a purely white light; but if any body on which this white light falls shall absorb, or stop, or detain within its substance any part of any one or more of these simple colours, it will appear to the eye of that colour which arises from the mixture of all the rays which it does not absorb, or of that colour which white light would have if deprived of the colours which are absorbed. Scarlet cloth, for example, absorbs most of the blue rays and many of the yellow, and hence appears *red*. Yellow cloth absorbs most of the blue and many of the red rays, and therefore appears yellow, and blue cloth absorbs most of the yellow and red rays. If we were to illuminate the *scarlet* cloth with pure and unmixed *yellow* light, it would appear *yellow*, because the scarlet cloth does not absorb all the yellow rays, but reflects some of them; and if we illuminate *blue* cloth with yellow light, it will appear nearly *black*, because it absorbs all the yellow light, and reflects almost none of it. But whatever be the nature and colour of the bodies on which the yellow light falls, the light which it reflects must be yellow, for no other light falls upon them, and those which are not capable of reflecting yellow light must appear absolutely black, however brilliant be their colour in the light of day.

As the methods now discovered of producing yellow light in abundance were not known to the ancient conjurers, nor even to those of later times, they have never availed themselves of this valuable resource. It has been long known that salt thrown into the wick of a flame produces yellow light, but this light is mixed with blue and green rays, and is, besides, so small in quantity, that it illuminates objects only that are in the immediate vicinity of the flame. A method which I have found capable of producing it in abundance is shown in Fig. 1, where AB is a lamp containing at A a large quantity of alcohol

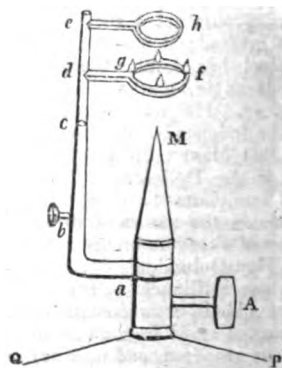
Fig. 1.



and water, or ardent spirits, which gradually descends into a platina or metallic cup D. This cup is strongly heated by a spirit lamp L, enclosed in a dark lantern, and when the diluted alcohol in D is inflamed, it will burn with a fierce and powerful yellow flame: if the flame should not be perfectly yellow, owing to an excess of alcohol, a proportion of salt thrown into the cup will answer the same purpose as a further dilution of the alcohol.

A monochromatic lamp for producing yellow light may be constructed most effectually by employing a portable gas lamp, containing compressed oil gas. If we allow the gas to escape in a copious stream, and set it on fire, it will form an explosive mixture with the atmospheric air, and will no longer burn with a white flame, but will emit a bluish and reddish light. The force of the issuing gas, or any accidental current of air, is capable of blowing out this flame, so that it is necessary to have a contrivance for sustaining it. The method which is used for this purpose is shown in Fig. 2. A small gas tube *abc*,

Fig. 2.



arising from the chief burner MN of the gas lamp PQ terminates above the burner, and has a short tube *de*, moveable up and down within it, so as to be gas-tight. This tube *de*, closed at *e*, communicates with the hollow ring *fg*, in the inside of which four apertures are perforated in

such a manner as to throw their jets of gas to the apex of a cone, of which *fg* is the base. When we cause the gas to flow from the burner *M*, by opening the main cock *A*, it will rush into the tube *abcd*, and issue in small flames at the four holes in the ring *fg*. The size of these flames is regulated by the cock *b*. The inflammation, therefore, of the ignited gas will be sustained by these four subsidiary flames through which it passes, independent of any agitation of the air, or of the force with which it issues from the burner. On a projecting arm *eh*, carrying a ring *A*, I fixed a broad collar, made of coarse cotton wick, which had been previously soaked in a saturated solution of common salt. When the gas is allowed to escape at *M* with such force as to produce a long and broad column of an explosive mixture of gas and atmospheric air, the bluish flame occasioned by the explosion passes through the salted collar, and is converted by it into a mass of homogeneous yellow light. This collar will last a long time without any fresh supply of salt, so that the gas lamp will yield a permanent monochromatic yellow flame which will last as long as there is gas in the reservoir. In place of a collar of cotton wick, a hollow cylinder of sponge, with numerous projecting tufts, may be used, or a collar may be similarly constructed with asbestos cloth, and, if thought necessary, it might be supplied with a saline solution from a capillary fountain.

Having thus obtained the means of illuminating any apartment with yellow light, let the exhibition be made in a room with furniture of various bright colours, with oil or water-coloured paintings on the wall. The party which is to witness the experiment should be dressed in a diversity of the gayest colours; and the brightest coloured flowers and highly coloured drawings should be placed on the tables. The room being at first lighted with ordinary lights, the bright and gay colours of every thing that it contains will be finely displayed. If the white lights are now suddenly extinguished, and the yellow lamps lighted, the most appalling metamorphosis will be exhibited. The astonished individuals will no longer be able to recognize each other. All the furniture in the room and all the objects which it contains will exhibit only one colour. The flowers will lose their hues. The paintings and drawings will appear as if they were executed in China ink, and the gayest dresses, the brightest scarlets, the purest lilacs, the richest blues, and the most vivid greens will all be converted into one monotonous yellow. The complexion of the parties too will suffer a corresponding change. One pallid death-like yellow,

— like the unnatural hue

Which autumn plants upon the perished leaf,

will envelope the young and the old, and the sorrowful faces will alone escape from the metamorphosis. Each individual derives merriment from the cadaverous appearance of his neighbour, without being sensible that he is himself one of the ghostly assemblage.

If, in the midst of the astonishment which is thus created, the white lights are restored at one end of the room, while the yellow lights are taken to the other end, one side of the dress of every person, namely, that next the white light,

will be restored to its original colours, while the other side will retain its yellow hue. One cheek will appear in a state of health and colour, while the other retains the paleness of death, and, as the individuals change their position, they will exhibit the most extraordinary transformations of colour.

If, when all the lights are yellow, beams of white light are transmitted through a number of holes like those in a sieve, each luminous spot will restore the colour of the dress or furniture upon which it falls, and the nankeen family will appear all mottled over with every variety of tint. If a magic lantern is employed to throw upon the walls or upon the dresses of the company luminous figures of flowers or animals, the dresses will be painted with these figures in the real colour of the dress itself. Those alone who appeared in yellow, and with yellow complexions, will to a great degree escape all these singular changes.

If red and blue light could be produced with the same facility and in the same abundance as yellow light, the illumination of the apartment with these lights in succession would add to the variety and wonder of the exhibition. The red light might perhaps be procured in sufficient quantity from the nitrate and other salts of strontian; but it would be difficult to obtain a blue flame of sufficient intensity for the suitable illumination of a large room. Brilliant white lights, however, might be used, having for screens glass troughs containing a mass one or two inches thick of a solution of the ammoniacal carbonate of copper. This solution absorbs all the rays of the spectrum but the blue, and the intensity of the blue light thus produced would increase in the same proportion as the white light employed.



## THE GREAT WINGLEBURY DUEL.

THE little town of Great Winglebury is exactly forty-two miles and three quarters from Hyde Park corner. It has a long, straggling, quiet High-street, with a great black and white clock at a small red Town Hall, halfway up—a market-place—a cage—an assembly-room—a church—a bridge—a chapel—a theatre—a library—an inn—a pump—and a Post-office. Tradition tells of a "Little Winglebury" down some cross-road about two miles off; and as a square mass of dirty paper, supposed to have been originally intended for a letter, with certain tremulous characters inscribed thereon, in which a lively imagination might trace a remote resemblance to the word "Little" was once stuck up to be owned in the sunny window of the Great Winglebury Post-office, from which it only disappeared when it fell to pieces with dust and extreme old age, there would appear to be some foundation for the legend. Common belief is inclined to bestow the name upon a little hole at the end of a muddy lane about a couple of miles long, colonized by one wheelwright, four paupers, and a beer-shop; but even this authority, slight as it is, must be regarded with extreme suspicion, inasmuch as the inhabitants of the hole aforesaid, concur in opining that it never had any name at all, from the earliest ages, down to the present day.

The Winglebury Arms in the centre of the High-street, opposite the small building with the big clock, is the principal inn of Great Winglebury—the commercial inn, posting-house, and excise-office; the “Blue” house at every election, and the Judges’ house at every assizes. It is the head quarters of the Gentlemen’s Whist Club, of Winglebury Blues (so called in opposition to the Gentlemen’s Whist Club of Winglebury Buffs, held at the other house, a little further down;) and whenever a juggler, or wax-work man, or concert-giver, takes Great Winglebury in his circuit, it is immediately placarded all over the town that Mr. So-and-so “trusting to that liberal support which the inhabitants of Great Winglebury have long been so liberal in bestowing, has at a great expense engaged the elegant and commodious assembly-rooms, attached to the Winglebury Arms.” The house is a large one with a red brick and stone front; a pretty spacious hall, ornamented with evergreen plants, terminates in a perspective view of the bar, and a glass case, in which are displayed a choice variety of delicacies ready for dressing, to catch the eye of a new-comer, the moment he enters, and excite his appetite to the highest possible pitch. Opposite doors lead to the “coffee” and “commercial” rooms; and a great, wide, rambling staircase—three stairs and a landing—four stairs and another landing—one step and another landing—half a dozen stairs and another landing—and so on—conducts to galleries of bedrooms, and labyrinths of sitting-rooms, denominated “private,” where you may enjoy yourself as privately as you can in any place where some bewildered being or other walks into your room every five minutes by mistake, and then walks out again, to open all the doors along the gallery till he finds his own.

Such is the Winglebury Arms at this day, and such was the Winglebury Arms sometime since—no matter when—two or three minutes before the arrival of the London stage. Four horses with cloths on—change for a coach—were standing quietly at the corner of the yard surrounded by a listless group of post-boys in shiny hats and smock-frocks, engaged in discussing the merits of the cattle; half a dozen ragged boys were standing a little apart, listening with evident interest to the conversation of these worthies; and a few loungers were collected round the horse-trough, awaiting the arrival of the coach.

The day was hot and sunny, the town in the zenith of its dullness, and with the exception of these few idlers not a living creature was to be seen. Suddenly the loud notes of a key-bugle broke the monotonous stillness of the street; in came the coach, rattling over the uneven paving with a noise startling enough to stop even the large-faced clock itself. Down got the outsiders, up went the windows in all directions; out came the waiters, up started the ostlers, and the loungers, and the post-boys, and the ragged boys, as if they were electrified—unstrapping, and unchaining, and unbuckling, and dragging willing horses out, and forcing reluctant horses in, and making a most exhilarating bustle. “Lady inside here,” said the guard. “Please to alight, ma’am,” said the waiter. “Private sitting-room,” interrogated the lady. “Certainly, ma’am,” responded the chambermaid. “Nothing

but these ’ere trunks, ma’am?” inquired the guard. “Nothing more,” replied the lady. Up got the outsiders again, and the guard, and the coachman. Off came the cloths with a jerk—“All right” was the cry; and away they went. The loungers lingered a minute or two in the road, watching the coach till it turned the corner, and then loitered away one by one. The street was clear again, and the town, by contrast, quieter than ever.

“Lady in number twenty-five,” screamed the landlady. “Thomas.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Letter just been left for the gentleman in No. 19.—Boots at the Lion left it.—No answer.”

“Letter for you, sir,” said Thomas, depositing the letter on number nineteen’s table.

“For me,” said number nineteen, turning from the window, out of which he had been surveying the scene we have just described.

“Yes, sir.”—(waiters always speak in hints, and never utter complete sentences.)—“Yes, sir—Boots at the Lion, sir—Bar, sir—Missis said number nineteen, sir—Alexander Trott, Esq., sir!—Your card at the bar, sir, I think sir!”

“My name is Trott,” replied number nineteen, breaking the seal. “You may go, waiter.”—The waiter pulled down the window-blind, and then pulled it up again—for a regular waiter must do something before he leaves the room—adjusted the glasses on the sideboard, brushed a place which was *not* dusty, rubbed his hands very hard walked stealthily to the door, and evaporated.

There was evidently something in the contents of the letter, of a nature, if not wholly unexpected, certainly extremely disagreeable. Mr. Alexander Trott laid it down and took it up again, and walked about the room on particular squares of the carpet, and even attempted, though very unsuccessfully, to whistle an air. It wouldn’t do. He threw himself into a chair, and read the following epistle aloud:—

“Blue Lion and Stomach-warmer,  
Great Winglebury.

“*Wednesday morning.*

“Sir—Immediately on discovering your intentions, I left our counting-house, and followed you. I know the purport of your journey;—that journey shall never be completed.

“I have no friend here just now, on whose secrecy I can rely. This shall be no obstacle to my revenge. Neither shall Emily Brown be exposed to the mercenary solicitations of a scoundrel, odious in her eyes, and contemptible in every body’s else: nor will I tamely submit to the clandestine attacks of a base umbrella-maker.

“Sir—from Great Winglebury Church, a footpath leads through four meadows, to a retired spot, known to the townspeople as Siffun’s Acre (Mr. Trott shuddered.) I shall be waiting there alone, at twenty minutes before six o’clock to-morrow morning. Should I be disappointed of seeing you there, I will do myself the pleasure of calling with a horsewhip.

“HORACE HUNTER.

“PS. There is a gunsmith in the High-street; and they won’t sell gunpowder after dark—you understand me.

“PPS. You had better not order your break-

fast in the morning 'till after you have seen me. It may be an unnecessary expense."

"Desperate-minded villain! I knew how it would be!" ejaculated the terrified Trott. "I always told father, that once start me on this expedition, and Hunter would pursue me like the wandering Jew. It's bad enough as it is, to marry with the old people's commands, and without the girl's consent; but what will Emily think of me, if I go down there, breathless with running away from this infernal salamander? What *shall* I do? What *can* I do? If I go back to the city I'm disgraced for ever—lose the girl, and what's more, lose the money too. Even if I did go on to the Browns' by the coach, Hunter would be after me in a post-chaise; and if I go to this place, this Stiffun's Acre (another shudder,) I'm as good as dead. I've seen him hit the man at the Pall-mall shooting-gallery, in the second button-hole of the waistcoat five times out of every six, and when he didn't hit him there, he hit him in the head." And with this consolatory reminiscence, Mr. Alexander Trott again ejaculated, "What shall I do?"

Long and weary were his reflections as burying his face in his hands, he sat ruminating on the best course to be pursued. His mental direction-post pointed to London. He thought of "the governor's" anger, and of the loss of the fortune which the paternal Brown had promised the paternal Trott his daughter should contribute to the coffers of his son. Then the words "To Brown's" were legibly inscribed on the said direction-post, but Horace Hunter's denunciation rung in his ears;—last of all it bore in red letters, the words, to "Stiffun's Acre;" and then Mr. Alexander Trott decided on adopting a plan which he presently matured.

First and foremost he despatched the under-boots to the Blue Lion and Stomach-warmer, with a gentlemanly note to Mr. Horace Hunter, intimating that he thirsted for his destruction, and would do himself the pleasure of slaughtering him next morning without fail. He then wrote another letter, and requested the attendance of the other boots—for they kept a pair. A modest knock at the room-door was heard—"Come in," said Mr. Trott. A man thrust in a red head, with one eye in it, and being again desired to "come in," brought in the body and legs to which the head belonged, and a fur cap which belonged to the head.

"You are the upper boots, I think?" inquired Mr. Trott.

"Yes, I am the upper boots," replied a voice from inside a velvet case with mother-of-pearl buttons—"that is, I'm boots as b'longs to the house; the other man's my man, as goes errands and does odd jobs—top-boots, and half-boots, I call us."

"You're from London?" inquired Mr. Trott.

"Drive a cab once," was the laconic reply.

"Why don't you drive it now?" asked Mr. Trott.

"Cos I over-drive the cab, and drive over a 'ooman," replied the top-boots, with brevity.

"Do you know the mayor's house?" inquired Trott.

"Rather," replied the boots, significantly, as if he had some good reason to remember it.

"Do you think you could manage to leave a letter there?" interrogated Trott.

"Shouldn't wonder," responded boots.

"But this letter?" said Trott, holding a deformed note with a paralytic direction in one hand, and five shillings in the other—"This letter is anonymous."

"A—what?" interrupted the boots.

"Anonymous—he's not to know who it comes from."

"Oh! I see," responded the reg'lar, with a knowing wink, but without evincing the slightest disinclination to undertake the charge—"I see—bit o' saving, eh?" and his one eye wandered round the room as if in quest of a dark lantern and phosphorus-box. "But, I say," he continued, recalling the eye from its search, and bringing it to bear on Mr. Trott—"I say, he's a lawyer, our mayor, and insured in the county. If you've a spite agen him, you'd better not burn his house down—blessed if I don't think it would be the greatest favour you could do him." And he chuckled inwardly.

If Mr. Alexander Trott had been in any other situation, his first act would have been to kick the man down stairs by deputy; or in other words, to ring the bell, and desire the landlord to take his boots off. He contented himself, however, with doubling the fee, and explaining that the letter merely related to a breach of the peace. The top-boots retired, solemnly pledged to secrecy; and Mr. Alexander Trott sat down to a fried sole, maintenance cutlet, Madeira, and sundries, with much greater composure than he had experienced since the receipt of Horace Hunter's letter of defiance.

The lady who alighted from the London coach had no sooner been installed in number twenty-five, and made some slight alteration in her travelling-dress, than she indited a note to Joseph Overton, esquire, solicitor, and mayor of Great Winglebury, requesting his immediate attendance on private business of paramount importance—a summons which that worthy functionary lost no time in obeying; for after sundry extensions of his eyes, divers ejaculations of "God bless me!" and other manifestations of surprise, he took his broad-brimmed hat from its accustomed peg in his little front office, and walked briskly down the High-street to the Winglebury Arms; through the hall, and up the staircase of which establishment, he was ushered by the landlady, and a crowd of officious waiters, to the door of number twenty-five.

"Show the gentleman in," said the stranger lady, in reply to the foremost waiter's announcement; and the gentleman was shown in accordingly.

The lady rose from the sofa; the mayor advanced a step from the door, and there they both paused for a minute or two, looking at one another as if by mutual consent. The mayor saw before him a buxom, richly dressed female of about forty; and the lady looked upon a sleek man about ten years older, in drab shorts and continuations; black coat, neck-cloth, and gloves.

"Miss Julia Manners!" exclaimed the mayor at length, "you astonish me."

"That's very unfair of you, Overton," replied Miss Julia, "for I have known you long enough

not to be surprised at anything you do; and you might extend equal courtesy to me."

"But to run away—actually run away—with a young man!" remonstrated the mayor.

"You would not have me actually run away with an old one I presume," was the cool rejoinder.

"And then to ask me—me—of all people in the world—a man of my age and appearance—mayor of the town—to promote such a scheme," pettishly ejaculated Joseph Overton, throwing himself into an arm-chair, and producing Miss Julia's letter from his pocket, as if to corroborate the assertion that he had been asked.

"Now Overton," replied the lady, impatiently, "I want your assistance in this matter, and I must have it. In the lifetime of that poor old dear, Mr. Cornberry, who—who?"

"Who was to have married you, and didn't because he died first; and who left you his property unincumbered with the addition of himself," suggested the mayor, in a sarcastic tone.

"Well," replied Miss Julia, reddening slightly, "in the lifetime of the poor old dear, the property had the incumbrance of your management; and all I will say of that is, that I only wonder it didn't die of consumption instead of its master. You helped yourself then:—help me now."

Mr. Joseph Overton was a man of the world, and an attorney; and as certain indistinct recollections of an odd thousand pounds or two, appropriated by mistake, passed across his mind, he hemmed deprecatingly, smiled blandly, remained silent for a few seconds; and finally inquired, "What do you wish to do?"

"I'll tell you," replied Miss Julia—"I'll tell you in three words. Dear Lord Peter!"

"That's the young man, I suppose," interrupted the mayor.

"That's the young nobleman," replied the lady, with a great stress on the last word. "Dear Lord Peter is considerably afraid of the resentment of his family; and we have therefore thought it better to make the match a stolen one. He left town to avoid suspicion on a visit to his friend, the Honourable Augustus Flair, whose seat, as you know, is about thirty miles from this, accompanied only by his favourite tiger. We arranged that I should come here alone in the London coach; and that he, leaving his tiger and cab behind him, should come on, and arrive here as soon as possible this afternoon."

"Very well," observed Joseph Overton, "and then he can order the chaise, and you can go on to Gretna Green together, without requiring the presence of a third party, can't you?"

"No," replied Miss Julia, "we have every reason to believe—Dear Lord Peter not being considered very prudent or sagacious by his friends, and they having discovered his attachment to me—that immediately on his absence being observed, pursuit will be made in this direction; to elude which, and to prevent our being traced, I wish it to be understood in this house, that dear Lord Peter is slightly deranged, though perfectly harmless; and that I am unknown to him, waiting his arrival to convey him in a post-chaise to a private asylum—at Berwick, say. If I don't show myself much, I dare say I can manage to pass for his mother."

The thought occurred to the mayor's mind that

the lady might show herself a good deal without fear of detection; seeing that she was about double the age of her intended husband. He said nothing, however, and the lady proceeded—

"With the whole of this arrangement, dear Lord Peter is acquainted; and all I want you to do is to make the delusion more complete by giving it the sanction of your influence in this place, and assigning this as a reason to the people of the house, for my taking the young gentleman away. As it would not be consistent with the story that I should see him, until after he has entered the chaise; I also wish you to communicate with him, and inform him that it is all going on well."

"Has he arrived?" inquired Overton.

"I don't know," replied the lady.

"Then how am I to know?" inquired the mayor. "Of course he will not give his own name at the bar."

"I begged him, immediately on his arrival, to write you a note," replied Miss Manners; "and to prevent the possibility of our project being discovered through its means, I desired him to write anonymously, and in mysterious terms to acquaint you with the number of his room."

"God bless me!" exclaimed the mayor, rising from his seat, and searching his pockets—"most extraordinary circumstance—he has arrived—mysterious note left at my house in a most mysterious manner, just before yours—didn't know what to make of it before, and certainly shouldn't have attended to it—Oh! here it is." And Joseph Overton pulled out of an inner coat-pocket, the identical letter penned by Alexander Trott. "Is this his lordship's hand?"

"Oh yes," replied Julia, "good punctual creature. 'I have not seen it more than once or twice, but I know he writes very badly and very large. These dear, wild young noblemen, you know, Overton!'"

"Ay, ay, I see," replied the mayor.—"Horses and dogs, play and wine: grooms, actresses, and cigars. The stable, the green-room, the brothel, and the tavern; and the legislative assembly at last."

"Here's what he says: 'Sir—A young gentleman in number nineteen at the Winglebury Arms, is bent on committing a rash act to-morrow morning at an early hour.' (That's good, he means marrying.) 'If you have any regard for the peace of this town, or the preservation of one—it may be two—human lives—What the deuce does he mean by that?'"

"That he's so anxious for the ceremony, he'll expire if it's put off; and that I may possibly do the same!"—replied the lady with great complacency.

"Oh! I see—not much fear of that;—well—'two human lives, you will cause him to be removed to-night'—(he wants to start at once.) 'Fear not to do this on your responsibility; for to-morrow, the absolute necessity of the proceeding will be but too apparent. Remember—number nineteen. The name is Trott. No delay; for life and death depend upon your promptitude.'"

"Passionate language, certainly.—Shall I see him?"

"Do," replied Miss Julia; "and entreat him to act his part well: I am half afraid of him. Tell him to be cautious."

"I will," said the mayor.

"Settle all the arrangements."

"I will," said the mayor again.

"And say I think the chaise had better be ordered for one o'clock."

"Very well," cried the mayor once more; and ruminating on the absurdity of the situation in which fate and old acquaintance had placed him, he desired a waiter to herald his approach to the temporary representative of number nineteen.

The announcement—"Gentleman to speak with you, sir," induced Mr. Trott to pause half-way in the glass of port, the contents of which, he was in the act of imbibing at the moment, to rise from his chair, and to retreat a few paces towards the window, as if to secure a retreat in the event of the visitor assuming the form and appearance of Horace Hunter. A glance at Joseph Overton, however, quieted his apprehensions: he courteously motioned the stranger to a seat. The waiter after a little jingling with the decanter and glasses, consented to leave the room; and Joseph Overton placing the broad-brimmed hat on the chair next him, and bending his body gently forward, opened the business by saying in a very low and cautious tone,

"My Lord!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Alexander Trott in a very loud key with the vacant and mystified stare of a chilly somnambulist.

"Hush—hush!"—said the cautious attorney—"to be sure—quite right—no titles here—my name is Overton, sir."

"Overton!"

"Yes: the mayor of this place—you sent me a letter with anonymous information, this afternoon."

"I, sir?" exclaimed Trott, with ill-dissembled surprise; for, coward as he was, he would willingly have repudiated the authorship of the letter in question. "I, sir?"

"Yes, you, sir; did you not?" responded Overton, annoyed with what he supposed to be an extreme degree of unnecessary suspicion. "Either this letter is yours, or it is not. If it be, we can converse securely upon the subject at once. If it be not, of course I have no more to say."

"Stay, stay," said Trott, "it is mine; I did write it. What could I do, sir? I had no friend here."

"To be sure—to be sure," said the mayor, encouragingly, "you could not have managed it better. Well, sir; it will be necessary for you to leave here to-night in a postchaise and four; and the harder the boys drive the better. You are not safe from pursuit here."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Trott, in an agony of apprehension, "can such things happen in a country like this! Such unrelenting and cold-blooded hostility!" and he wiped off the concentrated essence of cowardice that was oozing fast down his forehead, and looked aghast at Joseph Overton.

"It certainly is a very hard case," replied the mayor with a smile, "that in a free country, people can't marry whom they like, without being hunted down as if they were criminals. However, in the present instance, the lady is willing, you know, and that's the main point, after all."

"Lady willing!" repeated Trott, mechanically—"How do you know the lady's willing?"

"Come, that's a good one," said the mayor, benevolently tapping Mr. Trott on the arm with the broad-brimmed hat, "I have known her well for a long time; and if anybody could entertain the remotest doubt on the subject, I assure you I have none, nor need you."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Trott, ruminating—"Dear me!—most extraordinary thing!"

"Well, Lord Peter," said the mayor, rising.

"Lord Peter!" reiterated Mr. Trott.

"Oh—ah, I forgot; well, Mr. Trott, then—Trott—very good, ha! ha!—Well, sir, the chaise shall be ready at half-past twelve."

"And what is to become of me till then?" inquired Mr. Trott, anxiously. "Wouldn't it save appearances if I were placed under some restraint?"

"Ah!" replied Overton, "very good thought—capital idea indeed: I'll send somebody up directly; and if you make a little resistance when we put you in the chaise it wouldn't be amiss—look as if you didn't want to be taken away, you know."

"To be sure," said Trott, "to be sure!"

"Well, my lord," said Overton, in a low tone, "till then, I wish your lordship good evening."

"Lord—lordship!" ejaculated Trott again, falling back a step or two, and gazing in unutterable wonder on the countenance of the mayor.

"Ha-ha! I see, my lord—practising the madman, eh?—very good, indeed—very vacant look—capital, my lord, capital—good evening, Mr. Trott—ha! ha! ha!"

"The mayor's decidedly drunk," soliloquized Mr. Trott, throwing himself back in his chair, in an attitude of reflection.

"Cleverer fellow than I thought him, that young nobleman—carries it off devilish well," thought Overton, as he wended his way to the bar, there to complete his arrangements. This was soon done: every word of the story was implicitly believed, and the one-eyed boots was immediately instructed to repair to number nineteen, to act as custodian of the person of the supposed lunatic until half-past twelve o'clock. In pursuance of this direction, that somewhat eccentric gentleman armed himself with a walking-stick of gigantic dimensions, and repaired with his usual equanimity of manners, to Mr. Trott's apartment, which he entered without any ceremony, and mounted guard in by quietly depositing himself in a chair near the door, where he proceeded to beguile the time by whistling a popular air with great apparent satisfaction.

"What do you want here, you scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Alexander Trott, with a proper appearance of indignation at his detention.

The boots beat time with his head, as he looked gently round at Mr. Trott with a smile of pity, and whistled an *adagio* movement.

"Do you attend in this room by Mr. Overton's desire?" inquired Trott, rather astonished at the man's demeanour.

"Keep yourself to yourself, young feller," calmly responded the boots, "and don't say nothin' to nobody." And he whistled again.

"Now mind," ejaculated Mr. Trott, anxious to keep up the farce of wishing with great earnestness to fight a duel if they'd let him, "I pro-

test against being kept here; I deny that I have any intention of fighting with anybody; but as it's useless contending with superior numbers, I shall sit quietly down."

"You'd better," observed the placid boots, shaking the large stick expressively.

"Under protest, however," added Alexander Trott, seating himself, with indignation in his face but great content in his heart. "Under protest!"

"Oh, certainly!" responded the boots; "any thing you please. If you're happy I'm transported; only don't talk too much—it'll only make you worse."

"Make me worse!" exclaimed Trott, in unfeigned astonishment; "the man's drunk!"

"You'd better be quiet, young feller," remarked the boots, going through a most threatening piece of pantomime with the stick.

"Or mad?" said Mr. Trott, rather alarmed. "Leave the room, sir, and tell them to send somebody else."

"Won't do!" replied the boots.

"Leave the room!" shouted Trott, ringing the bell violently; for he began to be alarmed on a new score.

"Leave that 'ere bell alone, you wretched loonatic!" said the boots, suddenly forcing the unfortunate Trott back into his chair, and brandishing the stick aloft. "Be quiet, you miserable object, and dont let every body know there's a madman in the house."

"He is a madman! He is a madman!" exclaimed the terrified Trott, gazing on the one eye of the red-headed boots with a look of abject horror.

"Madman!" replied the boots—"dam'me, I think he is a madman with a vengeance! Listen to me, you unfort'nate. Ah! would you?—[a slight tap on the head with the large stick, as Mr. Trott made another move towards the bell-handle]—caught you there! did I?"

"Spare my life!" exclaimed Trott, raising his hands imploringly.

"I don't want your life," replied the boots, disdainfully, "though I think it 'ud be a charity if somebody took it."

"No, no, it wouldn't," interrupted poor Mr. Trott, hurriedly; "no, no, it wouldnt! I—I'd rather keep it!"

"O werry well," said the boots; "that's a mere matter of taste—ev'ry one to his liking, as the man said when he pisoned hisself. Hows'ever, all I've got to say is this here: You sit quietly down in that chair, and I'll sit hopper-side you here; and if you keep quiet and don't stir, I won't damage you; but if you move hand or foot till half-past twelve o'clock, I shall alter the expression of your countenance so completely, that the next time you'll look in the glass you'll ask vether you're gone out of town, and ven you're likely to come back again. So sit down."

"I will—I will," responded the victim of mistakes; and down sat Mr. Trott, and down sat the boots too, exactly opposite him, with the stick ready for immediate action, in case of emergency.

Long and dreary were the hours that followed: the bell of Great Winglebury church-clock had just struck ten, and two hours and a half

would probably elapse before succour arrived. For half an hour, the noise occasioned by shutting up the shops in the street beneath betokened something like life in the town, and rendered Mr. Trott's situation a little less insupportable; but when even these ceased, and nothing was heard beyond the occasional rattling of a post-chaise as it drove up the yard to change horses, and then drove away again, or the clattering of horses hoofs in the stables behind: it became almost unbearable. The boots occasionally moved an inch or two, to knock superfluous bits of wax off the candles, which were burning low, but instantaneously resumed his former position; and as he remembered to have heard somewhere or other that the human eye had an unfailling effect in controlling mad people, he kept his solitary organ of vision constantly fixed on Mr. Alexander Trott. That unfortunate individual stared at his companion in his turn, until his features grew more and more indistinct—his hair gradually less red—and the room more misty and obscure. Mr. Alexander Trott fell into a sound sleep, from which he was awakened by a rumbling in the street, and a cry of—"Chaise-and-four for number twenty-five!" A bustle on the stairs succeeded: the room-door was hastily thrown open, and Mr. Joseph Overton entered, followed by four stout waiters, and Mrs. Williamson, the stout landlady of the Winglebury Arms.

"Mr. Overton!" exclaimed Mr. Alexander Trott, jumping up in a frenzy of passionate excitement—"Look at this man, sir; consider the situation in which I have been placed for three hours past—the person you sent to guard me, sir, was a madman—a madman—a raging, ravaging, furious madman."

"Bravo!" whispered Overton.

"Poor dear!" said the compassionate Mrs. Williamson, "mad people always think other people's mad."

"Poor dear!" ejaculated Mr. Alexander Trott, "What the devil do you mean by poor dear! are you the landlady of this house?"

"Yes, yes," replied the stout old lady, "don't exert yourself, there's a dear:—consider your health, now; do."

"Exert myself," shouted Mr. Alexander Trott, "dam'me, it's a mercy I have any breath to exert myself with, I might have been assassinated three hours ago by that one-eyed monster with the oakum head. How dare you have a madman, ma'am—how dare you have a madman to assault and terrify the visitors to your house?"

"I'll never have another," said Mrs. Williamson, casting a look of reproach at the mayor.

"Capital—capital," whispered Overton again, as he enveloped Mr. Alexander Trott in a thick travelling-cloak.

"Capital, sir!" exclaimed Trott, aloud, "it's horrible; the very recollection makes me shudder. I'd rather fight four duels in three hours, if I survived the first three, than I'd sit for that time face to face with a madman."

"Keep it up, as you go down stairs," whispered Overton, "your bill is paid, and your portmanteau in the chaise." And then he added aloud, "Now, waiters, the gentleman's ready."

At this signal the waiters crowded round Mr.



Alexander Trott. One took one arm, another the other, a third walked before with a candle, the fourth behind, with another candle; the boots and Mrs. Williamson brought up the rear, and down stairs they went, Mr. Alexander Trott expressing alternately at the very top of his voice, either his feigned reluctance to go, or his unfeigned indignation at being shut up with a madman.

Mr. Overton was waiting at the chaise-door, the boys were ready mounted, and a few ostlers and stable nondescripts were standing round to witness the departure of "the mad gentleman." Mr. Alexander Trott's foot was on the step, when he observed (which the dim light had prevented his doing before) a human figure seated in the chaise, closely muffled up in a cloak like his own.

"Who's that?" he inquired of Overton, in a whisper.

"Hush, hush," replied the mayor, "the other party, of course."

"The other party!" exclaimed Trott, with an effort to retreat.

"Yes, yes; you'll soon find that out, before you go far, I should think—but make a noise, you'll excite suspicion if you whisper to me so much."

"I won't go in this chaise," shouted Mr. Alexander Trott, all his original fears recurring with tenfold violence. "I shall be assassinated—I shall be——"

"Bravo, bravo," whispered Overton. "I'll push you in."

"But I won't go," exclaimed Mr. Trott. "Help here, help! they're carrying me away against my will. This is a plot to murder me."

"Poor dear!" said Mrs. Williamson again.

"Now, boys, put 'em along," cried the mayor, pushing Trott in, and slamming the door. "Off with you as quick as you can, and stop for nothing till you come to the next stage—all right."

"Horses are paid, Tom," screamed Mrs. Williamson; and away went the chaise at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, with Mr. Alexander Trott and Miss Julia Manners, carefully shut up in the inside.

Mr. Alexander Trott remained coiled up in one corner of the chaise, and his mysterious companion in the other, for the first two or three miles; Mr. Trott edging more and more into his corner, as he felt his companion gradually edging more and more from hers; and vainly endeavouring in the darkness to catch a glimpse of the furious face of the supposed Horace Hunter.

"We may speak now," said his fellow traveller, at length; "the post boys can neither see nor hear us."

"That's not Hunter's voice!"—thought Alexander, astonished.

"Dear Lord Peter," said Miss Julia, most winningly: putting her arm on Mr. Trott's shoulder—"Dear Lord Peter. Not a word?"

"Why, it's a woman!" exclaimed Mr. Trott, in a low tone of excessive wonder.

"Ah—whose voice is that?" said Julia—"tis not Lord Peter's."

"No—it's mine," replied Mr. Trott.

"Yours!" ejaculated Miss Julia Manners, "a

strange man! Gracious Heaven—how came you here?"

"Whoever you are, you might have known that I came against my will, ma'am," replied Alexander, "for I made noise enough when I got in."

"Do you come from Lord Peter?" inquired Miss Manners.

"Damn Lord Peter," replied Trott, pettishly—"I don't know any Lord Peter—never heard of him before to-night, when I've been Lord Peter'd by one, and Lord Peter'd by another, till I verily believe I'm mad, or dreaming."

"Whither are we going?" inquired the lady, tragically.

"How should I know?" replied Trott with singular coolness; for the events of the evening had completely hardened him.

"Stop! stop!" cried the lady letting down the front glasses of the chaise.

"Stay, my dear ma'am!" said Mr. Trott, pulling the glasses up again with one hand, and gently squeezing Miss Julia's waist with the other. "There is some mistake here; give me till the end of this stage to explain my share of it. We must go so far; you cannot be set down here alone, at this hour of the night."

The lady consented; the mistake was mutually explained. Mr. Trott was a young man, had highly promising whiskers, an undeniable tailor, and an insinuating address—he wanted nothing but valour; and who wants that with three thousand a-year? The lady had this and more; she wanted a young husband, and the only course open to Mr. Trott to retrieve his disgrace was a rich wife. So they came to the conclusion that it would be a pity to have all this trouble and expense for nothing, and that as they were so far on the road already, they had better go to Gretna Green, and marry each other, and they did so. And the very next preceding entry in the Blacksmith's book was an entry of the marriage of Emily Brown and Horace Hunter. Mr. Hunter took his wife home, and begged pardon, and was pardoned; and Mr. Trott took his wife home, begged pardon, too, and was pardoned also. And Lord Peter, who had been detained beyond his time by drinking champagne and riding a steeple-chase, went back to the Honourable Augustus Flair's, and drank more champagne, and rode another steeple-chase, and was thrown and killed. And Horace Hunter took great credit to himself for practising on the cowardice of Alexander Trott; and all these circumstances were discovered in time and carefully noted down: and if ever you stop a week at Winglebury Arms, they'll give you just this account of the Great Winglebury duel.

There is an elasticity in the human mind, capable of bearing much, but which will not show itself, until a certain weight of affliction be put upon it; its powers may be compared to those vehicles whose springs are so contrived that they get on smoothly enough when loaded, but jolt confoundedly when they have nothing to bear.

## THE ROCK OF THE FORT.

## CHAPTER I.

Oh, love will enter in where it darna well be seen !  
BURNS.

On the twenty-sixth day of March, 1594, the city of Rouen presented a scene of very unusual bustle. The Marquis of Rosny, better known as the Duke of Sully, had arrived from Paris, and it was expected that the brave and honest Admiral Villars, whose interest carried with it not only Rouen, but the whole of the country of Caux, would publicly declare for the king. The civil war had spent its fury; the conqueror had declared himself, since it was necessary, to be of the religion of the majority of the people, and thus both of the contending parties triumphed; the terrible League was fading away upon the horizon of France like some phantom of the night before the rising sun; and men threw away their dripping swords, and with voices still hoarse with the shouts of war, cried "Vive Henri Quatre!"

The grand square of Rouen, and the adjacent streets, on this occasion, were filled to overflowing, and still the population of the surrounding country continued to pour into the reservoir. The river which runs past the city glittered in the vernal sun; and the happy faces which crowded its banks, and rushed tumultuously across its wooden bridges, seemed to have caught the reflection. Large parties of all ranks were continually seen through the trees descending the rocks, where the broad and rapid stream first bursts upon the view of the spectator; while the joyful shouts of the men, and the playful screams of the village lasses, clad in the picturesque costume of the country, as they chased one another down the steep, at once gladdened and confused the ear.

The gallant admiral of France, as yet holding for the League, and the ostensible enemy of his king, with the Baron de Medavy, and the President de Bognemare, surrounded by the authorities and troops of the town, were posted in the grand square; and as Rosny appeared with a guard of honour, so great was the crowd that he had much difficulty in obtaining entrance. When at length, however, he was sufficiently near, he pronounced an address to the admiral, reminding him that the king was now a Catholic; and as there was no longer any pretext for disaffection, that it was his duty, as a good subject, to show his zeal and loyalty.

Villars, in his reply, declared that he was already in his heart the faithful servant of his majesty; and that he was anxious to prove it by receiving, at the hands of the envoy, the white scarf, which ought to be the badge no longer of a party, but of the country. He was accordingly girded with the royal emblem, and the bystanders bent eagerly forward to hear his speech on so important and interesting an occasion. The noise occasioned by the movement sunk into profound silence.

"Allons morbieu!" cried the brave admiral, with an eloquence more home and pithy than that of Demosthenes,—"*allons morbieu!* the League is nothing more than that we all cry, God

save the King!" A shout burst simultaneously from the multitude, and mingling with the deep tones of the men, the voices of the women and children rose shrilly into the air, as they all cried "God save the King!" In an instant the sound was joined by the pealing of the great bell of the city, followed by all the others, and this by the thunder of artillery from the fort and batteries; the whole forming a noise, says Sully, fit to inspire terror, if the general sentiment of joy had allowed any one to observe that there was not a house in the city which did not shake to its foundation.

"These bells," said he to the governor, "remind us that we ought to go and return thanks to God in the church of Notre Dame;" and the motion being received with becoming applause, the church was soon crowded, and its venerable roof rang to the solemn hymn of *Te Deum*, which was followed by the splendid idolatry of the mass.

Among the spectators of the ceremony in the square there had been a horseman, who apparently had ridden a considerable distance to witness it; but who, after all, could scarcely be said to be in time, as, in the outskirts of the crowd, he was unable to obtain more than a very imperfect view of the principal personages. He was a young—indeed a very young man, although this could scarcely have been discovered on casual observation: his figure, although fully the middle height, being singularly athletic and trimly formed, and his face flushed with the dark ruddy colour which the action of foreign climates, or rough weather, imparts to fair complexions. His horse was a good serviceable roadster, such as a gentleman would by no means disdain to travel on: and, through the dust which covered the dress of the rider, it might have been discovered, that although far from likely to be a rich man, he yet laid claim to a certain rank and consideration in society. Not many, indeed, on observing his air and manner, would have been unwilling to allow him a due share of polite respect: and the few, whose moral perceptions were lost in their devotion to fine clothes, found a certain something in the stranger's eye which extorted the deference from their prudence which was grudged by their vanity.

The young man certainly seemed to be an interested, but not altogether a pleased spectator. His less amiable feelings, however, were occasionally subdued in the course of the ceremony, and at its conclusion he joined, as if involuntarily, in the shout of "God save the King!" with an honesty of enthusiasm, and a loudness of lungs, not excelled by those of any of his neighbours: when it was over, however, he seemed half to repent his condescension.

"Pshaw!" said he, in a grumbling voice of soliloquy, "what a noise we are making here!—and yet, I dare say, if one knew all, there are few except Villars himself who are paid for the piping. What would this day have been but for me? Who broke off the negotiations between these two parties? and who again, by a single word of his mouth, enabled the king to talk in a voice to which even the admiral could not affect deafness? Why I, simple *Sieur de Boisrose*; and here I stand, shouting till I am hoarse, for Henri of Navarre, who thus profits by my pro-

ess, without acknowledging the service even by a bow—and in honour of the Admiral Villars, who is now reaping the fruits of my labour—and of the vagabond Rosny, by whose councils I am set aside and forgotten! Ay, shout, shout, ye ragamuffins, out with it—huzza! I pray heaven ye be all as well rewarded as myself!” The *Sieur de Boisrose* then turned his horse in high dudgeon, and, putting him up at a hostelry near the river’s side, sought to wreak his vengeance on the good things at the table d’hôte, which was supplied with an abundance worthy of the patronage it that day received.

Having slept indifferently well for a disappointed man, he set out betimes the next morning for Louviers, leaving his enemy Rosny enjoying his good fortune, the whole town preparing to go to his hotel in procession, for the purpose of presenting him with a vase of silver gilt, worth three thousand crowns.

Boisrose journeyed leisurely along the road, concerting within himself a plan for bespeaking the king’s attention to his affairs. He knew little of the court, or royalty, and was quite bewildered as to the proper method of reminding a crowned head of a service, and claiming the performance of a promise. All he knew was, that interest went farther than merit; and that a letter from his old acquaintance Rollet, the governor of Louviers, who had always been a staunch royalist, was more likely to be attended to by Henri Quatre than an unsupported application from himself. It was for the purpose of obtaining this document that he had taken Louviers on his way to Paris from Feschamp, a fortress on the borders of the sea.

On reaching the town, he rode up to an inn and dismounted; but a great lord, with a retinue several hundred yards long, having just arrived at the same house, it was some time before the unattended traveller could find any one condescending enough to take charge of his horse. Boisrose, however, was amply consoled for the neglect, for a fortunate idea had struck him as he gazed on the splendour of the other’s equipage.

“Who knows,” thought he, “what may be the character of this personage? Can it be that all great lords are mean, selfish, and tyrannical? I will not believe it. He has an honest look, and I will trust him with my story. Oh, if he but takes the affair in hand! his interest, I am convinced, is worth a hundred of Rollet’s, and I shall be sure to prosper.”

The person thus selected for a patron by the traveller was a man apparently about thirty-five; his features were sharp, and there was as much shrewdness in the expression as was consistent with an appearance of integrity. He was dressed in a coat of mail, over which was thrown a rich mantle; and his remarkably fine oval beard hung gracefully over a double frill, which, in the fashion of the day, encircled his neck.

In pursuance of his resolution, Boisrose waited upon the stranger, and was received with a frankness and affability which made him feel quite at home. In a few minutes he had told his name and business, and his patron elect catechised him on the subject like one accustomed to business.

“I recollect the circumstance,” said he, “very well, although not all the details. You are the gentleman who, unassisted, except by the compa-

nions you prevailed upon to accompany you, surprised the fortress of Feschamp, in a manner so daring as to be almost incredible. The singular dangers attending your adventure, I remember, made my head giddy but to hear of: and all men said that you must have been prompted to the enterprise either by love or madness.” The young man blushed.

“It matters not,” said he, “as for that; by the aid of God and my comrades, I achieved what I attempted. Being then in the interest of the League, as every good Catholic should have been, I offered my capture to Admiral Villars, on condition of being made governor of the fort. The admiral, on hearing that so important a place had fallen into his hands, broke off the negotiations he had commenced with the king; but, instead of making any direct and honest reply to the terms I had proposed, sent his troops to take possession. This maddened me; and, learning at the instant that Henri had come over to the true faith, I felt myself absolved from all obedience to the League, which, indeed, was never to be respected for its persons, but solely for its religious purpose—and I proposed the same terms to him.”

“Well, and how sped you?”

“The terms were accepted.”

“And you became governor of Feschamp?”

“As much,” said the traveller, grinding his teeth, “as you are governor of purgatory! I was inveigled out of the fortress, which, with the assistance of my brave comrades, I might have held against one half of France, by Marshal Biron. He promised me, in the king’s name, ample indemnification, of which, up to this good hour, I have heard nothing more; and now, I presume, the marshal has as little ability as his master has inclination to keep the promise, for I was myself witness, no longer ago than yesterday, to a ceremony which gives virtually up to Admiral Villars—who has no cause to love me—not only Feschamp, but the whole country of Caux.”

“This is a strange story,” remarked the grandee; “our royal master has always been reported great and bountiful.”

“And so he may be,” said Boisrose; “but a word in your ear,—he has a pack of rascals behind him, who whisper poison.”

“Whom do you accuse?”

“Why, the hang-dog Rosny alone is enough to undo fifty kings! Do you know him! No, you do not; or you would be at no loss to guess who was at the bottom when mischief was brewing. He is the veriest viper on the face of the earth—a cheating, cozening, slandering, lying—Ah, vagabond! if he were but here!” and Boisrose, with flushing cheek and swelling temples, clenched his hands in his patron’s face, while he stamped upon the floor with rage and disdain. The grandee smiled gravely at the young man’s warmth.

“Sir,” said he, “I fear you do less than justice to the Marquis of Rosny. If he has really done you this wrong, it would appear to me to have proceeded rather from necessity than malevolence. At all events, I pledge my word that the affair shall be inquired into. Call on me after my arrival at the court, for I shall be sure to have news to tell you.” He then dismissed

his protegee with true courtierlike politeness, and Boisrose descended the stairs intoxicated with his good fortune. He stood at the door while the great man, who was travelling in haste, and had only called for a brief refreshment, took his departure.

"Who is that?" he whispered to one of the bystanders, when the gorgeous cavalry was in motion.

"The Marquis de Rosny."

Boisrose was thunderstruck, overwhelmed, annihilated. Recovering, however, in an instant, he dragged out his horse with his own hands, threw himself into the saddle, and scarcely drew bridle till he had reached Paris. There he obtained an introduction into the king's presence, and, not having arranged his papers, or drawn up a proper statement of the case, the only request he made to his majesty was, that he would not give faith to aught M. Rosny might say on the subject, who, he might be assured, would speak from an old grudge. He then retired to his lodgings to concert, in great trepidation, measures of defence against the powerful favourite.

The Marquis of Rosny, in the meantime, perfectly aware that he played a sure game with such an enemy as the odd, passionate, and unsuspecting Boisrose, did not put himself in the least out of the way. He proceeded to Mante, whither he had originally intended to go, and from thence journeyed leisurely with his marchioness, whom he met there, to Paris. Boisrose heard of his arrival, and passed some days in an agony of passion, tempered occasionally by such fits of civil fear as a man of military courage may feel.

At last the storm broke. He was sent for officially by M. Rosny himself, and late in the evening he followed the messenger to the palace of the Louvre, like a criminal going to execution.

He was conducted through several suites of rooms dimly lighted, till he arrived at a little apartment resembling an antechamber; and there he found his enemy alone.

"So, sir," said M. Rosny, calmly, "you have put me upon my trial? Come in, we shall see who gains the cause;" and opening a door suddenly, a blaze of light flashed upon the eyes of Boisrose which almost stupefied him. The room was not very large, but it was more sumptuously furnished than any fairy palace he had ever dreamed of. It was illumined by naked statues of admirable workmanship, placed round the walls, and bearing lights of perfumed wax in their hands; and between every two of these stood a richly gilded sofa, with cushions that appeared as if swelling to the touch.

On one of these reclined a female form, so motionless and so lovely, that Boisrose, at the first glance, imagined it to be some dead wonder of art, intended to mock nature by surpassing her most fair creations. The eyes of the exquisite statue, however, were alive; and they fixed themselves on the youth's face as he entered, with a gaze, which, although expressing only simple curiosity, brought the blood into his face, and made his heart beat and his breath come thick. A man stood behind the sofa, on the back of which his hands rested; and his head was bent down, as if to drink in at leisure the full delight of the spectacle before him. He did not look up

when the door opened, and M. Rosny, after advancing a few paces, stopped respectfully. At length the worshipper of beauty raised his head; and both visitors bent their knees as they saw the king of France.

Henri came forward; and after looking for some time at the youth with evident curiosity, he exchanged a glance of remark with his fair companion, who replied with the intelligence which love and habit teach.

"So, my lord," said he, "you have brought your prisoner. Let us hear what he has to say for himself. Are you still in the vein, Gabrielle?" Madame de Liancourt looked yes, but did not take the trouble of moving her lips even into a smile.

"Sir," said M. Rosny, addressing the culprit, "you are required, in the first place, to state to his majesty the particulars of the adventure on the success of which you found a claim upon his justice. His majesty will graciously permit you to sit down during the recital; and you are particularly desired to omit nothing which may explain either your motives for the enterprise, or its details." Boisrose was then made to seat himself in such a position as to allow the light to stream full upon his manly, handsome, and intelligent face; and after hemming away a kind of qualm that passed through his heart, he covered his eyes with his hands for a moment, as if recollecting his story, and then began as follows:—

"I was a sailor in my youth," said he—

"How long is that ago?" asked Gabrielle, suddenly. The king laughed, and Rosny smiled; but Boisrose, after considering gravely for a moment, answered—

"Two years and nine months, Mademoiselle D'Estrees." Rosny coughed, and frowned, and shook his head at the unfortunate story-teller.

"My lady," said the latter, looking alarmed, "I hope I have made no mistake. I have been so much at sea, that indeed I know little about the land in any quarter, far less the court. I have seldom heard you called by any other name than that of the beautiful Gabrielle." The beauty smiled, and the monarch, stealing his arm round her waist, bent his head upon her shoulder. Rosny nodded, as if he said, "Well done!"

"I was a sailor in my youth," resumed Boisrose, "and made several voyages to the West Indies; but receiving a hurt in an encounter with certain pirates, I went home to my native town of Feschamp, and was laid on the shelf. Here, while getting well of one malady, I fell ill of another. My family had some time or other been among the wealthiest of the place, and even now, that it was fallen into decay, continued to make strong pretensions to gentility. We were visited occasionally by almost all the respectable persons, as belonging to their own caste in society; and although we could no longer give entertainments, yet a seat in the porch on a fine evening, and a handful of sour grapes, answered the purpose as well to people who were too proud to accept of any thing better in return.

"Our principal inhabitant was a M. Bellegrade, a widower, as powerful as the governor himself, and far richer. It was said that, after the death of his wife, he paid his addresses to my mother, then a widow—but I do not believe it. He called frequently, it is true, and drank

cider, and looked as if he wished that my father had left her a handsome jointure: but he went no farther; prudence came to his aid—and at last he gave up calling, for ten years at a stretch, and then—”

“And then,” assisted Gabrielle, “he found it was not worth his trouble to keep away.”

“Precisely. His daughter, however, Monique, was constant throughout in her visits; and at last came to look upon my mother as her own. She was my companion for many years—a little creature whom I played with as one would with a doll; but when I came home from sea, she had grown—how she had grown!

“When fairly laid on my bed on shore, I grew sick with the stability of the land; the smell of the grass, and the stones, and the trees, was too much for the delicacy of nerves that had been nourished with the pure and odorous breath of the ocean; and then the doctors came, with their long faces; and then the astrologers, and then the priests; and my mother began to weep that her only son was going to heaven.

“Monique was all this time, or almost all this time, at my bedside. In the intervals of my fever, without forgetting her identity for a moment, I thought she was an angel newly alighted and breathing of paradise. It was strange that I knew her at the same moment in both characters; yet it was so. I saw her wings as plainly as the shoulders from which they waved. When I began to get better, she sang to me, and read to me—no woman had ever such a voice!—and I told her of my voyages, and my battles, and my wounds—and of the strange lands I had seen, and the birds of glorious plumage, and the roar of the wild beasts as it boomed at night over the desert sea. And then we spoke of storms and shipwrecks; and I told her how we had driven on a dark night before the tempest, our sails riven into strips; and how we struck upon the dread lee-shore; and how the waves swept wildly over us, shrieking as they flew; and how I was washed upon the beach by the so potent billows, and stood helpless and alone upon that savage coast, a naked, bleeding, famishing seaboy. And then she wept; and then I wept too that she did weep—and then—and then—” Boisrose wiped his face—“and then we fell in love!

“I was long of getting well, your majesty—”

“What! of your passion?” asked Gabrielle.

“No, madam,” said Boisrose, gravely; “it is not of gallantry I am talking, but of love—and we all know that is incurable!” The king smiled tenderly; Gabrielle pressed his hand; and the Marquis of Rosny laughed.

“I was long of getting well,” continued the narrator; “but at length my strength returned, and in process of time I became stronger than ever. In these days your majesty was not a true believer, and you were compelled to wade through blood to a throne which is columned round with the institutions of the most holy Catholic church. Among the rest of the honest men of the time, our governor shut his doors against you, and hoisted the standard of the League on his ramparts. Then your general Biron came against us, with an overwhelming force—a swaggering bravo, who was an excellent captain, but would have made a still better trumpeter;—and after a

time we saw with absolute certainty how the affair would go.

“We at last surrendered of our own free will, to prevent the enemy from boasting that they had taken the place from us by force; the terms were that all who chose should be allowed to march out, bag and baggage; and I forgot the shame of defeat in anticipation of the joy I should feel in guarding Monique to a place of safety, and assisting to establish her family in some more continuing city. When we were all prepared, knapsack on shoulder, to throw open the gates of our little town, I hastened to M. Bellegrade’s house.

“‘And so you are going,’ said he—‘Well—give my compliments to your mother; and tell her, when the country is settled, one way or other, and we are all comfortable, I shall be happy to see her again.’

“‘What do you mean, M. Bellegrade?’ said I, beginning to perspire—‘Do you know that the place is just about to be evacuated?’

“‘Not by me, young man,’ he replied—‘not by me. Why should I leave a spot in which I have grown and flourished, and where I hope to wither and die? What is it to me who calls himself governor of Feschamp, or what is the colour of the flag which waves on the ramparts? Here I shall live as usual, respected, and die comfortable—for these poor knaves of Protestants will be only too happy to be patronised by a substantial man like me. You know I have not troubled myself with the defence of the place; I have done the conquerors no injury; and they can have no pretext for injuring me. Thank the saints I am neither a soldier nor a sailor; I employ myself in collecting my rents, selling my commodities to the best advantage, and keeping short accounts. You are in quite a different case. If you have any trade at all—which may be a matter of doubt—it is war; you have played the very devil with these people who are now knocking at the gates, and I only marvel that they let you out at all. Come, there is the drum striking up for Henri Quatre; be thankful it is not worse—to the right about, march, and God be with you!’

“‘M. Bellegrade,’ said I, in a fury, ‘I want to marry your daughter!’

“‘Recapture the fort, then,’ replied he with a grin, ‘and elect yourself governor; for no less a man shall marry Monique.’

“‘I will do it,’ said I—‘by heaven and hell! I will do it!’ and at the moment the noise without informed us that the gates had been opened. The bells rang, the artillery thundered, and the conquerors shouted ‘Vive Henri Quatre!’

“I clasped Monique in my arms—she was pale, trembling, and in tears; and her father ran to the window to see the show.

“‘Monique,’ said I, ‘listen! Fail not every night of your life, if it should be for twelve months, to walk out upon the ramparts, which are close by, before going to bed. As often as you see a light on the masthead of a boat below, you may be sure that your lover is there, and that his hopes are still alive. When you see two lights, provide yourself, at your leisure, with a cord long enough to reach the distant waters below; and when you see three, let fall the end of the cord at the place where the rock sweeps

perpendicularly down six hundred feet to the sea—will you do this?

"I will."

"The message you will receive by the cord will explain the rest. Now, farewell!"

"This, your majesty," continued Boisrose, "is the way in which I came first to think of an enterprise which the world is pleased to repute so extraordinary."

"A very proper and sensible way, I declare," said the beautiful Gabrielle—"only I wish you had given us the adventure first, which I am dying to hear, and kept the preface against winter."

"It was M. Rosny's fault," cried Boisrose, starting up, and reddening. "Plague on him! he told me to give my motives in full, when you and his majesty were not listening! This was done on purpose—O the—well, if I do not one time or other—*Sacre Dieu!*" Henry and his minister laughed heartily at the young sailor's naïveté; and Gabrielle laughed as much as a beauty dares do with the fear of wrinkles before her eyes.

"Never mind," said the debonair king, "dullness is not capital; sit down again, and tell us the story of your three lights."

## CHAPTER II.

By Heaven! methinks it were an easy leap  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon;  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where never fathom-line could touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks!

SHAKESPEARE.

"During the defence of the fort," continued Boisrose, "I had formed an intimacy with about a score of the finest fellows it contained. They were all of the true breed—not a shilly-shallyer among them; and every one was as poor as your majesty yourself, when only King of Navarre, at the time you had not a whole shirt, nor a whole doublet, nor even a serviceable suit of armour to your back. With these gentlemen, as soon as I had established my mother with a relation, I held a council of war about recapturing the fort."

"Sirs," said I, "to make the attempt in the usual way, with any prospect of success, would require an army. It is necessary, therefore, if we think of it at all, to consider whether there is not some avenue which no human being would dream of but ourselves. The fort being built on the edge of a cliff, six hundred feet sheer down into the sea, has always been considered, and with much apparent reason, to be impregnable on that side: and it is precisely there where I would counsel the attempt to be made."

"But how?" said they—with wings?"

"Ay, of hemp," replied I. "Suppose you had a knotted rope let down to you from the ramparts, is there any man here who would decline ascending it for a reasonable wager? No, not one. Well, if at my own expense I procure a tackle strong enough to hold us all, with thirty more picked men at our back—what would you say then to the adventure?"

"Do that and we are yours!"

"What! you are—you? No thanks to you! You would do as much, you rascals, to rob a crow's nest. Come, I did but try you; the

affair is all arranged; I have friends in the garrison, and money in my pouch; if you choose to join in the escalade, why, so. I shall be your true captain—if not, God be with you!" They all agreed to a man; I chose one of them, whose name was Andre, for my lieutenant; and selling my patrimony, purchased a large open boat, and a coil of cable six hundred feet long.

"The affair, however, was by no means settled. My funds were exhausted; thirty men were to be looked for, as fifty was the smallest number that would suffice to cut so many throats; and it was necessary, therefore, to lie upon our oars, to see what God would send us. Both I and my comrades, therefore, were obliged to go adrift for the present, each of them engaging to meet me by a certain day, bringing a tried and true friend with him, worthy of a share in the adventure. The remaining ten I promised to pick up myself. What they did in the interval, I am sure I cannot very well tell; and your majesty and the queen—I mean Mademoiselle D'Estrees—(that idea, I suppose, is given up)—must excuse me on this part of the subject. Some, however, I suppose, went a short trip to sea; some took to the fishing; and some, I dare say, lived as well as they could on their neighbours, who were, luckily, almost all heretics."

"Oh fy, fy," interrupted Gabrielle, but not in a tone of displeasure.

"What of that, madame?" said Boisrose, "I am sure it was only the Protestants who suffered—scurvy knaves! and it was even too good for them. Nay, you need not bend your brows at me, M. Rosny, for I do not offend his majesty. I have ever observed, that people who change their religion are still bitterer against its professors than if they had been their enemies from the first."

"My lieutenant, Andre, parted company with me last; and previously we rowed out to the rock of the fort on a dark night, and for the first time I gave the signal to Monique by running a light up to the mast head. Proud of the contrivance, I looked up, and saw the edge of the horizon faintly and irregularly defined. It was impossible to discern a human figure at such a distance, and even the white flag, planted on the highest part of the ramparts, resembled more a patch of sky, or a sailing cloud, as it floated in the wind."

"I was so much annoyed on discovering the oversight I had been guilty of in omitting to establish a countersign with Monique, that Andre, imagining I had been struck with a panic at sight of the dark rock, and on the idea presenting itself of the terrific height we should have to swing ourselves up on a starless night, by our hands and feet, and with no other support to cling to than a hempen line, began to try to animate my courage."

"Peace," said I, "peace! Take care that I have not to put you in mind of this when we are half way up, in order to egg you on to finish the adventure."—I then told him of the blunder I had committed—although still taking care not to allow him to suspect that my only ally in the garrison was a young timid girl—and we consulted as to the best mode of repairing it.

"Owing to the movements of the Leaguers, occasioned by the successes of your majesty's arms in Normandy, the fort had been kept in a

state of great alarm from the moment it had been won; and the same precautions were taken in admitting persons within the gates as if the place had been in a state of siege. It was necessary, therefore, that a communication with Monique should be made through some person as little liable to suspicion as possible; and Andre offered to employ on the occasion a young country girl in the neighbourhood, whose accepted lover he was. This seemed to me a fortunate thought. We extinguished our light, rowed back to the village, and the next morning set out for the place, about two leagues off, where Andre's sweetheart resided.

"The lieutenant had already taken leave of her, intending that day to have proceeded on a coasting trip as far as Dieppe; and from thence, if he found a friend of his still in the port, for London, the capital of England; but the wind being unfavourable, he was permitted to defer his embarkation till the following day. After a pleasant walk, we reached the place of our destination early in the forenoon. It was a pretty village on the seashore, with a neat spire seen tapering through the trees, a few fishing boats on the beach, and some small flocks of sheep spotting the circumjacent meadows white.

"Our way lay by the church; and as we passed near the wall, surprised by the sound of singing, very different in measure and cadence from church music, being soft and tender, without any touch of solemnity, we paused to listen. In another moment, Andre recognized some of the voices, and we both leaped over the wall, for the singers had entered the church; and presently all was silent. We looked in at one of the windows, and saw the prettiest sight that could be seen. About twenty young girls, dressed in white, and their heads coroneted with the early spring flowers, were sweeping with besoms of tender new-plucked shrubs the space before the altar. They were arranged in regular file, and kept time with their motions as if to some inaudible tune. In their hearts, I am sure they sung; and if it was the priest who told them that God would have been displeased with the utterance of the tune by their lips, he lied like a knave!

"A young damsel, still prettier than the rest, was the queen of this maiden company; and I saw by the direction of Andre's eyes, and the expression of his face, that she was his own. Having swept the fine dust into a heap in the middle, they deposited it in a white apron, which they delivered to Annette, their seeming priestess; and then moving trippingly, as if they would have danced had they dared, and their feet falling softly, with nicely-measured tread upon the floor, they slowly quitted the church.

"We were still unseen; and, stealing by the side of the wall, we followed them till they had gained an eminence of smooth and delicate green, just without the enclosure of the churchyard, and sloping down to the edge of the sea, where they drew up in regular array. The morning wind kissed merrily their fresh faces, and the long lap-pets of their caps waved and danced to its unseen touch. The sky was bright above their heads, the sea glittered at their feet, and the earth around them was as fair, and green, and fragrant, as if war had never entered into the world.

"The young girls dipped their hands into the

apron; and while their song rose clear into the sunny air—

'Goelands, Goelands,  
Rammenez-nous nos amans!'

they scattered the holy dust upon the wind. I know not how it was, but the pretty superstition, clinging as it were for support to the blessed religion of the Cross, impressed me with a feeling of awe. These mysteries had been performed to propitiate—they knew not what power of heaven or of earth—to send back to them their lovers, now tossing on the vasty sea! Is it possible that God would appropriate to himself a worship so equivocal in its simplicity, and answer to their half-pagan spell? I say it is.

"No sooner had the charmed strain died away upon the wind, than Andre, rushing into the group, clasped his mistress in his arms. A scream, and a leap, and a joyful laugh of surprise from the whole party, was the result. Annette grew pale at first, and red afterward, and hid her blushes in her lover's bosom; then her companions, plucking the garlands from their hair, flung the flowers playfully upon them both; their song burst forth again from their hearts and lips, and, joining hands, they danced to their own music round the happy pair.

"They were young," continued Boisrose, in a lower voice—"young, heedless, happy creatures! and they were all so beautiful, and they looked so innocent—I pray your majesty to like these poor girls!"

"And so I do," said the good Henri—"so I do, indeed, my fine fellow!"

"And you, beautiful Gabrielle?" Gabrielle suddenly, yet gently, removed Henri's hand from her shoulder, on which he was reclining, and leaning her face upon the arm of the sofa, burst into tears. The monarch sighed, and Boisrose looked as if he had been taken in the fact of some enormous crime.

"Go on," said the Marquis of Rosny, while the unloving look with which he usually regarded the future Duchess of Beaufort, softened into a smile of compassion.

"Annette, may it please madame and your majesty," said Boisrose, "was easily prevailed upon to lend herself to our views; and that same day, providing herself with a little basket of fresh eggs, she mounted upon an ass, and, escorted by us, took her way to the fort. Her embassy was successfully performed; she delivered undiscovered a letter to Monique, and brought back to me a few hurried words, which were more powerful than whole volumes of magic.

"That night we showed our signal again off the Rock of the Fort, consisting this time of two lights, as it was time that Monique should begin to prepare; and immediately after, to our great joy, we saw a small light above, which seemed to us more beautiful than a star. What it was owing to, I do not know; but the distance, as marked by the light, appeared to be greater than before. Perhaps it was the association in our fancies between this star of our hope and the stars of heaven—for it truly seemed, as we gazed upon the speck of brilliance gemming the crown of night, that our project was to scale the sky itself, and take the thunderer by surprise. I felt convinced at the moment, from my companion's

manner, and the tone of his voice, that a thrill of awe passed through his heart; nevertheless, he mastered his emotion very gallantly, and, in rowing home, we talked of the enterprise as serenely as usual.

"The next day Andre and I parted: he went to Dieppe; and I, after seeing my boat properly secured, being reduced to my last sol, sailed for Bordeaux as a man before the mast. The story has nothing to do with the attempt upon the fort; but perhaps your majesty, now that I am talking, at any rate, would like to hear my adventures at sea?"

"By no means!" interposed Gabrielle.

"Very well. On the appointed day, my comrades and I met according to promise. We had all been successful in finding recruits, so that the proper number of fifty was made up, and it was necessary, without more loss of time, to go to work. They were a set of fellows who could not have been matched in Europe for nerve and muscle. Their faces were almost all of a grayish-brown, which speaks of rough weather and sea-spray; their eyes were small, quick, and sharp; they were under rather than over the middle size, and they stooped a little like men who were in the habit of clutching and grappling. There were some exceptions, it is true, to this description, and among them was Andre. He was tall and elegant, rather than strongly proportioned, and was quite a stripling compared with the majority of the rest. I had chosen him for my lieutenant from the frankness and boldness of his air, and a certain enthusiasm in his bright eyes which proclaimed him the very man for such an enterprise. Andre, besides, could understand me: this is a quality which your majesty is doubtless well able to appreciate. It is an excellent thing to have people about one who can do well what they are bidden wisely; but the benefit is incalculable to the chief of any daring enterprise to possess a comrade capable of entering into his feelings, and to whom a hinted word is sufficient to awaken a train of ideas corresponding to his own. Such a comrade was Andre.

"Having exchanged signals with my watchful angel Monique, who was still true to her post, a night was fixed upon for the adventure. The night came.

"The weather for some time had been dull and gloomy during the day, and squally as the night set in. It was early in the moon; and the sky was covered with clouds, which, although brittle and restless, allowed not a twinkle of starlight to appear. The shoreward sea rolled in heavy and almost unbroken masses, although the white foam was dimly visible in the offing. We embarked at a point half a league from the village; each man wearing a helmet and a coat-of-mail, with his offensive arms, consisting of a sword, dagger, and battle-axe, strapped round his body.

"Before we reached the Rock of the Fort, the wind had considerably increased, so that it was dangerous to go too far in-shore. Our signal light, however, would have been an object of great surprise and alarm if seen by any of the garrison; and it was necessary to revert to our original intention. So at all events we should have been obliged to do very soon, as we all

knew; and I only mention it to account for the kind of awe which, on nearing the rocks, ran through my crew.

"This was owing to nothing more nor less than the noise of the waves as they broke sullenly upon the cliff. Farther out, the sound was bad enough, but it was referred by the sailor's experience to its natural causes—and, perhaps, might have been rather encouraging than otherwise, as forming part of the things of which he was professionally cognoscent. But when close by—muttered as it were into our ears—it was as dismal as can well be conceived. The fissures and unevenness of the rock gave it many of the intonations of the human voice, while in itself—the body, if I may so speak, of the sound—it was so altogether above, or, perhaps, beneath humanity, as to be absolutely appalling.

"I believe there was not one among us who did not feel this; but I also believe that had it not been for the imprudence of my lieutenant, Andre, we should all have been too much ashamed of the sensation to have allowed it to be suspected even in our silence. When we first plunged close upon the cliff, and dipped our ears deep into the water to arrest the boat's progress, Andre, who all on a sudden had leisure to listen, stunned and horror-struck by the hellish clamour that assailed his ears, cried out—

"*'Holy Saints! what is that?'* and we, who wanted only an excuse to listen also, gave up our minds so entirely to the task that it was some time before we even thought of running up our signal-light to the mast-head.

"Andre, notwithstanding, was one of the first to recover, and by his brisk and cheerful whispers—for although the distance was so great, we did not think it prudent to talk above our breath—contributed greatly to restore the self-possession of the crew. In the meantime, in the deadly shade of the cliff, the darkness became so great that we could hardly see the figure of one another; and above, the rock was scarcely distinguishable from the dull sky beyond. The wind veered a little, but always for the worse, and gradually increased in force, till at length it came on to blow great guns from the northwest.

"Having struck fire with a flint and steel, we at last lighted our lamp, and sent it dancing up to the mast-head. It enabled us to look into one another's faces for a moment; but when it had passed higher than our heads, the effect was completely lost in the surrounding gloom—its beams did not even carry to the wall of rock, which, at the present moment, was our most deadly enemy. Every face was turned up in expectation. The ridge of the cliff was now invisible; and for some moments—I know not whether I ought to say moments or minutes—we were in doubt whether any countersign was to appear.

"At length the star of our destiny arose in the heavens. I shall never forget the sound which came from the hearts of my comrades at its sudden apparition. The light appeared to be fixed in the sky, while we were grovelling on the surface of the sea. It happened at the moment that there was a pause in the rising storm; and notwithstanding the inarticulate roar of the waters, I am convinced that the slightest sigh from our lips would have been heard from stem to stern.

"Our second, and then our third light was



run up in the same manner, but still the solitary signal twinkled above. Expecting that a reply should be made to each of my challenges, I was greatly discomfited; and although I allowed no hint of it to escape, it was at one time my firm belief that something had occurred above to prevent the descent of the cord. But how did I know that the cord had not already descended? As the question flashed suddenly upon me, I was covered with a cold perspiration. An object fifty times the thickness of an ordinary cord would scarcely have been discernible at the time!

"This oversight of mine, however, was made up for by my admirable Monique. In a few moments the star above began to fall; its descent became more rapid; it swung wildly in the wind; and at length it almost reached the water's edge before us. It was with some damage to our boat, and extreme hazard to our lives, that we approached near enough; but at length we had the satisfaction of seizing the welcome cord.

"To this the end of the cable was speedily made fast, and a pause of expectation ensued. The cable was furnished with small pieces of wood lashed across it at equal distances, to serve for the steps of a ladder; and the whole was coiled carefully up and laid free upon the beams of the boat, so as to run easily. The vessel was now so crowded both at stern and bows, all requiring to be clear at midships, that we could scarcely use the oars to keep our position in the water; and as the wind increased every instant, and the sea rose higher and rougher upon the rocks, the moment was exceedingly critical.

"The cable at last began to rise, and my heart was relieved, for I feared that Monique had found her strength unequal to the task: as, indeed, it would have been without the aid of an old wheel which had been used in weighing stones for the repair of the ramparts. I knew that she would meet with no interruption in her labour, for this part of the fort was wholly deserted even in the day-time: and little danger could be apprehended by the garrison in such a quarter, except from an insurrection of the eagles. My mind was therefore perfectly tranquil from the moment the cable began to rise: and whispering my orders to the men, we set about what remained of our duty in the boat with alacrity.

"Uncoiling a sufficient quantity of the cable to keep our friend above employed, we threw it overboard, and then pulled out a little farther from the rocks, to allow room for dragging, and cast anchor. Our anchor was heavy enough for a much larger vessel in an ordinary situation; but here the ground was bad, the wind high, and the sea by this time roaring and hissing, and plunging like mad. The noise with which it met the cliff was like incessant discharges of artillery; and the waves broke so continually over our heads that the air we breathed seemed to be thick with foam.

"In this situation we remained, I think, for upwards of an hour, before we saw that the rope was nearly all spun out. At length the hoisting ceased; the labour of Monique was at a close; and we lashed the cable's end securely to the boat. All things went bravely on; we had hit our time to a minute; the sky was covered with a pall, the ends of which seemed to hang far over the horizon of the earth; the winds piped

loud and wild, and the answering sea danced and shouted to the sound; there was not a twinkle of starlight above, and below there were only the white heads of the billows seen dim and far in the waste. It was now the dead watch, and deep middle of the night.

"We followed the rope with our eye towards our destination; but it was lost in darkness. We could not even see the edge of the cliff against the sky. At length a light appeared, like a star, far, far above our heads: it was the signal that all was ready, and we eagerly threw ourselves upon the rope to try, by a strain, whether it was securely enough fastened above. It did not yield.

"Now, my lads," cried I, "now for the crow's nest! Andre, my noble heart! you shall lead the way; and although I doubt no man of you any more than I doubt the pass, yet I myself will bring up the rear. There must be no return, once our feet have left the boat! Remember, I require no compulsion even now: stay below whoever pleases; but if you mount, you shall never descend this way alive. Whatever difficulties we may meet with on the way, or whatever alarm we may hear above, on we must go. This dagger sharpened on purpose, I shall carry in my mouth to cut the rope below me on the first murmur of mutiny. Are you all agreed?"

"Ay, ay, ay!" was the answer from every hero of them. The winds, waves, and rocks, shouted their applause; and the sea, rising wildly around us, broke in a deluge over our heads.

"Now for it, my lads!" cried Andre, in the midst of the din—"Follow who will, here I go like a rigger!" and he sprang upon the rope and disappeared in the darkness above. Up they jumped behind him, one after another, head and shoulders. Sacre! it would have done your majesty's heart good to have seen it! Up they jumped—the rope swung, the sea roared—hurrah! I sheathed my dagger, for I saw there would be no use for it; and, drunken with exultation, as the last man left the gunwale, I almost leaped upon his shoulders.

"We had gained the middle, three hundred feet from the surface of the sea, and three hundred feet from the surface of the land. We were in total darkness; and the rope, notwithstanding our enormous weight, agitated by the rocking of the boat and the rushing of the storm, swung and swayed like a thread.

"Hold fast!" cried the lieutenant at that moment—but there was no need of the command. We had all stopped suddenly, as if we had been one man, and clung with a death-grip to the rope. We knew not whether the danger—imminent, mortal, and overwhelming—was above or below; but we felt as if we were lost. A hundred different ideas swept through my mind in one instant; but the predominating one was that Monique had been discovered, and that the garrison were heaving off the rope above. I was confirmed in this belief by a wild and piercing voice screaming into my ears—it was the voice of Monique! But this was impossible!—or, had they thrown her headlong down, shrieking into the abyss?

"That I heard and felt all this, in the compass of a few seconds may seem strange, and yet it is most true. The next moment, the motion of the rope which had produced these ideas

was repeated, and a shudder seemed to run through it from end to end. It then swayed so wide and so high, being carried with the boat driving from her moorings on the top of an enormous wave, that it was with the utmost difficulty we kept our hold: and it then broke off from its lashings, with a report like that of a cannon, and we swung far and free in the storm.

"Thrice we were flung with such violence against the cliff that many of our helmets crashed like nutshells; but at last by desperate and continued efforts, grasping at the nearest fissures of the rock, we contrived to keep the frail machine comparatively steady. It was some time before we thought of resuming our progress; and there we hung, in the dead middle of the night, suspended three hundred feet above the roaring sea, supported by nothing more than a rope fastened three hundred feet above our heads by the weak fingers of a maid.

"At last became impatient, and passed the word to go on; but the order was given in vain. Notwithstanding my threat of cutting the rope in case of mutiny, it seemed as if the very fact of the existence of a communication with the boat had had the effect of nerving the hearts of some of the men, which now failed them when that communication was cut off.

"Andre, the leader of the crew, he on whom I depended so much, sunk suddenly into a state of stupefaction and despair; and when I demanded furiously the cause of the delay, word was passed to me from-mouth to mouth that he had declared himself to be unable to proceed a step higher.

"The situation was terrible. The faint tones in which some of the men spoke informed me that the contagion was spreading; we should hang there—those who had nerve enough to preserve their hold—till daylight appeared; and, when discovered by the garrison, we should be dropped down into the hissing hell of waters, with the deriding and exulting cries of the victors ringing, like the laughter of demons, in our ears!

"'Wretch!' I exclaimed, 'it is better that one perish than all!' and passing the word to hold fast, I climbed up the rope over the heads of my comrades. Each man, as I reached him, assured me, although some with faltering voices, that his resolution was unshaken, and that if I only cleared the way, he would follow me to death; but when I arrived at Andre, he was immovable. His voice was fearfully calm, while he told me that he felt it impossible to go on—that he would remain there and die.

"'That you shall not,' said I; 'the lives of so many brave men shall not be sacrificed to the despair of a coward'; and grappling with him fiercely, I tore his feeble hands from their hold, and bent him down over the abyss. I knew not what withheld my arms as I was about to send him headlong into the sea; but I believe it was the remembrance of that gentle scene I had witnessed with him at the village church. I can hardly understand it now; but at that moment, even amid the howling of the night-tempest, I heard the maiden's voices in their sweet wild song swell distinctly on my ear, and the innocent face of his young fair mistress gleamed upon me like a spirit through the darkness.

"My heart was softened, but my tongue bitter. I raised him up, and fixed his hands again upon the rope; and with every execration that hate and scorn could teach the human lips, I stabbed him repeatedly, but not deeply, in the legs and back with my dagger. The sense of pain roused him to the sense of insult; and at length, as I repeated my attacks, his fear vanished, and grasping the rope with one hand, he tugged at his sword with the other to combat his enemy on the spot.

"'I will meet you on the ramparts,' said I, sliding down the backs of my comrades to my original post.

"'On! on!' cried they, with one voice; 'the day breaks!—on, or we are lost!' and Andre rushed frantically up the trembling ladder.

"We at length gained the edge of the precipice, and crept one by one upon the ramparts. That moment was delightful! we unbound our swords and battle-axes, and my comrades gathered round me to take orders for the assault. Monique at the instant startled us by bursting into the circle. She sunk down before me, and clasped my knees.

"'They are asleep!' said she, in a whisper that was heard distinctly by all present—'they are sound asleep—calm and unsuspecting on their peaceful beds! Oh, spare them! spare them!'—But we did not spare them!"

"'Wretch!' cried Gabrielle, "after having just escaped such danger yourselves!"

"That was just the reason," returned Boisrose; "we had no fancy to be hurled down the cliff again; the numbers were three to one against us; and before we had nearly reduced them to an equality, so many had time to rub their eyes and arm, that, after all, we had a fair stand-up fight for the fort, which we gained—besides, they were Protestants."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Gabrielle, "that you have come to an end one way of other. I am sure I wished heartily that the rope had broken above rather than below you; for I thought you never meant to have got more than half-way; and certes, if I had gone to bed with my imagination hanging with you on that eternal line, the storm shrieking in my ears, and the sea roaring at my feet, I should have risen in the morning mad!—now tell me, out of what stale romance have you filched that adventure?"

"It is all true, madam," said the Marquis of Rosny—"true, every syllable, as I have had an opportunity of knowing. If ever I write the history of my own time, I shall not forget, be assured, the story of the Rock of the Fort."

"But tell me," said Henri, "for I long to know how you sped after the fortress was taken."

"Why, your majesty," replied Boisrose, "as the affair was settled, I elected myself Governor of Feschamp, and sent an offer to Admiral Villars to deliver up the fort to the League on the simple condition of my being permitted to retain the government. I then went to M. Bellegarde to ask his daughter in marriage. What do you think the old fellow answered?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," said the monarch.

"I know that—but guess."

"Indeed I cannot."

"Why then, he said, that as your majesty had turned your coat to get a throne, it was yours

by right; and that without the royal permission, I could be no more governor than he! Think of that! That I, who had scaled a perpendicular cliff six hundred feet high, and carried the fort with my own men, should wait *your* permission to govern it! Sacre!"

"It was a most unreasonable idea!" remarked Gabrielle, gravely.

"Shocking! shocking!" said the king. The Marquis de Rosny grinned from ear to ear.

"Well," returned Boisrose, "M. Bellegrade was inflexible, and Villars played the fool. Instead of snapping at the offer at once, the admiral went a roundabout way to work, employing some of his underlings to negotiate; and when I flatly refused to deliver up the fort before the bargain was made, he marched an army against me! This, as it happened, was very well; for out of affection to your majesty, I had already half-persuaded myself that as the Church had opened her arms to receive an erring and repentant son, a sinner like me had no right to stand in his way. No sooner, therefore, did I hear the admiral's movement, than I sent the same offer to your majesty which I had made to him; and presently there comes Marshal Biron, swelling, and strutting, and puffing, as if he would blow out the sun, and wheel me out of my fort. Never was a freer man! If I had asked for the succession of the throne of France, he would have given it at a word. But, alas! his gifts were all in words! With the concurrence of M. Bellegrade, the bargain I made with him was, that I should either receive the government of Feschamp, or an adequate remuneration. From that day to this, I have heard nothing more about the matter, either from Biron or your majesty."

"And whom do you accuse?" asked the king.

"Why, that M. Rosny," replied Boisrose, "people say, makes your majesty do any thing he has a mind to—or let it alone, just as he pleases; and as I was always inclined to form a favourable opinion of your majesty, I, of course, am compelled to conclude that it is owing to his evil influence you act on this point in so strange a manner."

"We shall waive that point in the mean time," said the king; "and now let me ask you why you have all on a sudden ceased mention of your friend Andre?"

"Sacre! I hardly know what to say of Andre. After the fort was taken, he wanted to fight with me for stabbing him; and when I only told him he was a fool, he went away in a dudgeon, and I neither saw nor heard any thing more of him."

"This is your account, sir," said the king, sternly; "will you preserve the assurance of your countenance when you are informed that Andre has been here before you?"

"Oh, the son of a sea-cow! what has he been saying? Do not believe him, please your majesty! his mother was a Protestant! O that I had him here!"

"And so you shall—you shall not be condemned without witnesses and a full hearing. Keep yourself in readiness to return here when sent for; and I pledge my word, as a king and a knight, that you shall have justice done you."

Boisrose left the presence, devoured with rage and mortification.

"If I had thought it," said he, with a bitter oath, "I would have been flayed alive before they had that long yarn out of me!" Five days passed by, and he was at his wits' end, as well as his purse's end; but at last the message came, and he hurried to the Louvre.

He was ushered into the same room, where he found the same company; and after making his obeisance to royalty, he looked fiercely round for the accusing witness. In another moment, Andre entered.

"Silence in the court!" bawled the Marquis de Rosny—

"Please your majesty, stop his mouth?" said Boisrose; and striding up to Andre, who seemed about to faint away in the august presence—"Sacre!" he continued, "what is this you have been saying of me? Look me in the face, and out with it!"

"I never said any thing of you," Boisrose, replied Andre, "that was not true."

"What *did* you say of me then—speak!"

"Why, I only said that you would not fight with me."

"And was that all?"

"That was the worst I knew of you to say—and the only thing of the kind that was ever said of you in your life."

"Please your majesty," said Boisrose, "his mother recanted before her death! I will go to communion upon it.—Andre, my fine fellow, I'll fight with you to-morrow; or, if that will not do, I beg your pardon now!"

"The next witness!" bawled the Marquis de Rosny; and M. Bellegrade entered the room.

"Report your accusation against the prisoner," said the marquis.

"My accusation!—Holy Virgin! I am sure I do not remember that I—"

"No hesitation—you know it was something about defending the fort."

"Well, I am sure I meant no harm to the young man; but if I did say any thing, it must have been, that he declared to me, if made governor of the fort, he would defend it against his majesty's enemies, if the king himself were to lead them on."

"That is hanging!" said Gabrielle. Boisrose gave her a look; but he bit his lip and remained silent, for he could not deny the charge.

"The next witness!" An old lady entered the room.

"What, mother! you here!" cried Boisrose. "What, in Heaven's name, have you been saying against me?"

"Indeed I could not help it!" said she; "the gentleman asked me so many questions, and pressed me so hard, that at last I told him—"

"What, what?"

"That, when preparing for your mad adventure, rather than hamper me by living on the part of your small patrimony which you had settled on me, you barbarously went a voyage to Bordeaux as a man before the mast!" and the widow sobbed bitterly.

"The next witness!" Annette entered the room.

"What is the heaviest complaint you have to make against the prisoner Boisrose?"

"Please you, sir, that when I told him that

Mademoiselle de Bellegrade had saluted me when I gave her the letter, he broke all my eggs to pieces in taking the kiss off my cheek."

"The last witness!" Monique entered the room; and Boisrose ran and clasped her in his arms.

"Your complaint! your complaint!" cried the king.

"This is his way," said Monique, struggling; "you are witness as well as I—he always so stops my breath!" Gabrielle clapped her hands, delighted at the damsel's readiness, and Henri rose up.

"Prisoner," said he, "you are convicted of valour, generosity, true loyalty, filial affection, and love, and I remit you into the hands of the Marquis of Rosny for sentence."

"With your majesty's permission, then," cried the Marquis, "he shall for these offences receive two thousand crowns in ready money, a captaincy in the army, with proper appointments, and a pension of twelve thousand livres a-year; and when your majesty makes me grand master of the Norman Artillery, he will be, if he pleases, my lieutenant-general, with Andre the next in command."

"But there is one fault, my Lord of Rosny," said Gabrielle, "common to both your officers, which I trust his majesty will not overlook. They have quite too much spirit, particularly Boisrose, for the quiet holiday times which I hope by the blessing of God this realm is now to enjoy—and I would beg permission to propose a remedy."

"Name it," said the king.

"Marriage!"

"You are right. My Lord of Rosny, see that it be instantly administered at our own charge. Let the entertainment be on a scale befitting our royal station;—and it will go hard with us, Gabrielle," continued Henri, whispering, "if you and I do not look in among the maskers."

## THE MOUNTAIN STREAMLET.

Pretty streamlet! singing, dancing,  
While through meadows green you stray,  
In morning beams your beauty glancing—  
Say, whence come you, young runaway?

Ay—from the foot of yonder mountain,  
On whose brown side the mist ascends;  
You were nursed beside the fountain,  
Which to the sward fresh beauty lends.

And there—a child—you learned to prattle  
As you might, in hidden dells:  
To crowds of rushes to give battle,  
Or play at bo-peep with harebells.

So, you have left your loves of childhood,  
Round whose neck you fondly curled;  
And come hither, in some wild mood,  
To sport awhile, and see the world.

Eh! you have got a roguish twinkle;  
They say you Streams are fond of Flowers;  
Well, here they all your path besprinkle;—  
Bright Flora! you'll have gleesome hours.

They say you kiss the flowrets, Streamlet—  
Or so some tattling poets feign;  
Or, is it only but a dreamlet  
Of some flower-enamoured swain?

I rather think 'tis *they* steal kisses;  
When you glide, all slow and meek,  
They bathe their glowing lips and tresses  
On your cooling dewy cheek.

Well! 'tis between you—happy union!  
Long and constant may it prove!  
Streams and Flowers—a bless'd communion—  
*Beauties*, ye were made for love!

Giddy streamlet—ever changing—  
You are not framed for days nor hours;  
Wanton streamlet—ever ranging  
'Mong varied scenes and fairy bowers.

Anon, you'll dart to yonder coppice,  
And there some love-lorn birks beguile;  
Which, gently drooping, all their hope is  
That there you'll linger for awhile.

But I must leave you, though with sorrow;  
I'd love to trace the waltz you led;  
Pray, give my compliments to *Yarrow*.  
Remember, ere you go to bed.

## WORMS AND FLOWERS.

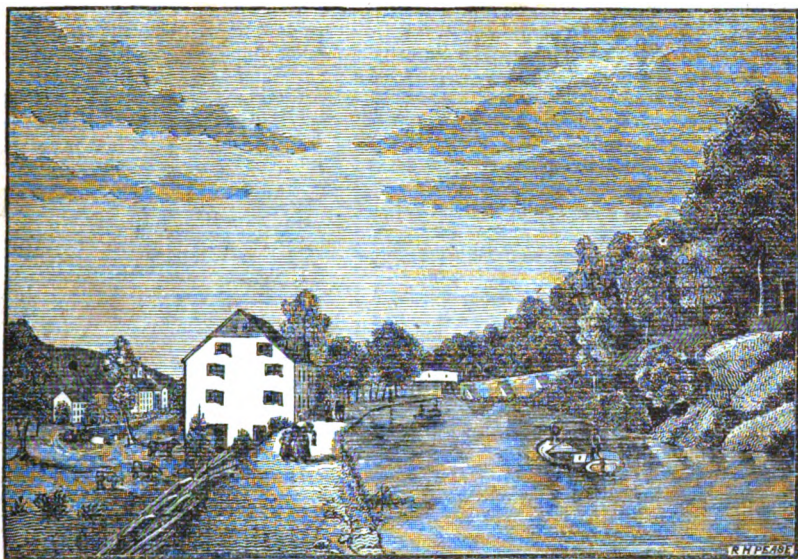
BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

You're spinning for my lady, worm!  
Silk garments for the fair;  
You're spinning rainbows for a form  
More beautiful than air,  
When air is bright with sunbeams,  
And morning mists arise  
From woody vales and mountain-streams  
To blue autumnal skies.

You're springing for my lady, flower!  
You're training for my love,  
The glory of her summer-bower,  
While skylarks soar above:  
Go, twine her locks with rose-buds,  
Or breathe upon her breast,  
While zephyrs curl the water-floods,  
And rock the halcyon's nest.

But, oh! there is another worm  
Ere long will visit her,  
And revel on her lovely form,  
In the dark sepulchre:  
Yet from that sepulchre shall spring  
A flower as sweet as this;  
Hard by the nightingale shall sing,  
Soft winds its petals kiss.

Frail emblems of frail beauty, ye!  
In beauty who would trust?  
Since all that charms the eye must be  
Consigned to worms and dust:  
Yet, like the flower that decks her tomb,  
Her spirit shall quit the sod,  
To shine in aramanthine bloom,  
Fast by the throne of God.



VIEW IN MANAYUNK.



KENILWORTH CASTLE.





## A WEDDING AT BOURG-EN-BRESSE.

An old college friend invited me to pass last autumn with him at Arbigny, a small village about a league distant from Pont-de-Vaux.\* The situation of his estate was picturesque and rural in the extreme, but to my taste far too secluded. The inmates of the castle consisted of my friend, his wife, and two ladies on a visit. The country has no great charms for me; and the monotonous life we led, caused my time to hang heavily on my hands, so that I soon sighed for the society and brilliant re-unions of our gay city of Paris. As a pastime, I bethought me of making love. Two were married, but the prettiest was free from incumbence, and might have been an agreeable companion, had she not had an intolerable habit of laughing, which was wearisome beyond measure: it had become a passion, a sort of mania with her; at breakfast, dinner, riding, walking, the most insignificant gesture, or unmeaning word; the simple "utterance of good night," or "good morning;" the accidental flitting of a bird; the spring of the grasshopper across her path, whatever happened, created violent and frequent fits of laughter. Whilst standing one morning at my chamber window, I saw a young girl enter the castle-yard, carrying a pitcher, to fill it at a well situated in an adjacent meadow. She was a brunette of about twenty, with piercing black eyes, and a complexion in which the piony certainly preponderated over the lily and the rose, and a figure as broad as she was long. Her picturesque costume of blue cloth was ornamented with crimson ribbons fringed with silver; and her tiny hat with its floating ribbons was placed over one ear, as if it had fallen there by accident. Although I could neither fancy her a Ruth nor a Rachel, still in a country where the women wear their waists just beneath their shoulder-bones, and shade with these baby hats their enormous faces, which are as broad as pumpkins, I thought her sufficiently charming to enable me to pass an hour agreeably.

One morning I approached my little heroine as she was about to draw water from the well; and as I have often found the success of a well-placed compliment upon a pretty woman, I lauded the brilliancy of her eyes, and becoming costume: this, as it flattered her vanity, was tolerably well received. Unfortunately, however, I was tempted to push my curiosity too far. Wishing to ascertain the texture of the ribbon to which a gold cross was suspended from her neck; I had scarcely touched it, ere I received a blow in the face, which made the blood flow copiously from my nose, and sent me reeling backwards several paces. How fortunate that we were alone, for had my laughing damsel been present, her risible faculties would have been beyond measure excited. I judged it the most prudent plan to sound a retreat. I, however, still affected to laugh, telling her that she displayed a little too much vivacity in her mode of salutation. She instantly raised her pitcher upon her head without assistance, and departed, muttering as

she went along, "Have you not had enough! or will you try it again!" At breakfast I inquired the name of my charmer, taking good care not to allude to her extraordinary prowess. My friend, who was lord of the manor, told me she was the only daughter of one of his tenants, a farmer, of the name of Grand, and that Margaret was the affianced bride of William Brulard, the son of another tenant; that their marriage was to take place the following morning, and that it would be a sight well worth the attention of a stranger, as the manners and customs of the middle ages were still preserved in that part of the country on these occasions.

"This village," said he, "was originally a colony founded by the Saracens, after their defeat in the plains of Tours, by Charles Martel. Indelible characters mark it on the countenances of the inhabitants, although their manners and characters may have undergone a change, during long intercourse with the inhabitants of other parts."

At ten o'clock the following morning the marriage commenced. Voices were heard without; farmers demanding admittance into the courtyard of the castle. The great gates were accordingly thrown open, and the processions preceded by a most discordant band of musicians, consisting of hurdy-gurdies, bagpipes, and squeaking clarionets. Foremost was Farmer Grand, leading his daughter by the hand, attired in the ancient Bresson costume; the former with his jacket and culotte-courte of white velvet; the red, long-flapped waistcoat, with its immense buttons made of bone; the enormous three-cocked hat, that had seen nearly as many years as its aged proprietor; and the huge bunch of wild-thyme, fastened with long red ribbons to the button-hole of his waistcoat. Margaret walked with her eyes modestly cast downwards, the very personification of gentleness; she wore a robe like that in which I had previously seen her, of blue Bressian cloth, with crimson ribbons, ornamented in front with an apron of the changeable colour "Gorge de Pigeon:" placed over her ear was a tiny hat, ornamented with long black lace lappets, which floated over her shoulders; white cotton gloves covered her rustic, but well-formed hands; blue stockings, woven with red clocks, covered her feet; and her shoes were black, bound with crimson velvet. Next followed a whole tribe of relations—grandfathers and grandmothers, brothers, uncles, aunts, and cousins of the bride.

A second procession simultaneously entered at another gate—the party of the bridegroom, who himself was dressed in the costume of the present day. He wore loose trousers of blue velvet, short hunting jacket, with its double row of metal buttons, and its seams covered with gold braid, a broad red belt, long silver watch-chain, and a white cotton night-cap, with the tassel thrown backwards. The latter is so generally adopted at the present day in Bourg-en-Bresse, and, indeed, throughout the department of Ain, that no male of the working or lower classes is without, excepting, perhaps, the very aged and infirm. The two groups drew up at about fifteen paces distant, salutations commenced in true country fashion with the scrape of the foot, the

\* In the department of Ain, at the foot of Mount Jura.

leg thrown backwards, and the hat in hand. The dialogue began by the bride's father addressing the father of the young man—

*Farmer Grand.*—"What do you want?"

*Farmer Brulard* (twisting his cocked hat in his hand).—"I want you to deliver your daughter, Margaret Grand, to my son, William Brulard."

*Farmer Grand.*—"Come forward."

There was some hesitation, neither party seeming inclined to take the first step. At length the two groups advanced at the same time.

*Farmer Grand.*—"Have you much money?"

*Farmer Brulard* (thumping his waistcoat pocket to make the money jingle).—"We have as much money as you."

*Farmer Grand.*—"How much will you give your son William on the day of his marriage?"

*Farmer Brulard.*—"I will give my son William as much as you will give your daughter Margaret."

*Farmer Grand.*—"I will lay five hundred silver crowns on the notary's table for my daughter Margaret: and together with this dowry, a *beau trousseau* made expressly for her by her grandmother."

*Farmer Brulard.*—"I will give my son William, now before us, and taking a wife, my hemp field, valued by the surveyors at two thousand francs. I dispossess myself of it in his favour; and by act of notary renounce all right and title to it, both present and future."

*Farmer Grand.*—"Will you take care of my poor little Margaret? Will you love her—be kind to her? Will you make her happy? Do you promise all this before God, who sees and hears us, and before her family here assembled?"

*Farmer Brulard.*—"Will I take care of her! Better care than if she were my own. Shall we all love her! As we would the child of our bosoms: and William, will he love and make her happy? He promises it to God, to you, to me, his father, and to both our families."

*Farmer Grand* (taking Margaret by the hand, turns her slowly round twice).—"Ah! look at her! Is she not pretty and well-favoured, and good, and industrious, and modest? Saving the company's presence, she is as mild and gentle as the pet lamb of the flock she takes to graze upon the mountain." (I think I could answer for the truth of this assertion.)

During this dialogue, which can scarcely be translated in all its simplicity, the blushing Margaret stood close by her father's side, her hands folded beneath her apron, scarcely daring to cast even a furtive glance towards her future husband. William, taking her by the hand, now advanced, and proceeded at the head of the now united processions, to the church where the marriage ceremony took place.

On their return to the court-yard, twelve village youths, friends of the bridegroom, entered demanding to speak with Margaret: they had brought her, as a present, a magnificent wedding gown of crimson cloth—but custom forbids that this gown should ever reach its destination; for twelve youths, friends of her family, were lying in wait, and rushed upon the bearers: a struggle ensued, and the side of victory was long doubtful: in the end, the dress was torn to shreds, and fixed on the top of a pole, when it was carried in

triumph through the village by the bridegroom's friends, the victorious party.

In the evening, the interior of Grand's farm presented a most animated scene. Several hog-heads of wine were broached; whole quarters of beef, an entire calf, two sheep, geese, ducks, fowls, &c., were all to be seen roasting before an enormous kitchen fire. But the impatient guests actually tore the half-cooked provisions from the fire, in their eagerness to commence the delicious repast.

The dinner ended; *Farmer Grand* rose and demanded silence. He apprized the company that, according to ancient usages, the bride would make a collection to defray part of the expenses of the nuptial banquet. Accordingly, Margaret, accompanied by the bridegroom's man, made the circuit of the tables. She presented a piece of gauffre\* and a glass of wine to each person, who in return dropped his offering into the purse. This ceremony ended, the musicians, stationed in an adjoining room, sent forth their discordant sounds. At that moment the bride was seized, carried away, and hid with the bridesmaid upon the roof of the house behind a large chimney, where the two damsels were left exposed to an inclement night atmosphere. This singular custom, handed down from time immemorial, is preserved unchanged in the present day; and the greater the difficulty in discovering the bride, the higher she is held in estimation by the inhabitants of the village.

Whilst the dancing continued, William was anxiously seeking his bride; at length, after more than two long hours, he discovered her nearly benumbed with cold.

Sometimes brides are hid in cellars, in empty casks, and in chaldrons: at other times under hayricks; in short, in the darkest and most impenetrable corners. It happened not long ago that a girl was concealed in an old chest, which was carefully closed: when her husband discovered her, after several hours, the poor girl was a corpse! Another time a handsome village youth married an ancient damsel, merely for her money; at night she was hid in a dark closet in the bed-room; instead, however, of looking for her, the husband retired very contentedly to bed. When the guests had departed, and the house was quiet, the lady perceiving the indifference of her lord and master, put out her head—"M. Jacquier," she said, "I lay you a wager you will not find me." "Probably not, Madame Jacquier," said her spouse, turning on the other side, and falling into a second sound slumber. The bride at length came to the wise determination of coming unsought out of her hiding-place.

As soon as William had discovered Margaret, he proposed conducting her to his paternal home; but there was another singular ceremony to be previously gone through. The bride had to proceed through every room in the farm-house, and to take the farewell of every object, animate and inanimate. She began in the kitchen, taking her apron between both hands to receive her tears, which flowed most abundantly.

"Farewell!" she said, "my chimney corner, in which I have so often sheltered my head:

\* Gauffre, a kind of light paste cake.



young and happy days, when I sought refuge from rain and storm. Farewell my winter's evenings, passed beside thy cheerful hearth! farewell my chair, my spinning-wheel, my shovel, tongs, my frying-pan; farewell my table, my mirror, my bed, where I have dreamed of my red cow, my pretty sheep and lambs! farewell my cat, my faithful dog! alas! must I leave you all! my God! is it possible? farewell brother, farewell to thee, father, and to thee, my poor old grandmother, who hath fostered my infant head! farewell! farewell! to all who have so long and kindly loved me! farewell!" She disappeared with her husband.

I have yet to add, that if, the morning after the wedding, any young woman of the company is found to rise later than the bride, she is unmercifully seized upon by four of the village youths, carried in a blanket from door to door, demanding provisions, as butter, eggs, milk, &c., and at each house she is tossed in the blanket!

These details may, perhaps, appear exaggerated; still they are *facts*. Their real worth being in the fidelity of the narration.



THE ANTHOLOGIA OF SELECTED POETRY.

NO. IX.

APRIL-FOOL—RETORT COURTEOUS.

"To-day," says Dick, "is April day—  
And though so mighty wise you be,  
A bet, whate'er you like, I'll lay,  
Ere night I'll make a fool of thee."

"A fool I may be made, 'tis true,  
But Dick," cries Tom, "ne'er be afraid,  
No man can make a fool of you—  
For you're a fool already made."

ON A DANDY.

They say, my friend, that you admire,  
Yourself with all a lover's fire.  
Men who possess what they desire,  
Like you, are happy fellows.  
But you can boast one blessing more  
While blest with all that you adore—  
That no one will be jealous.

ON A WORTHLESS PAIR.—FROM MARTIAL.

Pair'd in wedlock—pair'd in life—  
The husband suited to the wife.  
Worthless he, and worthless she,  
How strange it is they can't agree.

LIFE.

Life's best emblem is a flower,  
That buds and blossoms in an hour;  
'Tis subject to the same decay,  
For time and death sweep both away.

WAR AND PEACE.

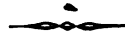
I hate the trumpet's brazen noise,  
Its loud, shrill tone my peace destroys,  
And rends my aching heart:  
The rattling drum, the bugle's sound—  
These alike my feelings wound,  
Dire ministers of the slaughter art.  
For fate has oft my footsteps led  
Among the dying and the dead,  
Strew'd o'er the bloody field,  
There in promiscuous heaps to lie,  
To thirst, to rave, to groan, to die—  
No friend to bury, and no arm to shield.  
Avaunt! ye scenes of murd'rous strife,  
Give me the joys of social life,  
Where, round my cheerful hearth,  
I view—with heartfelt pleasure view,  
Those sympathetic friends so true,  
Who share my sorrows and enjoy my mirth.

EPIGRAM.—A GENUINE XANTIPPE.

"Nay, pray thee, dear Thomas, never rave thus and  
curse,  
Remember, you took me 'for better, for worse.'"  
"I know it," cried Thomas, "but then, madam, look  
you—  
You prove, upon trial, much worse than I took you."

*On the Crew of a vessel, among whom were some  
names once of high celebrity.—BY PHILIP FRENEAU.*

In life's uncertain, odd career,  
What changes ev'ry day appear  
To please or plague the eye.  
A goodly brotherhood of priests,  
Are here transform'd to drunken beasts,  
That heav'n and hell defy.  
Here Bonner, bruis'd with many a knock,  
Has chang'd his surplice for a frock,  
Old Erskine swabs the decks;  
And Watts, who once such pleasure took  
In writing hymns, now, grown a cook,  
Sinners no longer vex.  
Here Burnet, Tillotson, and Blair.  
With Jemmy Harvey, curse and swear;  
Here Cudworth mixes grog.  
Pearson the crew to dinner hails,  
A graceless Sherlock trims the sails,  
And Banyan heaves the log.



Physical courage, which despises all danger,  
Will make a man brave in one way; and moral  
courage, which despises all opinions, will make  
a man brave in another. The former would seem  
most necessary for the camp, the latter for the  
council; but to constitute a great man, both are  
necessary. Napoleon accused Murat of a want  
of the one, and he himself has not been wholly  
unsuspected of a want of the other.



Did universal charity prevail, earth would be  
a heaven, and hell a fable.

## THOMAS GRAY.



THOMAS GRAY, one of the most eminent of British poets, was born, in 1716, in London; was educated at Eton and Peter House, Cambridge; accompanied Horace Walpole, on a continental tour, but parted from him at Reggio, and returned to England in 1741; spent the ensuing years in literary retirement, in sacrificing to the Muses, and in visiting the lakes and Scotland; refused, on the death of Cibber, the post of poet laureat, but, in 1768, accepted that of professor of modern history at Cambridge; and died, 1771, of the gout in his stomach. The poems of Gray are few, but they are gems of the first water. As a lyricist he is rivalled by Collins alone, and his celebrated *Elegy* in a Country Church Yard, has extorted the reluctant praise of his hypercritical Johnson. His correspondence places him among our best letter writers; his Latin poetry equals that of any modern; and some of his posthumous pieces afford proof of his profound erudition. The best edition of his works is that by Mr. Mathias.

## BENJAMIN THOMPSON RUMFORD.



BENJAMIN THOMPSON RUMFORD, count, was born, in 1753, at Rumford, in New Hampshire, and was educated at Harvard College. During the American war he espoused the royal cause, obtained the rank of colonel, and was knighted. At the close of the contest he entered the Bavarian service, as lieutenant-general, and was created

a count, and received the order of the white eagle, for the reforms which he introduced into the army, and the police. In 1798 he visited England, where he remained for four years, and took a prominent part in founding the Royal Institution. On his return to the continent he married the widow of Lavoisier. He settled near Paris, and died there August 21, 1814. His experiments and discoveries are recorded in his *Essays*, and in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

## LOVE AND VANITY.

"It is very strange," said Caroline St. Clair, starting suddenly from her seat, and pacing her room with hurried steps; "it is very strange I cannot learn to love Lord Frederick Fitzmaurice; the perfection of every thing one could wish for, as every body says; handsome, rich, talented, amiable!—and it is equally strange, and alas! not less true, that I cannot *help* loving Charles Moray, whom nobody thinks has any thing particular to recommend him. It is true his strange manner is rather against him; but then, though he seems cold, and almost indifferent to other people, he is never so to me; and this in my vain eyes, is just an additional reason for liking him.

"The sun shines bright when all's awake,  
On earth and o'er the deep;  
I like the moon which shines on me  
When all the world's asleep!"

"Still though they are much too indulgent to press it, I know my father and mother wish me to marry Lord Frederick, and that consideration *ought* to outweigh my wayward predilection for Charles. I also know that could my proud father see his darling daughter's heart laid bare before him—did he but suspect the passion she is cherishing there—it would bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave: and this consideration *ought*—not only to make me hate that passion, but feel indifferent to its object: and yet," she continued, and she shook her head mournfully as she spoke; "I *cannot* subdue it, it has gained a place in my very soul, too strong, my conscience tells me, for any human affection to hold there, and I must submit to its control. Still my family need not fear"—and unconsciously she walked more proudly through the room,—“if Caroline St. Clair cannot make passion yield to principle, she will at least be the only sufferer herself; if she cannot make her father and mother happy by marrying Lord Frederick, the object of their choice, she will not make them miserable by uniting herself to any one against their inclinations. No, no! mine alone be the misery, the proper penalty of encouraging a love which my reason tells me to be wrong. But,” she continued, after a pause, “*my* unhappiness will not be the only fruit of that encouragement; at least, if Charles loves me as I love him, he will be miserable too, when he finds that our love is hopeless, and can only be indulged in at the expense of my father's curse: and to be the cause of misery to Charles is more than I could bear. Oh!” she passionately exclaimed, throwing herself on a sofa, and burying her face in her hands; “better marry Lord Frederick than this! It may

he still time to save Charles; he has never said he loves me—perhaps he does not; and were I another's, his better principle would soon enable him to get over any little predilection he may now feel for me. Though I cannot *love* Lord Frederick, I could at least be a good wife. I think I know what constitutes that. I would endure every thing, try every thing; in sickness I would watch over him, in sorrow sympathise with him, and were he joyous, I would *try* to smile with him: but then," and she shuddered as the idea came over her,—“should a thought of Charles steal across me, how I should hate myself! Oh, how *could* I, with my affections fixed on another, look in my *husband's* face and *smile*! No, no, no, *that* were impossible! And yet what to do? the post hour approaches, and my father says I must write definitively to Lord Frederick to-day. Oh for one friend in the wide world whose opinion I *might* ask, whose advice I could follow! But,” she exclaimed, as a sudden idea seemed to strike her; “I have such a friend; one whose advice I have often asked and always followed—and that friend is Charles. Yes, I am resolved what to do; I know he is in the library just now, I will go to him, tell him of Lord Frederick's unfortunate fancy for me, my family's more unfortunate wishes on the subject, and ask him what I am to do. I shall discover whether he loves me or not—if he does, no power on earth shall induce me to accept Lord Frederick—if he does not, for my father and mother's sake, I will sacrifice myself, and marry him.”

So reasoned Caroline, the only child of Sir John and Lady St. Clair, and having arrived at this extraordinary conclusion, to the library she forthwith proceeded.—She found Charles Moray reading, and laying her hand gently on his shoulder, apologised for interrupting his studies.

“You never interrupt me, Caroline,” he replied; “you know you do not, so sit down, and tell me what you want.”

“Your advice, dear Charles; it is rather on a strange subject, but there is no other unprejudiced person to whom I can apply.”

“My best advice you shall have; but do not be too sure I am unprejudiced; for I fear the best of us are only so when we take no interest in the point in question; and this you know, Caroline, is not very likely to be the case when you are my client.”

Caroline blushed slightly at the implied compliment, and seating herself in a window, opposite, so that she could study his expression without herself being exposed to a like scrutiny, she began to state her case.

He listened with deep attention, nor could Caroline discover the slightest emotion which betrayed anything beyond the brotherly regard he had always expressed for her, until she came to that part of her narrative which touched on her own indifference: “And now Charles,” she concluded—“here is the puzzling part of the affair; I do *not* love Lord Frederick, I feel I never can.” When he heard this declaration a deep flush of pleasure suffused his usually pale countenance, and as Caroline caught the gratified expression which sparkled in his dark eyes, she felt almost certain he loved her. It was, however, but for a moment he allowed his feelings to get the better of him, for instantly resuming his former quiet

manner, he replied to Caroline's repeated question as to what she was to do, with the most perfect calmness. “Why, if you neither do love him, nor ever can, I should say, you ought not to accept of him; but I can scarce think it possible for any one to know Lord Frederick and not to like him. He is one of the most perfect characters I ever met with, and when you call to mind your father and mother's wish to see you settled, their strong prepossession in his favour, and how well he merits their high opinion, I should think you would not find it very difficult to comply with their wishes.”

“From all which, I think it would appear, Charles, that you recommend me to marry him now, upon the chance of being able to like him afterwards. Well, as it is *your* advice, I shall make the experiment;” and Caroline rose to leave the room.

“Nay, Caroline,” interrupted Charles, “stay a little; I don't think what I said quite amounted to that. It would indeed be a fearful experiment, and one I should not feel justified in recommending to any one, far less to you, in whom I feel so deeply interested. What I meant to say was, that if you knew Lord Frederick better, you would probably like him better, and I was going to suggest you should ask a longer delay before finally deciding.”

“That would scarcely be honourable, Charles,” replied Caroline, “because I feel convinced time can make no alteration in my feelings towards him; and I respect myself and him too much to trifle with him. If I marry him it must be to study resignation to my fate, not with the prospect of bettering it: and therefore, if it is to be done, perhaps the sooner I begin my hard lesson the easier I shall find it.”

There was a tone of melancholy in the voice in which Caroline uttered this last sentence which nearly proved too much for Charles's philosophy. He longed to throw himself at her feet, and there breathe out the confession of a love he had felt for her for years—a love at least as ardent, as exclusive as her own; but he was so well aware Sir John would consider him no fit match for his beautiful and talented daughter, that he had kept this secret of his heart locked up from every human eye, and *now* he felt was not the time to disclose it. “If,” he thought, “of her own free will and accord she refuses Lord Frederick, then with a quiet conscience may I continue to love her; but if, from any hint of mine she were induced to come to that determination, never again should I know what peace was. I know he is every way more worthy of her than I am; and heaven forbid that my own selfish wishes should ever interfere with the chance of her happiness.” By thus reasoning with his better feelings, Charles was enabled to resist a temptation which had nearly proved too much for him; and assuring Caroline of his total inability to give an opinion on so difficult a subject he begged of her to be guided by her own good sense.

“And is this the result?” she said, with a bitter smile; “is this the result of all your researches after that knowledge of the world on which you so much pride yourself, Charles? Had you spent those years you have devoted to the study of strangers in foreign lands, at home,

you would at least have known more of its feelings and affections—you would perhaps have known that at this moment I am the creature in the world the least likely to be guided by my own good sense."

"Perhaps I might, Caroline," he replied with a tone of deeply wounded feeling; "but, as it is, you must see my inability to speak on a subject I so little understand. What indeed can a cold philosophising inquirer into the outward customs of foreigners, know of the inward feelings of the heart and home."

And yet, thought Caroline, as a smile of triumph passed over her countenance, never did I feel so convinced of his knowledge of both as at this moment: and it was with a resolved step she left the library, and with a lightened heart she wrote a polite refusal to Lord Frederick.

It is now time to say a little about Charles Moray. He was the orphan son of an intimate friend of Sir John St. Clair, whose ward he was, and to whose guardianship he had been committed when still a child. Sir John instantly took him to his own home, and ever since had acted the part of a parent towards him. He was possessed of a small, but what is generally termed, an independent fortune, and was now on a visit of a few months to his guardian, previous to taking up his residence on his own estate in Scotland. He was aware of Lord Frederick's attachment to Caroline, and had been endeavouring, ever since his return from the continent, to school himself into seeing her become the wife of another with some degree of patience: but now that he had heard her declare her indifference to him, and knew from herself that she had refused him, he once more allowed himself to love her; and week after week stole away, leaving no trace behind, except the record of their increased affection. Still, when Caroline did pause to think—when, for a few moments, she awakened from the dream which had taken such strong possession of her, she was not happy. Her conscience told her she had preferred her own gratification to that of her indulgent parents; that she was encouraging passion at the expense of principle; and there was a certain indistinct anticipation of retribution which would often steal upon her in the silence of the night, and send the blood mantling to her forehead, though there was no human eye there to witness it. And Charles, too, had his hours of reflection and self-accusation. It is strange how natural sophistry seems to the mind of man; and how often, by its false reasoning, we try to reconcile our conscience to what we know to be wrong! But the still small voice will not always be so silenced; and though Charles said to himself, and said truly, he had never tried to win Caroline's affections, and had never told her that he loved her, still he knew that he *had* won that confiding heart, and that latterly he had taken no pains to conceal how completely that love was returned.

About this time a distant cousin of the St. Clairs came to pay them a visit. She was young, beautiful, and accomplished; but though her manner seemed artless, and her heart warm, she was in fact, cold, worldly, selfish, and vain. Caroline had not known Nora Vivian long enough to find out her true character, and welcomed her

to Clair Park with unaffected pleasure. Had she known—could she have anticipated the viper she was taking to her bosom, how different would have been her greeting! Miss Vivian had had much intercourse with the world, and profited thereby; and she had not been long in the house with Charles and Caroline before she discovered the attachment which subsisted between them, and determined, "*pour passer le temps*," as she expressed it in a letter to a chosen spirit, to interrupt the course of their "innocent affection." This was the one object of her actions by day and thoughts by night; and for some time she could scarcely conceal how much her vanity was mortified by the slow progress she made in her heartless scheme. Caroline was so confident in her own affection, so confiding in Charles's, that no hint Nora could give, distinct or implied, ever gave her a moment's uneasiness: and then, though always polite, Charles's manner towards her was so cold, so distant, that she felt her very pride concerned in winning him from Caroline. "One smile from that piece of indifference," she said to herself one day, as she sat musing how she was to proceed, "would be worth more in my eyes than the adulation of a multitude—but how to obtain it? I see I must alter my plans; and as I cannot rouse her suspicions, I must try and work upon his vanity. I will attract to myself by imperceptible degrees, and in a manner which no polite person can refuse, all those little attentions which now are so exclusively her own—she will *feel* this and resent it. The vanity of woman has passed into a proverb, but my experience proves that of man to be greater; therefore while Charles Moray's pride is hurt by Caroline's reproachful manner, I will minister to his vanity by a thousand numberless attentions, which, in that hour of mortified affection, will be to him like sunrise to the benighted traveller." We will not stop to follow Miss Vivian through the crooked path she thus marked out for herself; suffice it to say she had drawn her conclusions from but too intimate a knowledge of the human heart, and the truth and accuracy of her calculations were but too well proved by the result.

By an appearance of great helplessness and dependence upon Mr. Moray's assistance and support, which she knew would gratify his pride, and which she knew well how to assume, Nora soon managed to usurp almost the whole of his attention. If they rode, she was nervous, and though it was dreadfully selfish to steal him from *dear, dear* Caroline, still, if he would ride along side of her horse, she would feel secure. If they walked, she was sure to feel fatigued almost immediately, and compelled to take the arm Charles was so polite as to offer. In the house it was the same thing, if she sung, Charles must take the second; she was foolishly timid and never could sing alone: if she played, he must turn the pages; in short, he was forever by her side; and so well did she play her part, that, at first, he fancied that, without a great breach of politeness, he could not act otherwise. By degrees, however, his politeness assumed a much warmer character; he neglected Caroline almost entirely, and at last, much to his own surprise, found himself desperately in love with Miss Vivian. It is human nature to *feel* neglect, and to resent it; and Caroline did sometimes feel mor-

tified to see all the attention, once so exclusively her own, bestowed upon another, but she did not resent it: perhaps, at times, unconsciously her manner towards him was colder than it used to be, but that was but a passing feeling of wounded vanity; she was too strong in the strength of her own attachment, to allow anything of a serious suspicion of his to enter her mind. Things, however, could not long continue in this state, and at last her eyes were destined to be opened.

Charles had promised to accompany her to a village a few miles off, to assist her in fixing upon a site for a cottage Sir John was anxious to have built for an old servant. She walked into the drawing room one beautiful forenoon, and asked him if he was ready to accompany her, adding, she feared the distance was too great for Nora to walk.

To this Nora instantly assented, but Charles made no reply, and upon Caroline turning towards him, she was surprised to see him standing irresolute in the middle of the room. She smiled confidently on him, and again asked him if he was ready to accompany her.

"If to-morrow would do as well, Caroline," he replied with some confusion—"I should be delighted to escort you—but I have just promised Miss Vivian to stay at home and practise the duet we were trying over last night."

"Strange," thought Caroline, "to prefer practising a duet with Nora to walking with me!" but adding aloud, "Very well, Charles, though it is too far for me to walk alone, I can easily ride there." She left the room; before she had proceeded many steps, she remembered she had forgotten to order horses, and returned to the drawing room to do so: she gently re-opened the door, and found Charles leaning over Nora at the piano, his arm, unforbidden, thrown resting round her waist. They started at her approach, a cold shudder came over Caroline, and scarcely believing she saw aright, she fixed her eyes on those of Charles—they sank beneath her searching glance, and in the conscious flush of guilt which burned on his brow she read the truth. Caroline was a creature of impulse, as we have seen; she was sensitive, too, to a painful degree, but she was also proud; as the truth first flashed upon her, she thought she must have died on the spot; there was a sickness of heart—an annihilation of all she cared about, of all that made life dear to her, which nearly struck her to the ground; but pride came to her aid, and raising her eyes from the carpet, and fixing upon Charles a smile "more terrible in its reproachlessness than Gorgon hideousness," she said, with a quietness almost unnatural: "I had forgotten to order my horses—will you ring and do it for me?" And then, without giving him time to answer, she walked composedly out of the room, and before Charles had time to collect his tempestuous feelings, he saw her dash past the window on her beautiful pet, Selim.

Poor Caroline's ride was a sad one; there was the agonizing feeling of misplaced affection, of outraged confidence; and that still small voice, which in her happier hours had only *whispered* blame for preferring her own happiness to that of her father and mother had now increased into an accusation too loud for any sophism to silence. Her brain was on fire, and giving the reins to

her horse, she sought, by bodily exertion, to calm the fever which raged within; but it would not do; and checking Selim to a walk, she bent her head on his mane and wept bitterly. "And has it come to this!" she at last passionately exclaimed, as she slowly raised her head, and threw back the long dark ringlets which clustered down her burning cheeks—"has it come to this—to tears? and does Caroline St. Clair weep because she could not make her passion yield to principle, and because a just and retributing God has now made the object of her idolatry the instrument of his vengeance? I know," she continued, as she raised her tearful eyes to the clear smiling sky, "I know if I have inclined my heart to any evil way *thou* wilt not hear me—but now, now in this hour of agony, when I pray to thee for strength to tear that evil from my soul, thou wilt not refuse thine aid to thine offending, but suffering child—Oh, give me strength patiently to endure what I have but too well deserved. Enable me to veil from every eye, especially from *his*, the desolation he has caused; and do *thou* enable me not only to endure, but to smile upon, misfortune, even as thine own clear sky smiles upon a world of wickedness."

Thus did poor Caroline try to strengthen herself for the trial she felt awaiting her, but she had received a blow from which she never recovered, and though she struggled on, and even smiled on those around, her's was not the quiet smile of happiness; it was too bright—too like the lightning's flash to speak of peace within; and those who were well versed in the mind's deep philosophy, might have traced its meteoric brightness home to the cloud from which it emanated; its brightness might have dazzled, but could not *hide* from them the darkness of its origin.

Caroline's one aim and object now seemed to be to conceal, from all around her, the grief that was destroying her. There were times, indeed, when she almost wished Charles knew the agony she endured, that something might bring home to his *truant* heart the blackness of his ingratitude; but she chased the wish from her heart as something too lowering, too humbling to gain admittance there. "Never, never!" she exclaimed, striking her beating heart, "shall he see the havoc he has committed here; perhaps the time may come when a like experience may make him *feel* how he has outraged a heart which trusted him, confided in him, loved him as no other woman will ever do again, but never shall he hear this from my reproaches. No! though the struggle may hasten a death which has already begun, I will be to him, in appearance at least, the same as I have ever been." And Caroline acted up to her resolves, with a firmness scarcely credible. She read to her father, drove with her mother, walked and rode with Nora and Charles as before: she omitted no kindness, neglected no attention, and, if she ever gave way to her feelings, it was in the silent solitude of her own chamber, or on the neck of her faithful Selim.

It is strange how blind are those around us to the change from health to sickness, if it be but gradual! How, day by day, the cheek grows pale, the eye grows dim, the strength decays, and none remark the change! And so it was with Caroline: none saw her heart was breaking: none

saw that she was dying; till she sank exhausted beyond the chance of recovery.

Several months previous to this, Nora left Clair Park, and was very soon followed by the deluded Charles, who went to lay his heart, his fortune, and his fate at her tiny feet. She started with well-feigned surprise, and then having begged of him to rise, with a politeness which chilled him, she proceeded with the utmost coolness to inform him that his case was hopeless; that she had been engaged for some time before she had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and that she was to be married to his fortunate rival next week. This was retribution; but Charles's cup was not yet full. Nora saw the wound she had inflicted, and with a heartlessness which but too well accorded with the rest of her behaviour, she determined to probe still more deeply, and concluded her reply to Charles by saying, she never could sufficiently express her regret at the mistake which had occurred, but that really she could not understand how it had arisen, for that, as far as she herself was concerned, she could honestly declare, her regard for Mr. Moray had never amounted to any thing beyond that friendship which their *country* intimacy seemed to her completely to justify, but which she would not have suffered herself to indulge in, had she not seen, or fancied she saw, an attachment subsisting between himself and Caroline St. Clair, strong enough to defy every danger.

Charles's eyes were now opened, but it was too late, and he hurried to the Continent, in solitude to brood over that disappointment, which he felt he but too well deserved. One day, as he sat musing in his room and gazing listlessly on the Lake of Geneva, which lay stretched in beauty before him, his servant brought him a letter. "From home, sir," said he, as he laid it on the table, and left the apartment. The word home sounded strangely in Charles's ears—

"I have no home, now," he mentally exclaimed, as he took the letter up. "I once had a home, and friends, but *now*! I am an isolated being, with none to care for me, not worthy of being cared about!"—and he opened the letter with a degree of apathy that seemed strange in one so young. It was from his guardian, Sir John St. Clair, informing him, in all the agony of a fond father's heart, of Caroline's illness. "Come to us, dear Charles,"—the broken hearted old man concluded; "come to us in this our night of gloom; we are indeed in need of a friend, and no where, I am sure, could we find so sincere a one as yourself." This was, indeed, a severe blow to Charles; he, in a manner, the murderer of Caroline, to be written to by her father in this trusting, this confiding manner; it was too much almost for human nature to bear. "I will at least go," he exclaimed, in the torture of a self-accusing conscience, "and view the wretchedness my heartless vanity has occasioned." He rang the bell, and gave orders for his instant departure; nor did he halt by night or by day, until he reached his destination. How often in the course of that journey did the thoughts of all that had passed, come over him, till his heart burned and his brain maddened! How often did he vow that if Caroline were but spared, a life of devotion should prove the sincerity of his repentance, the devoted-

ness of his again doating heart! But vain were his vows, vain his repentance!

He reached Clair Park on a beautiful autumn afternoon; the setting sunbeams fell redly on the oaks and elms which clothed the richly wooded park, already clad in all the varied hues of October; and glittered on the Gothic windows of the old hall in waving masses of burnished gold.

All looked so like what he had often seen it before, that Charles tried to persuade himself his fears were exaggerated; but as the post-boy slowly walked his horses up a steep part of the approach, the low moaning of the wind sounded mournfully in his ears, and a shower of dead leaves which it wafted into the carriage window checked his rising hopes.

A beam of pleasure passed over Sir John St. Clair's countenance as his young friend entered his room, but a melancholy shake of the head was his only reply to Charles's inquiries after Caroline: he expressed his wish to see her; but Sir John seemed to doubt if she had sufficient strength left to bear the agitation of the interview; he said, however, she was aware he was coming, and that he would send to inform her of his arrival.

Gently, and with many fears did Lady St. Clair communicate this piece of intelligence to her dying daughter, for during anxious watchings of many a long night and day, something like a suspicion of the truth had dawned upon her. But, contrary to her expectation, Caroline seemed quite pleased to hear Charles was in the house. "He will comfort you, mother, when I am gone," she said; "thank God I can now die tranquilly!"

"He is anxious to see you, Caroline; may I tell him to come?" asked Lady St. Clair. The hectic flush, which the moment before had burned on Caroline's cheek, died suddenly away when she heard her mother's question, and a deadly paleness overspread her countenance as her head sank back on the sofa on which she was reclining: at last she slowly raised it again, and pressing her forehead against her mother's hand, who was leaning alarmedly over her, she said faintly:

"See him! Oh no! I have loved him too much, mother! he would again estrange my thoughts from that heaven where I hope so soon to be. I am glad he has come, but indeed, indeed I cannot see him now."

"You shall not, then, my beloved child," replied Lady St. Clair, soothingly; "I will tell him you do not feel strong enough to-day; and to-morrow, perhaps——" "Yes, mother," interrupted Caroline with a faint smile, "tell him that to-morrow *he may see me*," and Lady St. Clair left the room. "Yes, to-morrow," continued Caroline, "he *may*, indeed, see me, for I shall not be able to see him then—to-morrow, I feel, I shall be beyond the reach of temptation."

The room in which Caroline was, had always been her favourite sitting room; it opened into a conservatory, which again opened into some beautifully-kept pleasure grounds; and in consequence of an occasional difficulty of breathing with which Caroline was annoyed, both these doors were now open. A rustling sound amongst the leaves caused her to look up; one glance told her the figure she saw in the conservatory

was Charles, and before she had time or strength to forbid his approach, he was beside her.

"Caroline!" he exclaimed, as he took her wand in his; "can you forgive me? can you pardon, angel as you are, the wretch who has sacrificed your happiness and his own to a vanity as weak as it was heartless?"

It was some moments before Caroline was able to reply. A bright flush flitted over her face, then settled into one deep red hectic spot on the cheek, whilst all the rest of her countenance was of a marble whiteness—at last she spoke, and it was with a calmness which seemed to herself almost unaccountable, and with which heaven alone could have inspired her.

"Charles," she said, "I have long since forgiven you; it would ill have become one, standing so much in need of forgiveness from Heaven, to withhold it from you on earth; but oh! for the sake of that peace of mind, without which this life is but a living death, never yield again to the unrestrained influence of those passions which have destroyed us both. In me, Charles, behold an example of their desolating effects; and if ever again you feel your principles in danger of yielding to these temptations, oh! let this, my dying warning, sound to you like a voice from the tomb, and awaken you in time to save you! too blest are my sufferings, if they can save from a single pang one still too dear!"

"Bless you, Caroline, a thousand times," faltered the repentant Charles; "but you must live and not die, my Caroline! you must live to comfort your father and mother: to cheer me on my difficult course;" and he gazed intently on her face.

"Heaven will do both, Charles," she replied; "that Heaven which enables me to feel my hand in yours, to know once more that you love me, and yet to say, I am content to die." And a smile, happy, triumphant, pure as that heaven she spoke of, settled on her dying countenance.

Charles gazed on her for some minutes in silence, fearful to interrupt a tranquillity so beautiful; but the coldness of the hand he held in his, alarmed him, and he rose from his knees beside her, saying he would shut the door, as the evening was chill.

"The cold will not hurt me now, Charles," she faintly replied; he felt his hand convulsively grasped by her's, he heard one short, deep sigh, and he saw she was no more. He saw by the smile which still illuminated her countenance that her once erring but now purified spirit had fled to its native home—but he felt his vanity had killed the only thing he ever truly loved on earth.

Sensibility would be a good portress, if she had but one hand; with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.

Avarice has ruined more than prodigality, and the blindest thoughtlessness of expenditure has not destroyed so many fortunes, as the calculating but insatiable lust of accumulation.

From the Violet for 1837, a new Juvenile Annual.

## THE EAGLE'S SPEECH.

BY HORATIO E. HALE.

An Eagle came from his cyrie down,  
On the loftiest peak of Monadnock's crown;  
The flash of his dark eye was terribly bright,  
As the marsh-fire's gleam in the dead of night;  
And the war-darts shook in his red right claw,  
But the bough of peace in his left I saw.

Then slowly he opened his ivory beak,  
And he stood, like a Senator, ready to speak;  
And the forests shook, and the winds grew stiff,  
And hush'd was the voice of the noisy rill;  
And the raven covered in his hollow oak,  
(As well he might when the Eagle spoke.)

"I am the monarch of air," said he;  
"Proudly I soar over land and sea;  
And I feel the breezes around me ring  
To the hurricane sweep of my mighty wing,  
And my flight is chainless, and fearless, and free,  
For I am the bright bird of liberty!"

"I marshal the course of the free and the brave,  
Upward and onward, o'er mountain and wave;  
I lead them to glory, I beckon them on,  
And I join in the din till the battle is won;  
And the dim eye will gladden, my shadow to see,  
For I am the bright bird of liberty!"

"In the days of old, with the freemen of Rome—  
With Brutus and Cato, I made me a home;  
And my wing was before them, unwearied and fleet,  
'Till the princes of earth were all low at their feet,  
And the Roman was master, by land and by sea,  
For he followed the bright bird of liberty!"

"But luxury came, like the simoom's hot breath,  
And the flowers were all withered in valour's green wreath,  
And virtue was trampled and hustled aside,  
By the pageant of guilt and the purple of pride:  
But fetters, though gilded, are hateful to me,  
So I fled to the mountains of liberty!"

"Then ages went by, 'till Muscovia's Czar,  
In hatred determined my glory to mar;  
So he seized me, and chained me, and struck off my head,  
But courteously gave me two others instead.  
My own noble beauty he never could see,  
For most loathsome to despots is liberty!"

"But tyranny's chains are too feeble to bind.  
When the will is unfettered—unbroken the mind;  
So I made my adieux with a very bad grace,  
And I flung my superfluous head in his face;  
And southward I sped, over forest and sea,  
To France—the bright region of liberty!"

"Oh! this was my season of triumph and pride,  
On the smoke-wreath of battle 'twas glory to ride;  
'Till kingdoms were shattered, and despots o'erthrown,  
And the hero of destiny called me his own;  
Of the masters of earth, none so mighty as he,  
For they loved not the bright bird of liberty!"

"But the warrior was dazzled by glory's red ray,  
And forgot the mild lustre of freedom's new day,  
'Till pontiff and tyrant arose from the shock,  
And the hero lay dead on the far ocean's rock;  
And the slaves who forsook him bent lowly the knee  
To the tyrants who trample on liberty!"

"So I parted in scorn from the land of the slave,  
And I found me a home far beyond the broad wave;  
With Columbia's children I made me a home;  
And wider than Russia, and greater than Rome,  
And prouder than Gaul shall their father-land be,  
If they cherish the bright bird of liberty!"

Boston.

# THE FLAG OF TEXAS!

## A National Song.

Composed in honour of the Glorious Victory on the 21st of April, 1836, and respectfully dedicated to

**GENERAL SAMUEL HOUSTON,**

BY A. F. WINNEMORE.

*Arranged for the Piano Forte, by*

P. M. WOLSIEFFER.

*Published by permission of the Publisher, Mr. George Willig.*

*Allegro Maestoso.*

The musical score is written for piano and features a treble and bass staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro Maestoso'. The score includes various dynamic markings: *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), *f m* (forzando), and *p* (piano). The lyrics are: 'Flow on, flow on, thou bright young Banner, A - dopt - ed by the Free; When at the cannon's mouth they swore, For Death or Liber - ty - For Death or Liber - ty. Thou child of pe - ril, the stripes that date Thy yet unwrit - ten'.

*f* *p* *cres.* *f*

Flow on, flow on, thou bright young Banner, A - dopt - ed by the Free; When

*cres.* *f*

at the cannon's mouth they swore, For Death or Liber - ty - For Death or Liber -

*cres.* *f*

*p*

*f m*

ty. Thou child of pe - ril, the stripes that date Thy yet unwrit - ten

*p*





## II.

The breeze of heaven shall bear thee,  
Upon its sunny wing,  
Until the triumph of thy star  
The dove of peace shall bring.  
Thy birth-place was the field of blood,  
And war's terrific thunder,  
Did cradle thee till thou hast broke,  
The oppressor's bonds asunder.

## III.

Among the flags of nations,  
There is a place for thee;  
Flaunt up thou proud young banner,  
Flaunt proudly o'er the free!  
The stripes and stars shall lead thee on,  
That o'er Columbia wave,  
Float on in sweet companionship,  
Proud banners of the brave!

## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

## ON THE DEATH OF MARIA M. W\*\*\*\*\*

As our bright summer birds go back  
To some more kindly, constant sky—  
With buoyant wing on homeward track,  
Singing sweet farewells as they fly—  
Leaving us when our summer time  
Would almost seem a southern clime;

So hast thou gone! thy pathway brief  
Was here a garden-spot of flowers—  
With not a fading flower or leaf,  
To dim its green, luxuriant bowers,—  
Where hope in constant sunshine played,  
And, Eden-like, the future made.

'T is sad, when our sweet birds away,  
Flit from the colder breezes near;

But who, O! who would have them stay,  
Drooping and trembling sufferers here—  
With weary, wet, and folded wing—  
And wo in every note they sing!

So, thoughts of thee should scarce be grief,  
Remembering thy far happier lot—  
An earthly pilgrimage so brief—  
A resting-place, where sin is not;—  
A home in the bright spirit-land—  
White garments, like the seraph band.

A happy lot! thy spirits' gem,  
Scarce sullied from the hand divine.  
Beset in Heaven's own diadem  
Of sinlessness, shall shine—  
With ever-added lustre, given  
From the great throne of light in Heaven.

E. H. W.

Haverhill, Mass. 10th 1st mo. 1836.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

The publisher of this work, with a view of securing original contributions for its columns, will give for such articles as he may approve and publish, the highest rates of remuneration offered by any periodical in this country. Persons wishing to communicate with him on this subject, either in person or by letter, may rely on the utmost secrecy in all cases where it is desired.

In addition to our description of Fashions we extract the following from a late arrival:—

**CAPS.**—The Paysanne form is still in favour, but several new caprices have advanced their claims; amongst these, the most becoming is a little bonnet *ruche*, showing a portion of the hair behind, and drawn into a point surmounting the knot or braid: in front this cap comes very close to the cheek and ties under the chin; a flower or bow of ribbon reclines on each temple, and a larger bow finishes the pointed crown; the ribbons are usually of gauze and *glace*. Most evening caps have lappets rounded at the ends, and hanging low on the neck, or sometimes a blond veil is fixed to the bow behind; very delicate flowers or bouquets of the drooping marabout feathers, are the usual ornaments.

**HAIR DRESSING.**—For young ladies, the *Sevigne* curls or ringlets, *a la Anglaise*, are adopted; the hair behind dressed rather low, and brought into a knot or braid on the side, surmounted by a little coronet of flowers, or twined with coloured ribbon, the ends hanging low. Some of the Parisian *elegantes* place the garland across their forehead, the side ringlets being confined by combs which represent foliage, in jewellery; the simple style of parting in front and folding the hair behind without any curls or plaits is certainly gaining favour, but the whole dress should partake of the same simplicity. When tiaras or jewel *bandeaus* are worn, the hair should be dressed full behind, and a few ringlets let fall from the knot or braid: a beautiful effect is produced by repeating the front ornament on a smaller scale, and twining it round the knot.

“Tired nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep.”—Loss of rest is certainly a great evil; most of us have experienced it, and we all know the next day’s lassitude, the repeated yawnings, the oft looking for night, that we may make up for the preceding night’s loss. When once acknowledged an evil, should we not endeavour to avoid it. The remedies proposed are numerous; opiates, which ought never to be recommended; a hard day’s toil, which does not agree with the weak; a long walk, which the obese cannot partake of; riding on horseback, many have no horses, and cannot afford to hire. What, then, is the remedy that may be adopted by all, without inconvenience. Read the following, and if, after having written it, the writer did not enjoy refreshing slumbers, we know nought of the matter.

Hermon, St. Law. Co., N. Y. }  
July 23, 1836. }

Louis A. Godey, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Believing it necessary to “pay the printer” at all times, I send you enclosed *Five Dollars* on account of the Lady’s Book, which you will please credit and send receipt per next number. Your Lady’s Book is a valuable work and well worthy the patronage which I believe it receives, and hoping that you will continue to “go ahead,”

I am yours, &c.,

After doing such a praiseworthy act, how he must have slept!

The Soul’s Paradise, by Dr. T. S. Worrall, in our last number, was furnished us for publication by the author.

It is conceded by publishers, that the present edition of Bulwer’s Novels is the handsomest yet issued from the American press.

The time is approaching when subscriptions commenced in January, 1836, are near an end; we should like to have timely notice of a wish to continue or discontinue.

Those subscribers indebted for the Lady’s Book, and wishing Bulwer’s Novels, can remit a Five Dollar Note—and the Novels will be sent to them for Three Dollars—and Two Dollars passed to their credit for Lady’s Book.

Carey & Hart, of this city, will soon publish *The Gift and Violet*, two very splendid Annuals. The former, in mechanical excellence, is one of the finest publications of the kind we have seen, and its pages are filled with contributions from American writers of deserved celebrity. The latter, intended more particularly for young people, is finished with considerable beauty and neatness, and its literary merits are considerable. Both these works are edited by Miss Leslie.

We understand that Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the author of Northwood, and Editor of the American Ladies Magazine, has now in press, “The Ladies Wreath, a selection from the female poetic writers of England and America.” From the extensive acquaintance which Mrs. Hall possesses with that kind of literature, which has been laid under contribution, and her acknowledged good taste, we may anticipate that the “Wreath” will be both interesting and valuable. Such a work is much needed, and we cannot doubt that it will secure for itself both profit and popularity.

The poetic talents of Mrs. Hale have descended to her son, a lad only fourteen years of age. “The Eagle’s Speech,” which we have extracted from the forthcoming *Violet*, gives promise of great future merit. There is much vigour in its conception, and considerable facility in the expression.

Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, England, is one of the Illustrations of this Number. This place is celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in his admirable novel of Kenilworth, to which we refer our readers for a more particular description. The other, a View in the flourishing Town of Manayunk, is admirably engraved by Peace, an artist of great skill.

The “Extract from the Diary of a Village Clergyman,” which we publish in the present number, has uncommon merit. To well-managed incidents it unites a clear and forcible style, and we feel sure that no one can read it without being deeply impressed with its tenderness and pathos. With all the naturalness—the fidelity of portraiture, and the accuracy of description, which characterize the well-known “Passages in the Diary of a Physician,” it has a purity of diction, and a delicacy of sentiment which those popular papers do not possess. Miss Gooch—to whom we take this occasion to acknowledge repeated obligations—is destined to occupy a high place among the female writers of this country. Though yet quite young, she has already produced many articles, both in prose and poetry, that would do credit to the ablest pens; and her improvement is rapid and decided. We take pride in the recollection that it was through our columns she was first introduced to the public.

The SATURDAY NEWS has succeeded thus far beyond the most sanguine expectations of the publishers. The number of subscribers is already so great that we do not mention it, lest we should be suspected of exaggeration, and is increasing constantly and rapidly. No efforts will be wanting to deserve this uncanceled patronage, and the cordial approbation which it has received from the newspaper press in all sections of the country. For advertisement see our cover.





*Adieu*

Engraved for the Ladies Book L.A. Godey Publisher

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# THE LADY'S BOOK.

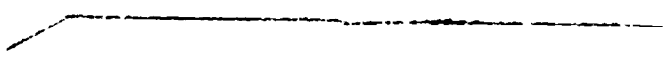
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distinction in after life.

His person, which in shape and development muscle, resembled the infant Hercules, seemed animated by the fire, dignity, and grace of the young Apollo. In walking, his head was borne proudly up as he marched along with the air of conqueror; and in repose, as in conversation,

softened by the dews of sorrow—overflowed with all the chastened sensibilities of nature to her mother, who had participated in the same bereavement; and her conduct to others was characterised by kindness and solicitude for their welfare.

Such were the characters of the children whom



Engraved for the Ladies Book J. A. Godey Publisher

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

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...a firmness of spirit that presaged for him  
...unction in after life.  
...his person, which in shape and development  
...muscle, resembled the infant Hercules, seemed  
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Such were the characters of the children whom

Engraved for the Ladies Book L.A. Godsey Publisher



# THE LADY'S BOOK.

OCTOBER, 1886.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## FREDERICK AND ADELAIDE.

"I saw her in her morn of hope, in life's delicious spring,  
A radiant creature of the earth, just bursting on the wing;  
Elate and joyous as the lark, when first it soars on high,  
Without a shadow in its path—a cloud upon its sky.

Alas! alas! that hopes like her's, so gentle and so bright,  
The growth of many a happy year, one wayward hour should blight—  
Bow down her fair but fragile form—her brilliant brow o'ercast,  
And make her beauty—like her bliss—a shadow of the past."—A. A. WATTS.

PHRENOLOGISTS descant upon the importance of early ascertaining, through their philosophy, the natural disposition and genius of children, that a proper direction may be given to those energies, which the peculiar conformation of the body and the mind jointly produce. But as the developements of the cerebral organs are the effects of the action of the mind and soul—are the slow work of time, and are materially affected by all those extraneous circumstances that influence the human growth; why, in studying the characters, wait for tardy developements, the effects of the actions and affections, when the hidden cause is daily and hourly exhibited to the eye of observation, in the look, the voice, the gesture, and the language and demeanour, that mark the intercourse of life.

Regard, then, the unfolding of the disposition and mind by the above unerring indications, and you may form a proper estimate of the *present* character; and with a proper allowance for the modifying effects of education predict the *future* with a certainty which the dreams of phrenology can never realize.

If nature has implanted within the soul and mind of man (as unquestionably she has) the germs of feeling and of intellect, then every act in infancy—every expression that drops from the youthful lip, may be regarded as the buds and flowers that in after life shall produce the fruits of virtue or of crime—of infamy or renown.

The history of Frederick and Adelaide, affords ample illustration of the foregoing reflections. The former was the son of a highly respectable gentleman of South Carolina, the latter, the only daughter of a widow lady, whose farm adjoined that of Frederick's father. Early in youth Frederick gave evidence of great energy of character and of a loftiness of spirit that presaged for him distinction in after life.

His person, which in shape and development of muscle, resembled the infant Hercules, seemed animated by the fire, dignity, and grace of the young Apollo. In walking, his head was borne proudly up as he marched along with the air of conqueror; and in repose, as in conversation,

his was the majesty of brow—the determination of countenance—the proud curl of the lip that bespoke one "born to command." Free, fearless, and independent, he was at all times ready to converse with his elders without bashfulness—to encounter dangers without apprehension, and to pursue his own way without regard for the opinions or prejudices of those around him. And, not to withhold from him his due meed of praise, such was his good fortune, and his instinctive perception of the right, that in conversation he never exhibited anything like impudence—in encountering danger he escaped injury, and in following his own convictions of propriety, he seldom transgressed the commands of his parents.

Adelaide was in many respects the reverse of the picture I have drawn. She exhibited in infancy that excessive timidity and tenderness of disposition that disqualified her for undergoing the cares and disappointments of the world. Such was the morbid state of her feelings in infancy, that even the moth, singed by the blaze of the candle, drew forth her tears of commiseration.

Her person was slight and beautiful, but like the frail flower of the garden seemed destined to pass away with its delicate beauty in untimely decay. When she walked, her step was light and timid; and in conversation, the tremor of the voice, the shadowy suffusion of the cheek, and the downcast eye, marked the gentleness—the weakness of her nature. Her father's death, too, had tinged with an air of melancholy, features naturally serious and thoughtful, and diffused over them a mild and pensive languor. Yet Adelaide was not deficient in affection. It is true it was not the ardent feeling common to those of sanguine temperament, but her heart softened by the dews of sorrow—overflowed with all the chastened sensibilities of nature to her mother, who had participated in the same bereavement; and her conduct to others was characterised by kindness and solicitude for their welfare.

Such were the characters of the children whom

I have introduced to the reader—the one bold, proud, fiery, and impatient—the other timid, gentle, meek, and condescending; yet from these contraries arose a union of feeling—an irresistible attraction drawing them together like the positive and negative electricities, and the spark of love resulting from the simultaneous rush. I will not state to those curious in love-making, upon what principles this took place, but leaving every one to solve the difficulty in whatever manner may be most agreeable to himself, I merely state the fact—that the youth and the maiden early discovered a predilection for each other, and were never happy except when in each other's company. At home, abroad, in school, or at play, Frederick was uneasy unless Adelaide were near him: and she, gentle, confiding creature, could only sigh in his absence, and wish that it had been her good fortune to have had a brother like Frederick, and they would never be separated.

I think, I set out with the view of showing that the character early develops itself. It has been said "one fact is worth a ship-load of arguments." Well, listen, and I will give you one.

"Come, Adelaide," said Frederick, one morning, "let us go down to the creek, and while you are gathering those beautiful wild-flowers, I will catch some trout, and we will have a fine fry for supper."

"Yes, Frederick," returned the orphan, "the flowers are beautiful, and I should like to go very much, but you see the grass is very high. I am afraid of the snakes."

"Pooh! nonsense! Adelaide, you are always so easily frightened. Why aint I with you? What need you fear?" said the youth, with a noble curl of the lip that would have added dignity to the "quid times" of Cæsar; and continued "I'll go on before, and tread the grass down and then you will follow. Come, now, Adelaide! do come, now, and wreath your head with the wild-flowers as you used to do; and if a snake puts his head up, look at my hickory angle; I will cut it off like the top of a scallion."

Seeing her irresolute, the youth wound his little arm around her waist, and pressing his lips on her brown ringlets, led her along, while she, in the condescension of her nature, endeavoured to forget her fears, and gave up her own inclination, lest she might deprive him of his anticipated pleasure of fishing. They proceeded together until they came to a place where the grass was tall; then Adelaide refused to proceed further, unless he fulfilled his promise and went before and beat down the grass. This accomplished, she followed on until he came to the water, and then both betook themselves to their different occupations—the hooking of fish and the wreathing of flowers.

Meeting with but little success in fishing, Frederick gave way to the impatience of his nature, and throwing down his angle, climbed up a tall oak, with the rapidity of a squirrel, to obtain a bird's nest, which he had discovered near the top. When he had nearly reached the nest he stopped to recover himself in the fork of a tree, and was looking down on Adelaide, who appeared to have lost some of her timidity, and had gone into the tall grass for the purpose of getting some beautiful lilies. Presently she

uttered a loud shriek, and commenced running with precipitation; but her foot became entangled in the grass, and exhausted with fear, she fell against a crooked beech that supported her.

Considering it the effect of ungrounded dread, he made no effort to go down until he perceived the grass moving, and heard the rattle of the deadly snake. Sliding, or rather dropping down the tree, he caught up his hickory angling-rod and jerking the upper portions from the socket of the lower part, as he ran, hastened to the relief of the affrighted girl. She had fainted from fear, and was lying across the trunk of the tree apparently dead.

As he came near, the envenomed animal drew back its head convulsively and buried it again in the folds of the maiden's dress. The teeth did not pierce through the skin, but being caught in the threads of the garment, were extricated with difficulty. Releasing them, however, the enraged beast drew itself back, and fixing its burning eyes upon the girl's neck, darted forward with increased impetuosity: but Frederick had come up, and striking his angle close to the neck of his beloved playmate, swept the head of the snake some yards from its body. The well-known rattle again arrested his attention, and the mate of the slain serpent prepared to attack him, when advancing to meet it as it sprang forward, a blow of the angling-rod laid it beside the other, severed—lifeless.

The danger was not yet over; running to Adelaide he caught her up in his arms—sprinkled her face with water from the creek, and had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes with that timid yet sweet expression of gratitude and affection, that more than amply repaid all the danger that he had braved.

"But where are the flowers, Adelaide?" said Frederick, as they arose to depart; "did you leave them to the snakes?"

"Yes! but you will not think of getting them again. No, Frederick! not for worlds," replied the girl, who had not yet recovered from her paroxysm of fear.

"Having conquered the enemy," replied the intrepid youth, "we will not leave them masters of the field. I must certainly have the nosebags," and marching into the grass, he gathered up the flowers as they lay strewn by the maiden in her precipitate flight. Adelaide, after this named him her little hero—a title which he richly merited, and which designated him for years. Time passed on; the character of our youth was developed—was appreciated—was rewarded. He obtained a midshipman's warrant—entered the service of his country, and was distinguished for the tact, talent, and promptitude with which he discharged his duties.

The brilliant action of the Constitution and Guerriere spread joy from one end of the union to the other, and the different cities appeared to vie with each other in their expressions of gratitude and exultation to Commodore Hull and his gallant officers, on their way to the seat of government.

This achievement, amid the dark clouds of defeat and disaster, was hailed by the American people as the morning star of victory, and diffused confidence through every breast. The

citizens of Washington were not the least anxious to make a public expression of the high sense of the obligations which they owed to the gallant defenders of the country—and that expression was made by congratulations—by addresses—by donations—and by a magnificent public ball to the victors—given by the citizens. What pen can describe the gorgeous appearance of the room—lit up with a thousand lamps—decorated with vases of flowers—wreaths and evergreens in festoons—the American Eagle, with the crouching Lion beneath—the Star-spangled Banner, and the colours of the captured Guerriere? What American heart did not beat high with pride, as he hurried along the blazing streets of the illuminated city, to the hall where he was to join hands with those sturdy heroes whose breasts had been the bulwark of the country? President Madison, the heads of department, Commodore Hull, and many of his officers, and all the beauty and fashion of the place were in attendance—and never did any assemblage wear a more happy aspect. Love and gratitude filled the breast—every pulse beat high—every eye brightened with the ennobling holiness of patriotism; the music—the dance—the promenade—all seemed as the delicious delirium of a trance.

One person did not participate in the intoxicating buoyancy of the evening—though her heart was full of deep and quiet joy, and a tear of gratitude occasionally glistened in her full lustrous eye. She sat as if in reverie, with her rich tresses braided with white roses, intermingled—her thoughts occasionally abstracted from the surrounding objects to him who had first taught her to decorate her hair with that simple ornament.

It was Adelaide. Proud of her country's honour, her gentle nature participated in the present rejoicing, yet her joy was moderated by the reflection that one dear to her as life itself was hourly exposed to the horrors of war.

"Why so pensive, Adelaide," said a young lady, seating herself beside her. "Thinking of the 'Little Hero,' I suppose. Well, take comfort, you'll perhaps see him come home covered with glory like the gallant Commodore Hull and his companions. What a meeting, then. Come, Adelaide, cheer up. Say, is not that young officer beautiful?"

The remarks of the young lady were interrupted by the circumstance of the Secretary of the Navy's starting up suddenly from his seat beside the President and hurrying out of the room. He returned presently, accompanied by a young officer of commanding appearance, and advanced to the President's chair. The Secretary whispered to the President and appeared to shake with a slight tremor. The President commanded silence. Instantly the music ceased—the company looked on with astonishment, when the Secretary of the Navy unrolled the trophy of another naval victory—the colours of the Macedonia. The achievement was recounted—the assembled multitude were electrified with joy and surprise; and the loud acclamation of the people rung through the apartments—united as the voice of one man.

The President on the spot, as soon as the cheering ceased, advanced the young officer to the rank of lieutenant; the gentlemen gathered

around him—some shook him by the hand—others took him in their arms, and the ladies crowding in a circle of admiration around, wreathed his brows with laurels, and showered presents of flowers upon him. One alone was long in advancing to meet him; her timid modesty prevented her from hastening to him when every one was striving to be foremost in paying the tribute of respect to the young officer; but when Adelaide's trembling hand placed in his the white roses which she had taken from her hair, and while the tears glistened in her eye, breathed but the name of Frederick—that little offering—that one word was to him worth all the flowers—all the compliments and congratulations of the evening.

In that memorable engagement, as the young midshipman had occupied the foremost place of danger, the gallant Decatur had given to him the foremost place of glory, and had selected him from the crew as the fittest representative of his own courage and gallantry to bear the news of the victory.

The retrospect of the past, the dreams of the future, between the two lovers, I will leave to my readers—but, alas! alas! for the sad reality—to the rending of the heart of innocence, and to the unspeakable loss of the country, about two years afterwards the above officer fell in the encounter between the United States frigate President and the Endymion, and the young and beautiful Adelaide, like a flower with the worm at its root, fell by an untimely decay. The death of the lieutenant, like his life, was that of a hero; his sun went down at noon, but in noonday splendour; and the frail, tender girl, whose life was characterized by so much softness, so much sweetness of disposition, faded away from earth like a summer cloud, lost in the light of heaven. Should the reader wish to know the real name of Frederick, let him turn to the account of the rencontre of the President and Endymion, and he will find it recorded—one of the three lieutenants that fell in that action.

N. C. B.

The good make a better bargain, and the bad a worse, than is usually supposed; for the rewards of the one, and the punishments of the other, not unfrequently begin on *this* side of the grave; for vice has more martyrs than virtue; and it often happens that men suffer more to be lost than to be saved. But admitting that the vicious may happen to escape those tortures of the body, which are so commonly the wages of excess and of that sin, yet in that calm and constant sunshine of the soul which illuminates the breast of the good man, vice can have no competition but virtue. "Our thoughts," says an eloquent divine, "like the waters of the sea, when exhaled towards heaven, will lose all their bitterness and saltiness, and sweeten into an amiable humanity, until they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow-men."

When you have nothing to say, say nothing: a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

## NAPOLEANA:

## AN EPISODE ON THE WAR IN ITALY.

[The following narrative, relating an instance of the clemency of Bonaparte at the period of his first campaign, is a *free* translation from an *unpublished* work by Monsieur Paul Hennequin, one of the most popular French writers of the present day.]

WHEN the French revolution changed so many destinies, and the roads were swarming with emigrants, an open carriage, containing two travellers, was seen crossing the Alps in the direction of the capital of Piedmont. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon: the sky was clear, serene, and of a deep azure, the atmosphere free at the time from vapour, and the setting sun gilding with golden beams the lofty and snow-clad summits of the mountains. An awful stillness reigned around. In the distance, a small wooden bridge, slightly constructed for the purpose of joining two rocks rent asunder by some violent convulsion of nature, added to the romantic effect of the sublime scenery around.

"See you yonder vapours?" said the postillion, suddenly turning towards the travellers, and at the same time pointing towards the distant horizon, "a storm is gathering: before an hour passes we shall have a hurricane; we must hasten to cross yonder bridge." A few light fleecy clouds were indeed now to be seen hovering over the most elevated points of the mountains, and this to an experienced eye gave certain indication of an approaching storm. The garçon spurred his horses.

The travellers to whom this menacing prediction was addressed, were the Marquis de Solanges and his youthful daughter.

Sophy de Solanges had just attained her eighteenth year: her features were small and delicate, her eye expressive, and her countenance, which bore the stamp of almost infantine grace and simplicity, was unclouded in a slight degree with melancholy. On hearing the remark of the postillion, she bent forward eagerly in the direction pointed out; yet without daring to manifest her own painful apprehensions, lest she should add to the visible uneasiness of her father, she remained pensive and silent.

Meanwhile, the carriage, impelled by the swiftness of its rapid descent, advanced with the speed of an arrow in the direction of the bridge: a few moments more, and the travellers would have passed the alarming abyss; but the elements had ordained it otherwise. The winds, which, until this time, had lain dormant, now spoke in boisterous bluster; the clouds gathered rapidly, and, in a very brief period the postillion's sinister predictions were fully verified. A thick fog arose, and distant peals of thunder were heard, while an almost inexplicable murmur filled the upper regions of the air. In a few minutes more the summits of the mountain were nearly hid by the dense masses of clouds which were momentarily increasing, until at length they became wholly concealed from view. The sun had disappeared, and his glorious beams were no longer reflected on the surrounding landscape: a darkness nearly equal to that of

night succeeded; the large drops began rapidly to descend, whilst continual flashes of lightning burst ever and anon upon the gloomy scene; the winds also howled fearfully; and loud and continued peals of thunder rent the air, so that, with the horrible echo, the vast amphitheatre of mountains seemed to be shook to the very base. Torrents of water poured down the valley beneath, and soon created one expansive inundation, thereby not only rendering the roads completely impassable, but changing the whole face of the country. The horses were unable to advance a step; the spot where their progress was thus interrupted was far distant from every habitation, and in itself afforded no protection from the pitiless storm. At this juncture the remains of an old tower at a short distance attracted attention: it had evidently been a long time deserted, and, in truth, was falling into extreme decay. Its moss-clad walls formed, indeed, a picturesque object in the general landscape; but its ruins, nevertheless, afforded nothing from which the slightest shelter could be obtained. Itself a mere skeleton, it had, it would seem, no sympathy for the utter destitution of earth's habitants. The marquis in this extremity, leaving his daughter in the carriage, descended, for the purpose of aiding the postillion to lead the horses forward; they had already reached the bridge, but such was its dilapidated and ruinous state, that the travellers paused in fearful consternation, not daring to advance on the frail tenement. Time, that great destroyer, had extended its ravages to the bridge, which, slightly formed of a single arch thrown across the awfully deep chasm, was fast falling into decay. It shook and tottered with the wind; and the rock, into which it had been originally fixed, was rent into fissures at every fresh peal, and the huge and broken fragments rolled, with terrific violence, into the boiling torrent beneath. In delaying to cross the bridge, the danger became every moment greater; for the foaming cataracts descending from the neighbouring heights, inundated the road yet more and more, so that their only refuge was at the very edge of the precipice. Immense masses of snow detached from the summits of the mountains swept past them continually threatening momentarily to hurl them downward to destruction; while on the other hand enormous pines, torn up by the roots, and carried onwards by the fury of the tempest, menaced them with death in another and equally terrific form.

The horses, immovable with terror, instinctively stooped their heads towards the earth, as if conscious of the impending danger.

Suddenly a clap of thunder resounded with deafening explosion, echoing through the mountains like a volley of artillery; the earth seemed to shake, and the lightning by which it was accompanied for an instant inflamed the whole horizon; the heavens presented the aspect of one general conflagration. The bridge itself now gave way with a tremendous crash, and the terrified horses darted forward with equally tremendous bound. At this awful crisis the travellers, almost blinded by the electric fluid, in dread dismay grasped the projecting fragments of a rock; whilst, at the same moment, piercing shrieks of despair fell from the lips of the young female whom they had left in the carriage, making dis-

gress more fearful in the din of this "elemental roar."

A few seconds elapsed of horrible suspense, ere a stifled groan burst from the anguished bosom of the marquis.

"Sophy! my child!" he cried, in the extreme of anguish.

The horses had been seen rising high into the air, as animals are wont to do in moments of extreme terror, accompanying this movement with loud snortings; then the plunging of a heavy mass was heard in the waters beneath, the howling winds, and on a sudden, silence as that of the grave. The marquis fainted.

By the glare of the last flash a mountaineer on the opposite side of the precipice had beheld the carriage in its progress, marking with painful anxiety, the danger of the travellers. He saw the shrieking female, her arms extended, as if claiming his protection, a prey to the wildest anguish, hurried onwards to inevitable destruction; a moment's delay, and her doom would be sealed for ever.

Darting forward with the swiftness of that lightning itself which had caused such havoc, as "a ministering angel," he bounded across the only remaining plank of the bridge, passed the frightful abyss in safety, and, without wasting one second in vain endeavours to stop the horses, seized, with a vigorous arm, the imploring female, and lifted her from the vehicle. The effort was Herculean, and strength failing him, he fell with his lovely charge at the edge of the riven rock.

The carriage, hurled onwards, soon reached the bridge. It remained for an instant supported by the broken fragments of wood and rock, and was then plunged (that plunge which had awakened the attention of all) into the torrent, where it was dashed to atoms, and the horses killed.

Here the elements seemed to have exhausted the utmost of their fury: the winds diminished their boisterous breezes, the clouds dispersed, and the heavens once more brightened, as if to give a fairer view of the scene of desolation. The travellers, recovering in some measure from their terror, surrounded the mountaineer, who, pale and motionless, yet lay extended on the spot where he had fallen.

Severely cut upon the forehead by the sharp edge of the rock, a stream of blood gushing from the wound disfigured his features, and his brow was cold and damp. Sophy fast held his hand, on which the tears of gratitude to him, her preserver, were falling abundantly. At length circulation began to return with greater power, the stranger opened his eyes, and, after a short time, he had sufficient strength to raise himself up, and, as it was then too late for the party to reach the nearest village on foot, they gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of proceeding to the habitation of the mountaineer, where they purposed passing the night.

Martelli was a tall youth, of fine proportions, and noble, though clad in a rustic exterior; his eye was bright and intelligent, his physiognomy expressive. With the inhabitants of his native mountains, his address, gentleness, and bravery, had rendered him a general favourite.

Next morning, at the moment of departure, the marquis drew forth his purse.

"Young man," said he, "I owe you a debt far beyond that of life; you have preserved my child. Accept this slight recompense; one day, perhaps, I may be enabled to prove my gratitude in a manner more worthy of you and of myself."

To his astonishment Martelli refused the well-filled purse. Though imbued with the prejudices of high birth, the marquis could admire greatness of soul even in a peasant. He seized the youth's hand, and, pressing it with a frank cordiality, "Well!" he said, "I am on my road to Milan, where I am about to purchase an estate—accept the management of it!"

A few weeks more saw the child of the mountains established in his new abode. Endowed with natural genius, Martelli soon became an altered man: he studied unceasingly, for he was sensible of his own inferiority. Sophy saw, with the most undisguised satisfaction, the daily progress of her *protegé*; frequently would she converse with him, guiding him by her counsels. She found a secret pleasure in thus acknowledging the generous devotion of him for whom she was indebted for the preservation of her life.

One day Martelli was alone with his young and beautiful mistress; her eyes were fixed complacently upon his handsome countenance, whilst the melody of a voice, full of charms, fell upon his enraptured ear. He had taken her hand, and that hand was, without reserve, abandoned to him—the simple peasant of the Alps—the uncultivated child of nature.

At length, incapable of containing himself longer, he fell at Sophy's feet, pressed her hand to his lips, essayed to speak, but could only shed tears.

"What is the matter, my friend?" inquired Sophy, with solicitude.

"The matter, Sophy?"—at this name, pronounced without other accompaniment, the aristocratic blood of the fair damsel mounted to her cheek—"the matter is—that I love you more than——" he stopped; Sophy had understood him.

"Rise, sir," she said haughtily; but in her accents any other than Martelli would have discovered the treacherous existence of a real affection.

He arose in silence. "I am without a name, without fortune, without education even," thought the unhappy young man, "why should she love me?"

This scene, though it lasted but a moment, had, however, sufficed to destroy his happiness: the illusions he had hitherto so fondly cherished were dissipated; the bright dreams of a happy future in which he had indulged had fled; and nothing now remained save a dreary blank. Alas! how frequently do we see hopes as fondly cherished, and, by a word, as rudely destroyed.

Martelli's heart was not, however, of a nature to lose all hope. The following morning, therefore, at an early hour, the young mountaineer presented himself before the marquis.

"I come," said he, sorrowfully, but resolutely, "to thank you for all your kindness; I leave you, but never, never shall I forget what you would have done for me."

Whilst Martelli was taking this abrupt leave of his protector, Sophy was alone in her chamber, a prey to the most unaccountable melancholy. One single thought, which chased away sleep entirely from her eyelids, engrossed her whole attention, while every effort she made to calm her feelings seemed but to increase the anguish that oppressed her bosom. Poor Sophy! she had no self-reproach to make, for internally she approved of the conduct she had pursued. Still Martelli in affliction, Martelli absent, grief painted on his handsome features, a prey to despair, were thoughts too horrible for her gentle frame to endure.

She arose from her sleepless couch, and, led on by a vague though invincible presentiment, of evil, hastened to the saloon. The last words that the mountaineer addressed to her father fell upon her ear; an involuntary shudder passed over her whole frame.

"Farewell! M. le Marquis," said the young man, "farewell!"

The words vibrated like a funeral knell, and fell chill and heavy upon her heart: her knees trembled, and she leaned for support against the door; but after a moment passed in the most cruel suspense, by a violent effort she regained apparent composure, and entered the room.

The marquis turned an uneasy glance towards his daughter, and Martelli changed colour, but dreading to betray his fatal secret, the youth who would have thrown himself at her feet, and given vent to his affection, remained cold and immovable in her presence. One glance sufficed to explain all to Sophy; the woman who loves needs not explanations. All that Martelli had suffered—she knew—she felt—the scene of the preceding day rose vividly to her imagination, and by the cruel anguish which took possession of her heart, she was too fully aware that she then loved, and had long loved Martelli: the devoted Martelli, of whose misery she was at that moment the cause, and her heart reproached her for her severity. "You leave us, Martelli!" she cried, her voice trembling with emotion, and a tear starting to her eye.

"Yes, madam."

Martelli laid an emphasis on the word—it was a reproach, and felt so. Sophy's colour rose, notwithstanding her efforts to appear calm; she burst into tears.

It was too much for the mountaineer, he felt his courage waver, and lest he should betray his emotions, was about to quit the room immediately.

"Martelli! Martelli!" cried Sophy, in a voice of anguish. "One embrace, oh! to you I owe my existence: leave us not thus!"

Martelli approached, and bent over her; a burning tear fell upon the pale brow of the unhappy girl.

"Farewell, madam! farewell, Sophy! Marquis, your kindness shall not be forgotten."

Once more he pressed the hand of Sophy to his lips, and quick as lightning disappeared.

Mademoiselle de Solanges, overcome by the excess of her emotion, fainted.

Her terrified father bent anxiously over her with restoratives, while he exclaimed, "My beloved Sophy, how good, how grateful thou art!"

and when animation was restored, "knowest thou, my child," he added, "that nature was mistaken in yonder youth; she has hid the heart of a prince beneath the garb of a peasant."

Two years elapsed without any tidings of Martelli reaching the Marquis's family, but he was far from forgotten. Often would Sophy call to remembrance the moments she had passed in his presence, when the mountaineer listening in silence, would hang enraptured upon her words, catching every sound, and watching every movement of her lips; and as at those moments she recalled the expressions of his fine and noble countenance, and the simple grace and elegance of this child of nature, she would bestow a sigh upon her absent deliverer. Sophy did not, however, wholly despair, she cherished a hope that she should again behold Martelli. Often in the midst of a ball would her thoughts recur to him, and she would breathe forth ardent vows for his return; for she felt in the absence of the mountaineer, a something was wanted to complete her happiness. A bright landscape scene and a rural fete, were sights that invariably recalled him to her mind; in short, his image, so deeply engraven upon her heart, seemed bound up with all her dreams of present, and, perhaps, we may add, of future happiness. But the sight which of all others most affected her was, when she beheld two young persons before the altar. Then would regrets and poignant sorrow agitate her bosom, the inequality of birth, and the immeasurable distance in station between the peasant and the ancient name of Solanges would disappear, and she would own with a sigh that with Martelli she would have been happy. Mademoiselle de Solanges, with an ample fortune, was entitled to look forward to a brilliant marriage, and the vanity of her sex might have taught her that she would not want for admirers; but the young peasant had appeared to her with so superior a soul—she had discovered in him so much sensibility, so much courage, so many noble qualities; and the sweeping revolution had destroyed so many fortunes, abolished so many invidious distinctions, had swept away so many prejudices; it had, in fact, so much modified her aristocratic principles, that, abandoning herself to hopes of future happiness, a union between the mountaineer and the illustrious family to which she belonged, no longer appeared to her the monstrous association she had once thought it would have been. Such were the sentiments of Mademoiselle de Solanges with regard to her lover, when intelligence that the French were preparing to pass the Alps, reached Milan.

At this news a secret fermentation circulated throughout all classes in Italy; and it was more than suspected that if the invaders obtained the slightest advantage over their adversaries, they would there find thousands disposed to second the enterprise. Like many other nobles who had emigrated, the Marquis de Solanges joined the enemies of France, and soon became one of the most zealous partisans in the new cause he had adopted.

The Alps, which we have seen to be hitherto so desolate, now presented the most animated picture. From their snow-clad summits to their

granite base, bathed by mountain streams, were visible, long files of troops, which in the distance might be likened to an almost indivisible line. The aspect of the mountains was even more interesting and picturesque, as the remaining portions of the army occupied each high and rocky point: here the men and horses seemed suspended over the yawning gulphs beneath; beyond, they were seen following the winding borders of the precipice; while further on they disappeared in part from the view of the spectator, seeming to the eyes of the beholder to have been engulfed in the deep and frowning abysses. The dismounted cavalry led on their horses by the bridles; the baggage was carried on the backs of men; the guns were dismounted and dragged along, reaching the most immeasurable heights, as if by enchantment; and when a dangerous defile was passed, a stupendous height scaled, the cries and acclamations of the troops, answered by the thousand echoes of the mountains, gave life and animation to these desert dwellings by nature in eternal silence.

The Hannibal or Brennus of this gigantic expedition was Bonaparte, whose glorious career was already opening. Under the command of one who knew so well how to excite enthusiasm, each soldier was a hero. Emulation produced prodigies, and obstacles were removed, or at least no longer appeared insurmountable.

Martelli had joined those who were destined a little later, at Marengo, to overthrow in one single day the power of Austria in the Italian peninsula. On quitting M. de Solanges, he had returned to the Alps, once more to behold the home of his childhood. The sight of the bridge produced a profound impression upon him, by recalling vividly to his imagination the events which had so changed his destiny; and it was not without a severe struggle that he was enabled to combat the despair and dejection which took possession of his mind, for at that moment the distance of rank between him and Sophy appeared more insurmountable than ever.

This overpowering weakness was, however, but of short duration, and Martelli directed his steps towards France. At that period of military effervescence, the roads were covered with myriads of volunteers, all enthusiastically bent on the expected conflict with the common enemy, and that enemy was the whole of Europe. Martelli, though a foreigner, partook of this warlike ardour, for his mind, too, was fixed on the word "liberty." He distinguished himself immediately on his entrance into the army, and shortly obtained promotion.

When Bonaparte decided upon entering Italy, Martelli, already advanced to the post of captain, was appointed to a command during the memorable passage of the Alps; his were such signal services, that they obtained for him not only the notice of the commander of the expedition, but still further promotion. The French army had already passed the stupendous passage hitherto deemed inaccessible. Their sudden appearance struck terror into the inhabitants, and a memorable battle rendered them masters of Italy. Their general quarters were established at Milan; and the Marquis de Solanges compromised, like hundreds of others, for having

taken up arms against his country, awaited in a dungeon the result of a council of war.

One morning this extraordinary man, Bonaparte, the parent of such mighty projects, was seated before a table covered with papers; an aide-de-camp entered.

"General, the chief de bataillon, Martelli, demands an interview."

"Martelli!" murmured Bonaparte, pre-occupied—"Martelli! it is to him that I owe, in part, my success at Marengo!" then turning towards the officer, "he wishes to speak with me immediately?"

"He does, general."

"Let him enter."

"Well, my brave comrade, what have you to ask of me?" inquired Bonaparte, without raising his eyes from the papers spread before him.

"A pardon, general—a pardon for two prisoners."

A cloud gathered over the fine brow of Bonaparte. After a brief pause—

"Well—these persons are—"

"The Marquis de Solanges and——"

"Solanges!" repeated Bonaparte, hastily; "Impossible; he is a traitor!—the other?"

"His daughter."

"Ah!" exclaimed Bonaparte, repressing a smile, "the Marquis has a daughter, then—I understand."

During this short discourse his penetrating eye was fixed upon the countenance of his officer, and his own had assumed that expression of kindness for which it was remarkable; he was silent for a moment.

"Martelli," said he, at length, "a brave man like thyself cannot be the friend of a traitor; canst thou answer for the marquis?"

"With my life."

Bonaparte called to an aide-de-camp.

"Bring in the Marquis de Solanges and his daughter."

The prisoners entered.

"Colonel Martelli," said Bonaparte, laying a stress upon the word—"Colonel, I here repay my debt in part; to you I deliver up my prisoners. Do with them as you please."

During this scene M. de Solanges was attentively examining the officer, his countenance alternately expressing doubt and astonishment, at length—

"Martelli!" he cried, throwing himself upon the young man's neck.

Sophy, pale and trembling with emotion, sat as if transfixed: soon, however, gratitude and affection banished every other consideration, she rose, and rushing into his arms, "Martelli!" she uttered, but overcome by the excess of her feelings, and unable to say more, she burst into tears.

The officer pressed her again and again to his bosom; and the marquis stepping forward, and seizing the youth's hand—"Martelli!" he cried, "I know all—my daughter is thine!"

The young officer was unable to reply, the excess of happiness had deprived him of all power of utterance. Bonaparte, who had been an attentive spectator of the scene, smilingly arose and left the room.

A few days after, a marriage was celebrated in the cathedral of Milan. It was that of Martelli and Mademoiselle de Solanges.

### SUPPLICATION:

Great Power! whose hand the tempest stills  
And calms the howling wind,  
Whose midnight blast with terror fills  
The ever waking mind;  
For they who bear the chilling blast  
An humble suppliant see,  
For they who brave the ocean's storm—  
The scamen on the sea.

For they, who in the darkened hour,  
Await, with anxious breath,  
The fiat of thy might and power,  
E'en in the face of death,  
Hear a devoted prayer for those  
Who hope and trust in thee,  
Oh! save the dauntless and the brave—  
The scamen on the sea.

Again let mother fold her child  
Through fierce tornado's strife;  
Though shipwreck threaten stern and wild  
The husband clasp his wife.  
Protect the aged and the young,  
Whose children lip to thee:  
In mercy heed the infant tongue  
For all upon the sea.

Let woman's sighs for them be heard,  
Nor vainly fall her tear,  
And let affections fondest word  
Again delight their ear.  
Oh! hush the hurricane to sleep,  
Be mercy shown by thee  
To all who track the boundless deep—  
The scamen on the sea.

### A PARTING HOUR.

BY MRS. FLETCHER.

I sat with one I loved last night,  
She played to me an olden strain;  
In other days it brought delight—  
Last night, but pain.

Last night I watched the stars arise,  
But clouds soon dimmed the ether blue;  
I turned and sought their sister eyes.  
Clouds dimmed them too.

Yet all around was bright and calm,  
Was calm and beautiful as ever;  
We saw, but could not feel the balm—  
Can those who sever.

We paced along our favourite walk,  
We paced in silence, broken-hearted;  
We could but weep—we durst not talk,  
And thus we parted.

O! grief can give the blight of years—  
The stony impress of the dead;  
We looked farewell through blighting tears,  
And then hope fled.

### HOURS OF SADNESS.

When on the chilly dead  
Is bent a young child's eye,  
And first the bitter lesson read,  
That all who live must die!

When a loving parent's hand  
Last rests upon our brow,  
And loos'd from home, life's cable-band,  
To sea we turn our prow!

When thoughtless words, unkind,  
The chain of friendship sever;  
And tones of pride that Love unbind,  
We should have clasp'd for ever!

When 'midst the glittering crowd,  
Such parted friends we spy;  
And the thoughts the lips have disavow'd,  
Are imag'd in the eye!

When sorrow round her brow,  
Twines a wreath of short-lived bloom,  
When her starting tear-drops flow,  
In her own unlighted room!

When a dream at eventide  
Is thronged with gone-by hours;  
And backward seems life's stream to glide,  
To the land of friends and flowers!

When shade a form assumes,  
And our tearful eyes we cast,  
Where Memory's golden torch illumines  
The valley of the past!

When the stricken spirit bends,  
And bows the wounded soul  
To Him, that kindest, best of friends,  
Whose love can make it whole!

He that gives a portion of his time and talent to the investigation of mathematical truth, will come to all other questions with a decided advantage over his opponents. He will be in argument what the ancient Romans were in the field; to them the day of battle was a day of comparative recreation, because they were ever accustomed to exercise with arms much heavier than they fought; and their reviews differed from a real battle in two respects, they encountered more fatigue, but the victory was bloodless.



## CHARLES JAMES FOX.



CHARLES JAMES FOX, one of the most distinguished of statesmen and orators, was the second son of Lord Holland, and was born January 13, 1748. Westminster and Eton schools, and Hertford College, Oxford, were the seminaries at which he received his education. In classical learning his proficiency was great, and he always retained a fondness for it. Having completed his studies, he set out on his travels, and an intellect like his could not fail to profit by such an enlarged field of observation. Unfortunately, however, his powerful mind did not preserve him from dissipated habits, and from a propensity to gaming, which long continued to be the bane of his existence. In the hope of weaning him from these follies, he was, when only nineteen, elected member for Midhurst, through the influence of his father. Prudence, perhaps, kept him silent in the House till he was of an age legally to hold a seat in it. His lips were unlocked in 1770, and for four years he continued to be the advocate of the ministry. His aid was rewarded by his being appointed a lord of the admiralty, which situation he soon resigned to be a lord of the treasury. In 1774, however, in consequence of some disagreement with Lord North, he was abruptly dismissed, and his dismissal was announced to him in a manner which added insult to injury. The ranks of opposition gladly received so promising an ally; and, during the whole of the American war, he was one of the most persevering, eloquent, and formidable of the minister's opponents. Additional spirit and effect were given to his exertions by his being elected for Westminster, in 1780, in spite of the whole weight of the government interest having been thrown into the scale against him. On the downfall of the North administration, Fox came into office, as secretary of state for foreign affairs. But the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, and disgust at the conduct of Lord Shelburne, soon induced Fox and some of his party to retire. In an evil hour for their popularity, they formed the celebrated coalition with Lord North. The measure enabled them to carry the cabinet by storm, but it shook their influence with the people, and their short-lived triumph was closed by their expulsion from power, on the question of Fox's India Bill. A new election in 1781, di-

minished their parliamentary numbers, and gave Mr. Pitt a secure majority. For more than twenty years the mighty talents of Fox were exerted in almost constant but fruitless opposition to his great rival. His espousing the cause of the French revolution lost him the friendship of Burke. To the war against France he was decidedly hostile. At length, in 1806, he resumed his situation of secretary of state. But his constitution was now broken, and he expired on the 16th of September, in the same year. Before his death, however, he had the happiness of putting an end to the slave trade; an object which had for many years been nearest to his heart. The wisdom of Fox's political conduct has, on some points, been violently impeached, but no one has yet denied the goodness and sweetness of his disposition; so amiable was his temper that to know him was to love him. Of his eloquence one of his panegyrists justly observes that, "plain, nervous, energetic, vehement, it simplified what was complicate, it unravelled what was entangled, it cast light upon what was obscure, and through the understanding it forced its way to the heart. It came home to the sense and feelings of the hearer; and, by a secret, irresistible charm, it extorted the assent of those who were most unwilling to be convinced." His literary compositions consist of some excellent Greek, Latin, and English verses; a few papers in the *Englishman*: A Letter to the Electors of Westminster; and A History of the early Part of the Reign of James the Second.

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH, a celebrated poet and miscellaneous writer, was the son of a clergyman; was born, in 1731, at Pallas, in the county of Longford, in Ireland; and was educated at the universities of Dublin, Edinburgh, and Leyden, with a view to his adopting the medical profession. Leyden, however, he quitted abruptly, with no money and a single shirt in his pocket, and wandered over a considerable part of Europe. During his peregrinations he was sometimes indebted to his German flute for procuring him a meal or a lodging from the peasants. Returning pennyless to England in 1758, he was, for a short time, usher to a school at Peckham, but soon gave up that occupation to become an author.

In 1759 appeared his first work, an *Essay on the Present State of Polite Literature*. His subsequent labours were multifarious; for he soon gained an honourable popularity, and seems never to have been unemployed, but his want of economy kept him always embarrassed. Among his friends he numbered Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and many other eminent characters. Between 1759 and 1774, he produced the *Traveller*, *The Deserted Village*, and *Retaliation*; the comedies of the *Good-natured Man*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*; *The Vicar of Wakefield*; *Histories of England*, *Greece*, *Rome*, and *Animated Nature*; *The Citizen of the World*, and *the Bee*; and several pieces of less consequence. He died in 1774. In his manners, Goldsmith was eccentric, and in conversation he displayed such a lack of talent, that he was satirically said to have "talked like poor Poll." Though benevolent in his disposition, he was exceedingly jealous, not to say envious, of competitors. As an author he stands high. His poetry, natural, melodious, affecting, and beautifully descriptive, finds an echo in every bosom; and his prose, often enlivened with humour, and always adorned with the graces of a pure style, is among the best in our language.

## PARSON CLARE.

### PART I.

FIFTY years ago, or thereabouts, there was not a happier fireside in our good town than Captain Oldacre's. On four evenings at least, of every week, did the same little company of persons assemble round it. There was the head of the house—a sensible, kind-hearted middle aged man, with a clear eye and a hearty voice, and that particular gait which distinguishes a sailor on land:—his wife, of whom little need be said, save that she was exactly, and in every respect, suited to her husband;—their only child, Anna—a young girl who had scarcely reached the age of eighteen—the beauty of whose face lay in its exceeding innocence—who was as well instructed as she was gentle, and as ignorant of the follies and corruptions of a town, as if her father's house had stood in a field instead of a narrow dingy street;—and, lastly, a young clergyman, twenty-five years of age, whose seat was always at the maiden's side, and who owed his welcome as much to an expected future relationship, as to a distant one which had been already proved to exist between Dean Herbert, his grandfather, and Mr. Symonds, Mrs. Oldacre's uncle, who had died at Quebec in the year 17—.

Wilson Herbert was, in those days, rather an extraordinary character for a town clergyman. He was retiring, grave, melancholy, and very proud; not one of the sycophantic sensual race, which, thank Heaven! is fast diminishing, who was to be found at every turtle feast and corporation dinner, overlooking, if not sanctioning by the participation in, every license of word or deed. He was not one who made his way in society among the fair and the romantic, by his black coat and blacker eyes, and those high-flown compliments which have such a peculiar charm and authority for the uninstructed: not one who

preached speculative and inflated discourses, gathering round his pulpit all those dissipated people who love a crowd, and care not whether they partake of its delights in the concert-room or the chapel—and yet he was no less far from the right than the most latitudinarian or theatrical among them. He performed his duties seriously, sedulously, not with the deep and humbling sense of his being the minister of a pure and omniscient Deity, but in the strength of pride that no one should be able to lay any omission to his charge. He shrunk back from mixing in miscellaneous society, not because he was aware of the value of time, but because he was well-born and poor, and smarted severely under the humiliations to which such are necessarily subjected in a place where trade is the business of life, and wealth the standard of perfection. He gave alms, because the smallness of his stipend precluded the possibility of his saving any sum worth notice; and his eager expectation of preferment, did not arise, as the Oldacres interpreted it, from impatience for the time when he was to be married to their daughter, but was the first manifestation of that spirit which was to exercise so strange an influence over his future fortunes, and to make their story worth telling as a warning, no less than a tale of events.

There was not a happier fireside in our good town than Captain Oldacre's. The father of the family had passed his early youth at sea, and could tell of the East and West Indies, and the then comparatively unknown countries on either side of the Persian gulf. The mother, though she did not often open her lips as a story-teller, had her own casket of domestic histories, and had no objection occasionally to talk over the tale of her own love trials. She had been the daughter of a country squire or large farmer in a neighbouring county, and had engaged herself to Captain Oldacre, when they were both very young, to the great discomfiture of his proud and ill-tempered relations. These took every possible means to break off the match; when George was at sea, they made no scruples of intercepting all the letters upon which they could lay hands, and were perversely unwearied in blackening his honourable name by spreading tales of his inconstancy far and wide. They might have spared their labour. Monica Symonds said little, and believed less, whenever they brought her some new rumour, and maliciously affected to wonder that her betrothed wrote so sparingly to her, even when he finally decided upon leaving the sea, and establishing himself at Montreal. She knew herself to be incapable of change or falsehood, and believed as much of her lover;—and, heedless of the ridicule of relations on both sides, and the importunity of more than one rich and handsome suitor, who became the most pressing when, in honour, they ought to have withdrawn their claims,—lived on patiently, complaining little and hoping much. Better days came at last. George Oldacre was as faithful-hearted as his mistress, and, at length, weary of wondering why Monica noticed so few of his letters, entrusted a decisive epistle to the care of an old messmate of his own, who, about that time, entered into command of a ship which traded between our port and Montreal. It was on an autumn morning that Monica, on returning from a long and

solitary walk, was summoned to speak to a "sea Captain from America who was sitting waiting for her in the best parlour."

The delight of that moment was worth all the days of evil report and probation which she had been compelled to pass through; but she was blessed with an eminently placid demeanour, and her scornful sisters could gather nothing of the contents of the precious document from her looks. She read it deliberately twice over, and then, turning to the sea-faring man, said quietly:—

"When shall you sail?"

"In less than a month," was his answer.

"I will be ready to go with you."

"What nonsense is it that you are saying?" jeered her listeners.

"George has sent for me," replied she, in the same unmoved tone; "I knew he would; I am going to be married!"

From that moment, these were the only words upon her lips:—"George has sent for me; I knew he would;"—and, in spite of the disparaging remarks which were levelled against her, as a person who would "catch at any chance,"—and in spite of all the prophecies of old relations, who pronounced her scheme to be little short of insane, she began to make instant and active preparation for her voyage—a formidable undertaking, in those days, when comfort at sea was a thing unknown. She surmounted all its difficulties, however—joined her lover, and received the reward of her modest and unobtrusive constancy in the long series of years of a happy wedded life which succeeded. One use, however, she had drawn from her own experience,—she was peremptory in insisting that her daughter and Mr. Herbert should enter into no definitive engagement. "I will never," she said, "if I can help it, allow a child of mine to be exposed to what I have suffered myself."

In addition to the entertainment to be derived from this fund of family legends, Anna Oldacre possessed a remarkable well-toned voice, and was skilled in the accomplishment of reading aloud. She could also sing the grave and delicious music of Handel with the true taste and feeling which such music demands; so that the evenings were never too long, the hours never passed heavily. Then, sometimes, when it grew late, the party would creep round the fire, and indulge in the fascinating pastime of telling ghost-stories;—the old sailor, of threatening shadows that glided slowly across the water, before a storm came on:—the lady, of strange knockings and whispers heard in the dead of the night, in a certain wainscotted chamber of her father's house;—the clergyman, not a few college stories of the appearances of friends standing, at the precise moment of their death, by the bed-sides of those whom they loved best when alive:—while Anna would sit, nestling closer to the speaker every moment, and listening, until every tinge of bloom faded out of her ripe red cheek. Those were, perhaps, the pleasantest evenings of all.

"I declare it is striking one!" said Mrs. Oldacre, on a certain Sunday morning, when they had sat unusually late, enjoying the luxury of fear; "I must positively turn you out, Herbert! I need not ask you to come in to-morrow evening, with your sermon unwritten: what is to be the text this time?"

"The deceitfulness of riches," replied Herbert, rising and shaking hands with every one.

"Good night, then, remember you dine here on Sunday as usual."

Captain Oldacre's house was situated in the upper part of our town, and commanded a tolerably extensive view, which has since been materially intercepted by piles of new building. While Herbert yet stood upon the door-step, tying his thick silk handkerchief about his throat, to ward off the biting night wind, his attention was arrested by the bright appearance of the sky, which, in its western quarter, was overspread with vivid rosy glow, radiating from a focus of brilliant light, which seemed every instant to tremble into greater intensity. The measured and sonorous toll of a great bell was also distinctly heard—that sound so unspeakably awful to those who suddenly start awake and hear its ominous sound through the stillness of night. At every instant some upper window was thrown up, and some anxious and scared looking head, crowned with its night-gear, protruded: then the doors were heard to be unbarred, men dressed in haste, came out to see the fire; and even here and there a lady, closely muffled up, whose curiosity had overcome her reluctance to leave her bed and mingle in a crowd. While Herbert yet stood upon the step, a magnificent column of flame arose swiftly and steadily above the roof of the building on fire, as from a cradle of blackened walls pierced with many windows, and ascended majestically into the lurid heaven! and whenever the wreaths of crimson smoke, in which it sailed off towards the south, were parted for a moment by the wind, one or two stars might be seen looking through—their cold and passionless light contrasting strangely with the awful and almost supernatural splendour which surrounded them.

That great fire was long remembered by the inhabitants of our town, and the memory thereof only effaced by that more enormous calamity of recent years, when two streets' length of huge warehouses, stored with every description of combustible goods, was consumed, and the burnt corn carried by the wind to the distance of four or five miles upon the London road. There was no resisting the excitement of the moment: Herbert was carried along with the stream, and presently approached the scene of destruction.

Round about it, the neighbouring streets presented a curious spectacle. Aged persons, who had been bed-ridden for years, had been dragged from their garrets, at the peril of their lives, and laid down in their beds, on the pavement, amidst such furniture and clothes as could be saved, heaped together in the most heterogeneous disorder; while the stronger inhabitants of the surrounding dwellings, rushed back into their blazing chambers to rescue yet more of their possessions: and the women and children who could not emulate their daring activity, kept watch over their property—and beheld in agony the progress of the victorious element; crying out aloud whenever some huge beam or fragment of wall crashed down, or some beautiful fierce jet of flame burst careering out of the windows, or through some fissure in the roof, as if to assert the triumph of destruction, and to mock the littleness of human strength.

Still nearer to the building was crowded an

immense mass of spectators of every age and condition, gathered from every quarter of the town—whose curiosity was so powerful that they were with difficulty prevented by the firemen, and the company of soldiers, drawn out on the occasion, from perilling their lives by their violent struggles to press nearer to the blazing building. Above their heads the engines were spouting upwards their long and graceful columns of water, which were cast back again in hissing steam, by the heated walls of the neighbouring warehouses, for whose preservation they were directed—and in the back ground of this fearful picture was seen the cupola of a small church, almost rocking beneath the weight of a mass of spectators, whose individual figures, nay, even features, were displayed with the most startling distinctness.

Herbert was tall and athletic, and, with a little patience, succeeded in piercing his way through the press, until he had approached so close to the cordon of military, that any sight, except of a phalanx of backs, was impossible. He chanced, however, to observe a retreating window almost close above his head, shielded from a crane hard by, by a stout cradle of iron bars. With a violent exertion of agility, he swung himself up to this, and grasping the stanchions in his hands, while his feet rested upon the window-sill, found himself in a most excellent position for observing the progress of the fire, which was now rioting in the fulness of its triumph, hissing and shooting out long wreathy tongues of light, as though greedy of fresh prey; and, what was scarcely less interesting, the countenances of the dense crowd of people beneath his feet, which were all turned upwards in the same direction, all animated by the same expression.

A more motley company cannot be imagined—there stood the vile and wretched inhabitants of the neighbouring court and alley, gigantic men, brutalized with intemperance and hard labour; women, with stupid and bold countenances, long uncombed hair, and relaxed figures only half concealed—and among these, people of a more respectable class, too much absorbed in observation, to shrink from such contact with the profligate and the unclean. There stood, also, among, or apart from the crowd, one or two of those singular figures, whom one never sees abroad upon common occasions—paralytic persons with large shaking heads, and stony eyes—dwarfs, with irritable, disproportioned countenances; beings, who seem, at such a time, like decrepit evil spirits who have crawled forth from their dens, to gloat upon the mischief and confusion wrought by their more active compeers.

But the chief strangeness of such a spectacle arises from the one expression pervading every countenance, which gives a scene like this the semblance of a tormenting dream, wherein the same face is repeated a countless number of times; paves the ground beneath you—gains the heaven above your heads, and mocks you, with its odious multiplication from under every stone by the wayside, from every dark corner of your chamber—from the detestable and maddening annoyance of which you can only escape but by waking.

One figure in particular, standing a little apart from any one else, caught Herbert's attention. He was a man who had apparently passed the

meridian of life, of a tall and stout frame, and a face which would have been handsome, had not a general meanness of expression, a cunning wink in his large eyes, and a compression of his thin lips, destroyed the comeliness of his features; and it was his dress, rather than his person, which excited remark. This was mean, even to misery; his coat, which had been whilom black, was now threadbare, and patched until little of its original texture seemed remaining—his large riding-boots were of a still earlier date than this ancient garment—his hat, which, from extreme age, and long exposure to weather, had fallen into an irregular form, resembling that of a decaying mushroom, was tied on with a rusty brown and white cotton handkerchief; and there was not a shred even of soiled calico visible at either his throat or wrists. He stood leaning upon a large ragged stick, watching the progress of the flames with a calculating eye; and while every other person was excited, or agonized, or terrified, he seemed to regard the scene of ruin before him with apathy and indifference.

Herbert recognized him at once, having often heard the description of a singular character, resident in our town, who was called the Miser Parson. He was a man of good family and more than respectable attainments, whose passion for money amounted to a disease; and who, after he had already increased the competence inherited from his father, by the most rigid parsimony, crowned the unremitting system of scraping, which he had hitherto pursued, by marrying an old paralytic, purblind widow, twenty-five years his senior, merely for the sake of her vast riches.

Every one had cried shame upon the match, and the victim of his avarice, who was as devoid of capacity as she was of personal attractions, too soon, alas! began to find that the crown matrimonial was any thing but a crown of roses. Her husband began by neglecting her before the honey-moon had expired—denied his bride the comforts which her years and infirmities demanded; forbade her the company of her friends, and, by working upon her fears, contrived most effectually to abridge her controul over her enormous fortune; and yet, before Mrs. Hyslop married him, she had always been stigmatized as penurious. She had been a fancier of birds; almost his first act was to open the cages of her winged favourites, and set them free. She had been used to ride from one rendezvous of gossips to another, in a decrepit gig drawn by an emaciated pony. This was disposed of immediately—and the same fate befell every superfluity, and most of the necessities of life. He was at first deaf—before long, brutal, in answer to her remonstrances; and she would tremble when he crossed the floor, and cry in a tremulous and wiry voice, "O, Mr. Clare! Mr. Clare! I have paid dear for those bonny black eyes!"

Such was the man, whose miserable attire and apathetic look attracted Herbert's regard; Parson Clare had stood so long in the motionless attitude I have described, that he began to wonder when so singular looking an individual would stir—and was only recalled from a train of extraneous speculations, by the circumstance of an immense wall falling in, smothering the flames, and darkening the light, with a tremendous sound,

the echo of which reverberated again and again from the opposite houses. The crowd, terrified by this new disaster, gave a universal scream, and rushed wildly backwards; and not a few old and slow persons were thrown down, and trampled upon by the retreating mass of people, whose confusion was increased by this sudden diminution of the light.

Among those who fell was Parson Clare; Herbert had seen him borne off his feet, and in another instant heard a sharp voice crying loudly for forbearance from the crowd, in whom the panic had subsided as rapidly as it had spread, and who, upon the cause of their alarm being explained, were again eager to press forward, and watch the progress of the conflagration. A strange feeling, totally impossible to be analyzed, urged him to hasten to the assistance of the miser, whom he found laid at full-length on the foot pavement, a little without the reach of the feet of the mob, writhing with pain, and groaning most piteously. As Herbert made his way towards the spot, he caught such remarks as these—"Parson Clare!—hurt—is he!—Why, let him lie where he is; he has met with hurts more than his deserts at last."

"Ay," observed one, who spoke in a coarse, but somewhat solemn voice, "such is the end of ill-gotten and misused wealth: but, however, he must not be left here to perish."

"Oh no! no!" groaned out the poor wretch, who was grievously hurt; "some one help me home! I will make it worth any one's while—I will pay."—

"Give place to me," said Herbert, authoritatively;—"I will see that you are conveyed home, Sir,—and do you, (to the crowd,) cease to hinder, if you cannot help."

"The gentleman's *fond*," sneered one.

"Nay,—what—he is, may be, looking for a legacy," observed another.

"Or a wardrobe," echoed a depraved looking woman;—"his boots alone are worth something; they are only twenty years old!"

Heedless of all this and more such ribaldry, Herbert succeeded in raising Parson Clare out of the kennel into which he had slid. When fairly placed upon his feet, the miser repeated his complaints. He was certainly very much hurt; he believed that some of his ribs were broken. At all events his face was cruelly crushed.

"It is impossible that you can walk home," said Herbert, compassionately, "we must find some one who will go and call a coach."

"Oh, my side!—a coach!" shrieked Parson Clare—"and double fare too at this time of night!—a coach, indeed!—I can walk—I will!" but, as he spoke, he reeled so unsteadily towards Herbert, that the latter was compelled to support him; which was a matter of some difficulty, as he cried out violently whenever he was touched.

"I have undertaken a troublesome charge, I fear," said the young clergyman to himself,—and then paused to consider what was next to be done. After some little consultation with the speaker who had denounced ill-gotten wealth, and who proved to be an itinerant Methodist preacher, Parson Clare was lifted into an elbow chair, borrowed from a neighbouring house, and carried upon it to the threshold of his own dwell-

ing, which was fortunately situated in a neighbouring street.

This was a large dilapidated building, which had once been a mansion of some consequence, now fallen into disrepute, in consequence of the deterioration of the neighbourhood. The door had been painted; but the colour was peeling off in large dry scales; the knocker had been nailed down, but the nails had long ago rusted, and fallen out;—and when Herbert applied to it, a hollow echo, from the interior of the neglected mansion, answered drearily. He knocked three times before any one appeared. At his fourth and loudest summons, a window in the third story above his head, creaked up, and a harsh vulgar voice cried out, "Who is there?"

"We have brought home Mr. Clare, who is very much hurt."

"Wait a little—I will come down as soon as I have put something on."

"I will now leave you," said Herbert's assistant,—"I would not enter the doors of his house for the world.—Hark! there is some one coming down stairs at last."

"Will you not stay, and help him to his room? If there be only women?"—

"No, no," replied the other earnestly; "it is venturing too far into the precincts of Satan. I must go now;" and more quickly than he had ever moved before, Mr. Lovatt shuffled away, and the *stoccato* trio of his stick and feet presently dropped into silence.

After a few minutes further delay, many bars were slowly undrawn, and chains unchained, and with a violent jerk, the door was thrown open, and the desolation of the interior dimly revealed. The wide entrance hall had been flagged with diamond shaped slabs of pale marble—but years had passed since that floor had benefited by brush or bucket; the broken plastered walls were of a like dingy colour:—and the portress was yet more debased and wretched in her appearance, than might have been expected to belong, even to that squalid habitation. She was a short ill-made woman, with a broad, wild face; round, dead black eyes, lips of almost a negro thickness; greasy dark hair falling in straight *pipes* rather than locks, upon a brown neck scantily mantled by a faded wrapping gown. Her feet were bare, and thrust into loose tattered shoes, brown for lack of blacking: and she stared out with an impudent, elvish leer, which had infinitely more of the witch than of the woman in its composition.

"So it is you!" cried she in the same snarly voice: "I told you what would be the end of it! Is he much hurt? Come in, come in, and make no more words about it," and dragging Parson Clare rudely after her, who seemed too much stunned to resist, she shut the door—not, however, as she had intended, leaving Herbert on the outside.

"Bar it, if you *must* come in," continued the Hecate, "and hold him up on the other side. What, bleeding, Sir?—I told you it was a crazy thing to go out; but you must see the fire, forsooth! What will your wife say, I wonder?"

As she spoke, another feeble light was seen at the head of the first flight of stairs, and an old woman, nearly bent double with years and decrepitude, appeared crawling painfully down-

wards. She was so hideous — but it is impossible to dwell upon the description of one so aged and deformed. Her head shook incessantly, and one hand hung like a stone at her side; but she had sense enough to understand, at one glance, what had passed, and slipped from step to step in her descent, with a nimbleness, which seemed incompatible with her feebleness, and when fairly confronted with her husband, laughed, and said in a low voice, something between a croak and a chuckle: "Ay—ay—Parson Clare! I told you that I should live to knock a nail in your coffin yet!"

Herbert was, as it may be supposed, unspeakably shocked by witnessing a squalid misery, so far beyond any previous experience. In the mean time, the miser had fainted. "Leave him to us," cried the younger woman, brutally, "we are used to him, and will soon bring him round."

"He will die in this miserable place," exclaimed Herbert.

"Isn't it his own choosing?" replied the old woman, "isn't it to please him, that we live as we do? Till I was married—ask my daughter."

"Daughter!" muttered Herbert to himself, "good angels deliver us!"

"Till I was married, I was always fond of having things comfortable about me; I always had *one* sheet on my bed! There, Jane, give over; he is coming about again, and now, Sir, if you choose to run and fetch a doctor, you are welcome to the trouble; it is a useless expense though, for he will die of this."

While she spoke, Herbert was, indeed, thinking, that the presence of a medical man was eminently necessary; he therefore left the miser's house hastily, and in a few moments after, his knock was heard, long and loud, at the door of a surgeon who lived in a neighbouring street.

"A job from the fire, hey!" said the man, thrusting out a mop head of hair, and a stout bare leg, at the opened front door, "I shall be dressed in a minute, and will accompany you;" and, indeed, this dressing was no sooner said than done, for he presently re-appeared clothed and shod. Upon being told the name of his patient, he shrugged his shoulders, put on a cautious face—Parson Clare was such a miser!—and was at length only prevailed upon to set forth to administer relief, by Herbert's undertaking to be answerable for his attendance, in case there should be any demur on the part of the invalid, or his family.

"In case, Sir!—I fear, from what you say, that it is a bad case!" said the callous Dr. Ducket, smirking at his own wit, which was as inveterately profuse as it was weak; "and perhaps the old lady may open her purse-strings, when he is dead and gone; there will be a fortune for somebody or other!—nothing much less, I should fancy, than a hundred thousand pounds. Good-night, Sir—Mr. Herbert did you say!—O, I know where you live, I will do myself the pleasure of looking in upon you to-morrow morning, and acquainting you how your friend goes on." As they parted, the drowsy watchman plodded past, calling the hour, "half past two o'clock!" and Herbert felt so weary, that he now took the shortest way homeward, though the still unabated glow of the heavens, and the distant

shouts of the crowd, proclaimed that the fire was not yet overcome.

He threw himself upon his bed; not, however, to sleep, until his fancy, excited by the scene he had left, acted them over again and again before his eyes, and intruded a thousand possibilities upon his notice: mere air-castles it is true, but potent enough to keep him awake for a long time, and to mingle with dreams, when fatigue proved too strong for imagination. "How unequally," whispered the temptress, "is the lot of man cast!—one hundred thousand pounds!—there is magic in the very sound of the words; there is power, and rank, and luxury, within their grasp! and he will die of his wounds!—What is that to thee? O, nothing, nothing at all!—only, *some one* must enjoy his hoards—*some one* must riot in the abundance of all his wealth!" "Shame on me!" cried Herbert, starting awake, while the bare remembrance of his dream brought the dew to his forehead, and made his frame tremble with ecstasy. "Shame on me! what have I to do with wealth!—am I not vowed to another, holier service! and shall I allow such base thoughts to overrun my mind!—such grovelling desires to tempt me?" "Yet," again whispered Fancy, "the good things, the great things thou mightest achieve!—endow hospitals, befriend the neglected, acquire influence and authority, to be used well—be beloved in life, lamented in death,"—and he fell asleep again, while the temptress was in the midst of her work, of seducing his soul from the truth, under a subtler mask than that of mere sensual indulgence. He dreamed that he was possessed of boundless wealth—he awoke the next morning, a poor curate, and took his bible in his hand, and spread his paper before him, to write a sermon on the deceitfulness of riches; while he took no thought of that most deceitful of all things within him—the human heart!

He had scarcely concluded his discourse with a studied, yet simple petition, that the Omnipotent would rule the hearts of his people to moderation, and the smile of complacency, with which he beheld this eloquent period, had scarcely faded from his lips, when the train of his thoughts was interrupted by the entrance of the surgeon. He came to announce the tidings of Parson Clare's death, "and," continued he, "his widow, I think, will not be long in following him. They are going to hold an inquest upon the miser's carcass."

"My friend," said Herbert, firmly, "you speak too brutally of the dead."

"All I can say," continued Mr. Ducket, abashed for the moment, "is that you will have to attend."

"Certainly," said Herbert, rising and closing his desk, "I will go now; I may perhaps be able to give some comfort to the widow."

"Comfort! ha! ha! ha!—I beg pardon for laughing, Sir, but she, with a hundred thousand pounds at her own disposal! and he used to beat her like a dog!—Comfort!"

"Begone Sir! there is your fee!" cried Herbert, sternly, cutting short the son of Galen, with his haughtiest frown, and the tender of a guinea. Mr. Ducket ventured no further pleasantry, and sneaked out of the house as fast as he could. Herbert went out also—to the house of mourning.

## PART II.

Now, to avail ourselves of the privilege by which story-tellers compass time, as the Prince in the Eastern tale over-passed space upon his enchanted carpet—we will suppose “nine months are gone over,” and look in again on Captain Oldacre’s fireside. In this second view, only three were to be seen gathered round the hearth—the care-worn anxious father and mother, and, placed between them, the shadow, it surely could not be the actual person, of their beloved daughter. Yet it was the same, whom we saw so short a time ago such a different creature. Her figure was worn down to a melancholy degree of thinness; her rich hair hung about her face in masses, as if it were too heavy for her head; from her large languid eyes, bent upon the fire in the listlessness of vain speculation, a tear fell ever and anon on her clasped wasted hands; a large shawl was thrown over her shoulders—and the furred slippers upon her feet, (though the month was July) and the screen before the door, and the noiseless steps of all who came in and went out—were sufficient to tell the tale how sadly the spring had been spent.

The three sat in silence for some time; at last, Captain Oldacre having left the room, Anna disengaged her hand from her mother’s, and drawing it feebly over her brow, said, in a low voice, “I think, mother, that this time, I shall hardly die.”

“Thank God that you can say so!” replied that excellent woman; “you are much better to-day, my love; a week ago you know, you could not sit up: in another fortnight we hope that you will be strong enough to bear removal. I did not tell you that your father has heard from Bath this very morning—and he will go over, as soon as he is easy to leave you, and take possession of our new house.”

“Kind, dear father and mother!” exclaimed Anna, with energy, “and you are breaking up your happy home here to indulge my caprice. How it is of me! how impatient! I am sure I ought to have borne to stay here. Hark! hark!” and she pointed with her finger eagerly, “there is a step in the street! let no one come in here—no one, mother!”

As she spoke, a knock was heard at the hall door; Mrs. Oldacre rose hastily, and left the room, shutting the door of the parlour carefully: but Anna’s ear caught the tread of a well-known foot in the passage, and the sound of a voice—and her heart beat as though there was a fountain within it. The visitor was ushered into a room on the opposite side of the lobby; but so strong was her fancy, that she imagined that even through the thickness of two walls she could distinguish the tones which had been dearer to her than any other earthly sound. Were they pleading for forgiveness? she thought she *could* forgive, though perhaps *not at first*. She then folded her hands upon her breast, and, in that moment of suspense—of all others the most excruciating to a woman—because she can confide her anguish to no one—prayed silently and fervently for strength to bear whatever burden it might please Heaven to lay upon her.

Meanwhile her faithless lover had followed Mrs. Oldacre into the dining-room, with the

flushed face and uneasy gait of one already teased by an evil conscience—and proud as he was, he was afraid to meet the mild eye of Anna’s mother. He changed his chair twice; waited to hear whether she had anything to say, having prepared an elaborate justification of his fickleness; and when she persisted in maintaining a reserved silence, was, at last, compelled to stammer out “That the weather was much warmer than it had been.”

Mrs. Oldacre assented; there was another pause.

“I hope, madam,” he began again, “that it will have a favourable effect upon Miss Oldacre’s health; she is better, I am very glad to hear.”

“She is,” replied the mother, and a third long pause ensued, during which Mrs. Oldacre perused her visitor’s face thoroughly, with her sedate and truthful eye. “May I beg,” she said, at last “may I beg for the communication which you said you wished to make to me. I have not much time to spare, and shall be glad to be set at liberty again, as soon as is convenient.”

“I—I wish to say!—Why—Madam, so intimate as we have been—I think it strange—on such friendly terms as we have been—”

“And are to be no more,” interposed his listener, gravely.

“That is, madam—I mean—I wish, that is—to justify myself to you; I am aware that you consider that I—that you—and yet if you will do me the justice to remember—in short, Madam, I am sorry you should think I have used you ill—and if you will allow me to explain:—”

“Who has told you that we consider you to have used us ill?” said she, with dignity; “we have made complaints to no one—we have asked redress from no one. If your own conscience accuse you, Mr. Herbert, to your own conscience you must justify yourself; for my own part, I can only say, that, if this be all your errand, your presence here is as fruitless as it is unwelcome!”

“I am glad,” replied he, endeavouring to recover his self-possession, “that you confess you have no cause of complaint.”

“Why then are you here, Sir?”

Herbert’s cheek crimsoned deeply, as he ventured to mutter something about “a visit of friendship.”

“Fie upon you! fie upon you!” cried Mrs. Oldacre, “this is a miserable subterfuge which I should not have expected to hear—even from you! I thought that my opinion of your conduct towards us should never pass my lips, but this inconceivable behaviour of your’s compels me to speak. Listen to me, Sir: for the last three years you have been received within these walls upon the footing of an intimate friend. In the course of that time you used all your best addresses to gain the affections of my daughter. Many who are situated as I am would hesitate to confess that such, as you have proved yourself to be, *could* ever have gained them; but I would not disguise the truth, no, not if I could silence all the folly which I know has been, and will be talked about this story. Well, Sir, and what has been the end of our intercourse? Without any cause, without even the pretence of an affront, you are known to be on the point of marriage with another. *What* she is, speaks for itself—and I think, for I will be no more dainty

with your feelings than I have been with my own, that your motives are so obvious that even *you* cannot pretend to plead any other inducement than that of her immense wealth. Hear me out, and reply if you have the front to do it! You are about to marry for money; you have committed as deliberate an act of falsehood, as if you had broken an oath sworn upon a bible; and yet this does not content you! You must even come hither, in the hope of wringing from those whom you have sought to injure, an approval of your mercenary and unhandsome conduct. You are about to sell your honour for money—you will meet with your reward—and I am sorry for you—I pity you with all my soul, for the abasement of spirit which you will be compelled to undergo—for the wretchedness of the lot which you have stepped out of your way to *force* upon yourself. You wish me to confess that we have no claim upon you. Pacify your anxiety; we have never advanced any—we never shall; we are willing to leave you in your own hands. Ay, and if you see a tear upon my cheek, as I am a living woman, it is for what is to befall you, and not for what you have done to me or mine!”

She paused, exhausted by this sudden burst of feeling; and, fixing her eyes full upon the confused and astonished man, gathered herself up to hear his reply. But the truth of her reproof had stricken too deep to leave him in any condition for explanation or evasion: with a convulsive movement of his hand, he clutched up his hat from the floor, and made his way out of the house—how, he did not know.

And thus was a proud, strong, learned man, put to shame by a gentle and untutored woman! He felt every word she uttered to the inmost corner of his heart; yet he suffered with the desperate determination of one whose mind is made up, and who is prepared to abide by the consequences of his conduct. He knew what the world would say; he heard what his own conscience did say, but for all this, his heart was hardened to complete its unholy purpose.

It would be needless to retrace the steps by which he gained influence over the mind of Mrs. Clare—the course of reasoning by which he had persuaded himself to make an offer of marriage to her daughter—the Hecate of the miser's house: yet, weak as the parson's widow was, she was not utterly devoid of maternal feeling and forecast, for the happiness of her child. She knew that she was doing prudently in giving her son-in-law the controul over the greater part of his wife's property; she knew that to gain respectable protection for one so squalid, so debased by circumstances as her daughter, was next to a miracle—and reconciled herself to the exorbitant terms of the *bargain* on Herbert's part; as for love, he had common shame enough to refrain from pretending to it, even for one moment.

Unnatural as such a connection may seem to those who will not put trust in a tale, unless every minutest link of the long chain of incident is displayed for their inspection, it is only one among a thousand similar instances of mercenary marriages. How many a beautiful and delicate girl has willingly gone up to the altar with some superannuated debauchee! how many a gay gallant young fellow has thankfully leapt into the arms of age and ugliness—and all for money! And

let none fancy himself superior to the temptation, until he has proved its force; for unless that force were tenfold mightier than even imagination represents it to be, we should not be so often pained and disappointed by seeing the most gifted and the most high-minded yielding to its influence with so little show of a struggle. Thus it was that it fell out that Wilson Herbert married Jane Hyslop.

No sooner was the probability of this marriage an ascertained fact, than the tongues of half our townfolk were unloosed in amazement, in sarcasm, and in disapprobation. Herbert thought that he had prepared himself for the vehemence of this popular outcry; moreover, he had cheated himself into imagining that the creature whom milliners had dizenized out for the wedding day, into an appearance at least *passable*, might be tutored into becoming a respectable commonplace member of society, amenable to the authority of her lord and master—and that it would not be impossible to counterbalance the influence of years of neglect and degradation by a season of schooling.

To school, accordingly, the bride was sent; and, for twelve months, was compelled to endure such courses of discipline and *feminizing* as were considered likely to conduce to her improvement. The event proved the sagacity of the measure. Even during that short period of constraint, strange rumours of her *eccentricities* transpired. She was not one of those passive personages, conscious of their own deficiencies, whom you may persuade or terrify into whatever you please, for the time being. She was vain, vulgar, and violent; incapable of being stirred to the task of amending herself by either shame or emulation. Many even went so far as to say, that, during the course of that time, she had shown glimpses of more disgraceful propensities than the love of tawdry finery, or the distaste to everything polished and refined. It remained for future days to develope these more completely.

While Mrs. Herbert was occupied in completing the education, which only began with her married life, her mother paid the debt of nature, and the Oldacres took up their residence in Bath; it was to Herbert, (he had resigned his curacy) therefore, less irksome than it might have been to begin his career in our town, as a rich man. His wife was brought home to her splendid mansion, clad in the most expensive mourning for her dear parent, and it was thought proper that she should be secluded from the world for the space of six months. Before the end of the time prescribed for the indulgence of her sorrow had decently expired, her impatience of the seclusion of grief had become so ungovernable, that she insisted upon taking her place in society as a rich woman, if not as a beauty.

A lady, who has five thousand a year to spend, need never spend it alone; and Herbert's house was presently crowded with company—the more the merrier, in his wife's opinion, who had never been taught the difference between gentle and simple, and who openly professed suspicion and dislike of “stiff, proud, proper people.” All this her husband was compelled to endure, though totally at variance with his tastes and inclinations—for the slightest contradiction excited her to such immoderate displays of wrath, as made her



an object of surprise and derision to her own servants. He hoped, too, that the constant collision of society might give her some practice of manner, purify her talk of its boisterous exclamations, and teach her a little composure of demeanour. He was laughed at unsparingly by the voluble and vulgar guests who filled his house, and emptied his cellar;—he was not slow in perceiving this, and it destroyed the little toleration with which he had ever regarded the individual whom he had chosen as his partner for life—for better for worse.

A year went by, and Mrs. Herbert, in spite of her having become a mother, seemed in the progress of deterioration, rather than improvement. She had so much of the savage in her composition, that she soon began to find the luxuries of her situation, at first pleasant from their novelty, before long, become irksome; and the customs of polite society, trammels, in the escaping from which was pleasure and triumph. Her fear of her husband, too, decreased daily; he had, before his marriage, planned a thousand plans for exalting his own importance, while her's was to be cast into shade, and was dismayed to discover himself compelled to relinquish all his own favourite schemes in order that he might maintain a fair appearance in the eyes of the world. As for the mere possession of wealth, when the novelty of its delight had been exhausted, it was surprising how little energy to use or to enjoy it seemed to be left to him. Day by day he became more and more frigid, more and more willing to retire from the public stare and sneer—and she, more and more careless of his approbation or blame. As for the world, (and Mrs. Herbert's comprehended only the frivolous, the malicious, and the unprincipled,) it presently began to find out how matters stood; and the length of time which elapsed, before Herbert's eyes were opened, can only be accounted for by his having bought a magnificent estate in a neighbouring county, the improvement of which, at all events, furnished occupation for his mind; moreover, his attention was engrossed by some private affairs of a delicate and interesting nature, of which we shall hear more presently.

Scandal had, indeed, been long busy with the names of both husband and wife, before her rumours reached the ear of the former. When, at last, he became aware that he was despised as an easy indifferent man, who kept no rule in his household—that his wife was in the habit of openly boasting how well she could manage him: when he became aware that not a few tales of the most odious description were in circulation, his awakening came with the violence as well as the suddenness of a clap of thunder. He was at Mile Park, when the "kind friend," whom every calumniated person is sure to possess on such an occasion, made the labour of riding half a score of miles out of his way, to open Herbert's eyes to his own unhappiness. But the listener was well practised in the science of self-command, received the unwelcome tidings with polite and listless incredulity, thanked his guest coolly for the trouble which he had taken, yawned, and ordered his own carriage. His lean, curious informant rode away, much amazed at his apathy, little thinking what a storm he was leaving behind him—to rage all the fiercer

in proportion as its expression had been at first suppressed.

There was a very large party that night at one of those houses to which it was a loss of distinction to be admitted—a house where dubious characters were harboured, till they were past doubt, and many encouraged as wits, who would have been voted coarse in more select circles; where, under pretence of escaping from formality, much undisguised levity was perpetrated; and if one or two guests of a better class were chanced to be found, the same were never to be seen a second time. In the corner of a drawing-room noisy past all endurance, and crowded to suffocation, was a whist table, at which four gentlemen were seated; and behind it, wedged in a small recess, a sofa filled by two ladies of extraordinary amplitude, who sat with their feet comfortably stretched out upon the same ottoman, and were enjoying the luxury of a little choice scandal. The strain of their conversation crossed the current of the card-players' talk much in this wise:

"Bless me! Miss Kewin!—but you amaze me!—*That* lady yonder in red crape, with the untidy back and the fly-away curls?"

"Yes—that is Mrs. Herbert—did you never see her before? I say no more than the truth; I thought it was no secret to anybody but her husband."

"I wish, Sir," said one of the whist-players, a bald-headed man, with a purple nose, addressing his partner: "I wish, Sir, you would try to be a *little* attentive to your game; we lose two tricks by your trumping my queen. It is your deal, Mr. Bigg."

"Why, if that be true, Miss Kewin! there is some excuse for her taking—ahem!—it's a horrible thing to let pass one's lips—taking a glass too much now and then."

"O, if that were all, Mrs. Barrymore!—true!—I know it is true!—he was to have been married to the girl, you know!"

"Well! yes, I know—and deserted her most shamefully."

"These men are all alike, ma'am," resumed the spinster: "and upon this the Oldacres went to live at Bath—and you know it came out that they died poor; in short, the poor girl was obliged to apply for a situation as a governess. She applied to a friend of mine at Leicester, a Mrs. Hawkes, a charming woman, ma'am, who wrote to me to inquire if she was respectable or not."

"And did she engage her?"

"Ma'am, you shall hear: Mr. Herbert upon this stepped in; wrote her the most affectionate letter in the world, enclosing a bank-bill for five hundred pounds."

"Goodness, Miss Kewin! five hundred pounds! Mrs. Clare knew what she was about when she was leaving him so much of her fortune."

There was again a murmuring at the card-table; "Another misdeal!" said he of the purple nose; "Upon my honour, Sir, this is too bad; you should think of your partner; if you do not mind for yourself."

"If you please, we will play no more," replied the rebuked stranger, rising coolly, and tossing down his cards, with an air which prevented the other three gentlemen from remark-

ing the rudeness of his behaviour. They left the corner in search of a more zealous substitute; and Herbert re-seating himself, was in a condition to be more distinctly benefited by the conversation behind him than before.

"Five hundred pounds!" repeated the incredulous widow, "I scarcely know how to believe such a sum."

"I had it from first rate authority, ma'am. I heard Mrs. Herbert herself—she knew of it."

"Knew of it! and he her own husband, too! dear me, how shocking!"

"Shocking!—not at all, Ma'am; nothing in Mrs. Herbert's way; money, you know—money, will carry anything off."

"Anything!—why?"

"All I can say, Mrs. Barrymore," replied the bilious spinster, shaking her head mysteriously; "all I can say, Ma'am, is, that *poor* people are put in prison for stealing a loaf of bread out of a shop-window:—but if *rich* ladies have anything found upon them which does not happen to be their own property—why, *it's a mistake*, you know, and the more that's paid, the less that's said about it."

"What!" cried the widow, rising a hair's breadth from her seat, and drawing up her eyebrows to the elevation proper to express amazement and horror.

"Nay, I insinuated nothing—nothing at all; it was—bless me!—did you notice that gentleman in the black coat?—did you see the frown he cast upon me?—Mr. Herbert is at Mile Park, or—can it be any of *her* relations?—I must go and ask Mrs. Alderson what relations she has—a—only see—there she is yonder, leaning upon the arm of that Major Godbold. I declare he is gone!—the man in the black coat! he must be *somebody*, he set off in such a hurry!"

"And did you ever see?" spitefully whispered the other amiable lady: "she can hardly stand upright! Well! well! money is a fine thing—but conduct for me, Miss Kewin!"

Now, as to the appearance of Mr. Herbert, a short explanation will suffice. He had returned home, with scandal ringing in his ears, and suspicion busy at his heart,—and found his wife abroad. "Gone," as her maid said, "to a party at Mrs. Alderson's."

I said, that as a single man, he had scrupulously refrained from society. As a married man he had rarely appeared in his wife's set, that he was mostly unknown, and never inquired for. The knowledge of this suggested to him the plan which he adopted. He followed his wife, and availing himself of the stupidity of a deaf fluttered servant man, had been announced as Mr. Harding, and been well received; for a new male face was always welcome at Mrs. Alderson's, and she did not stop to remember where she had been introduced to the gentleman. His purpose was not to shine, but to observe—what a hateful condition to be reduced to!—nothing better than that of a spy. His curiosity was gratified with a vengeance. The first figure that met his eye, was that of his wife, foolishly dressed in the extreme of inelegant fashion, and as conspicuous for her vulgar demeanour, as she was for her attire;—an object of remark from her rolling moist eye, her burnt-red cheek,

her parched lip, and her thick and confused speech: and then, for the first time, did he taste the full bitterness of that cup which he had been so eager to fill for himself. Then did he remember, with frightful distinctness, the countenance of Mrs. Oldacre at their last interview, and her words, "I am sorry for you." Then, for the first time, did he feel the just value of the fair right-hearted being whom he had so meanly deserted, and whose letter, returning his own with its enclosed bank-bill, was, even then, in his pocket-book—that letter merely a few words of acknowledgment, and "that she could not think of being indebted to strangers for what it was in the power of her own exertions to procure for her." And he had given her up for ever—he had placed himself in the situation of the despised husband of a profligate wife, and all for a few paltry thousands of pounds!

But the man who could bear to make such a sacrifice, could steel himself to abide its consequences. To leave the party, would be (should he chance to be recognised) to admit his misery publicly, and would make the retribution where-with he intended to visit his guilty wife, appear an act of pique rather than justice. He compelled himself therefore to sit down to cards. During the course of the few first deals, he had learned the startling unwelcome truth that his offer of assistance to Anna Oldacre had been detected, robbed of its fair and honest meaning, as a penitent's attempt to make amends for past misconduct, and construed into an offence against his wife, which justified her in taking any revenge she might please. He had also gathered that her cunning was equal to her folly, that she had, in some way or other, possessed herself of a secret, which it would be easy for her to wield to his injury and her own justification. The truth was, that she had espied her husband putting the bill into the letter, and out of idle curiosity had taken it from the hall table on which it was deposited previous to being sent to the post—opened it—and made her maid read it over to her; so that in consequence of his own unaccountable want of caution, the story of "Mr. Herbert's mistress" was presently in the mouth of every servant in the house;—not, it may be supposed, to proceed no farther.

The most insatiable lover of gold would think an enormous treasure not cheaply purchased by a few hours of such agony as Herbert endured on that memorable night. Good name—domestic comfort—all gone,—and self-reproach alone left. He thought with all the bitterness of remorse and despair of his infant daughter—the child of such a mother—what might be her fate if he were to die? Hour after hour did he sit waiting for his wife's return, and still she came not. Carriage after carriage passed,—and hers was not of the number. A dreadful and evil hope crossed his mind, that she might never return. How low was he reduced when he had to stoop to the comfort which involved crime or death!

At last the sound of wheels was heard:—not as before, to die away into deep silence. The chariot stopped.—The drawing-room where Herbert had been sitting, was in darkness, the candles having burned their last. He ran out to the top of the stairs, and leaned over to listen. The

lamp in the hall too, was just expiring, so that he could see without being seen. He heard his wife's coarse voice, and that of a gentleman. He breathed short and thick, and clenched a small cane between his hands so violently, that the print of his fingers was seen on the bamboo next morning. There was some bidding of good-night—and the door closed upon the cavalier. While Herbert stood, irresolute whether he should follow or not—and how he should behave to his wife, she had snatched a candle from the hands of the footman, and was beginning to ascend the polished oak staircase. Her head was confused—she had scarcely reached the first landing-place, when her foot caught in the train of her gown,—and uttering a loud cry, she fell backwards,—her head against the sharp corner of a step. Her husband heard the fall, and the outcry of the assembled servants who pronounced her to be killed. He stepped noiselessly back to his own chamber, with his heart beating high—and his cheek and brow as warm as if the season had been summer. And this was a man who had been, or been thought to be, a conscientious minister of the gospel!

### PART III.

WE must mount the enchanted carpet again, this time, to take our flight over a space of eighteen years instead of half as many months. During that period, the shrubs which had been added to the plantations of Mile Park had become flourishing trees:—and its ambitious master's daughter, whom he left an infant, had grown up into an elegant and intelligent girl;—grave it is true, for she felt that she had passed her life under a cloud, though she knew not by what that cloud was formed—and as humble and unpretending, as her father was haughty and reserved. She was beloved by every one who knew her—and it was only by her friends' scrupulous abstinence from referring to that one point, that she had learned that there was some fact about her youth which was to be concealed. Her father would have removed her from a place so pregnant with hateful remembrances, had not a clause in Mrs. Clare's will compelled him to spend annually a certain sum in his native town:—and, in addition to this, his alarmingly delicate health made travelling dangerous as well as irksome to him.

Eighteen years had changed—I might almost say, created anew the victim of his ambition. So much, indeed, was Anna Oldacre altered, that her nearest and dearest friends might have passed her in the street, and accosted her in society again and again, without recognising in the small prim figure, whose motions seemed regulated by machinery, the lovely laughing girl of former years. Eighteen years of the ungrateful labour of education, as it was in those days, had effaced every trait of beauty from her face: her mind, too, formerly so fresh and imaginative, had been narrowed to the requisitions of her calling, and once compressed by a tremendous effort, had never expanded again. Her feelings, which she had compelled herself to smother, were somewhat reduced in intensity;—her temper had lost something of its old sweetness,—her devotion something of its fervour. She was now anxious

about trifles—curious in her dress—not to make herself appear younger than she was in reality—but to preserve it scrupulously neat and exact in all its apportionments: she talked fluently in a low voice, and with a formal accent; she piqued herself upon observing the minutiae of politeness, and knowing when to come forward, and when to retire into the shade. Her colour had left her cheek—silver threads had stolen among her rich hair. She *might* remember the past—but no one ever heard her mention it; and from her bearing and uniformity of spirits, she might be judged to be as happy a woman, as she was respected in the families to which her services had been given. The last lady, indeed, whose daughters she had educated, had settled an annuity upon her, sufficient to cover her small wishes for the remainder of her days.

It was about this time, that an old friend, her only correspondent remaining to her in her native town, pressed her to pay her a visit. They met;—Anna could not but be vividly impressed, and forcibly carried back into the past, by finding Mrs. Pritchard as gay as she was handsome, and almost as young in appearance, as she had been, when they last parted; and her friend was shocked past the power of concealment, on recognising the cheerful beauty of their old days of intimacy, in the withered cautious woman, whom she now embraced,—and dreaded lest she could revert to old times, and the old sorrows, which had told so sad a tale upon her youth and beauty. There was no danger of this, however. Anna was curious to see the changes and improvements which her native town had undergone, but never once, happened to speak of her former residence there or her former trials. She betrayed no sensibility upon hearing Herbert's name mentioned in the course of conversation, nor when some person accidentally pointed out to her Phœbe, as being one of the most accomplished girls in our town. Nay more,—her friend owned a cottage on the borders of Mile Park—and Anna was found as willing to walk there, as any other lane or field of all the country round about. Mrs. Pritchard did not know what to make of this; she had intended to bring about something like the conclusion of a romance, a meeting, wherein the two lovers should make friends; but this apathy of Anna's proved a total bar to her carrying her sentimental purposes into execution.

One bright afternoon, when the ladies were sitting together in a drawing-room, which overlooked part of the grounds in question,—the unusual sight of an open carriage, containing two ladies and a gentleman, with a couple of outriders behind, was seen glancing among the huge trees in the park, and approaching the deserted mansion. "There is Miss Herbert, I know her by her long neck!" exclaimed Mrs. Pritchard eagerly.

"And who is the gentleman beside her?"

"Sir Thomas Dulwich," replied the other, provoked at the coolness of her inquiry; "the young gentleman to whom she is going to be married immediately. I hope it may turn out well."

"Ah—yes," returned Anna abstractedly "this netting silk is worse than tow."

"Upon my word!" said Mrs. Pritchard, to herself indignantly, "I verily think she must be

made of stone; netting silk—tow, indeed!—I wonder——”

Now, it must be told, that Mile Park had for many years been shut up, and only inhabited by a steward and his wife, and that its distance from the town had been assigned as the reason for its desertion. Phœbe had been very little there, and would by no means have been allowed to approach her father's house thus unceremoniously, if he had known of it; but Lady Dulwich had come down into——shire on purpose to be introduced to her daughter-in-law elect, and it had been thought proper to amuse her ladyship with excursions. Their little party had, accordingly, been spending a week in Wales, and were now upon their way homewards—they had made a deviation of a few miles from the public road, to examine an old church, and this had led them past Mr. Herbert's park wall. When they reached an old gate, flanked by two ruinous lodges, Sir Thomas could not help stopping the carriage, and looking wistfully in. “What a glorious avenue of trees!” cried he, “I have not seen such oaks north of the Trent!—this approach should lead to some place of consequence.”

“I am glad you admire it,” replied Phœbe; “I believe, yes, this must be the back approach to Mile Park.”

“Oh, then, we will take a nearer view of the premises—we have a long afternoon before us, remember:—and your father, now that I come to think of it, did once say something about comparing his place with Chatsworth—we will explore the same.”

“By all means,” cried Lady Dulwich gaily.

“Open the gate, Almond,” and before Phœbe could raise any objection, they were driving down a spacious avenue descending a slope, and bordered by a double row of magnificent old trees. The carriage road was overgrown with long grass. Pheasants and hares beyond count, seemed to start up from beneath the horses' feet. “I prophesy,” said Sir Thomas, “that I shall come here for a day's shooting, before I am a week older.”

“I wonder,” said his mother, “that Mr. Herbert can find in his heart to allow such fine grounds as these to fall into such a state of decay.”

“Papa never liked the place,” said Phœbe; “and yet, to my certain knowledge, he has more than once refused to sell it.”

“You must direct us now, Phœbe;” they had by this time reached a point, whence the avenue branched off in two separate directions.

“Upon my word,” replied Phœbe, blushing, “it may seem very odd—but I hardly know myself; I have never approached it from this side before. I wanted papa to bring me here for the summer, but he was quite angry with me, for mentioning such a thing.”

“Very odd, indeed:” observed Lady Dulwich.

“Well then, I will confide in my own sagacity. Do admire those walnut trees, mother: and Phœbe, you may thank me for a new pleasure, it seems; I thought I should be right: yonder is the house:—upon my word a noble building!” and, as he spoke, they emerged from the avenue upon the clear lawn, in full view of the mansion. The building was of that mixed style of archi-

ture, commonly called Palladian. It was an extensive, quadrangular pile, with a clock tower over the grand entrance; that clock had not been wound up, for fifteen years, at least. The windows were all of them closed; not a pencil of smoke arose from any chimney; the fountain in the midst of a gravelled space before the front door was broken, and its basin choked with weeds; the grass round the house was ill-kept, and one or two degenerate rose-bushes leaned weakly against the rusty blue iron balustrades of the flight of steps, which led to a sort of esplanade under the windows of the principal apartments. So sombre was the entire effect on that still summer's afternoon, that all the three dropped into silence almost involuntarily, and the crashing of the wheels upon the gravel, and the whistle of some wood-bird, half tame from being so long undisturbed, were the only sounds which were heard, as the party drove up to the portal.

“And now to enter this enchanted palace!” said Sir Thomas, running up the steps boyishly. “O, here is a bell!—Mercy on us! what a sound it makes! and who will come to answer it, I wonder! some seneschal with a white beard; some . . . . I declare, Phœbe, you look frightened.”

“Never mind him!” said Lady Dulwich, “we will take care of you! here comes some one at last!—but, bless me! what a number of bolts and bars!—Do not lean against the door—I have a presentiment that it will open with an awful jerk.”

And it did so—a respectable looking middle-aged woman presented herself.

“We can see the house,” said Lady Dulwich authoritatively.

“There is nothing to see, Madam,” replied the woman civilly and steadily, “the house is not shown to strangers.”

“I think, Markland,” said Phœbe, coming forward, “you will hardly oppose our entrance.”

“Lord bless me! Miss Herbert!—what ever in the world—so surprised as I am to see you!—Mr. Herbert is with you, I hope?”

“No matter,” cried Sir Thomas, entering unceremoniously, “why, this hall is most superb!—those Ionic columns are the handsomest things of the kind that I ever saw.”

“What a shame it is, not to inhabit such a place!” echoed Lady Dulwich, “if it were mine, I should put up an organ in yonder music gallery, before I were four and twenty hours older.”

“And invite your dear five hundred friends to play upon it,” replied the Baronet. In such a light mood as this, they presently had exhausted the wonders of the hall; while Phœbe stood a little apart, silently considering how much reproof she should subject herself to, for taking such a liberty;—Mr. Herbert was a man who never forgave a liberty.

“And now the keys! good Madame la Concierge,” cried Sir Thomas, gaily; “open us all these doors, without delay, I am in the best possible humour for exploring.”

“The keys, Sir, my husband has them locked up—and—”

“And where is your husband!—is he locked up!—don't you see, that we wish to inspect every thing! Up stairs or down stairs first, mother?”

“O, up stairs first!” cried Lady Dulwich, hu-

mourning her son in his mood of mischief; "and, don't you see yonder bunch of keys? I dare say Mr. Markland has forgotten them; and, as she spoke, she pointed to an immense collection upon a ring, which hung in a niche close by.

"By Jove! so they are; well, we will use them for ourselves."

"But, if you please, Sir——"

"Thank you, Madame la Concierge—I quite understand you; you see I am a positive man. Come Phœbe!"

"What would I give if Joshua Markland was here!" cried the woman, wringing her hands dismally.

"Now, my dear woman! pray take things easily. Why—you might be a jailor's wife indeed. —Come Phœbe! which way first? up stairs, to the left."

"Ay—ay," muttered Markland, looking after them, in great wrath, "to the left! What in the world must I do to get them out of the house?"

While she stood at the top of the stairs, a living picture of vexation, the intruders were heard, trying every door which opened into the long corridor; entering chambers which had never been unclosed for many years, and apparently enjoying their forbidden researches with all the glee of a parcel of children; as the approaching sound of their merriment warned the disturbed house-keeper, that they had examined half the building.

"And now, Madame la Concierge," said Sir Thomas, "I think we are satisfied. We have seen nothing worth making such a fuss about; never a ghost, or a picture. Is there any thing precious on the other side of the house?"

"No, Sir—I do not know, Sir," replied Markland, in great agitation, "I have never been in several of the rooms myself, Sir."

"O then, there must be the cream of the mystery, depend upon it—we will introduce you to the secrets of these closed chambers—nay—positively, Phœbe, I must teach you a little curiosity, if only to furnish you with *one* fault. There must be something worth seeing, if it be worth hiding."

Lady Dulwich laughed heartily at Phœbe's uneasy face, and they were on the point of entering the corridor, when they were transfixed by a sound which made itself heard above the highest pitch of their voices;—an outcry, something between the yell of a terrified wild beast, and the shriek of a strong man in his death-struggle, rung from the further end of the right-hand passage, again and again. Markland darted forward, and was out of sight, and round a corner, ere the intruders had recovered from their astonishment at so horrible a sound.

"God bless me! what can this be?" cried Sir Thomas, while the ladies shrunk together in involuntary terror.

"Do not leave us!" cried Lady Dulwich, in an agony of fear, seizing him by the skirts of his coat:—"let us go at once, let us go!" and she attempted to drag him towards the staircase.

But ere he could disengage himself from her embrace, a second scream was heard, and louder than the first,—a scuffling of feet,—the rattle of a chain;—and Markland was seen issuing from the passage, crying out, "save me!—help!—

murder!"—and pursued by a ghastlier figure than any of the party had ever before beheld.

It was a strong middle-aged woman, of a herculean figure, upon whose face was stamped every bad passion, intensified by insanity. Her brilliant eyes were distended to their utmost;—her head was overgrown with a felt of shaggy black hair. Her attire was little more than a foul blanket, strapped round her waist; and a broken chain appended to this belt, and the rings about her wrists which had belonged to manacles, told how strictly she had been coerced, and how mighty had been the effects of this present paroxysm of frenzy. From the slight bedstead close outside the door of her prison-chamber, on which Markland had been accustomed to sleep, she had wrenched out a post, and was pursuing her dismayed keeper with the utmost fury, when her eye lighted upon the strangers. With a bound and another inarticulate shout, she rushed toward, brandishing her weapon, and aimed a violent blow at Sir Thomas, who vainly endeavoured to oppose her progress. It descended,—but not as she had directed it—upon the fair forehead of Phœbe. Then the maniac sprang down stairs, and in another instant, the fiendish sound of her lawless laughter was heard upon the lawn without. The unfortunate girl fell at her lover's feet, covered with blood.

"What have I lived to see?" cried Markland. "Heaven have mercy upon us! she is killed! she is killed!—*and by her own mother too!*"

The confusion and dismay of the ensuing scene baffle description, Lady Dulwich fell into fits; Sir Thomas despatched one servant for Mr. Herbert, another for medical assistance for Phœbe, who was only severely wounded. Markland, unable to face the consequences of her carelessness,—the fury of her master, and the expulsion of her husband from his place of trust—left the house on some pretext or other, and took refuge in a neighbouring cottage.

In the midst of this distress, a common farm servant rendered the most efficient assistance, by summoning Mrs. Pritchard to the spot where the thought and delicacy of a woman were so eminently needed. By degrees the neighbourhood was raised with the report that the misguided Mrs. Herbert,—who, it had been believed had died of a brain fever many years ago,—was yet alive, and had escaped from her confinement. No wonder that Mr. Herbert had always been unwilling to live at Mile Park! No wonder that Joshua Markland and his wife had been so unsocial, and had so constantly refused admittance to guest or neighbour!

Anna Oldacre was left alone, almost within hearing of the disturbances which filled the long-neglected mansion. The story of the shocking scene which had taken place, was not long in reaching her ear:—she heard it in silence, but the fountains of ancient feeling which had been, as it were, seared dry for so many years, burst open again with all their former strength, sweeping away all the reserve and pettiness with which years and small trials had encrusted her character. The love, the resentment, the amazement of old times, awoke again in all their first freshness, and she sat amid a crowd of images of other days, called up from Memory's tomb, till the evening had set, and night had grown old, without ad-

verting to the flight of time, the darkness of the sky, or the coldness of the air which sighed through her open casement.

On a sudden the dull sound of stealthy footsteps was heard in the garden below; then a lumbering noise as if something heavy had fallen; then a low scream, like the cry of some wild animal, when it lies down to die, exhausted after a long and cruel chase. Anna was startled by this interruption of her reverie; but wound up to a state of mind far beyond all fear. She looked out and listened; all was still; she called gently, "Who is there?" but no one made answer.

The same moaning was again repeated, much more faintly than before. Then for the first time, a cold shiver of fear ran through her limbs; and opening a sashed door, she stepped quietly out upon the small lawn, and eagerly looked forward into the dull shadow. She had scarcely stood an instant, trembling with the excess of agitation, when her knees were embraced by a horrible figure;—a pale, bleeding maniac, with her insufficient covering rent to fragments by the briars and furze bushes through which she had found her way, and her hands and feet miserably wounded. By the light of the lamp which Anna carried, she could see, that the passion which had blazed in the eyes of the miserable woman was dying fast; and there was scarcely enough strength left in her hoarse voice to gasp out, "Hide me! hide me!—they are coming!"

"Who?—O God!—What is this?"

"I was Herbert's wife. Hide me for mercy's sake!—they will catch me,—and I shall be starved again: *they have hold of my heart!*" As she spoke, she fell back:—her hands relaxed their hold—one more deep groan, and all was still!—

My story is told. Lady Dulwich, disgusted by so unexpected an exposure, broke off the match between her son and Phæbe Herbert; and to veil the thing a little, tried to lay the blame of this upon the poor girl's shattered health and lost beauty, and to give out that the non-fulfilment of Sir Thomas' engagement was her own choice. I have never been able to trace the fortunes of Anna Oldacre from this time forth. It was intimated to her that Mr. Herbert was about to bequeath a part of his vast property to her, in the event of her surviving him;—and soon after this she disappeared from the cognisance of all her friends, though I have heard it hinted that she is living abroad, and in the strictest retirement. On Mr. Herbert's death there appeared many paragraphs in the newspapers announcing that if she or her heirs would apply to Messrs.——— and ——, Solicitors, King's Bench Walk, London, she or they would hear of something to their advantage: but I never heard that the advertisements were answered.

### SONG.

Hast thou e'er mark'd when deepening twilight spread  
Her dusky mantle over earth and sky;  
The solitary star of evening shed  
Her pure full beam—dear to the Poet's eye?—  
Then hast thou seen an emblem of the power,  
Thy memory in my sadness holds o'er me;

My soul is like the heaven at twilight hour,  
And that sweet star of hope, a type of thee!

Hast thou e'er roam'd upon a desert plain,  
Where not one sunny spot of verdure smil'd;  
Till wearied with thy wanderings, long and vain,  
Lo! at thy feet a single flow'ret wild  
Thou hast espied, and gazing on its bloom,  
Hast bless'd that lonely jewel of the lea?—  
That desert is life's path, I walk in gloom,  
And that bright gem, Belov'd! resembles thee!

Hast thou e'er seen two birds imprison'd long,  
And heard when one was loosen'd glad and gay;  
The other pour a melancholy song,  
Even in the morn of summer's loveliest day?—  
Such is our lot—together caged on earth,  
And when death's hand hath set me early free;  
Though all around thy way be light and mirth,  
Ah! thou alone, Belov'd! wilt mourn for me!—

### HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

It is recorded of Henry L. that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.

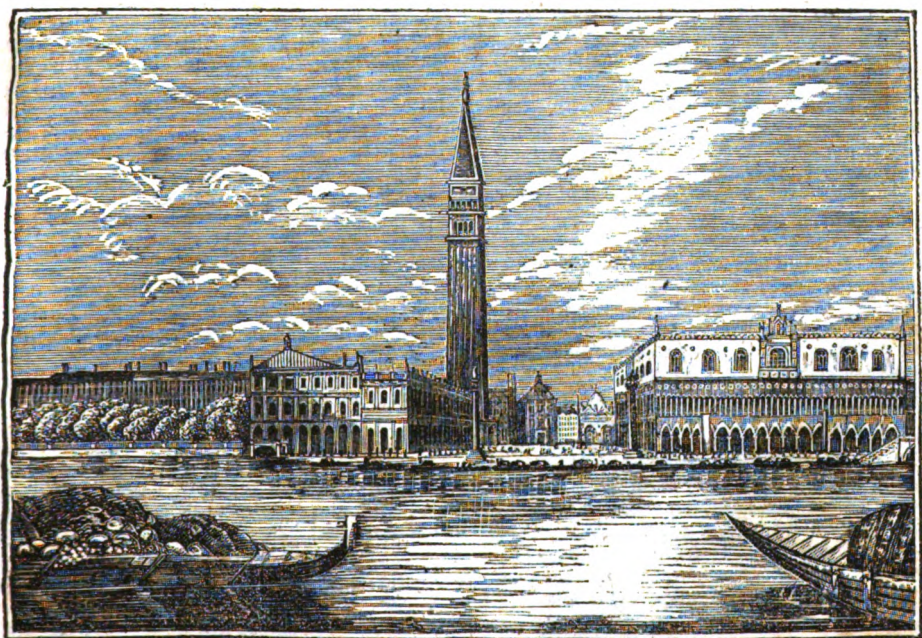
The bark that held a prince, went down,  
The sweeping waves roll'd on.  
And what was England's glorious crown  
To him that wept a son?  
He lived—for life may long be borne  
Ere sorrow break its chain;  
Why comes not death to those who mourn?—  
He never smiled again.

There stood proud forms around his throne,  
The stately and the brave,  
But which could fill the place of one,  
That one beneath the wave?  
Before him passed the young and fair,  
In pleasure's reckless train,  
But seas flash o'er his son's bright hair—  
He never smiled again.

He sat where festal bowls went round;  
He heard the minstrel's song;  
He saw the tourney's victor crown'd,  
Amidst the knightly ring;  
A murmur of the restless deep,  
Was blent with every strain:  
A voice of winds that would not sleep—  
He never smiled again.

Hearts, in that time, clos'd o'er the trace  
Of vows once fondly pour'd,  
And strangers took the kinsman's place  
At many a joyous board,  
Graves, which true love hath bath'd with tears,  
Were left to Heaven's bright rain,  
Fresh hopes were born for other years—  
He never smiled again.





VIEWS IN VENICE,





## MARY'S WEDDING.

BY MISS C. MESSUM.

THEY had loved each other long, almost without hope, when unforeseen circumstances occurred which changed their sorrowful days into a time of happiness unspeakable.

The wedding day is fixed—this day two months. Henry comes in and out our *own little room* (where I and Mary read and draw) just as he pleases.—He takes the liberty to tease my cat, loses my thimble, and teaches the children to call him brother—pretty goings on! he would not have dared do this a year ago, and there's Mary, foolish girl—quite spoilt for society! She would not go to the ball last night, because he was on guard and could not be there. Why, one would think she would be tired of seeing him so often, "morning, noon and night." I'm sure I know every hair of his moustaches by heart. There's the first thing in the morning, while we are at breakfast, the window becomes darkened—I look up (but I know what I'm going to see) Mr. Henry, with his blue jacket and Greek cap, a book in his hand, or a bunch of choice flowers—you may guess who they are for;—in he steps, and drags along a chair, placing it next to Mary—then 'tis "Ah Mary, dear, how are you this morning?" shaking hands as if he had not seen her for a year, while his impudent, presuming eyes seem to say, "I'd fain ask for a kiss if I dare," and Mary can translate their language, for she replies with a blush. When I have a beau, I'll make him behave himself better than this, I promise you. Oh! for the days when lances were shivered and cloaks were spoilt for the ladies—when a kiss of the hand was granted as a great *great* reward for prodigies of valour performed at a tournament, or a scarf thrown hastily out of the window, and gracefully caught on the lance's point as he passed below on his "coal black steed"—a farewell token on his departure for Palestine. Ah! these were the days! If once I get on this theme, there I'm likely to continue, so I must "pull up," as the coachmen say, though 'tis like scratching the wall till your finger nails are full—or chewing a ball of cotton—or puffing against wind and tide to me—but Henry and Mary, I promised to tell you about their wedding, so I must not be worse than my word. Well, then, I and Mary, and the dressmakers work till our fingers are sore, particularly mine, as I seldom do any at another time and they take care to give me such monotonous work—frills to hem, or aprons to sew—that it is almost a relief, to tell the truth, when Henry does lose my thimble. Well, to be sure, there will be no end to the dresses.—"I must have another dinner dress, and I shall want some morning gowns, and this pelisse is too dark, I shall have another a little lighter."—Then there are so many alterations to be done—"This back does not set well, and must be unpicked—there Caroline you may do that—don't cut the silk, mind," and then poor I have to unpick the close stitching. Very little music we've had lately, which grieves me most; but poor dear girl, I'd sit up all night for her if she wished it, now that I am to lose her so soon. I don't know what I *shall* do when she goes. Sometimes we are very sad, when we talk together about it; then again our spirits are

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rallied when we talk of the parties she means to give when I go there to stay, and how happy we shall be at Christmas when they come down, and how she longs to try her new harp, that Henry has bought for her. He won't tell her if 'tis blue, or encase colour, which we hope it is. Well, after all, 'tis a very sad thing to be married—one ought to be loved very, *very* much to leave mother, sisters, brothers, the old house—the orchard where we used to swing—the pond and Summer house, the canary that eats out of our mouths, and dear little Sappho the dog—I can't think how Mary could have made up her mind to do so.

The time draws near—every thing is made—the dress-makers are gone—a bushel basket of shreds and patches were given to the children to-day to dress their dolls—Mary has begun packing up—this was a sad task—then we shared the music between us.

"Take these duets, Mary, for I shall never, never play them again."

"Oh nonsense, Miss P.—will play them with you, or Harriet St. John, or Jane M'Cauley—you'll get plenty of people to play them with you."

"How could I bear to hear them, Mary?"

"Well, we won't do any more just now, let us walk out."

And that's how we go on—Mary will never be ready in time. Oh dear, oh dear, how shall I bear this wedding! her drawers are empty. I shall have, alas! plenty of room now. We've been a long time about the packing, for we always have ended with weeping—this seems so much in earnest, that I can no longer feel her departure as a dream; I know that I *am* to lose my dear sister—to sit alone at my drawing—I shall never draw again—to practice alone; instead of our noisy lively duets, I shall only play in the twilight soft sad songs and weep over them, and nurse my melancholy; to curl my hair alone, and make haste to sleep that I may forget my sorrow in oblivion, instead of sitting by the window in Summer when every thing was silent, but the nightingales, and the moon shone like a softer day. Adieu to this happy time, I may as well be married myself now.

To-morrow is the day—to-morrow! I intend to be very gay, that poor Mary may be in spirits; I can see mamma's eyes look red—then I'm sure I may cry if she does; I shall waste all my tears to-night that I may not have any for to-morrow. The cards are come—'tis certainly a pretty name, and Henry is very handsome, so there is some excuse for her. The cake is come home, too, tied up with white ribbon,—hem! our pastry-cook is vastly sentimental. Dear me! here comes Henry, and I had a thousand things to say to Mary. He would try on the ring, and the children set up a tumultuous laugh, clapping their hands, and crying out for wedding cake. I tried on the ring, and really it looks very delicate and pretty on the finger; I am to be dressed like Mary, lavender silk and white satin bonnet, with the orange flowers and the *veil*.

"Il velo in foggia nova sul capo tuo gentil," as the song says.

The morning came, it was a lovely day—the whole house was astir by seven o'clock. We were all in such spirits, Mamma preparing, arranging,

and setting forth the *dejeuné*, that is the two o'clock *dejeuné*; we have coffee at eight—I and Mary dressing—Harriet St. John is ready, and very nice she looks—Mary declares she won't say "obey"—I and Harriet applaud her resolution. Dear, how my heart beats! One carriage is at the door—four beautiful greys, decorated with white favours, and the post-boys the same, such a nice, new, dashing carriage—there are all the Snooks at their window—Mr. B., the old bachelor, lodging opposite, has drawn up his blind—there goes another blind up at Smithson's—and the Jones's are at their windows—there are a crowd of women, with blue aprons and their arms a kimbo, standing by the little shop, and a dozen ragged boys by our gate. Well, after all, 'tis not so very sad to be married. Oh! how pretty Mary looks—the best of all. I have tied her frock for the last time. Oh, dear! oh, dear! but I don't intend to look such a figure, and make my eyes red, and spoil my curls to-day. Dear Mary, I watch every movement—now she is pale, and her lip trembles—now she turns red—they are all come—Uncle T., who gives her away, and the rest of them—we are putting on our gloves—the doors are open, the servants in the hall. I forgot to say Henry was here at eight. "Now, Captain Seymour, if you please, I believe we are all ready," said uncle, putting on his gloves. My heart beat—I looked at Mary, she was pale, and the tears came into her eyes. I saw Henry press her hand, and say "Courage love!" then she recovered. A mighty fine physician this love is. I might have said "courage" loud enough, before she would have cheered up: he just spoke it low and soft (to be sure he looked very devoted), and on she walked firmly and smiling. Well, Mary, I, Harriet and Uncle, got into one carriage, Seymour and Henry into another; off we went like the wind: we came to the church in five minutes, and down went the steps—my heart gave another bound. But when we arranged ourselves, and entered the church porch, a different feeling stole over me—I became calm. The clerk placed Mary, and I on her left hand, Miss St. John next, and Seymour on the other side of Henry; Mary just let fall a tear at first, but recovered herself afterwards. That hard-hearted Henry never cried *once*—he said the responses boldly, but Mary's voice faltered a little; and, after all, the naughty girl said "obey;" I gave her a push, too, when the clergyman came to the word, though I was crying all the time till we went into the vestry to sign our names, when the bride writes herself for the last time, according to her maiden appellation. I had to sign after her as a witness, and I looked at her dear writing; the letters were not tremblingly made, which consoled me—it was over! "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." How impressive! what a thrill it gave me, all our party answered audibly "Amen" to this. We returned, and our *dejeuné* went off well. We had taken off our bonnets, and were beginning to be cheerful, when the wheels of a carriage rolled up to the door. It came like a death knell. "Oh! not yet, not yet!" I said, falling on her, forgetting the rest of the company, and Henry, and all, and burst into tears. They all came to console us—I mean, alas! to part us. They should have left us in a room alone together, that I may have wept more,

and kissed her more—I did not half bid her good bye—she is gone!

## ON THE EVENING SKY.

Oh! 'tis sweet to view the vaulted blue  
Of the deep unfathom'd sky,  
A lucid sea of immensity  
Where the bright orbs anchor'd lie.

Where the planets roll to an endless goal,  
O'er the light ethereal plains,  
Bearing along in a lively throng  
Their moons, like gemming chains.

Where booming away, the comets stray,  
In ellipse orbits driven,  
While with bristly blaze they seem to gaze  
Afar on affrighted heaven.

How fair, when at night the stars are bright,  
To behold the streamers lave,  
The deep, deep hue of the heavenly blue,  
With a fitful lambent wave.

Ah! then I would muse when gentle dews  
Distilled in the verdant field,  
When the stars to me in company  
Would a lofty pleasure yield.

For 'tis sweet to view the vaulted blue  
Of the deep unfathom'd sky,  
A lucid sea of immensity,  
Where the bright orbs anchor'd lie.

## THE BRIDAL OF NATURE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

The blithe birds are singing from bower and from tree,  
The woods echo round to their wild minstrelsy;  
The robe of her bridal, gay Nature puts on,  
And to meet youthful Summer (her bridegroom) is gone;

The Shepherds have led forth their innocent care,  
While garlands the Nymphs for their fleeces prepare;  
Joy and Pleasure are waking, each object looks gay,  
To the groves and the valleys, let's hasten away!

No more in the City, with dull heart and eye,  
Let us linger, when Nature invites us to fly,  
To join her gay bridal in meadow and grove,  
While the air breathes of bliss, and the birds sing of love;

Let us wander with HEALTH, where the bright waters glide,  
With EXERCISE climb o'er the green mountain's side!  
Joy and Pleasure await us, each object looks gay,  
To the groves and the valleys let's hasten away!

With the wild deer let's range the green forest along,  
Or seek for the Ring-dove the woodlands among;  
With the Butterfly sport upon zephyr's soft wing,  
And be blithe as the birds in the bushes that sing!  
For young Summer comes in the flush of his power,  
And for Nature's gay bridal hath deck'd ev'ry bower,  
Joy and Pleasure, her handmaids, in nuptial array,  
Are waiting—to join them, let's up and away!

## THE FEMALE COSTUME

IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD V. AND RICHARD III.



THE female costume of these reigns present us with a new-fashioned head-dress. The high caps have disappeared, and the hair is entirely confined in a cap or caul of gold net or embroidered stuffs, projecting horizontally from the back of the head, and covered by a kerchief of the finest texture, stiffened out, as in the previous reign, to resemble a pair of wings. Some of these kerchiefs are extremely large, and paved or chequered with gold; others are simply transparent, and scarcely exceed the size of the caul. The gown remains as before, with turn-over collars, and cuffs of fur or velvet. In state dresses the ermined jacket or

waistcoat is still worn with a kirtle and mantle, and the hair is permitted to fall in natural ringlets down the shoulders. Anne, the queen of Richard III., wore, the day before her coronation, a kirtle and mantle of white cloth of gold, trimmed with Venice gold, and furred with ermine—the mantle being additionally “garnished with seventy annulets of silver gilt and gyft.” Her coronation robes, like her husband’s, were composed—the first set of crimson velvet, furred with miniver; and the second of purple velvet, furred with ermine; her shoes being of crimson tissue cloth of gold.

## BALLAD.

’Tis the last time our footsteps  
Shall wander this road;  
That thro’ storm and thro’ sunshine  
Together we’ve trod!  
’Tis the last time that gladness  
Shall flow from each tongue,  
For the dark pall of sadness  
Is over us flung!

Well, let the clouds gather,  
They cannot remove,  
Or chace from remembrance  
The thoughts of past Love!  
This breast for thy pillow  
Thine arm for my guide;  
We’ll brave ev’ry billow  
Of Life’s troubled tide!

Love’s bow ’mid the tempest  
Of Sorrow appears;  
The Iris of promise,  
That shines thro’ our tears!  
And while thus together  
We cling firmly fast,  
Fate may wound, but ne’er sever  
Our hearts to the last!

## LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

A shadow moving by one’s side,  
That would a substance seem,  
That is, yet is not,—though descried  
Like skies beneath the stream;  
A tree that’s ever in the bloom,  
Whose fruit is never ripe;  
A wish for joys that never come,—  
Such are the hopes of Life.

A dark inevitable night,  
A blank that will remain;  
A waiting for the morning light,  
Where waiting is in vain;  
A gulf where pathway never led  
To shew the depth beneath;  
A thing we know not, yet we tread,—  
That dreaded thing is Death.

The vaulted void of purple sky  
That every where extends,  
That stretches from the dazzled eye,  
In space that never ends;  
A morning where uprisen sun  
No setting ere shall see;  
A day that comes without a noon,—  
Such is Eternity.

## JACK JOCELYNE.

\* \* \* \* There was a morning concert of a superior description to be given at —, and we were invited by our friend Mrs. B—— to spend a few days with her at the time. We went, and enjoyed our musical treat extremely; the room was rather crowded, and notwithstanding my father's accustomed punctuality, we were obliged to sit not far from the entrance. During rather a sickly sort of ballad, which I did not much admire, my attention was excited by an extraordinary looking man who stood near us; it was not his person, but his dress that attracted my observation, from its utter impropriety in such a scene: he wore an old black shooting-jacket, the pockets of which were stuffed out to an enormous size; a most peculiarly dirty waistcoat, while a broad, full, cambric frill of resplendent whiteness protruded from the breast, like Count Robinson's in *Il Matrimonio segreto*; corduroys of the commonest description, and a pair of top boots, covered with mud in so remarkable a manner that it almost looked as if the argillaceous matter, had been purposely plastered on for stage effect. Yet in despite of this strange costume, he still looked like a gentleman. There was nothing striking in his countenance, which was plain, sensible, and energetic, but in no considerable degree; its chief defect was the disagreeable colour of his skin, which was a yellow brown, and his hair was very nearly of the same tint. Wherever he moved, ladies drew their garments closely round them, and when he finally sat down on the end of our bench, the press upon us was violent and immediate, he was evidently taboo.

Just as "God save the King" was being sung, he approached us, and fixed his eyes intently on my father. I now observed, that however coarse and dirty his clothes might be, they all fitted him remarkably well, so as to display to advantage a good figure, still apparently firm and active, though he must have seen more than fifty. After looking long and steadfastly at my father, he came up to him, and inquired if his name was not Worthington? On receiving a reply in the affirmative, the stranger exclaimed, "I thought so! my dear fellow, you look just as you did five-and-twenty years ago! don't you remember! me? Jocelyne, Jack Jocelyne, eh?" There now ensued one of those recognitions, always more or less touching and interesting; the top-booted stranger had been a college crony of my father, and they had only met once since. He was now, as his card informed us, "Lieut.-Colonel Jocelyne, of Garth." Now it appears that Garth was only a few miles off, and he entreated us to visit him there, to dine and sleep, so cordially, so earnestly, that my father consented, somewhat to the consternation of my mother and myself. Further arrangements were speedily made, and the Colonel shook us all heartily by the hand.

"Come and see me, my old friend," he said, with much feeling, "I live with my wife and family in a sweet retreat, as nature and reason direct; we have long abandoned all the foolish customs that enslave society, and make half the people in this room miserable, without their knowing the real cause; there we find all the

heart can wish, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.'"

All the Colonel's words and movements bespoke the educated gentleman, and I concluded *dressing* in that character, must be considered by him a "foolish custom;" he attended us home, and as he offered my mother his arm with a winning air of politeness, I shall never forget the extraordinary contrast presented by her elegant morning attire with that of her conductor. Just as he departed, he said to my father, "Bye the bye, you had all better come on horseback, for I don't feel quite sure a carriage could get to Garth." This intimation startled us a little, but my father, who regarded him at college, and himself attaches a slight value to mere appearances, seemed to anticipate the visit with satisfaction. Further inquiry from our amiable hostess informed us, that Colonel Jocelyne had distinguished himself during the war as a most gallant and enterprising officer—that he now lived in great retirement with his family, but was well known to be eccentric in the highest degree; he had a handsome fortune, and was munificent in his bounty to the distressed. Mrs. Jocelyne was the daughter of a nobleman, and had been renounced by her family on account of her marriage! Wonderful! Nothing, perhaps, is more surprising, than to behold the heroes and heroines of these uncontrollable attachments; beings, that to an impartial eye frequently seem devoid of any kind of attraction, and yet for whose sakes all sublunary considerations have been unhesitatingly sacrificed. This is a parenthesis. The Hon. Mrs. Jocelyne never appeared in public, but was reported to be a lady of uncommon talent and accomplishments.

As my mother had a cold, and did not particularly admire what she heard of Garth and its master, she determined to excuse herself, and accordingly my father and myself set off on horseback; I rode a pretty poney, lent me by our friend, and as the day, though cold, was very fine, enjoyed the beautiful scenery through which we passed. We were on the very borders of South Wales, and green leaves (it was early in February) were the only charm wanting. As we advanced, however, we gradually lost sight of all human habitations, even cottages, and became bewildered amongst winding lanes that seemed innumerable and interminable. The few common people that we met, all grinned in a very comical style when we inquired the way to Garth, and stared as if we were prodigies of some sort or other. At last a ruddy peasant overtook us. "Are we near Garth?" was reiterated for the twentieth time. "Yes, sure," was the welcome reply, "you be close to it—it be down there." What a comfort! we went on merrily, and soon reached a gate, or what had once been a gate of very handsome form and dimensions; it had originally been double, but one side had entirely disappeared, and its place was supplied by a large, stout hurdle, driven firmly into the ground, and attached to its dilapidated incongruous helpmate by an iron chain, twisted round and round, from which depended an enormous padlock. My father and I gazed at this curious emblem of an ill-assorted pair, fettered for life; the barrier seemed impassable, and we waited till our ruddy companion again came up. "Can you open that

gate for us, my good friend?" "Lack a daisy, he do never open?" he replied, opening his eyes very wide. "But how are we to get in? we want to go to Garth." "Why, the Colonel and the young ladies do always leap—but if so be as you don't like that, why down the watery lane, you can get in very well—there is a gap, and the ditch is not deep."

We looked silently at each other, and then followed our guide down the watery lane. Perhaps my father began to repent, he was at any rate disinclined to speak. We reached a large gap, well trodden down in the hedge, and a trifling exertion brought us into a swampy meadow. Now, for the first time, we beheld Garth, and it was really a fine, imposing mansion. My father, who is near sighted, held his hand above his brow, and looked earnestly upon the house. "Ellen," he said, after a moment, "is that a sheet of water yonder, in front?" "No," I replied, laughing; "perhaps, indeed, it may be a sheet, but not of water;—no, it is either a bleaching-ground, or a most stupendous display of household linen." As we advanced, it became evident that the shrubs and grass in the garden were nearly covered with snowy patches of various forms, that had lately emanated from the laundry. My pony, unused to this profusion of *lingerie*, took umbrage at some white muslin gowns fluttering close to us on a gigantic Portugal laurel, and before he had recovered his equanimity, Colonel Jocelyne himself rushed out of a thicket, and advanced to receive us with obstreperous cordiality.

"Bravo, my old friend," he cried, "true to your word as ever—welcome to Garth—you've left the follies of the world behind you now—welcome, a thousand times, to Garth—but where is Mrs. Worthington?"

The Colonel's sudden appearance, and the triumphant flourish of an immense straw hat, which he threw up in the air like a boy, completely upset my pony's tranquillity, and had nearly upset me with it; Colonel Jocelyne caught its bridle, reduced the poor little frightened thing to submission in a moment, and bestowing some equestrian instructions upon me, conducted us to the door. Peter Wilkins had repudiated the idea of Gaffer Gray being exposed to the carelessness of strangers so vehemently, that my father rode a hired horse, which had long ceased to be agitated by any terrestrial contingencies. We dismounted, and the Colonel, standing on the steps, put his open palm edgewise by his mouth and uttered a vociferation that rung through my nervous system, like electricity. "Jenkins! Jenkins! Jenkins, I say, come here!" was the formula of that tremendous sound. It died on the troubled air, and all was still, save the double-bass growlings and suppressed roar of a bull, which I had heard for some minutes.

"The man will be here immediately," said the Colonel, quite calmly; "he's at plough in the field below."

We had now an opportunity for a more particular survey of the exterior of Garth. The house was large, and remarkably handsome, but strange symptoms of dilapidation, or rather neglect, met the eye wherever it turned. The front door had been originally half glass, of which the greater part was now supplied with brown paper, and,

in some instances, the empty space remained; there had been creepers against the walls, but they were now still more literally creepers on the damp earth; the drive had, doubtless, once been of gravel, at present a superficies of slimy soil covered it, thickly grown with moss and weeds; the garden and shrubberies were in the most disordered and neglected state possible; neither scythe, nor shears, nor pruning knife, seemed ever employed at Garth. Opposite the door was a relic of other days, in the shape of a garden roller, fixed firmly in the ground, its iron handle detached on one side, and partially hid amongst the long, withered grass, that streamed round the mossy stone; there it had evidently reposed for years.

Whilst I was silently noting these particulars, a crashing sound, like the breaking of dry wood, was heard; a man in a carter's frock dashed, head foremost, through some shrubs opposite, and ran up to us with breathless haste.

"Jenkins, why didn't you come before, you foolish fellow!" said the Colonel, not ill-humouredly.

"Why, Sir," replied the panting swain, "Gilliflower—Gilliflower was hiling Ben, when you first hollowed to me."

"Bless my soul! you'll ruin that creature, Jenkins; he's perfectly quiet when he's properly managed."

"Yes, sure; so he be, your Honour; that's what I says to Ben. 'Ben,' says I, 'don't be feared on him, it be only his comical way.'"

"But you havn't left the boy alone there with the bull?"—"No, no, Sir, I put Ben up in a tree, before I comed away, for fear."

"My dear friend," said Colonel Jocelyne to my father, "excuse me a moment: I have got a very fine, good-tempered bull at plough yonder, but these dolts mismanage him. Jenkins, take the horses up to the stable, and I'll run and see what's the matter with him. Go in, go in, my dear Worthington." Away scampered the Colonel, like a youth of sixteen; he darted through the shrubs, the crash was heard again, and almost immediately afterwards the growling and roaring ceased.

There was no visible bell at the door of entrance, and sanctioned by the permission we had received, and starved by a cutting wind from the mountains, we went in. The hall was large, lofty, and handsome, but crowded with all sorts of strange articles, a hencoop and a wheelbarrow being amongst them. Two doors opposite each other appeared to be our points of attack, and after a preliminary tap we opened one. It seemed a drawing-room; a beautiful paper, stained with damp, covered the walls; a splendid looking-glass was over the chimney, and some furniture, of a suitable description, was scattered about the room; but its general aspect was forlorn and disordered: two of the three windows were darkened, the third was entirely without a shutter, which was laid across chairs in the middle of the apartment. It looked to me ominous; and when I saw dried sprigs of bay and suthern wood, and withered flowers scattered on the floor, I begged to quit the room, for I could not help thinking it had been last inhabited by the dead. We now experimented on the opposite apartment and a suffocating smell of to-

bacco gave sign of its being used for social purposes; it looked bare and comfortless, but a dim fire burned in the chimney, and chairs were on the rug. My father rung, and presently a scared-looking female servant put her head in at the door; without vouchsafing any further view of her person, she heard him in silence, and then vanished.

Very shortly afterwards, we were joined by a lady dressed in mourning, who announced herself as Mrs. Jocelyne. I felt curious respecting her, from her having considered the Colonel worth all the sacrifices she had made for him, and contemplated her person and manners with attention. She was a fine woman, not apparently above forty, prepossessing in her demeanour, although rather cold and reserved; her language was so choice and correct, that it was almost pedantic, but without the least symptom of affectation; her dress was handsome as to material, but of a form just antiquated enough to be disagreeable, and even ridiculous. Strange slavery of the eye, from which few, if any, can wholly defend themselves, and which renders the cast-off fashion of three years since so universally unbecoming! The calmness of her voice, look, and manners, was remarkable; my father related the episode of Gilliflower and Ben, as an explanation of our unceremonious entrance, terminating his narrative by saying, "But there can be no cause for uneasiness."

"None whatever," replied the lady; "in fact I never am uneasy respecting Jocelyne."

It struck me that poor Ben, perched in a tree, with a raging monster, whose smothered roar I had heard, at its foot, and whatever luckless animals might be co-operating with Gilliflower in his agricultural pursuits, were the proper subjects for uneasiness. I said nothing, however, and presently the Colonel's stentorian voice was audible without.

"Now, I've done with you all for the day; there, go along, Andrew—mind I'm not disturbed this evening, I've a friend with me."

He entered, and I resolved to inquire after Ben and the bull.

"Oh, I set them all to rights in a moment," he replied; "Gilliflower is harmless as a lamb, when he is properly treated."

Mrs. Jocelyne soon afterwards conducted me up stairs into a very pretty sitting room, to which a bright fire gave an air of comfort. It was evidently devoted to rational and elegant pursuits, and the halls were ornamented with beautiful figures and landscapes, the performance, as I afterwards learnt, of Mrs. Jocelyne. Two young girls, were seated here, to whom she introduced me; the daughters of Garth were slight and fair, with an appearance of great softness and modesty; the younger was decidedly pretty, but Miss Jocelyne looked to me in a consumption. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, they were both dressed in soft white muslin robes, of a graceful and becoming form, merely confined round their flexible waists by a black ribbon. Their hair was not curled, but parted down to the forehead, then wound round the sides of the head, and gathered low in a knot behind, evidently in imitation of an antique statue. The effect of the whole costume was in fact classical and elegant; Mrs. Jocelyne's dress was un-

pleasant to the eye, because it had been in fashion a few years since, but theirs was like one of Sir Joshua's draperies, that never can grow out of date.

We had consumed much time in losing and finding our way ere we arrived, and finding from Miss Jocelyne that they dined early, I requested permission to take off my habit. The two girls conducted me to my apartment, and I observed they looked round, then at each other, and sighed deeply, as they entered it. They offered to assist in my toilette, but as I dislike that sort of of dilettante assistance, I declined it. They departed; ere they did so, however, they walked together to the foot of the bed, stood there an instant, and then with silent sighs retired. By this time I had made sundry discoveries concerning the interior of Garth: first, that not a door in the house would shut; perhaps from disuse, for none of the family appeared aware, that to do so was ever a property of doors; next, that a vast proportion of the large and numerous windows were broken, and, thirdly, as a necessary consequence of the above state of the premises, that the house was cold beyond conception or example. My sleeping room had no fracture in the window, and by a little contrivance, I fastened the door; it was the neatest apartment I had yet seen, and had an air of tolerable comfort; a small bible and prayer book were on a little table near the bed; a work basket was on the drawers, and across some pegs in the wall, lay a very pretty riding-whip. The trifling aid I required, was given by the same uncouth looking female I had seen before, who approached my person with as much apparent awe, as if I had been a princess, and was indeed so violently agitated during the toilette ceremony, that I was quite grieved to have requested her services.

On returning to Mrs. Jocelyne's sitting room I found the whole family assembled, reinforced by three fine, rosy boys, dressed much in the usual style. The Colonel was now habited from head to foot in solemn black, and was wonderfully improved and ameliorated by the change. Dinner was announced, and as he conducted me down stairs he patted me on the shoulder, I having on a warm shawl, and a boa—

"Ah, ha, Miss Worthington, you coddle, I see, no wonder you're so delicate—now look at my girls—wear muslin, winter and summer, and are never sick nor sorry.—I never let them put on any thing but white muslin—only thing fit for girls; and they'll leap over a five barred gate in style, I can tell you—ay, mount any thing, more fresh air girls have the better,—makes them strong and rosy. Now, I dare say you sleep with curtains to your bed?—yes, yes, shocking thing that."

Though certainly not robust in appearance, and then but lately restored after a severe illness, I could not help thinking I looked quite as healthy as the two pallid girls he spoke of with such exultation.

Only our wild looking acquaintance was present to wait on the six persons assembled.

"I turned off my footman for insolence, last week," said the Colonel, carelessly, "so we must be contented with Poll."

We sat down to a table, which exhibited the same extraordinary incongruities which reigned every where else at Garth. The dinner was plen-

tiful, ill-cooked, and served on rich china, mingled here and there, with the commonest blue delf; there was abundance of beautiful plate, and the table cloth was literally coarse, common, hucka-back; there were wax candles, but no napkins. Poll waited dismally, or rather, she never waited at all, but continued running round and round the table, like a squirrel in its cage, and her feverish exertions were pitiable to behold.

"You must excuse any deficiencies," said the Colonel, in the course of the meal, "I sent off my cook this morning, and I rather think the gardener dressed the dinner."

I sat beside Miss Jocelyne, who was coughing almost continually; a constant stream of cold air blew on the back of my neck, and I drew my coat closer; the keen eye of the Colonel observed the movement.

"Ah, Miss Worthington," he said with a smile, "if we had you a little time at Garth, you would not shrink as you do, from a breath of air. A pigeon flew through the window last Autumn, and I hav'n't had it mended—Fresh air is always wholesome. Georgy, my dear, how came you to get that cold? you that are out in all weathers, child, ought never to catch cold."

Miss Jocelyne laughed, and I saw how that cough shook her slender frame,—looked at her slight dress, and felt a sort of hatred of Colonel Jocelyne rising in my breast.

Almost before dinner was over, he arose, went to the fire, and to my astonishment (not to say horror) commenced elaborate preparations for smoking! Yea, not a cigar, not a meershaum—not a hookah, but a regular white clay tobacco pipe!!

"Worthington," he said, "will you follow my example?"

"No."

"Ah, I dare say you think it's a bad habit, but I believe it is the only medicine worth anything—I could not live without my pipe, and I teach all my boys to smoke. You'd smile to see how the little dogs take to it; they'll be here directly, the young monkeys."

I was really afraid to look at my father, lest my gravity might suddenly give way; I suspect my countenance betrayed more of the disgust I felt, than was quite consonant with good breeding, for Mrs. Jocelyne proposed our quitting the room, and oh, how thankfully I acceded. Leaving the Colonel, therefore, enveloped like a volcano, in his own smoke, I followed her up stairs.

On reaching the sitting room, I paused, and attempted to close the door.

"No, my dear," said that serene lady, "the room smokes if the door is shut—many of the chimneys smoke."

Oh, thought I, would they were the only things that smoked at Garth!

We now talked of music; the young ladies opened a splendid Broadwood, and I have seldom heard a finer or more finished performer than Miss Jocelyne. Her sister seemed delighted by my admiration.

"Ah," she said, "I wish you could have heard Georgy sing; but she has quite lost her voice since she has had this nasty cough. I wish it would go."

Being alone with Mrs. Jocelyne before tea, I could not resist saying something to her about

her daughter's health; she replied with that perfect serenity which never seemed to forsake her:—

"It is nothing of consequence, merely a bad cold; besides the Colonel disapproves of medical men; he thinks nature is our best physician: and indeed I am much inclined to agree with him."

I hesitated.—"Then you find trusting to Nature, answer?"

"I think so, on the whole; it is not easy to decide on such a question. But I have had eight children, and only lost two;—my poor Emily, who died last year, and a little boy since; a dreadful accident that—he fell off the roof of the house, and was killed on the spot."

I said no more, and very soon afterwards the whole party assembled to tea. I have seldom spent two hours more agreeably than those that succeeded; we conversed on various subjects, and on all our host and hostess seemed well informed; the Colonel spoke of his campaigns, and his energy, his animation, were really delightful; never did I feel myself so completely in the midst of a battle field. Then Mrs. Jocelyne consented to exhibit her numerous portfolios of beautiful drawings, the work of her own hands; we had music, and altogether we were quite happy.

When ten o'clock arrived, the Colonel asked my father to read family prayers, and we descended to the dining room, where the servants were already assembled. As I entered its polluted, its suffocating atmosphere, I felt inclined to bless the pigeon that had given a chance of its being purified, and the Colonel for not withdrawing it. As soon as prayers were over he exclaimed—

"Jenkins, where's Ben?"

"Oh, Sir," replied Jenkins, advancing from the group, "sad thing—I didn't like to disturb your honour, but Gilliflower made at him as soon as ever he was unhucked and hiled the poor boy—tossed him clean over the gate on the granary steps."

There was a general exclamation.

"Is he much hurt," cried the Colonel, "why didn't you send for me? I'll go to him this instant."

Andrew the gardener, now stepped forward—  
"No, Sir, I think only a few ribs are broken, and I've bandaged him well up in the round towel."

The Colonel darted out of the room instantly, and Mrs. Jocelyne said, with some emotion—

"Ah, I have long feared that animal would be the destruction of some one."

We went almost immediately to bed. Poll made a tender of her services, and a single question elicited the information, that in that chamber, and small curtainless bed, the poor Emily had died.

"Was she ill long?" I said.

"Oh no, only about a fortnight," replied Poll, whose opinion of my unapproachable dignity seemed much diminished.

"What, was she quite well a fortnight before her death?"

"Not quite well, like—she had had a cold a good while, and coughed like as Miss Georginy does now—but nothing to speak of. Master took on sadly, for she was always along with him; he

had the window ment the week before she died, because she said the cold air made her cough so."

Probably Poll considered this the highest possible proof of the Colonel's tender love; as indeed she well might. I now went to my father's apartment, which I found occupied by him, and a regular whirlwind as his companion; the room was very large and very lofty; it was graced by two enormous windows, and three doors; one of the latter was actually *shut and locked*, but the others were performing "*Batti, batti,*" continually, nor did there seem a chance of stopping their proceedings. The windows were full of fractures, and the night wind roared in the immense fire-place, where fire was none; the bed had curtains, and they flapped like the sails of a ship in a gale.

"Take my advice papa," said I, as I retired, "and not only keep on your clothes, but go to bed in your great coat: depend on it *airing* is unknown at Garth."

The apartment assigned to me, appeared by comparison, the very temple of comfort, and after taking such precautions as were in my power, to prevent injury from the extreme dampness of the bed, I lay down, thought of the poor Emily, and silently prophecying that Georgina would follow her ere long, sunk into a disturbed slumber.

I arose the following morning, unrefreshed, certainly, but not injured by my humid resting place. The moment I was dressed, I went to enquire after my father's health. We compared notes, laughed a little, and then descended to the contaminated dining room, where we found the whole family assembled for breakfast. The general gloom of their aspect struck us instantly, and Colonel Jocelyne advancing to meet us, said, mournfully—

"Sad work this, my dear Worthington,—all over with poor Ben!"

It appeared he had never been in bed, having, with Mrs. Jocelyne, sat up with the boy who expired about six o'clock in the morning. *No medical assistance* had been called in. The Colonel was manifestly much affected.

"I loved the boy," he said, "and I loved his father before him—an honest, faithful creature, who lived with me for years; besides he died in my service. I sent him up to take a cursed magpie's nest, in a tall elm—'t was a damp Spring morning, and I did'n't know he was a bad climber, poor fellow; his foot slipped—he fell from the top of the tree and never spoke afterwards. I thought it a duty to take one of his children, and Ben has been here these two years, but the boy wanted judgment, and no doubt had in some way acted foolishly towards the bull. 'Tis a sad, sad business—I shall send ten pounds to his poor mother for mourning—she has but two boys left; I shall take them both, and she may depend on my acting like a father towards them—as I did by poor Ben."

Here his voice faltered, and he drew his hand across his eyes. My father and I exchanged glances; it was clear that Colonel Jocelyne never for a moment surmised, that both parent and child had in fact, fallen sacrifices to his own rashness and obstinacy. I looked at Georgina, and my very heart sickened; my impatience to quit Garth became nearly uncontrollable.

Ere we did so, my father drew its eccentric

master aside, and in few, but impressive words, entreated him to attend to his eldest daughter's health.

"It is my firm belief," he said, "that she is either in a consumption, or on the very brink of one; pardon the freedom of an old friend, my dear Jocelyne, but for Heaven's sake, mend your windows, shut your doors, clothe her warmly, and get good medical advice."

"Well," said the Colonel, in a dejected voice, "I will think of it. Poor Emily certainly coughed much in the same way for months before she died and I never could discover the reason. Yet she was quite strong—rode fifteen miles with me only a fortnight before it was all over."

Oh, how gladly did I mount my pony, ride through the flapping linen, cross the marshy field, and quit the precincts of Garth; my father looked mournfully back as he lost sight of it, and muttered 'to himself, "The World forgetting, by the World forgot."

## THE QUAKER FAMILY.

### A DOMESTIC TALE.

In the West Riding of Yorkshire, there stands, in gothic magnificence, the ancient castle of Montalingham; and in a beautiful valley, little more than a mile from this baronial residence, rose the modest mansion of Josiah Primrose, one of the people commonly called Quakers: the exact regularity of the building, the order and neatness of the grounds, were perfect emblems of the quiet spirits which reigned within. The father of Mr. Primrose had left New York with an immense accumulation of wealth, acquired by mercantile speculations, which had succeeded, and with his only son, then in infancy, fixed his abode in this spot. He had been educated in the most rigid manner; those finer feelings of the heart, which from some traits in his character, might have done honour to humanity if suffered to expand, were contracted and chilled by precise austerity. He married him, at an early age, to one of his own persuasion, and soon after paid the debt of nature, bequeathing him his whole possessions, without one generous passion to gratify. The fair friend, whom he had made the wife of his bosom, had a superior mind, and more elevated sentiments. "Thinkest thee, Friend Primrose," she would say, with rather an arch look, "that thy broad-brimmed hat, or the little close, pinched cap of thy Miriam, will lead her or thee one step nearer heaven! Verily, verily, I tell thee, no; and that our community regard too much the outside of the platter, but consider not the foulness that lieth hidden within."

She was the mother of two amiable children, and as their father left them solely to her guidance, without any other concern, than keeping them strictly to their religious duties, they received rather a liberal education; her daughter Miriam, to a lovely figure, united the sweetest disposition and the gentlest manners. An intimacy, not very common with people of their reserved profession, was established between them and the inhabitants



of the neighbouring castle; and the young Miriam, being much beloved there, often shared the lessons of wisdom from the instructive lips of Lady Montalingham, who educated her own daughters. Her free access to such elegant society, improved those talents with which nature had blessed her, and gave her a vivacity, which, tempered by her innate softness, rendered her a truly pleasing and estimable female character. She was usually distinguished, wherever she appeared, by the appellation of the accomplished Quaker: yet, so modest was her demeanour, and so strict her piety, that even the most severe of her own people approved her conduct. Vanity is inherent, we believe, in the female heart; Miriam's intimacy with the ladies of the castle gave her a blameless pleasure in dress, which her mother easily allowed; and it was not uncommon to see her white frock decorated with a broad sash, her straw hat tied with ribbons, and her fine flaxen hair in ringlets; these little infractions procured Friend Primrose the title of the "gay sister;" perhaps she was not altogether undeserving of it, for she would look with pleasure at her daughter joining the ladies of the castle in the lively dance; but this was, indeed, unknown, and frequently, the modest, unpretending woman would say, with an inquiring eye, "Surely, surely, Friend Montalingham, this must be innocent, else thee would not permit it in thy presence." "Are we not told," Lady Montalingham would reply, "that innocent cheerfulness is pleasing to Heaven; and that they are neither true nor judicious promoters of religion, who dress her in such gloomy colours!" By such softening arguments, Lady Montalingham was sure to procure her favourite a participation of all the innocent amusements of the castle.

Josiah Primrose, the brother of Miriam, possessed all those virtues that give dignity to human nature; the most unaffected piety without bigotry, justice without severity, and mercy and tolerance without weakness; though compelled by a strict father to follow the rigid tenets of a persuasion, whose principles are good, but clouded with many errors, his philanthropy was unbounded; and he considered himself as a member of one vast body, whose charities should be distributed to all in distress, without confining them to one set of people, merely because they happened to be of the same religious opinions: his understanding was good and highly improved, and when he wished to enjoy superior satisfactions, he went to the castle where he was sure to find the purest benevolence and exalted friendship, with all the refinements of sense; but the young Josiah found an attraction above all others, drawing him to the castle; for the fair Madeline he felt more than a brother's affection; there was a congeniality of mind and similarity of sentiment, and the attachment strengthened with their years till they both reached maturity, when they were the dearest friends.

Lady Montalingham had established a school in the village; and one fine morning she walked to the valley to solicit a subscription, and on being announced, was desired to enter: she found Mrs. Primrose seated at work, and the gentle Miriam by her side copying with her pencil a bunch of roses which lay on a table before her.—"Sit thee down, Friend Montalingham," said

Mrs. Primrose; while the quiet smile which beamed on the mild countenance, displayed the serenity which dwelt within; "thee has pleased me much by this unceremonious visit; verily I feared that which thy people call politeness would not have allowed friendly intercourse, but gladly I find thee is above it."

"Indeed, my dear Mrs. Primrose," replied her ladyship, "true politeness, so much talked of, is little understood; it is congenial with delicate minds, excludes formality, and consists in an easy attention to the wishes of others; it is equally remote from ceremony and low familiarity."

"Thee has well defined it, friend," said Mrs. Primrose; "and now practice thine own principles; throw aside thy shawl, I pray thee, and share our dinner; Josiah walketh out with his son, but will soon return."

When all were assembled round the Quaker's hospitable board, Lady Montalingham explained the advantages of her school; it being an asylum for the aged, and affording education and clothing to the young:—"I know you are charitable and humane," she continued, "and entreat your contribution."

"Thee is a faithful servant to thy Maker," said Mrs. Primrose; "and he who marked and applauded the widow's mite will reward thee."

"And thinkest thee," interrupted Mr. Primrose, "that we ought to aid thine undertaking; verily, thee knows that the poor of our people trouble not thee nor thine?"

"We are all the children of one great and good Parent," said Lady Montalingham, "and equally the objects of his care."

"True, neighbour," said the Quaker, "but all his stewards do not equally their duty; did thine eye ever behold one in our simple habit hang on thy door for food? were thine ears ever assailed with their whine for charity?"

"When the poor ask our assistance, we seldom inquire their faith; nor can we assert that none of your persuasion ever begged for alms; for the neatness of your modest attire could not be discerned through the rags of poverty."

The Quaker wished not to extend the argument: he highly appreciated the characters of all at the castle; and he closed the subject by saying,— "Thee has gained thy point, Friend Montalingham, and while thine asylum stands, it shall have a supporter in Josiah Primrose."

In uninterrupted peace and pleasing intercourse, several years slipped away; the young people of the castle and valley reached maturity, rich in every mental grace and personal qualification; Josiah's attachment to Madeline was firm and decided, but it was unreturned and hopeless—and yet it continued unsubdued by time and circumstances: he had refused to unite himself with a rich daughter of his people, and provoked his austere father to meditate sending him abroad; meantime an unaccountable gloom seemed to gather round the inhabitants of the castle; and the sensible gentle heart of Madeline found her chief solace in communicating her unquiet anticipations to her sympathising friend, Miriam Primrose. One morning they were indulging in a melancholy walk in the most retired part of the castle grounds, when they were rather startled by the sudden appearance of a gentleman, who, bowing with respect as they passed him, took the direc-

tion of a private road to the castle; he wore the artillery uniform, and had a crape round his arm and hat. As this gentleman is the hero of our tale it may be necessary to give a short sketch of his history.

Captain Adolphus Glanville was descended from an ancient family, whose respectability had survived its pecuniary means of supporting it; and the young man's relations, conceiving a military appointment the most likely method to be relieved from his complaints, at the age of sixteen he received his first commission; he possessed strict honour, amiable manners, and a fine figure; and he was universally esteemed as a soldier, and respected as a man of worth and integrity. In country quarters, a young lady of independent fortune, saw and loved him. Glanville was twenty-one, and with an unengaged heart, felt no reluctance in accepting a young creature with a tolerable fortune; though not a fond lover, he ever treated her with tender complacency; and with a mind more sensible and refined, domestic happiness might have been established; but no sooner had she escaped from the watchful care of her guardians, than forgetful of her duties, she indulged in every kind of dissipation. Her husband strove to lead her back to the quiet paths of propriety, but in vain—she proved incorrigible; and though she accompanied him to America, she unblushingly owned that love of change was her only inducement.

Glanville was attacked by a fever; with looks of affection, softened by illness, when slowly recovering, he begged her one day to stay with him, she coolly replied, "Not to-day, I assure you, I am engaged with a party on the water; I trust the fortune I brought can afford to hire a nurse." She would listen to no further remonstrance: she left the apartment, never more to enter it; the pleasure-boat was driven out to sea by a sudden squall, several bodies were cast ashore; but that of Mrs. Glanville, after the strictest search, was never found. Her husband mourned her early fate, while his friends thought he had some cause rather to rejoice. Miriam's frequent visits to the castle produced an intimacy with the modest maiden; and before either understood the nature of their feelings, they became devotedly attached to each other: in vain poor Miriam struggled with her guiltless passion, still the form of Glanville would obtrude—his faith, her father's, his rigid tenets; true, her mother did not confine all righteousness, all perfection to her own sect, and she might have sanctioned her daughter's attachment. Things were in this uncertain, and, we may add, unhappy situation, when Glanville, who had been several months a visiter at the castle, resolved to know his fate; and as Josiah was his confidant, he set out on a walk to the valley, intending, through his mediation, to acquaint Mr. Primrose with his proposals for Miriam. In meditative mood he had passed a Chinese bridge which led to the valley, when he found himself in a wood that bounded the gardens of the mansion; the shades of night were surrounding him, but the moon was rising in all her silent majesty, when, as he advanced through the trees, in a little rustic temple which stood on elevated ground, he perceived a glimmering light; it might be Miriam; he quickened his steps, and was ascending those leading to the building, when a shriek

was heard, followed by groans, as if from one in pain: he advanced, and beheld a figure extended on the earth, with a man's foot stamping on it. A blow was aimed at the prostrate victim, which Glanville received on his shoulder; another assassin raising his arm had laid him with the dead, but drawing a small sword from a stick which he usually carried, he parried the blow, and plunged the weapon into the villain's breast.—The accomplices raised the body, and fled, while Glanville knelt by the unfortunate stranger; but who can describe his horror—his anguish, when he discovered in the one he had rescued, the brother of his beloved Miriam, the excellent unoffending Josiah.—"My friend—my preserver!" he cried, in faint accents, "Miriam——" he could add no more; for enfeebled by loss of blood, he became insensible; and in that state, Glanville, though writhing in the agony of his own wound, supported him home; and as the door was opened, both fell clasped in each other's arms. The family had waited supper for Josiah, and his unusual absence had occasioned painful anxiety; the opening door had brought Miriam to the hall, and when she beheld the two beings dearest to her on earth, pale and covered with blood, and, as she supposed, lifeless, she shrieked, "My Glanville—my murdered Glanville!" brother she would have added, but she lost all remembrance in insensibility. They were both tenderly, anxiously attended by Miriam and her mother. Josiah's wounds were pronounced neither mortal nor dangerous, Glanville's shoulder was dislocated, and a fever ensued; at length both were convalescent. Josiah could give little information of the accident, but as his pockets were emptied, the attack was attributed to robbers. Glanville had perfectly recovered; but excessive weakness and spitting of blood, occasioned by the violent blow on his stomach, still afflicted Josiah, for which the physicians ordered him to a milder climate; this arrangement suited not his wishes; but the despair of his mother, and the stern commands of his father, who welcomed any pretext to separate him from the fascinations of Madeline, at length prevailed. He left the valley, but not before he had cemented eternal friendship with Glanville, by a promise to sanction, and promote his wishes with Miriam, who in his presence plighted vows of constancy to each other. The departure of Josiah, and the hopefulness, the despondency of Miriam, which visibly began to undermine her delicate constitution, so affected the declining health of Mrs. Primrose, that in language soft as, if an angel spoke, the mother would fold the melancholy girl in her arms, she would tell her of her faith, the blessings which attend obedience to parents, the pleasures of friendship, and would describe the illusions of passion. Miriam listened with much attention; tears were her answer, deeper suffering the consequence. "Oh, Josiah Primrose!" cried the sorrowful mother, sinking at her husband's feet, yielding to the strong impulsive feeling of the moment, "husband of my youth—husband of my heart, bereave me not of my children: I am about to leave thee, Josiah; soon, very soon, thee will close my weary eyes; and when I lie cold in the earth, thee Josiah, will in bitterness deplore thine obduracy; yield then, my husband, give thy daughter in holy marriage to Glanville; his prin-

ciples are great and good, with him her faith will be secure, and thee will behold her persevering in that modest simplicity of life, we deem the most unerring."

He heard this with an immoveable expression of countenance; at length he spoke—"I may lose thee; yea, wife of my bosom, I may lose thee; but will not lose my God; thee may fall, but never shake my firmness; let me hear no more, for as the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, the hour that maketh Miriam the wife of a husband beyond our pale, the bitterest—I curse not, but the God of light will punish!"

"Cease, cease! thou man of sin!" said his wife. "Oh, Source of being, universal God! let thine all-pervading spirit illumine the benighted mind of him who dares to circumscribe thy wondrous goodness, confine thy unbounded mercy to a scanty few! Oh dawn, auspicious morning, with a light shall lighten our darkened path that ne'er shall fade, when earth shall be dissolved, the mountains melt away, the chain of being broken, distinctions lost, and glad creation in one general voice without those forms which dim devotion here, shall hail and praise thy excellence to never-ending ages!"

Miriam had contrived to have one secret interview with Glanville after her brother's departure, and then meekly resigned to suffer, devoted all her time and attention to soothe her declining mother. In these hallowed duties her mind acquired a holy calm, and when discomfort could prevail, she thought, and it was comfort, that each moment took away a grain at least from the drear load that was on her, and gave a nearer prospect of the grave.

The lapse of a very few years produced circumstances unexpected, vicissitudes unanticipated—and events disastrous in the families that have employed our pen: a change came over the castle and its inhabitants, and the gloom of sadness overwhelmed the retirement of the valley. Sir Charles Montalingham had become security for a brother officer endeared to him by early associations, and long military intercourse; his friend speculated deeply; his schemes failed, and the lands, and also for a time the liberty, of the too-confiding baronet, were forfeited. His property was brought to the hammer, and purchased by Josiah Primrose, the austere, opulent Quaker. Lady Montalingham's heart was broken; she died. Sir Charles declined, he sunk gradually in health and spirits, and was ordered by his medical attendants to try a milder climate. His excellent daughter Madeline, who had married Mr. Glendinning, a young man of high family and splendid fortune, ever fondly devoted to her father, attended him to Lisbon; but grief lay too heavy at his heart, dear remembrances pressed too heavily on his mind, for climate to affect; he was beyond the reach of human consolation; and knowing his beloved child secure in the arms of honour and happiness, had but one earthly wish—to be laid in the grave of his wife, in the vaults of his ancestors.

"Farewell, my son, take my darling from these feeble arms. She is an angel, that will bless her husband as she has blessed her father. May the God of consolation preserve and guide you through this perilous world, and may we meet in purer regions never to part again." He expired in his

daughter's arms without a groan. Surely the end of the good man is peace! how silent his passage, how quiet his journey, how blessed his death! No misery unrelieved, no talents misapplied, no error unrepented, no wealth abused, disturb the solemn moment; but the soul, reposing on Almighty mercy, wings her mystic flight to future worlds.

The shades of night were descending, when, with slow and heavy pace, the hearse containing Sir Charles's remains, attended by Madeline and her husband, entered the valley of Montalingham: a dense fog precluded every object from their view; and a low wind, stealing through the apertures of the carriage, sounded in their ears like the passing sigh of nature to the memory of Montalingham. The gates of Mr. Primrose were closed; the servant rung and knocked, reverberating echo returned the sound, but no one appeared; a stinging-nettle and the deadly nightshade grew by the threshold. "Cheerless plants," exclaimed Madeline, "ye were not wont to rear your noxious heads around this dwelling." At length a servant appeared; Josiah Primrose was asleep.

"Our business is urgent," said Mr. Glendinning; "we will wait till he awakes."

"Thee may leave it, then, in writing; for Josiah Primrose communeth not with strangers," answered the domestic, and the doors were about to be closed when a maiden of the household, who recollected Madeline, obtained their admission. They entered the veranda; remembrance crowded on Madeline; she looked around: "All are gone: nothing left," she exclaimed, as Mr. Primrose appeared. A chilling gloom hung over his heavy eyes, his face was pale and emaciated, and his bending figure was supported on a staff. After a cold salute from him, Madeline said, "I intrude on your solitude, Mr. Primrose, with the request of my dying father."

"Then thy father is departed," interrupted he.

"His hallowed clay rests at your gates."

"Oh, he is happy," rejoined the Quaker, while something like a sigh was stealing from his heart, which severity chilled ere it could be respired. To spare the feelings of Madeline, her husband addressed him, "As the proprietor of Montalingham Castle, I present Sir Charles's last request to be laid at the side of his deceased wife; will you have the kindness to give the necessary orders?"

"Kindness and I have parted for ever," he replied, in a hollow voice: "yes, for ever: but the dead—I war not with the dead. Deposit the body, and never interrupt my hours again."

"Yet hear me," cried Madeline, in a beseeching tone; "your wife——"

"She sleepeth in the dust."

"Dear Josiah?"

"He returneth soon; now depart."

"Yet once more—my Miriam!"

"Name her not!" and the Quaker's wasted frame shook with irrepressible passion; "name her not! her ways are wickedness, her path destruction, and her steps lead down to hell; forsaken by her father, and her God, like unto Cain she wandereth upon the earth, marked. But I curse not—yet, bitter as is my heart, so keenly bitter will be yet her portion."

Madeline appeared fainting, while her husband, shocked, exclaimed, "Poor erring mortal," and supported her from the presence of the austere sectarian.

Their melancholy business over with the rector, at whose residence they were received with a warm welcome. Madeline's inquiries were answered, respecting all that had occurred since she and her family were driven from the protecting roof of the castle; it was left uninhabited, the lands let out, and only the gardens were kept in order by a man, who gained subsistence from their produce. After the death of Mrs. Primrose, poor Miriam resolved to devote her days to her father, and, if possible, subdue her fatal love for Glanville: she had entreated, and at length commanded him to depart, and no more to tempt her to forsake her duty; but still, unknown to her, he remained in the neighbourhood, and watched her steps: meanwhile, poor Miriam felt the extremity of wretchedness; her mother dead, her brother absent, her friends dispersed, without solace and without sympathy, still she might, strengthened by her piety, have succeeded, but that her father, groaning beneath the load of many self-created sorrows, imposed such severe restraint on her, that life became a burthen. She was one morning deploring her relentless destiny in the gloomiest recesses of Montalingham forest, when Glanville overheard her, and kneeling at her feet, conjured her, with resistless tenderness, to save him from despair, and make herself happy; and he recalled her mother's sanction and blessing, her brother's wishes to remembrance: to be brief, Miriam yielded, and became the wife of Glanville. Upon their return from the borders they forced themselves on the presence of their father. It is true, he imprecated not curses, but, like St. Paul with the offending coppersmith, it amounted to the same.

"Lord, in the day of thy wrath, forget not the bitterness of a father's heart."

She fell at his feet: he spurned her, and the gates of the remorseless father were for ever closed on his imploring daughter. Her meek and filial heart long mourned his harshness and unrelenting obduracy; but the kindness of her husband, and the hope of her brother's return, restored her to tolerable tranquillity. She had become the mother of a little girl, whom she named Madeline; and, on her friend's return to England, she soon discovered her residence, when their early friendship was renewed, and the most satisfactory hours of both families were passed in mutual intercourse with each other. They had engaged a beautiful and commodious residence on the banks of the Thames for the summer months; the river flowed smoothly at the bottom of the garden behind the house, and with books, music, and their pencils, they never found the longest day too long.

One morning the ladies were at work, their children rolling on the carpet (Mrs. Glendinning had a little boy), and Mr. Glanville and his friend were fishing, one of the servants entered, saying, a lady desired to speak to Mrs. Glanville; she was introduced; she was tall, very handsome, with an air of hauteur, which imparted severe expression to every fine feature of her face; on entering, she desired to know which of the ladies called herself Mrs. Glanville? Madeline felt

surprised, but that mode of address having been familiar to Miriam among her own people, calmly replied, "Thee beholdest her in my friend." "Where is Mr. Glanville?" demanded the stranger.

"He angleth near the garden, verily, he catcheth a fish even now," said Miriam, looking through the window.

"Indeed!" interrupted the visiter, sarcastically, "that element seems particularly bountiful to him, though I fancy it has restored a certain sort of fish to-day, that he will find more difficult to manage than any one he has ever hooked."

"Thee speakest in parable, I will call friend Glanville, perchance he may comprehend them."

"Perchance so," replied the lady.

Had the infernal gulph opened and disclosed its fiery horrors, Glanville had felt less dismay; casting one fearful look at the stranger and exclaiming, "Oh, Providence!" he sunk on the nearest chair. Fatal conviction flashed on the mind of Glendinning and his wife: Miriam sat pale and apparently calm, while the lady said scornfully—"You are certainly very grateful to Providence for restoring to you a wife, after supposing her three years dead; but, however, return me my fortune, and you may go with your Quaking trumpery where you please." Only Glendinning had the power of speech; "Retire, madam," said he, "you shall have every justice, but do not offer insult at the shrine of virtue."

"Indeed, sir, I shall not retire; my husband being here, makes it my home, nor will I leave him an opportunity to abscond with his Quaker, and deprive me of my right."—"Unkind, inhuman woman this is my house." Glendinning was interrupted; the trembling Miriam arose, Madeline would have assisted her, "Fear not," said she, "my righteous purpose will support me;" when kneeling at the feet of Glanville, she thus addressed him—"Beloved of thy Miriam's heart, let the voice which hath so often pleased thee, now soothe thy perturbed spirits to composure, and let the happy learn from our fate not to exalt in blessings which hang on the hazard of an hour. We have walked in the paths of peace together, no guilt profaned our moments, for we believed our union sanctified; then let the sweet reflection soothe thy soul; thee art not comfortless, only to me it was a work of darkness; black were the auspices; a father's reprobating voice exclaimed, 'Forbear' friends exulted over my fatal vows; for I was a disobedient child: and now I behold the bitter wish descendeth on my devoted head; betake thee dear, dear, Glanville, to the helpmate of thy first affections, while I, forlorn and desolate, like the poor prodigal, return unto a father's dwelling, and with a contrite heart, exclaim, 'I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy child; but accept me as the lowest of thine hired servants,' that by penitence and sad days and nights, I may expiate mine offences. Yet never, Glanville, can I forsake thy loved image, yea, I will cherish it till death; in innocent prayer will sanctify it, and in serener regions we shall meet, where the holy tie will be perfected, and we rejoice in the presence of eternal love for ever." Her sleeping infant caught her eye, "for that poor orphan I also have a home; Glendinning take her, she is a Madeline," rising

then from her knees, she impressed a soft kiss on the cold hand of Glanville, saying, "Fare thee well, fare thee well."

The wretched husband started from his seat, he ventured one look around, the sight was insupportable, and shrieking with despair, he rushed from their presence. "Save him, save him!" cried Miriam, falling lifeless into Glendinning's arms. Madeline followed him to his apartment, where he had flown; he had fallen on his knees, holding a loaded pistol to his head, while his lips moved in silent prayer. Madeline feared to advance, but dropping at the door in the same attitude she cried, "Stop!"—the pistol fell. "Eternity! Glanville! oh, Glanville! if thou canst not bear thy trials here, force not thyself upon a Power that can make them gnaw thy spirit evermore, unaltered and the same; he who, self-destroyed, dies to shun his fate, may find the will, to which he bids defiance, may doom the soul to feel its agonies through endless ages."

Glanville seemed passive, he looked around mournfully; "My heart," said he, "is cold and desolate, and Miriam comes not now to warm it, all is dark. Pity me—sure, what man can pity, Heaven can forgive." She had taken up the pistol, "Do not take it from me," his voice was beseeching and meek, and he repeated, "Do not take it from me."

"Poor Glanville!" resumed Madeline, "would you destroy Miriam, who cherishes the hope to meet you in a happier world?" He appeared to recollect, "Yes, yes, take the pistol, I am safe, quite safe, and feel well now; I will lie down, and when I awake, will think upon your arguments; yes, conviction may have reached me, and mercy pardon desperation." Madeline then taking the pistols with her, left him.

Mr. Glendinning had attended the new-come Mrs. Glanville to a neighbouring inn, promising to send her husband to her. Madeline found her friend Miriam sitting with her child upon her knee; a sweet serenity was diffused over her countenance, and taking her friend's hand, she soon yielded to a quiet slumber; and while Madeline sat watching her, and meditating on the uncertainty of human happiness, it may be necessary to account for the unwelcome appearance of Captain Glanville's first wife.

The pleasure yacht in which she had embarked having been driven out to sea, she was taken up when clinging to the wreck, by an outward-bound East Indiaman, and was treated with kindness and respect by the ladies on board; on her arrival in India, she formed a liaison not very respectable with an officer of high rank, but his lady at length joining him, Mrs. Glanville thought proper to return to England. Her husband would have never been sought by her if he had not possessed her fortune, and recollecting the name of his agent, to him she went, and from him had the information of his marriage with the modest Friend, and their place of residence: love had never been the inmate of a bosom so governed by degrading passions, but she anticipated a malignant pleasure in being able to interrupt their innocent enjoyments; and though a re-union with her husband she knew to be impossible, she resolved to pay her fatal visit, and enjoy her fancied triumph.

In less than a quarter of an hour the repose of Miriam and the deep thoughtfulness of Madeline were disturbed by a dismal shriek, and Miriam's own maid rushing into the room, crying, "My master! my master! the sword is in his breast!" The child fell from Miriam's arms, and darting from her seat, stopped not till she reached the expiring Glanville, who had taken advantage of Madeline leaving him to execute his fatal purpose: her maid passing the door heard him fall, entered the room, when seeing the husband of her beloved mistress fallen and bleeding, she sent forth the shriek, and flew to her presence. As Miriam threw herself beside the bleeding body of Glanville, he raised his dying eyes to take a last look of her angelic face, feebly pressed her hand, smiled, and his agonized spirit fled to the presence of that Being whom the compassionate heart will hope would not reject him.

When Miriam beheld the last breath of separating nature leave his lips, the extremest point of sorrow struck her heart, though a few minutes before she was calm; hope upon the wings of faith bore her beyond the limits of mortality, when in a brighter state she should meet her Glanville. Now, wrapped in a shroud stained with self-shed blood, was the last look she feared ever to have: sensible to all her wretchedness, she hung over the body; "Poor, poor Glanville," she cried: "oh, Madeline, though lost to me on earth, I hoped to have met him with an angel's joy in the bright courts above; but now his fatal arm hath raised a barrier even stronger than death; no penitence can absolve him, for there is no repentance in the grave. Poor soul! didst thou not start on entering eternity! to rush unbidden on a world of saints, and of accusing angels! Oh! could prayers, could ceaseless anguish through a weary life avail—but no, all beyond the hour of dissolution is fixed by power immutable, the awful fiat passes, but whither go my thoughts?—I—I—." She soon was seized with faintings, and in a few hours was delivered of a dead child, when feeling the springs of life running low, she collected all her strength, and addressed her mourning friends, "I thought to seek a father's arms," she said, in feeble accents, "to have implored his pardon," a faint red tinged her cheeks, as she added, "his blessing; but a kinder Parent calls me to repose, peace is dawning on my soul, angels are waiting to guide me to realms of bliss, there, beloved Madeline, shall I meet thee and thy husband, and thank thee for protecting my poor child: cherish her, she hath no name but thine, she hath no friend but thee; and when thee lookest on her smiling face, think on poor Miriam, who so much hath loved thee: when my Josiah returneth, give him the dying blessing of his sister, from thy lips the offering will be sweet; say that, when trembling on the verge of life, I had no friend but thee to close my weary eyes—say, when my heart had ceased to beat, I had no friend but thee to lay me in the dust—say, for my child, I only ask him to remember her name is Madeline: now, my friend—my precious friend—my Madeline, fare thee well! dearest Glendinning, fare thee well! this art so happy, I cannot wish thee happier until all meet above." Exhausted, she sunk on her pillow, but soon recovering, with an angelic smile, and in ac-

cents fainter and fainter, she said, "Bless! bless thee! Heaven——"

Her lovely face wore every vernal charm, her eyes serenely closed, while her meek spirit, guided by waiting angels, ascended to the mansions of everlasting repose. "Blessed friend! sweet companion!" exclaimed the weeping Madeline, kissing her cold, yet charming face; never more shall I be cheered by thy affection, nor soothed by thy sweet tongue; but I will love, will guide thy orphan baby, and make her like thee."

Most religiously and tenderly did she and Mr. Glendinning perform the promise given over the corpse of the early-fated Miriam. Josiah Primrose returned in time to close the eyes of his father, and no more; he was past speech, and his son was informed that he fell the victim of his own severity and despair. Such baneful bigotry, are thy triumphs! Ponder well, ye parents—ponder well, ye children; who dare decide whether disobedience in the one, or maledictions in the other, be most offensive in the sight of Him who judgest righteously.

In a private cabinet belonging to the old Quaker, Josiah, when examining his father's papers, found a note to the following effect: "Son Josiah, though severe, thy father would be just; I pray thee, then, restore unto Madeline the castle and lands of Montalmingham. I understand she nurtureth a daughter of the damsel who was thy sister; something, therefore, becometh unto her. Thee hast wealth, more than needful; pray thee make it a greater blessing unto thyself than did thy father.

"Thine, Josiah, in the spirit of truth."

The village, the mansion in which Miriam and Glanville had expired, appeared a desert; every sound seemed the echo of their dying groans, and they resolved to bid the scene adieu forever: but previous to their departure, in a remote niche of the church, in which their remains were interred, to secure the hallowed spot from disturbance, Mr. Glendinning ordered a plain marble monument to be erected, with the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of  
Adolphus and Miriam.

Friendship consecrates their hallowed dust.

Fear not piety to drop a tear,

Fear not virtue to breathe a sigh.

Innocence and misfortune marked them for their own.

And ever as beneath this humble stone,

May one kind grave unite each hapless name."

#### MORAL.

Let parents consider that there are two obligations—honour from children, and with it obedience; and from themselves, a constant remembrance that the divine precept commands "every man to do unto others as he would be done unto." If these two rules were strictly observed, the world would rarely be conscious of disobedience on the one hand, and the most offensive cruelty on the other. If an individual, by following his own will, (a will wherein none is deeply interested but himself, whether man or woman,) contrary to the opinion, inclination, or wish of a parent, commit a marriage act of disobedience; (presuming there existed nought of solid ob-

jection, but simply the acting contrary to an arbitrary rule;) the same will hold when a parent's choice is required to be the will of the child—that also is negative disobedience, when his will is not complied with. In this tale, as often in the events of life, the child's act of disobedience is made to be the cause of that misery, which would have been the same to the young couple, had the most unequivocal sanction been given by the parents. The only difference would have been, that Mr. Primrose, the father, free from self-blame, might have still made a happy home for his distressed children, and departed this life with some hope of Heaven in the next. This bartering of souls in wedlock, a scheme of the evil one to sow discord in the world, and fill it full of misery, must be most offensive to a God of charity and love.

#### THE TWO WIDOWS.

Madam de Valee, generally esteemed and beloved for her many virtues, had been for the space of a month, the widow of a man she had tenderly beloved, and still inherited a handsome property which Monsieur de Valee had possessed in Turenne, and which she had never quitted since her marriage. She had a daughter of sixteen years of age, beautiful in person, and whose sweet disposition and qualities had been improved by a finished education. Madame de Valee, surrounded by opulent neighbours, had lived expensively, received a great deal of company, and had caused herself to be adored by the rich and esteemed by the poor.

The young Henri de Pernillac scarce ever left the Chateau de Valee. Henri was but twenty years of age; his features were noble as his mind, and he united all those qualities which make a man beloved, to those which caused him to be esteemed. The heart of the young Louise too strongly resembled that of Henri, not to sympathize with its every feeling; they had loved each other from their childhood, and owned the fact to each other with that ingenuity of youth in which spotless minds know not how to dissimulate. And why should they have concealed from each other their reciprocal sentiments? Their love, perfectly in harmony with circumstance, seemed to promise the purest felicity. The day was already fixed for the marriage of Henri and Louise; there was no further questions but those of worldly interest—part of the ceremony generally confided to the care of the parents on either side, for two true lovers never know but one interest, that of love. Monsieur de Pernillac, father to Henri, was arrived at the chateau, and in the evening, whilst the lovers entertained each other with their mutual tenderness, he held with Madame de Valee a conversation far less pleasing, but by no means less important.

"As for me," said Monsieur de Pernillac, "I give in marriage, to my son, the estate I now inhabit; it is at least worth twenty thousand livres per annum."

"I," responded Madame de Valee, "can give nothing to my daughter; I had nothing myself when I married Monsieur de Valee; but my Louise will inherit the estate which my husband

possessed in Alsace. I do not know its exact value, but Monsieur de Valee always told me that it brought in twenty-five thousand livres annually?"

"Is the habitation handsome?"

"No, the chateau is not habitable, at least so my late husband always told me."

"How! Madame, did you never see it?"

"Never. You know that Monsieur de Valee used to pass six months of every year there. The estate, he used to tell me, required his presence and care for half the year. 'I cannot take you thither,' he would say, 'you would not be conveniently lodged, for one chamber only is available, it is the one I myself inhabit.' I sometimes pressed hard to follow him, but he always most strenuously refused me, and I ended by submitting to the will of a man to whom I owed everything in the world. It is true that during his absence he gave me frequent news of him; and the education of my daughter served to shorten a time which would otherwise have appeared to me very long, had it not been filled up by so sweet an occupation."

"And besides," added Monsieur de Pernillac, smilingly, "a husband who absents himself for half the year has likewise some merit! He returns the more tender, the more complaisant."

"Aye, Monsieur," exclaimed Madame de Valee, "I assure you that he always rendered me most happy."

Suddenly a carriage was heard to stop in the court-yard, and a lady of about forty years of age, still handsome, and clad in deep mourning, some moments after entered the apartment. Henri was holding the hand of Louise upon his heart. At the aspect of the unknown lady all present gazed silently at each other. The stranger approached Madame de Valee, and asked of her a private audience for an affair of the highest importance.

"I have no secrets from those who at present surround me, Madame," answered Madame de Valee, "to speak to me before my friends is to speak to me in private."

"Very well, then, Madame," said the stranger, "I am come to inform you of that which will wound you to the heart. I am Madame Valee, I am the legitimate wife of the man whose name you bear."

At this unexpected speech, Madame de Valee could not refrain from smiling.

"This is a strange piece of news," said Monsieur de Pernillac.

"Most truly singular," said Henri.

"Be silent, Henri," whispered Louise, "don't you see that the poor lady is not in her right senses? we must never laugh at misfortune, for it may assail ourselves when we the least expect it."

"Yes, Madame," added the stranger, without seeming to pay the least attention to what was said around her, "Yes, I am Madame de Valee, and come to reclaim my name and rights, I bring with me proofs of what I affirm."

"Proofs! let us see your proofs," said Monsieur de Pernillac, "show, them, I am curious to behold them."

"Here they are," said the stranger, exhibiting a roll of papers. "Here are the letters, too, which I received from my late husband, whilst

he dwelt for half a year in this chateau, addressed to me at his estate in Alsace, where I have lived secluded for the space of twenty years."

Madame de Valee took the letters with a trembling hand, and recognized the hand-writing of her husband, a deadly paleness overspread her countenance, for a secret terror stole into her heart.

"Here," added the stranger, "is my marriage contract, it is twenty years old, and must therefore be anterior to your own. We have both of us been deceived, Madame, but I am the first wife of Monsieur de Valee, and consequently the only one recognized by the law."

At sight of such manifest proofs, the mother of Louise had not the strength to answer, and the papers fell from her hands. Monsieur de Pernillac seized the marriage contract, and read it from beginning to end, continually repeating, "This contract is prodigiously well drawn out," said he, "in its form nothing seems missing."

His unhappy friend seemed quite beside herself, and exclaimed, "Is it possible that this lady is Madame de Valee! and I, oh, heavens! Who then am I? What name must I bear? What name can I give to my dear Louise? My beloved child, thou art lost for ever!"

At these words she fell back insensible. Louise and Henri flew to her assistance, and restored her by their care; her first movement was to clasp her daughter to her bosom.

"Ah! my beloved daughter," said she, "it is but too true that the laws will reject thee! thou art deprived of thy name and fortune, and must seem as the unhappy fruit and victim of vice, or of the weakness of your parents. The heir of him to whom you owe your birth will come forth and despoil you, and I, most unhappy mother, who only live for your happiness, have not even bread to give you! But no, no, it cannot be possible. Monsieur de Valee was a man of honour, and incapable of committing so great a fault. The letters must be false, this contract too, is a forgery! It is a most horrible imposition invented to break the heart of a mother."

"Madame," answered the stranger, with calm dignity, "I can pardon to your just affliction expressions which you would blame yourself for having uttered, were you acquainted with my character and principles. I repeat to you, Madame, that we have each of us been deceived; both have believed Monsieur de Valee incapable of so great a crime; yet it is not less true that he has committed it."

"But how could you be ignorant of a marriage contracted upwards of eighteen years?"

"I might address to you the same question with still more justice. I was married two years before you; it was at Strasburg that Monsieur de Valee became acquainted with me, and was united to me. Some days after my marriage he conducted me to the estate he possessed four leagues from that town. During the first two years he was only absent from me the space of two months to visit his estate at Turenne, but his third absence was of much longer duration. On his return I complained to him of so long an absence, he told me that his estate at Turenne required his presence six months in the year; and that unfortunately it was not calculated to offer me a dwelling, and that he therefore could not

allow me to follow him thither. Each year he projected repairing the chateau, but the great expense, he said, checked him in the enterprise; such was the motive he alleged to retard the execution. I was therefore obliged to submit to a separation for half the year, which seemed at first cruel to me, but I at length became accustomed to believe it necessary. And then he wrote to me so regularly, I can produce all his letters! In fact, Madame, a whole month elapsed and I received no letter from him. I wrote, none answered me; I sent to Turenne a confidential person, who soon informed me that Monsieur de Valee was dead, leaving a widow endowed with every virtue. You may judge of my surprise by that which you yourself experienced; if an explanation does not suffice to inspire you with some confidence in the legitimacy of my rights, to-morrow I will place my marriage contract in the hands of arbiters named by yourself, and they shall pronounce upon my fate and upon your own."

The stranger left the apartment and ascended her carriage, leaving the unhappy family in a situation of mind difficult to describe. Madame de Valee seemed as though a thunderbolt had fallen upon her; her expressive glance was directed towards her daughter; she shed no tears, for her grief was concentrated in her heart. Henri and Louise were beside her, each holding her hand and gazing upon each other with the expression of a love which for the first time has to fear an adverse fate. The silence was only interrupted by the exclamations of Monsieur de Pernillac, who paced the apartment, repeating to himself, "This is a bad business! Very bad business, indeed! It will end ill—that marriage contract—it seems excellent. That lady is certainly the widow of Monsieur de Valee. She had the enjoyment of the estate in Alsace most indubitably."

It was late, Madame de Valee stood much in need of rest; she entered her chamber and gave a free vent to her tears. Ere he quitted Louise, Henri approached her, and with a tender pressure of the hand, said in a low tone, "Louise, you are unfortunate, and this is a greater motive than we have ever had for loving each other truly."

Soon after their departure from the chateau, Monsieur de Pernillac exclaimed, "By heavens we have been very fortunate!"

"Fortunate! father, can we be so when misfortune oppresses those who are dear to us?"

"True, boy, true; but confess, nevertheless, that this *éclaircissement* took place just in time—"

"To obscure my happiness!"

"To hinder you from committing an irreparable error, that of uniting yourself to a young woman without rank or fortune, an illegitimate daughter."

"Oh! what does that signify? is she not still Louise, her whom my heart has chosen, her whom you have ever permitted me to love? Has her mother been guilty of a crime in giving her birth? No, my father, no, honour, confiding honour, and every virtue accompanied Madame de Valee to the altar; her heart was pure, must she then be punished in her dearest affections for a fault which she has not committed? Hu-

man laws condemn her, but Heaven recognizes and absolves her."

"What you say, my son, sounds very fine; but we are not in heaven, but living, on the contrary, among men, and must conform ourselves to the laws they have made to preserve order and morality amongst us! We must sacrifice ourselves to their opinions, and to the station we hold in society, those opinions to which your passion now lends a varnish of justice and good feeling, the better to deceive you; it shall not be said that my son, my sole heir, who may pretend to a most advantageous connection, has renounced his pretensions to unite himself to a natural daughter."

"How, father! do you mean—"

"That you should renounce Louise!"

"It would be to renounce my very honour."

"Honour, my son, consists in sacrificing everything to public opinion, and to obey honour you wish to dishonour yourself! You are blinded by your love, it is your father who ought to guide you in such a moment, and you are not in a state to appreciate the reasons he gives you or the motives which make him act thus: confide yourself to his prudence, to-morrow morning we will leave this place. I will write to Madame de Valee, whose misfortune I truly compassionate, and recall my promise. Write you to her daughter, apprise her of my intention—write if you will, a tender epistle, complain highly of the cruel fate which separates you at the very moment in which the sweetest links were about to unite you; nothing can be more natural than that you should do so; throw fire and flame upon me, I will allow you to do so, but write, I command you."

Henri made no answer to this absolute order; he retired fully determined ever to love her whom he was ordered to abandon.

At this moment the unhappy girl was by her mother's side, vainly endeavouring to console her by the eloquence of her tenderness; she knew not yet the full extent of her misfortune. "Why weep thus," said she, "your daughter still remains to you, and will never leave you. When I am the wife of Henri, you will come and dance with your children; he is rich, everything will be in common amongst us; you will be a mother to him as you are to me! Oh! if you did but know how Henri loves you, how truly noble is his heart!"

Early upon the morrow, Monsieur de Pernillac sent to Madame de Valee the letter he had written, it was coldly polite, the expressions were well measured, but it concluded by announcing to the unhappy mother that the projected alliance could not now take place. This last stroke was too much for Madame de Valee. "Oh! Louise, my well beloved," said she to herself, "you have flattered yourself with false hope! Your lover forsakes you with fortune; you judged him by your own generous heart. Henri, in the midst of every misfortune, abandoned by his father, by the very laws, and by all mankind, still would have been thy Henri, but there is no longer a Louise for him!"

At this instant Louise approached smiling at her mother with the expression of profound tenderness. Madame de Valee burst into a flood



of tears, and bid her daughter sit down upon the bed. "Now you should hate me," said she, "why did I give thee birth? my poor, poor child, thou dost not yet dream of the extent of thy misfortune!"

"What!" cried Louise, with a look of consternation, "you then hide from me your sorrows?"

"I wish I could conceal from thee the last and most cruel of all. Poor Louise!—summons all your courage—and read this letter."

Louise took the letter from her mother's hand, opened it, and was about to read its contents, when the door unclosed and gave to view the stranger of the preceding day, accompanied by Monsieur de Pernillac and Henri. Madame de Valee shuddered at the sight, and addressing the stranger, "You are doubtlessly come, Madame, to announce to me the decisive sentence of my fate. It had been more generous, and, perhaps, more delicate, had you delayed to do so."

"I imagined, Madame," answered the stranger, "that an affair of this importance could not admit of one instant's delay. I met these gentlemen, who were disposing themselves to depart from hence, and have retained them, they are your friends, and were witnesses to the scene of yesterday, and I wished them to be so of its termination."

"Well, Madame, hasten then to apprise me, in their presence, that pity alone remains to me."

"Calm your sorrow, Madame, and deign to listen to me. I am the only legitimate wife of Monsieur de Valee, my rights cannot possibly be contested; when I learned his second marriage, I thought it incumbent upon me to reclaim a title which exclusively belonged to me. I saw you in the interior of your family, and placed myself in your situation, and your maternal sorrow had access to my heart; you have a child, I have none; I enjoy an independent fortune, you possess nothing. Did Monsieur de Valee still exist, and were he obliged to make a choice between us, it were surely to the mother of his child that he would give the preference, you are the one he would recognize as his legitimate wife. Let us not then dishonour the memory of a man who was dear to both of us; let an impenetrable veil be thrown upon his crime! I abandon to you all my rights, and place within your hands my marriage contract, and all the letters which I ever received from Monsieur de Valee. Allow me however to retain, in my country, a name which I so long have borne; your interest prompts it, for did I take any other I should cause a part of the truth to be suspected."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Madame de Valee, with the accents of convulsive joy. "Are you not an angel descended from Heaven to reclaim me from despair to happiness? Ah! what expressions could ever paint to you my unbounded gratitude and admiration! Louise, my child, throw yourself at her feet, she is your benefactress, your guardian angel; by restoring you your honour she renders you more than I have given to you!"

The stranger, profoundly moved by this scene, shed tears of tenderness, and taking the hands of Louise and Henri, and turning to Madame de Valee: "Yesterday," said she, "I guessed their love; I came forth and afflicted them: let me,

therefore, enjoy to-day the sight of that happiness I can restore to them."

"Alas!" said Madame de Valee, "such a union has long been my dearest hope, but is at present impossible. Read, Madame, read the letter which Monsieur de Pernillac has addressed to me, and judge if I can pardon so great an insult."

"Yes, Madame," exclaimed Monsieur de Pernillac, grasping the fatal letter, "my son and your Louise will implore you for my pardon, their happiness depends upon it: would you punish them for a fault of which I alone am culpable, and which I fully repent?"

"Oh! my mother!" said Louise, "if a letter has had power to dispose you against Monsieur de Pernillac, another, I conceive, should reconcile you; read, therefore, the one I this morning received." She handed it at the same moment to her mother, who read the following words:—

"The more unfortunate Louise may seem to be, the more deeply I swear to love her; and this vow is sacred as if pronounced at the altar—for Henri will have no other wife than his Louise."

"Ah! all is now forgotten: I forgive you," exclaimed Madame de Valee, putting forth her hand to Monsieur de Pernillac, "Come, Henri, come, my son, and receive a mother's kiss: my daughter shall be your's, and your's only!"

On the morrow of this happy day, Henri led his Louise to the altar; the generous stranger refused to remain longer amongst those beings whose happiness she had secured. She feared lest the expressions of their gratitude should reveal the whole greatness of her soul's secret, which she felt so much interested in keeping concealed. She returned to Alsace, bearing with her the greatest of blessings, that of having performed a good action.

## MY UNCLE—A PORTRAIT.

"This fellow, now, is like an over-ripe melon—rough outside, with much sweetness under it."—*The Mountaineers.*

IMAGINE a short burly-faced man, in a pepper-and-salt coat, red waistcoat, light kerseymere breeches, and short gaiters; his hat beaushly inclined a slight degree from the perpendicular over his right ear, the left scantily covered with a few grey hairs suspiciously disguised with powder; an eye of varied expression; dignified when glancing at an inferior, courteous in the salutation of an equal, and salaciously amorous when ogling a pretty girl. Imagine too, "a fair round belly with good capon lined," and that air of consequential importance, which the ever present reflection of being worth a plum never fails to impart; and you have a tolerable camera-lucida portrait of my Uncle, Timothy Tomkins, Esq., citizen and bachelor.

Your plodding London tradesmen of the last century never suffered their imaginations to stray to green fields and rural felicity, till they had worn out the pith of their existence in the acquisition of a competence. They built substantial mansions in narrow alleys, and immured themselves and their progeny in their brick warrens,

till the thirst of money-getting was sufficiently quenched to prompt the wish for retirement; and then they very prudently withdrew from the turmoils of traffic, to die of *ennui* and nothing-to-do-iness in a dull country village. My honoured kinsman, though somewhat tinged with antiquated notions and gone-by prejudices, was yet wise enough to leave off bargain-driving and stock-jobbing, before he had lost all relish for rural life; but having passed the meridian of his life unburdened with connubial cares, he found, after a few months possession of his snug cottage on Hampstead Heath, that the prattle of children, and the music of a woman's tongue might have proved less annoying than chewing the cud of his own musings; nodding over a newspaper, or contemplating the stagnant viridity of a duck-pond. He grew tired of gazing on the Heath, and listening to the cawing of rooks and the tinkling of sheep-bells. The blue sky and the green fields, his grotto and hermitage, his thick-set hedges, and his flower-prankt arbours, became alike indifferent to his unpoetical imagination; and he sighed for the busy bustle of Cornhill, and the grateful hum of the Royal Exchange. Pent up in his green solitude, he felt convincingly how dreary a thing it was to lead the life of a bachelor; and then he fell to reflecting how silly it was of him, some twenty years back, to break off his courtship with Miss Biddy Briggs, the rich saddler's daughter, for disliking his pea-green coat; and that if he had bridled his anger, he might have secured the tender bit for himself, instead of holding the stirrup, like a fool as he was, to fat Ferguson, the fellmonger of Bermondsey, who vaulted in his place, and galloped off with the prize. All this, however, was now "past praying for;" and though he had retired, that was no reason he should be hypped to death with the blue devils on Hampstead Heath. He, therefore, made up his mind to drive to London once a day, that he might look around and see how the world wagged; scrupulously resolving to drive no bargains either for time or tallow, but merely to "peep at the busy Babel," and occasionally secure an old friend to share half his gig, and take a dinner and a bed at his rural domicile. Besides, there were other causes beyond the mere sense of loneliness, to induce him to adopt this plan. Among the rest he missed his morning's sandwich and his comfortable basin of turtle. He had a tolerable cook, to be sure; and those of his old friends, who occasionally enlightened his solitude by dropping in, pronounced her culinary fabrications excellent. Their commendations gratified his ear, but did not convince his judgment; and Birch's soups remained *ne plus ultras*, which her skill could never achieve.

As he had no one to please but himself, his scheme was soon put into practice; and a new gig was ordered; a vehicle, by-the-by, he had little fancy for, and in which nothing but the prejudice of the old school against riding in a stage-coach, could have induced him to peril his neck. I had the honour of initiating him in the noble science of driving; an acquirement, he said, which he never thought of living to see a gentleman take a pride in. He was immensely awkward at first; the clumsiest Phaeton that ever had a fancy for horse-flesh. His fat, fleshy knuckles grasp-

ed the reins with a most ungraceful air, and he brandished the whip like a carman. However, he was highly delighted with his new toy; and I shall never forget the glee with which he bunched into Batson's, and shook hands with a dozen of his cronies after a twelvemonth's absence. Even the waiter came in for a share of his regards.—"What, Joe! What, here still, eh, Joe! Not in business yet, eh? And Kitty the bar-maid, too, I declare! Well, Kitty, how d'y'e do? Not married yet, I see. Joe and you make a match of it, eh! Can set up Joe's coffee-house then, you know."—A new dawn seemed to have gleamed on the old gentleman's existence. He grew fat and frolicsome, and had snug turtle-diners, and bacchanalian revels at his *rus in urbe*. 'till, like Sir John Falstaff, he grew "out of all compass—out of all reasonable compass." Self-willed, as old bachelors usually are, he would no longer suffer me to drive, and my equestrian services were dispensed with. "Young hair-brained fellows like you," he said, "are not fit companions for sedate elderly folks." The fact was, he had no mind I should witness the midnight orgies of his rural retirement, and I had no inclination to partake of them. It happened one morning, after one of his customary devotions at the shrine of good fellowship, that he attempted to drive to town, his head half muzzy with the last night's debauch. The tit that ran in his gig, was a fine blood mare of my own choosing: and I had more, than once told him, that if he did not wish to drive to the devil, the whip and her hide must be kept at a respectful distance. "Attempt to brush a fly off *her* neck," said I, "and depend upon it she'll break *yours*." Well, what does my sagacious kinsman do, but just as he came to that deep descent on the Hampstead road, between the Heath and Camden Town, and where any man in his senses would have held tight the reins, he lays half-a-dozen swinging lashes on the mare's flank. Away she scampered, helter-skelter; off flew the wheel, snap went the shafts, and out tumbled my uncle Timothy. The horse was stopped with difficulty, the gig was dashed to atoms, and uncle was conveyed home to bed. The old boy was more frightened than hurt. All his limbs were sound, and he had no bruises; but terror performed the work of reality, and introduced him, for the first time in his life to the pleasures of the gout. The grossness of his habit, and the irregularities of his living, were powerful auxiliaries to the virulence of his disorder. His temper was not one of the mildest in the world, and he indulged freely in the popular remedy of expletives. To be tied down to his arm-chair was punishment enough; but to be tortured into the bargain would have excited cataphobia in a less irritable temperament than his. I received a note from him a day or two after his accident, written in much apparent pain, if I might judge by the hieroglyphics that were jumbled together in its composition. It was couched in the following terms:—

"Bob, you scoundrel, why don't you come to me? I am dying, you undutiful cub, and you won't stir a peg—I've had a sad accident, Bob. Spilt from the kickshaw cockle-shell the gig. All my bones broken—Confound that mare!

Your buying, Bob—on purpose I believe, to break my neck—Got the gout, too, Bob. The gout, you villain, and you know it, and won't come. Yes; here I may die; nobody cares for me: nobody cares for an old bachelor—Bobby, my boy, come to your poor lame uncle—You rascal, if you don't set out directly, I'll cut you off with a shilling.

“Your loving uncle,

TIMOTHY TOMKINS.

My sensations, on perusing this epistle, were none of the most agreeable: not that I disliked the old gentleman, but I was so well aware of the testiness of his temper, that I felt my dependence on him at this moment stronger than ever. I knew that it hung upon a thread; and that, square my behaviour as I would, I could hardly hope to please him. Besides, I had a tale to unfold, on the reception of which the future happiness of my life depended; and if the variable wind that guided his weathercock disposition should happen to set in the wrong quarter, a long farewell to all the fairy pictures of felicity my ardent imagination had painted. I have already glanced at an attachment of the old gentleman in his younger days to Miss Biddy Briggs, who wedded his rival. The lady certainly acted a little precipitately in the affair; for had she waited the ebullition of my uncle's passion, he would doubtless have been the first to have made overtures of peace. However, she promptly decided on giving her hand to the fellmonger, and left her quondam beau to recover his chagrin and surprise as he might. Since that period he had cherished a bitter dislike to the fellmonger; and whenever the image of Biddy crossed his mind, he drove it away with the epithets of a jilt, a coquette, and an inconstant. Now it happened, by the most singular chance in the world, that the daughter of this couple was introduced to me at a ball—that grand mart, time out of mind, for the exchange of hearts; and, as a matter of course, I fell in love. I hope none of my readers will take offence at this old-fashioned method of imbibing the tender passion; for I can assure them, that even now, hearts are sometimes lost in ball-rooms, as well as in the days of Sir Charles Grandison. I skip over the honied hours that preceded my offer and acceptance—lovers' *teles-a-tele* are maudlin matters for paper. Two obstacles alone opposed our union, trifles, perhaps to some folks, but not so to us—I mean the consent of her parents and of my uncle on whom the reckless generosity of a liberal-minded but ill-fortuned father had left me utterly dependent. It was agreed that I should write to the former, and make a *viva voce* appeal to the latter. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were good sort of folks, who were anxious to see their daughter happy; and they wrote me in reply, that if my uncle's consent could be obtained, theirs should not be withheld. Their letter contained many expressions of regard for their old friend, and an anxious wish for a union, which would connect both families in bonds of closer friendship. This was the sum and substance of their epistle, worded in a somewhat more homely style, but containing all I could desire. And now, said I, for my uncle!

It was at this critical juncture that his letter reached me; and this was the business I had to

inpart. O! thought I, the miseries of dependence! And on an old Bachelor, too, the testiest animal in the world! Old bachelors are a sort of wild beasts. They carry their untamed ferocities about them, to the annoyance of their fellow creatures; while a married man, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is the gentlest being imaginable. He is swayed and curbed and softened down, till he loses all his celibacious asperities, and becomes a reasonable creature. Marriage, like the gentle arts, “*emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*,” it prevents men from degenerating into brutes, and, by the constant collision with woman's milder mind, gives them a portion of her tender spirit, and humanizes the soul. All these reflections were engendered by the fear that the ancient animosity of my uncle to the very name of Ferguson should stand between me and the consummation of my hopes. I glided up the stairs that led to his apartment, and as I held the handle of the door in dubious suspense, endeavoured to screw my courage to the sticking-place, ere I turned it round and ventured into his presence. The effort was made, and the door opened. By the side of the fire, half-encircled with an old-fashioned screen, sat my uncle Timothy, in a capacious arm-chair; his legs enveloped in flannels and fleecy hosiery; his hands resting on the elbows of the chair; his countenance flushed and fiery with pain and vexation, and his eyes glaring at the glowing embers in abstracted vacancy. As I advanced towards him with the best look of condolence I could command, he raised his head, and the following dialogue ensued:

“So you are come at last. A pretty dutiful nephew—a tender-hearted kinsman. Yes, here I might lie and languish in agony 'till doomsday. Even my own brother's son cares nothing for me; no, not an atom. Well, sir, what do you stand there for, like a stock-fish? Why don't you get a chair?”—“Sir,” I replied, mechanically obeying him, “I assure you I never heard of your accident 'till the receipt of your letter; and I set off on the instant.”—“Dare say you did. Don't think it, though. Hoped to find your uncle at his last gasp, I've no doubt. Disappointed mayhap; shall live long enough yet to tire you out. Sound at the core, Bob. No chance for you these twenty years. Took care of myself when I was young, and didn't waste my health, and my money in drinking and raking. No Tom-and-Jerrying in those days.”—“I should hope, sir, my conduct would acquit me of any undutiful wish towards an uncle who has always proved so kind to me as you have.”—“Eh? Well, perhaps it would. As you say, I haven't deserved it, Bob. Don't think you are hard-hearted; never did. You are tolerable well as the world goes; only a little flighty. Young men, now-a-days, are not as they were when I was a stripling. Bobby, my boy, just shift my leg on this cushion. Zounds! you scoundrel, you've crippled me. You villain, do you suppose my toes have no more feeling than a horse's hoof? Did you think you were handling a bed-post?” I stammered out an apology, attributing my inadvertency to my anxiety to relieve his pain. This soothed him a little. “Why, lookye, Bob; you know I am naturally good-tempered, but it would provoke the patience of a saint to be cooped up here like a capon, roasted

as I am by a slow fire, drenched with drugs, and fed upon slops. But tell me, what are you doing? How do you like the law? Fancy you like the playhouses better. Prefer hopping at Almack's, to studying Coke upon Littleton, eh?"—"Sir, I never go to balls."—"Never go to balls! More shame for you. Dare say you never said a civil thing to a lady in your life."—"I trust, Sir, I have never been found deficient in the attentions due to the fair sex."—"Pshaw! I don't believe you. I know you are a shy-cock. You've no more gallantry than a goose,—no more spirit than a tomtit. You're an animated iceberg. Zounds! when I was a youngster, the glance of a bright eye acted on me like a spark in a powder-barrel, I was in flames in a moment. Dare say you never formed a single attachment. Sorry for it. Should like to see you married, Bob."—"Perhaps, Sir, you could recommend me a wife."—"Not I, Bob, I never played the part of a match maker in my life. You must beat up your own game, lad, and run it down yourself."—"Then, my dear uncle, to confess the truth, so far from being the cold composition you imagine me, I am actually engaged to a young lady."—"The devil you are! And pray who is she?"—"I hesitated, and changed colour. "What are you stammering at? You're not ashamed of telling her name, surely."—"Oh, no, sir. Her name is—her name—that is, her name is—Miss Julia Ferguson." He stared at me a second or two in mute surprise. "Ferguson! No relation, I hope, to fat Ferguson the fellmonger." Here was a crisis! It was in vain to repent my precipitancy. Sincerity was all I had to trust to, and I confessed she was his daughter. The effect was fearful. He never uttered a word: but I could see the workings of pride, passion, and resentment, as they alternately displayed themselves in the fiery glances of his eye, the flushings of his cheek and the quivering of his lips. Opposite his window there grew a sturdy oak. He turned his eyes towards it, and thus addressed me, with an assumed coolness: "Bob, look at that oak. When your strength shall be able to bend its trunk, you may hope to bend my wishes to your will. Ferguson! I detest the name, and all who bear it; and sooner than you should wed her, I would follow you to your grave." There was something so appalling in his manner as he uttered this denouncement, that I was unable to reply; but I was spared the effort by the sudden opening of the door, and the entrance of an old friend of my uncle's, who stopped suddenly, struck by the expression on both our countenances. "Hey day!" said he, "what's the matter? Uncle and nephew at loggerheads!"—"Here's Bob," replied my kinsman, "has dared to acknowledge a passion for the daughter of fat Ferguson, the fellow that ————"—"Married your adorable, because you was too sulky to ask her hand for yourself, well, what is there so wonderful in that! Julia Ferguson is a fine girl, and deserves a good husband."—"Very likely; but do you suppose I would ever give my consent to her union with my nephew?"—"And why not? Let me tell you, the Fergusons are a very respectable and a worthy family."—"But their blood shall never mingle with mine."—"Lookye, Tomkins; you're an unforgiving fellow: your blood would suffer no contamination

by the union: and I can tell you this, that whatever animosity you may bear to them, they always speak in the highest terms of you. Mrs. Ferguson, to this day, says you are the best-hearted man she ever knew." My uncle's features here assumed a more complacent aspect. "Answer me one question," said he. "Can you deny that she jilted me?"—"I can. You might have had a regard for her, but it does not follow that she was in love with you; and surely she had a right to consult her own happiness by marrying the man of her heart."—"Humph! well, I care little about that now. I hate animosity as much as any man; and Bob knows it has always been my wish that he should be happy; and if I thought they really wished to renew the acquaintance—" I interrupted the conclusion of the sentence by putting into his hand the letter I had just received. He was much agitated while perusing it, and I could see a tear in the corner of his eye. He wiped it away with the back of his hand, and desired me to reach him the writing apparatus. In a few minutes a letter was written, announcing his wish for a reconciliation, and giving his consent to the marriage. Our hearts were too full to speak. My uncle reached out his hand to his friend. He shook it heartily. "You've acted," said he, "like yourself. This is as it should be." I quitted the room to despatch the letter, and in three weeks' time became the husband of the fellmonger's daughter.

Q. Q. Q.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

## RETURN TO THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

TELL of the proud aspirations of ambition. Trace the glorious achievements of conquerors. Mark the various projects of intellectual power. Follow, in their course, the changes of alternate hopes and fears, in pleasure or business. Observe how much of caprice, or passion, or dreary thought, or sober opinion, has predominated. Then go back to the scenes and days of childhood, and confess how much dearer is the recollection of early affections than the present aspirations of ambition. Confess how much more affecting to the best emotions are the remembrances of early hours, than the novelty, and changes, and conflicts of mature life. In our days of disappointment and adversity, and multiplying vexations, with what unutterable pleasure do we recur to the simple joys of childhood? With what tenacity do we cling to days of innocence and feelings of purity? Pleasure comes to us with its blandishments, and the charms of art minister to newly created wants; but with our pleasures come pain and anxiety, and with new wants come new desires. Love and friendship twine about the heart with renewed force; but the best objects of our affection wither and die, and then we look back to early days, and we ask for the unforgotten joys of childhood. Wearied with cares and disappointed in our expectations, memory goes back to other times when the heart knew not a painful emotion; and, in hope to relieve some of the moments that come to us like the

visions of a dream after years of absence, we return to the scenes of early life.

We come back to the place where our youth was passed, and we look around for some living object on which our earliest and purest affections rested. Affection calls in vain. Nature is the same, but all else has faded. In our first view of the once familiar scenes, our hearts bound with the renovated elasticity of youthful feeling. But soon, how soon, we are admonished that the vigorous fires of youth are nearly burned out: how soon we feel that the companions of our youth have departed; how soon we realize that the gay dreams of life, associated with the scenes around us, have passed away; and that nothing now remains to us of their former existence but the associations that bring the same lovely picture of the future to other young bosoms of another generation. We mingle with the people of another age. We mark the gay crowd around us, but we look in vain for the kind and smiling faces that once greeted us. We walk the halls of our former home, and the solitary echo of our footstep is the only sound to which we claim kindred. That is our own. Its solitariness has companionship in our hearts. All else is the particular property of another age and generation. We exclaim, "how changed!" Aye, how changed! We, our position, our hopes, our feelings, our opinions, our tastes, our associations? Half a century has passed, and a whole generation of men, with all their projects of ambition, and hopes of distinction, and plans for earthly immortality, have passed to their silent home! But not beautiful nature. That is unchanged and unchangeable; and though age has pressed upon the vigor of our limbs, and time has diminished the buoyant emotions of the heart, the bright scenery around us is still presenting its renovated beauties.

We have passed far down on the stream of time. We have left the sparkling sources of the waters that bore us onward. We have receded, on either hand, from the embankments and the grassy couches of its borders. We pass further down the rapid stream. The waters have acquired breadth and depth, and the verdant banks no longer disclose the inviting charms and beauties of an early voyage. The dim mist of the waters is about us, and the sober progress of our passage brings reality, that the limits of human life approximate to the confines of eternity, where the stream of time will be gathered and lost. But the progress of human life and pleasure is still for others. Our children—they commence in the elastic hopes of childhood and youth; and innocent pleasures and gay anticipations live in their bosoms, as once they lived in our own.

We stand upon the spot which was the theatre of the joys of our youth. We are there alone. No living thing claims kindred to us; and a faint and death-like consciousness comes upon the heart, that the home of our early days is the home of strangers, and that every tie of early attachment is severed. The breath of life is not mingled with the scene. But the blue arch of heaven, the towering hill, the once loved stream, with its gentle curves and jutting promontories, the shore-worn pebbles that our infant arm would cast upon the unruffled waters, calling into being the suc-

cessively receding circles that gave delight to our bosoms—these recall the almost obliterated events of childhood, when the voices are hushed in unbroken silence more dear to us.

But there is one object, which, above all others, bears to the heart the most afflicting changes of the past and present. It is the connecting link between the worthiest joys of time drawn from filial and parental affections, and the anticipated delight of renovated love that religious faith presents in a higher state of being. The grave-yard, the sad chronicler of names at the sound of which the heart once leaped, is the only remembrancer that tells of the connecting and undying bond that unites the living with the dead.

Hark! the bell tolls, in measured time, the hour of rest. Its voice speaks of the evening hour when parental benedictions and childhood's gratitude marked a happy family; when the parting words of "good night," told that they were at peace with each other and with the world. A tear! Blest, blest drop, hallowed to the memories of the departed! When I, too, shall be gathered to the narrow house of the dead, may a tear, as warm and as sincere as this, drop upon the green sod that shall cover me.

T. P.

In the present enlightened state of society, it is impossible for mankind to be thoroughly vicious; for wisdom and virtue are very often convertible terms, and they invariably assist and strengthen each other. A society composed of none but the wicked, could not exist; it contains within itself the seed of its own destruction, *without* a flood, would be swept away from the earth, by the deluge of its own iniquity. The moral cement of all society, is virtue: it unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys. The good may well be termed the salt of the earth. For where there is no integrity, there can be no confidence; and where there is no confidence, there can be no unanimity. The story of the three German robbers is applicable to our present purpose, from the pregnant brevity of its moral. Having acquired, by various atrocities, what amounted to a very valuable booty, they agreed to divide the spoil, and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day, which they had appointed for this purpose, arrived, one of them was despatched to a neighbouring town, to purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return, that they might come in for one half of the plunder, instead of a third. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator even than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned a part of the provisions, that he might appropriate unto himself the *whole* of the spoil. This precious triumvirate were found dead together,—a signal instance that nothing is so blind and suicidal, as the selfishness of vice.

Our very best friends have a tincture of jealousy even in their friendship: and when they hear us praised by others, will ascribe it to sinister and interested motives, if they can.

# THOSE MAGIC EYES!

## A Ballad.

Arranged for the Piano Forte, by

J. C. VIERECK.

Composed by

A. F. WINNEMORE.

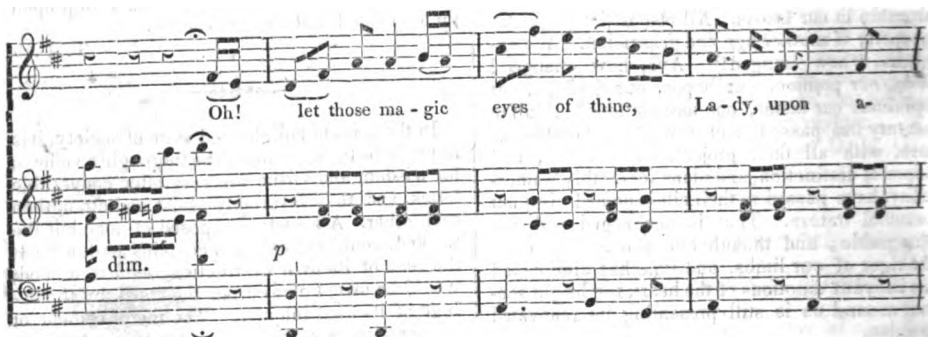
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*Allegretto ma con Espressione.*



mf sfz

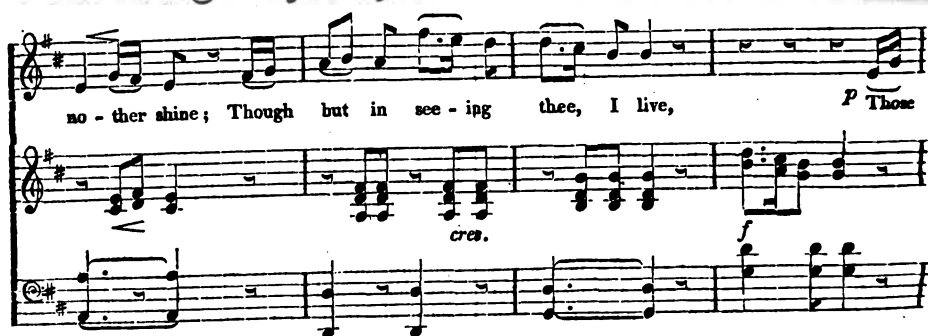
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff features a melody in G major, 6/8 time, starting with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F#4. The left staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes G3-A3, B3-C4, D4-E4, and a half note C#3. The piece concludes with a final chord of G major.



Oh! let those ma-gic eyes of thine, La-dy, upon a-

dim. p

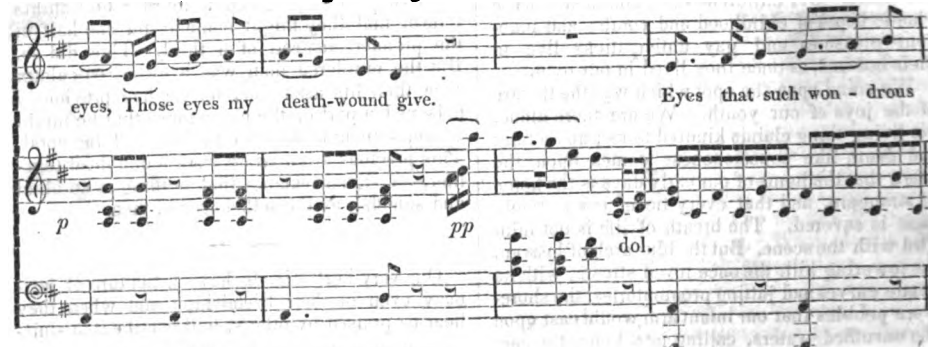
The vocal melody begins on a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by eighth notes A3-B3, C4-D4, and a half note C#3. The dynamics are marked *dim.* and *p*.



no-ther shine; Though but in see-ing thee, I live, P Those

cres. f

The vocal melody continues with eighth notes G4-A4, B4-C5, A4-G4, and a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords: G3-A3-B3, C4-D4-E4, F#3-G3-A3, and B3-C4-D4. The dynamics are marked *cres.* and *f*.



eyes, Those eyes my death-wound give. Eyes that such won-drous

p pp dol.

The vocal melody continues with eighth notes G4-A4, B4-C5, A4-G4, and a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords: G3-A3-B3, C4-D4-E4, F#3-G3-A3, and B3-C4-D4. The dynamics are marked *p*, *pp*, and *dol.*

art possess, Should guard - ed be with care - ful - ness; For when they do but

glance at me, Vainly I strive to gaze on thee.

*pp* *p* *dolce.*

*sfz* *sfz* *mf* *f* *dim. ritard. pp*

'Tis thus that love and fate ordain,  
That which is guerdon for my pain,  
Should but add fuel to my grief,  
And to my woes bring no relief.

From those dear eyes I light receive,  
'Tis only in their light I live,  
Yet when they do but glance at me,  
Vainly I strive to gaze on thee.

### \*EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Albany Daily advertiser says, "An English writer charges the fashionable females who ruin their health and their complexions by their dissipation, with resorting to many artifices to retain their good looks. One of these is new to us. It is using a blue crayon to imitate the veins, which are no longer visible through the impaired skin."

Silver plumpers, made to puff out the cheeks, have long been in use, if we may believe what we have read in the old plays. We have ourselves seen beautiful neeks that owed all their brilliancy to magnesia." Such may be the case in England, but can never be here.

There is a fashion in flowers as well as in every thing else. Some years ago Geraniums were in high repute. They are easily raised, requiring but little

water, a light soil, and capable of bearing a warm sun. Those who understand their cultivation, prune the branches and lop off the withered leaves. The fashionable flower of the present day is the Dahlia.

**THE LADY'S BOOK.**—The August number has been received, and, by the way, it is due to Mr. Godey to say, that this monthly is received more punctually than most of the periodicals. This number has a greater variety of matter than usual. By the way, how came they with such an inimitable representation of our old acquaintance, *Charles Hosten*, as we find in the scene from *Rob Roy*.—*Republican, Annapolis, Md.*

We copy the above from the Annapolis Republican. Do inform us which is the likeness to friend Charles, so that we may judge of his personal appearance. We hope the Baillie is not the fac similie.

**BOOKSELLERS FESTIVAL.**—Rarely—never, indeed, on any former occasion—has our good city been the theatre of an entertainment in which the ‘feast of reason and the flow of soul’ mingled so harmoniously with the ‘things that minister to the body’s sense,’ as at the late trade-sale celebration. Such a gathering of wits—such an outpouring of eloquence—such a display of intellect, are not of frequent occurrence, and we regard ourselves as particularly fortunate in having been present, and participant in the enjoyment.

It is not, perhaps, generally known to our readers, that twice a year a Book Fair is held in Philadelphia, resembling in its general features the annual fair at Leipzig, whither all the continental booksellers resort. To this fair—that we mean held in this city—come the Booksellers from all parts of the Union to purchase, sell, and exchange their commodities. During the present season an unusual number was assembled, and the trade here gave their brethren from abroad a splendid entertainment, to which they also invited many gentlemen of literary distinction. Nearly two hundred persons were present, including several of our most eminent citizens.

After the cloth was removed, Mr. H. C. Carey, who presided, made some appropriate remarks on the subject of the assemblage, and proposed a toast which called up Dr. Bird, who, in a most classical and polished address, returned thanks for the compliment. Alderman McMichael, in a speech marked by the vigour of thought, fervency of diction, and ease of manner, which are common to all his efforts, detailed a number of highly interesting facts connected with the book-trade, and bestowed a merited eulogium on the booksellers. He was succeeded by our friend Chandler, who acquitted himself with his customary force and elegance. R. T. Conrad, spoke in his usual rich, glowing, and poetical style; and Richard Penn Smith delivered himself of some capital remarks, interspersed with sparkling witticisms. Postmaster Page punned with his wonted felicity; and Nicholas Biddle made an admirable speech on the growing prospects of the west. Judge Hall, Col. McKenny, and other gentlemen, also responded to sentiments, and various admirable songs were given with great effect by professional and amateur singers.

Altogether, the affair was of the most gratifying character. The arrangements were of the most liberal description, and nothing had been spared to give attraction to the entertainment.

**The Charlemagne Bible MS.**—This extraordinary specimen of the literature and arts of the 8th century, of the genuineness of which, and its being written by Alcuin, there is no doubt, was put up at auction by Mr. Evans, on the 30th of April; but, notwithstanding his persuasive powers, was bought in at £1500; the value set upon it by the owner being no less than £2500.

**Discovery at Pompeii.**—Professor Zahn has announced to the world, that a rich discovery has just taken place at Pompeii, in a house forming part of the Strada di Mercurio. Although of insignificant appearance, there were found in this dwelling, pictures in fresco, representing Narcissus and Endymion; fourteen vases of silver, and a great quantity of coins, among which were twenty-nine pieces of gold, struck during the reign of the first Roman emperors. Also, two other vases of silver, five inches in diameter, and ornamented with carving, representing Cupids, Centaurs, and emblems of Bacchus and Ceres.

**THE GIFT for 1837**—Edited by Miss Leslie—and published by Carey & Hart—is worthy the fame of the Lady Editor, and the enterprise of the Gentlemen publishers. Its contents are varied, and among its contributors will be found the names of Miss Leslie, Mrs. Sigourney, Alex. Dimitry, Willis Gaylord Clark, Charles West Thomson, Miss Embury, Mrs. Stille, R. Shelton Mackenzie, L. L. D., N. C. Brooks, A. M., and W. E. Burton. The plates are beautiful, but the gem of the book is Dorothea, by Cheney. We shall refer to the work again in a future number.

Will our brethren of the press, immediately upon reading this, turn to their Exchange Book and alter address of papers intended for Lady’s Book, to “Saturday News,” and oblige—

Bulwer’s Novels are now complete, and can be sent off at once. A remittance of Five Dollars will pay for the work and command a credit of Two Dollars on account of Lady’s Book. We promise the assistance of a galaxy of talent for the ensuing year, in aid of the present Editor of the book.

The following is the title of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale’s forthcoming work:—

**The Ladies Wreath;** Containing Selections from the female poetic writers of England and America, with Original Notices and Notes, designed as a Gift Book, for all seasons, and as an Assistant in Female Education—with Engravings.

Mrs. Hale is too well known to need eulogium from us. The above work is worthy the attention of every lady in the country, and should be freely used in our Seminaries. Any orders for the work forwarded through us will be promptly attended to.

As the season is approaching when such things as Cloaks are to be cared for, the following from one of our London Magazines will be read with interest.

**CLOAK LOTTERY AT THE ———.**—Reader, allow me to offer my testimony in favour of the fairness and impartiality with which this lottery is drawn. As you, perhaps, take no pleasure in games of chance, it is probable you may be altogether ignorant of the existence of the one in question; I will therefore explain to you the scheme, leaving it to your own discretion whether or not to try your fortune in it. It is this:—On entering a certain place of fashionable entertainment, you “put in” a cloak or a great coat; a lady visiter to the pit may risk a hood or a shawl; some persons, indeed, will try their luck even with an umbrella. Well, in exchange for your deposit, whatever it may be, you receive a numbered ticket, and another ticket is affixed to the article. At the conclusion of the performance, the lottery is drawn, from which, as it professes to consist entirely of prizes, and to contain no blanks, you may be almost certain of winning something. It may so happen (as, indeed, I am informed, it sometimes does) that in the exchange of your ticket, you will receive the identical object which you deposited; but such are the ingenious disorder and confusion with which the various articles are not arranged, and the admirable carelessness with which the duplicate tickets are affixed to them, that such chances are rare. Were it otherwise, the game would be destitute of interest and void of excitement. One evening I tempted Fortune with a cloak, for which I had paid eight guineas only a few days before. On presenting my ticket, numbered 495, I was referred backwards and forwards, from one side of the lobby to the other, for the space of a good half hour first being offered a lady’s black silk hood; next, an old umbrella; but assured, on all hands, that I had not the slightest chance of drawing such a cloak as the one I described, or, indeed, any cloak at all, upon my unlucky No. 495. This being apparently the nature of the game, I suppose I was wrong to complain, for I was rebuked accordingly. So I waited patiently in the hall for another quarter of an hour, till it was cleared of all but two or three visitors and the gentlemen drawers of the lottery; when at last a ticket actually “came up” of my own cloak! but bearing the number 595. Much, however, as I was interested in the game, and fortunate as I considered myself, I shall not play it again, inasmuch as, amongst other inconveniences, it induces late hours. Upon this occasion it detained me nearly three quarters of an hour after the conclusion of the performance, and occasioned me the loss of a party with whom I was engaged to sup.







Illustration of the latest fashion for the year 1880





# THE LADY'S BOOK.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE OLD WOMAN.

ONE fine day last autumn, I was going from New York to Providence, on board the steam-boat. It so happened that among the crowd of passengers, I did not recognize an acquaintance, except a gentleman to whom I had been introduced at the hotel, a short time before we went on board. His name was Allen, and from some conversation, I found that he was a physician. In the United States, every man who can handle a lancet, prescribe a blister or a dose of salts, is in common parlance termed Doctor; so I, without asking for his diploma, shall in future designate my new acquaintance, Doctor Allen.

He was a man in the decline of life, of the middle size, rather inclining to obesity; his dress denoted neither riches nor poverty—though dress, indeed, is no longer a criterion; for some of the richest men wear the worst clothes, apparently thinking that they can afford to be slovenly, as if dirt and rags were a luxury. I do not know how to describe this man, distinct from others of his genus; nor do I well know *why* I wish to describe him, only it is the fashion—at all risks I shall attempt nothing further than to say that he had a pair of particularly shrewd dark eyes, that seemed always on the look for something, and one of those singular smiles that light up the countenance, like a sun-beam bursting from the edge of a thunder-cloud.

Doctor Allen, who seemed as isolated as myself, readily admitted my claim to his acquaintance. We were standing near the stern, looking out over the waste of waters, with its ever undulating waves, through which our "bonny boat" was rapidly cutting her way, and talking, as thousands have talked before us, of the power of steam, and the power of the intellect of man, &c., when my eyes fell upon a being, whom I hesitated at first to call by that proud cognomen—elevated as at that moment it happened to be in my imagination. He was certainly one of the most deformed and ugly of the species. He had the usual number of limbs and features, nor was any of them set precisely where others ought to be, but they all seemed out of place; he was a universal jumble; and possessed withal, that beastly expression of countenance so indescribably disgusting and fearful. I pointed him out to my companion, and with a feeling of loathing dislike, motioned to walk from his vicinity.

My friend glanced at him, and though a slight shudder ran over him, a feeling of curiosity—of

painful interest—seemed to compel him to scrutinize the distressing object, who at first endured his gaze with sullen apathy. Suddenly he raised his eyes—and such eyes! so totally out of keeping with the rest of the face and person, that he seemed looking through a mask—large, dark, and lustrous, they gleamed from under his shaggy red eye-brow with an expression of fierceness and malignity that made me think for a moment that I saw an Indian idiot suddenly inspired by the evil spirit. We turned hastily away and sought another part of the deck. On our way we met the Captain, and made some inquiries about the dwarf—for such he was.

"He has no business there," said he, "I only took him on board on condition that he would stay below out of sight of the ladies and other passengers."

"But who is he?"

"God knows, or *Satan* I should say, for he looks like one of his children!" exclaimed the Captain, hastening away, probably to send him into some recess in the interior, for we saw him no more.

"It is a pity," said I, "that there is not a law to destroy all such disgraces to humanity as soon as they see the light! I cannot think it would be a crime, and it would certainly be for their happiness and for that of their parents; for what pleasures can such an object taste or confer?"

"Though there is no law upon the subject," said my companion, thoughtfully, "there *does* exist such a custom; but man should be careful how, with his finite knowledge, he attempts to alter or thwart the designs of infinite wisdom. I have known an instance, when the death of one of these monsters was fraught with misfortune and ruin to a whole family."

"I should like to hear it," was my response.

"I fear it will not repay you for listening to a long rambling story; but still, if you wish, I will narrate the circumstances."

At that moment we were alarmed by the cry of "a man overboard!" and rushing to the side of the boat, we watched with anxiety the exertions of the sailors to save him. They were successful, and the professional services of my friend were put in immediate requisition to resuscitate the apparently lifeless body.

Just before we went on shore, the Doctor sought me out, and grasping my hand, led me a little apart: "And for whom, think you, I have been these three hours lavishing my cares, and exert-

ing every art my skill or experience could supply?"

"For the man who fell overboard, I suppose," was my sagacious answer.

"True, of course; but who do you think it is?"

"How can I possibly guess, when I know no person on board but yourself and the Captain?"

"You know him, nevertheless; it is no other than the dwarf, who, maddened by the scorn and loathing of his fellow-creatures, jumped overboard, to hide beneath the waves his misery and his deformity."

A pang of remorse shot through me as I thought of my share in the delinquency, and eagerly asked if he was living. I felt relieved when the Doctor told me that he was, and that as he had forced on him anew a hateful existence, he determined not to lose sight of him till he could place him in some asylum, where his wants would be supplied, and he could wear out that life, it would be sinful to destroy, in seclusion and peace. I put into the hand of the Doctor as large a pecuniary present as I could spare, and requested him to apply it to the necessities of the poor creature—hinting, at the same time, my hope of renewing our acquaintance, and my disappointment at being deprived of his narrative.

"You shall lose neither, my dear Sir," said the Doctor, laughing; "give me your residence, and you shall hear from me—perhaps, Sir, before you think of it. But be quick, for the last passengers are leaving the boat!"

About a month after, I was gratified by receiving a packet, containing a letter from the Doctor, informing me that he had succeeded in placing his protégé in a situation where he was happier than he had expected, and that he had employed a few leisure hours in writing down the story I desired, as when he came to see me he should have other things to talk about.

He has been to visit me, and has given me permission, on condition of changing the names of persons and places, to lay the following story before the public.

I was very young—not more than twenty-two years of age—when I set out to make my own way in the world, by settling in the village of *Rockmore*—to the attention and confidence of whose respectable inhabitants my friends had recommended me. It was not a very brilliant prospect, for it was regarded as a very healthy village, and the inhabitants whom I had seen, seemed to bid defiance to disease, and looked as if death himself would not conquer them without a struggle. The sparse population, too, was scattered over so large an extent of country, that, could I have obtained mileage, I might have amassed a handsome fortune; but, alas! I was something like the unfortunate wight, who "worked for nothing and *found* himself;" I was obliged to maintain my horse and myself, with little prospect of collecting half the fees I honestly earned.

My only acquaintance in the village, previous to my becoming a resident, was William Lincoln, Esq. an old schoolmate, and my college chum. He had a few years before married a beautiful girl, the daughter of one of the clergymen of the township, and settled in the very parish, that was to be honoured by my presence and wisdom. We met with sincere pleasure,

for we had not seen each other since the year of his marriage; but after the first joyful greeting, I was struck by the alteration of his appearance, and felt convinced that the locality was as inauspicious for a lawyer, as I feared it would prove for a physician. I can hardly tell how I came to this conclusion; he was well dressed—neither morose nor gloomy—nor did he complain; but his cheek was care-worn, and his eye—that infallible index to the mind—spoke anxiety and trouble, but ill concealed by his forced gayety. I was introduced to his lady—one of the most amiable and charming women I had ever seen; she was of a cheerful disposition, but often her countenance assumed an expression of sorrow, and her eyes were fixed upon her husband with a mournful sadness that excited both sympathy and curiosity. The latter feeling I suppressed, determined not to seek for confidence when it was not voluntarily bestowed, but hoping that if it was in my power to assist him, he would frankly inform me.

As I was unmarried, I secured a couple of rooms and board at a tavern, and, till patients fell in, employed myself in making acquaintance and learning to find my way about the extensive township, and rambling in the village.

It was one of those straggling, roundabout places that set all idea of regularity at defiance. Its streets, if streets they might be called, crooking in all directions, and its houses, its habitations rather, intermixed in the most discordant manner, handsome houses, decent buildings and miserable hovels so intermingled that a professed cicerone would be at a loss to point out one quarter of the village, as more respectable than its neighbour in point of architecture. Its lanes, or streets as they were called, by courtesy, diverged in various directions from a square, once, perhaps, intended as a genteel part of the village, but now occupied by the church, the stocks and the hay scales.

About a quarter of a mile from the church, on the principal street, that is, the most popular lane, stood an old fashioned *building*, with a great sign before it, on which was drawn a face said to be that of Washington, but such a face as would have disturbed his repose in the regions of rest, could his spirit have seen it; this was the village inn. It is now forty years since, that on a bright Spring morning, the second Sunday of my residence in the village, that I sallied from this inn on my way to the meeting house. I had not walked a dozen paces when I was joined by Deacon Forster, who, at the head of his numerous family was proceeding to the same place. After the usual salutations, the worthy Deacon plunged into a prolix and I believe interminable account of his sickness the preceding Winter, of what my predecessor said to him, and what he said to my predecessor, for I may say I had taken upon me the duties of Physician in the place of a very worthy gentleman, who had removed to the metropolis. Not feeling much interest in the subject, I contented myself with hems and ha's, accompanied by sundry wise shakes of the head, and gave my attention to the various groups that thickened round us as we drew nearer to the common centre. Among them was a woman, whom having once seen I could not avoid looking at again and again. You need not expect a

love tale, for this woman appeared to be more than sixty years of age; time had not spared her, and suffering had left deep traces upon her forehead. In the midst of the now crowded street, she walked alone amid kind nods, cheerful salutations, shaking hands and affectionate inquiries. *She* walked alone, the centre of a circle, apparently protected from collision by an atmosphere of her own, a barrier invisible, but so effectually repulsive that not a hand was extended to her, not a word addressed to her. Yet the looks with which she was regarded were not those of aversion, but rather of awe, and some of compassion. She had the dark clear grey eye, usually regarded as denoting peculiar energy of mind, and her person, still tall and upright, had evidently once possessed great muscular strength. I waited for a pause in the Deacon's discourse, to enquire who she was, but like the idiot waiting on the river's bank for the water to run by, I might have waited long enough for such an opportunity, and before I could make up my mind to interrupt him we had lost sight of her.

As we approached the meeting house (so it was the fashion forty years ago to call them) the Deacon suddenly dropped himself and his ailments to expatiate on this pride of the village, for so it was, not for its extent, magnificence or beauty, but for its antiquity.

Our village was one of a cluster of five or six, all of which composed one township, and there was a rivalry which should be regarded as the most important—in other words, the capital of our little world. Our village had in some respects the advantage, for there resided the townclerk, and in our meeting house was decided those elections "of so much vital importance to the country," as my friend the Deacon said, of selectmen and hogreves. Oh, what a bustle the village used to be in on the days of election—how its inhabitants used to strut and look down upon the dwellers in the other villages as they flocked in to Town meeting; nay, even the old meeting house itself seemed to have a look of unusual primness, and gave tongue from its steeple with redoubled energy. The other villages had each their claims; in one resided the richest man in the township, and, probably, for the convenience of his children, there was located the public grammar school. In another they had just erected a new meeting house, larger and handsomer than ours, and, as the inhabitants seditiously hinted, "much fitter to hold town-meetings in than the old shatter down place that would one day tumble about their ears."

Still, by favour of custom and dint of intrigue, we held our privileges. All this did the worthy Deacon tell me as we approached the sacred edifice—nay, even to its very portal; then making up his countenance to its Sunday expression of solemnity, he entered his own pew and left me to find my way to mine.

As I had been absent the preceding Sabbath, this was the first time I had entered the venerated structure. I gazed round me with astonishment, which I dare say my neighbours mistook for admiration, and very likely the mistake raised me fifty per cent. in their estimation; but truth to tell I was wondering how they had kept it together so long. The date of its erection, ostentatiously placed above the pulpit, told that

it had stood near a hundred years; built of plain pine, and guiltless of paint—the different colours of the wood work betrayed its various and manifold patches and repairs. The stairs leading to the galleries were inside, so that all could see who went up to the high places; one gallery was devoted to men—the other to women, as it was deemed expedient to keep them apart, and on the broad aisle, directly in front of the pulpit, were six benches, three on either side, called "old men and old women's seats;" and exclusively devoted to that class, who, too poor to aspire to the luxury of a pew, were unable from age or infirmity to make their way into the galleries. These seats were full—even the side appropriated to females—for in those days there were old women—and directly under my eye, leaning against my pew, sat the woman who had so powerfully attracted my curiosity. Even here she had the distinction of being *shunned*; for the others evidently sat as far from her as their limits allowed. She seemed restless and unhappy, glancing constantly but furtively in all directions; in one of those glances she encountered my gaze. She started convulsively; her eye—her peculiar eye—lighted up for a moment with a look of keen intelligence, as if she would pierce my bosom and analyze my motives; then turning totally away, she evidently made up her mind to give me no further opportunity of studying her countenance; but from that sort of fascination, so often dwelt upon that it is needless to repeat it, in a moment her face was again turned toward me; when she saw me still looking at her, an expression that I had seemed to miss, filled her countenance, and I saw before me such a woman as I had read of—had heard of—but had never seen; a woman from physical conformation capable of deeds the most daring and desperate.

It was my turn to shrink, which I did, and turned away with no very comfortable sensations; I felt much as a man might, who had roused a rattlesnake, and knew not how soon he might feel its fangs in his flesh. I was relieved by a slight movement, caused by the entrance of the clergyman and his family. He was an aged man, but apparently hale and hearty; he wore one of those white bushy wigs, of which the present generation may have read, but not seen. His stout, upright person; his benevolent expression of countenance; his air of habitual good humour, with a merry twinkle about the corners of his eyes—subdued for the time, but ready to be awakened to innocent mirth on a proper opportunity, gave him, though an orthodox divine, so different an aspect from some of the ascetics of the present day, that they might be regarded as of a totally distinct species. He was, indeed, a most amiable and exemplary man; and, when nearly twenty years after he paid the debt of nature, his parish sustained a loss—not yet repaired.

He was followed by his wife, a portly matron, several years younger than himself—dressed in a pompadour satin gown, and a black satin cloak trimmed with fur—really a comely lady, who knew her place in society, and meant to keep it.

After her, followed her daughter; a pretty interesting woman, leaning on the arm of her hus-

band—the lawyer—the only one in the township who resided in our parish, as in duty bound, having to wife the daughter of our minister. As they passed my pew the singular old woman rose, and remained standing till they were seated—a mark of respect paid by no other individual. As the service now commenced, I composed myself into an attitude of devout attention; but to my shame, I confess, that I thought more of the strange woman beside me, than of the sermon. I pictured to myself, who, or what, she could be; that there was some history belonging to her I felt convinced. Though now in the lower class, she might not always have been so—nay, the evident awe she inspired, might be the effect of former station. I ventured to glance at her again; her dress, neat and clean, and of even rich material, was old; another proof, thought I, and I pondered in my mind how I could best become acquainted with her, lead her to confide in me, and show my respect for fallen grandeur. Oh, visions of youthful fancy and philanthropy! how warm—how beautiful are ye, compared to the cold, cautious suggestions of callous age! Before service was over, I was far gone in a fit of Quixotism; and on leaving church, gave a proof of it, that caused abundant speculation as to the state of my intellect, by making a low and respectful bow to my unknown old lady. She received it with a fierce stare of anger and suspicion, answered with a short derisive laugh, and hurried away.

“Good heavens!” thought I, “is it thus she receives the evidence of my respect! But I see how it is; her mind has been poisoned, and her temper soured by the neglect with which she is treated, and the insults she has met with; I will not be repulsed; she shall own that good feeling yet exists in the world, and——”

“My dear Sir, what are you dreaming about,” said my friend, the lawyer, taking my arm as he spoke; “I have been talking to you these five minutes, and you are employed staring at the sky. What under heaven put it into your head to make such a reverential salute to poor Mrs. Brown?”

“Mrs. Brown; what a dreadfully plebeian name,” cried I; “but I suppose she goes by it!”

“To be sure she goes by it; what name would you have her go by? The name is good enough; but come, my wife has deputed me to ask your company to dinner, and I trust you will not mortify her by a refusal.”

“If I did, I should deserve to go without any,” said I, accompanying him with alacrity. “But about the person—the lady you mention; I had an idea—a sort of reminiscence—very confused, in fact, but still I think—I think I have seen her before, and under rather different circumstances.”

“Seen her before? likely enough! she used to be a famous sick nurse till within these two or three years; when I first came to the village, nothing could be done without Mrs. Brown.”

“Sick nurse! you don’t mean so!” cried I, in utter bewilderment.

“To be sure; did you take her for a princess in disguise?” said my companion, laughing.

“Why something very like it,” I answered, joining the laugh. I then partially, and to his great amusement, explained my feelings, and was told that she belonged to the village; was

daughter of an old schoolmaster; married many years before a young man who followed the sea; lived as well as most folks; her husband became master of a vessel, till unfortunately he was lost at sea—vessel and cargo—all his worldly wealth was on board, and more afflicting still, her son—her only child, a promising lad—was lost with his father.

“She returned, a husbandless, childless beggar, to the house of her father, with whom she had resided but ten days, when he met with an accident that terminated in lock-jaw—and she became an orphan. There are few persons who are not connected with society by some kindred tie; who do not feel that a portion of their blood runs in the veins of some other; but she was alone. Her father and mother were English. Mr. Bruce had come to this town many years before to teach school; he was perfectly competent to the task, but he was a reserved and taciturn man, and her mother a sickly woman of melancholy manners, who died soon after they came, and no one can recollect that either mentioned that they had any connections in this country. The neighbours were all kind to her; and when the violence of her grief was over, and a stern resignation had taken its place, encouraged her to do something for herself. My good old father-in-law, and some others, subscribed enough to purchase for her the small house in which her father had lived, and advised her to take a summer school. This she declined; “her mind,” she said, “had become too broken, and her temper too irritable to take care of children: but she would cheerfully undertake to nurse the sick”—and an excellent nurse she became. When I first came here, five years since, she was at the height of her renown—quite the oracle of the parish. Of the parish did I say? of all the parishes around; she was sent for in all directions, and was constantly employed; but for these two years she has become misanthropical—sort of melancholy mad—and her behaviour has been so singular, that she has gradually lost her business.”

“Good heavens!” said I, “so many misfortunes are enough to drive her mad; but how does she live?”

“On her savings of more prosperous times, and a little sewing work; a large garden belongs to her house, in which, with a little aid from her neighbours, she formerly raised a pretty crop of cabbages, potatoes, &c.; but for these three years it has run wild. She will neither cultivate it herself, nor permit others to do it for her. Three years since she nursed my wife; a sad affair it has turned out for me, though I dare say it was not the poor woman’s fault.”

“How? Pray explain.”

“Oh, an unfortunate business; an old humourist uncle of mine, lately deceased, left his property in an out of the way manner; by a will, made ten years since, he devised the bulk of his fortune to that one of his five nephews who was first the father of a living child; the property would have been mine, but that unfortunately my first infant was still born. It has been a heavy blow to us. It seems like witchcraft! Yet, believe me, I care not so much for myself as for my poor——”

At that moment we were startled by a groan



of such anguish, that we turned simultaneously to ascertain from whose lip such a sound could proceed.

Behind us, but a few steps, supporting herself against the fence, stood the subject of our conversation. We had been so earnestly engaged that we had not observed her, and it was evident that she must have heard a great part of what was said. I felt pained at the circumstance, and instantly sprang forward, as did my friend, to her assistance. Her brow was contracted, her eyes set, and her lips firmly pressed together, indicating severe mental, or bodily suffering.

"Good God," said Mr. Lincoln, "how unlucky! let us get her to my house, it is but a step! Mrs. Brown! Mrs. Brown lean upon me, if any thing is the matter here is the Doctor ready to assist you, come!" The poor woman clung so closely to the picket that we could not remove her.

Suddenly her countenance relaxed, her eyes moved, and with a heavy sigh or rather sob, she sunk upon the ground. Several people gathered round with offers of advice and assistance. Mr. Lincoln desired them to lift her and carry her to his house, but as they began to raise her, she recovered her energy, and springing so rapidly to her feet, as nearly to overset her assistants, she exclaimed, "Never! never! *never!* I am better, let me alone! I am better! I shall soon be well, yes—" in a hoarse whisper—"well as I can be this side the grave!" Then approaching me, and looking steadily in the face, she said, "I have misjudged you—but I may make it up before I die—trouble not yourself about me, you cannot aid me—I am past the aid of man. *Go into your house!*" turning to Mr. Lincoln, "oh yes! to blast you all!" and with a discordant laugh she burst through the circle, and with masculine strides soon disappeared.

I pass over the exclamations of the bystanders, and my farther conversation with my friend and his family as throwing no light upon the subject. One fact only did I elicit, Mrs. Lincoln said that formerly she appeared much attached to their family, perhaps in gratitude for the services and kindness of her parents in the time of her troubles, but that of late she shunned her presence, left coming to the house, and except that she regularly paid her a respect she would willingly dispense with, that of rising when she entered church, seemed altogether to have forgotten her.

I felt convinced more than ever, that there was a mystery, and I had an insane desire to unravel it, but how? was the question. To intrude myself uninvited into her domicile, was I confess a bolder task than I liked to undertake, and vainly did I look for her elsewhere. Except at church, where I could not address her, she did not appear in the village, and when I ventured to hint at her as a nurse to any of my patients, they looked as if inclined to throw my medicine out of the window and me perhaps after it, for which in the existing circumstances, truly I did not blame them.

Still I felt perfectly convinced that she was not insane. My medical experience had taught me to read the countenances, the eyes of my patients, and though I acknowledged powerful and irregular excitement, I denied the lunacy; nor did I

give up the hope of one day being able to solve the mystery that enveloped her actions.

Weeks and months meantime glided on, unmarked by any occurrence worth mentioning, except the no longer to be concealed pecuniary distress of Mr. L. Forty years ago in the township where two Lawyers are now making fortunes, there was not business enough to merely support one.

Mr. L. was an open-hearted—open-handed man, as unfitted for any part of his profession, where chicanery is required, as man could be; he much preferred making up quarrels, to urging them into a court of Justice: and, where causes are *few*, fees cannot be *many*. If he grew richer every day in the love of his fellow-citizens, and the approbation of his conscience, he became poorer in exact ratio, in the means of supporting his family, and providing for his child. His good old father-in-law could not in decency—did not in heart upbraid him; but his proud mother-in-law viewed every contraction in her daughter's household and expenses as a direct injury, and seldom failed to make known her displeasure by ironical remarks and covert sarcasm. When at length Mr. L.'s distresses forced him to give up housekeeping, and they went as nominal boarders into his father-in-law's family, I saw that the health of L. would soon fall a sacrifice to his unhappy situation. His beautiful and amiable wife, though returning his affection with all the devotedness of woman's love, had been educated in too rigid an observance of the precept 'honour thy father and thy mother,' to dare interfere.

The manly pride of Mr. L. forbade his living a pensioner on the small income of his father-in-law, and he determined to seek in some other place the means of supporting his family. The situation of Mrs. L. with her delicate health, rendered a separation, at this time peculiarly painful. But the sacrifice must be made, and Mr. L. prepared for his journey.

It was now the middle of Autumn, in what is called Indian summer. I had been to visit a patient several miles from my home and it was near night before I could return. Dark clouds began to rise in the eastern horizon, the swallows flew low, sweeping the breast of the pool with their feathers, the wind moaned among the trees, tearing off their withered foliage, and whirling the red and yellow leaves in swales along the pathway. To shorten my journey, I had been induced to try a bridle track through the wood, which like most short cuts, ended in disappointment. I missed some turning, or else received wrong instructions, for the farther and farther I rode, the more completely I became bewildered. The sky was now so obscured by clouds, that I could no longer distinguish the point of the compass; night was rapidly approaching, and I had the very agreeable prospect of being out all night in a storm. I had some thought of leaving it to the sagacity of my horse, but alas! he was a late purchase, and if he knew the road at all, would most likely start for his old Master's stable, about twenty miles distant. It was now quite dark, and the rain, which had been for some time falling in large heavy drops, like a scattered fire of musquetry, now commenced a close and heavy discharge, when to my great joy, I suddenly

found myself clear of the wood, and in sight, nay close to a house, the interior of which seemed in a blaze of light.

I rode toward it, but found myself on the brink of what appeared a river, only I could not for the life of me remember any river that by any probability I could have stumbled on. However I uplifted my voice, and shouted loud and long for assistance; my cries were for so long time disregarded, though the house did not stand more than twenty yards on the other side; at last the door opened and with a blazing pine knot in each hand, Mrs. Brown stepped over the threshold. She approached me, "who is that stands screaming here like a screechowl, instead of pushing his horse through the brook like a man?"

My feelings I honestly confess were not of the most agreeable kind; much as I had formerly wished to see her, I would much rather at this moment have seen any body else. I mustered courage, however, to follow her order, and putting my horse through the brook, for in truth, it was nothing more, I rode to the door of the dwelling. "Go in," said she, "warm and dry yourself, I will take care of the animal." She took the bridle and led him to a shed, while I willingly obeyed her injunction, and, pushing open the door, entered.

To my surprise no one was visible; but a cheerful fire blazed in the capacious chimney, and half a dozen bituminous splinters of the bog pine, rendered the room as light as day.

My hostess soon entered, deliberately extinguished most of the resinous torches, pushed an old-fashioned arm chair to the fire, made me a sign to be seated, and took a seat herself on a block in one corner of the chimney.

As she did not seem inclined to speak, I knew not exactly how to address her. I looked round the dwelling; the furniture, though plain, was plenty, and arranged with care and neatness, but the woman herself was fearfully altered; her eyes were sunken, and wandered with an expression of unnatural activity, her face seemed to have fallen in, and her bloodless lips scarcely resembled those of a human being.

The storm raged fiercely, and the wind shook the house to its foundation. The woman suddenly turned to me and said, "You must stay all night—you are wet—" then rising she went to a chest, and taking out various articles of men's apparel, exclaimed, "Here, put them on, I go to get some food," and left the room. Thoroughly drenched as I was, and shivering with cold, I hesitated not a moment to array myself in the substantial habiliments, and accordingly adorned my person with a pair of velvetene inexpressibles, an old silk vest, the capacious pockets of which reached almost to my knees, and a collarless coat, the skirt hanging nearly to my heels, the breasts running from my throat to the bottom of the skirt, and loaded with huge copper buttons. Grotesque as I must have looked, I felt quite comfortable, and took my easy chair with much complacency.

While I was reflecting on the unexpected accident that had made me an inmate with the very person I had so long wished to converse with, she re-entered, bearing the materials of my supper; she started as she entered, and while arranging the table and boiling the eggs, I could see as she glanced at me, that her countenance

was working in strong emotion. She placed the table before me with eggs, salt and bread. "Eat, it is all I have to give you," said she. Willing to say something, but hardly knowing what, I answered:

"Will you not partake?"

"No!—trouble not yourself about me," she replied, taking her former seat. A deep sob burst upon my ear, another and another! I looked hastily round, the poor woman had thrown herself back with her hands clasped wildly together, in a paroxysm of tears. My heart was melted—I went to her, and taking her hands in mine, exclaimed, "Mrs. Brown, poor woman! what is the matter; confide in me, and if it be in the power of man, if it be in my power, I swear to assist you!"

For some time she could not answer me, but her tears at length flowed more easily and she cried, "ah! Sir, you are very kind, but—but you cannot help me—my father—they were *his* clothes—just so he used to sit—I am old and foolish—I know tears cannot bring back the dead—and why should I wish it?" she continued wildly; "why should I wish *him* alive, to witness the guilt, the anguish of his daughter! No! no! no!" I listened in consternation; guilt had never been imputed to her, though I had suspected it, but now, why should I take advantage of a momentary weakness to worm myself into her confidence, and repay the kindness with which she had treated me, with black ingratitude? My better nature obtained the mastery and I exclaimed, "Mrs. Brown recollect yourself,—no one accuses you of guilt or crime; do not speak so; still if I can assist you I will."

"You are right!" looking at me steadily, "you are not the person to whom I must speak; but return to your bed, I want to be alone." She rose, and pointing to a narrow staircase, gave into my hand a light splinter of pitch pine, and motioned me to go. I obeyed the order in silence; and after ascending a few steps, found myself in the attic, where stood a comfortable bed. I felt an insurmountable reluctance to undress myself; so turning down the bed-clothes, I extinguished my torch, and covering myself, endeavoured to sleep. Fatigue is, after all, the best opiate; for maugre a thousand wild thoughts that thronged my brain, I dropped into a sound slumber. How long I had slept I cannot tell, but I was awakened by piercing, heart thrilling cries from the room beneath. I sprang from bed, and finding the door, hurried to the scene of uproar. The first object I beheld was the woman, standing in one corner of the room, waving a firebrand just snatched from the hearth; her eyes glaring and protruded; the veins of her forehead and neck black and swollen, and every limb quivering with terror. I looked round the room—no one else was to be seen. "Woman!" cried I, "for God's sake what is the matter!"

"So you have taken *his* form, have ye?" shrieked she; "but I know you; take that!"—and she hurled her brand at my head.

It was well for me that I was young and agile, for the missile flew with such force, that had it struck me, I should have slept with my fathers. I attempted to seize her, but with the strength of madness she dashed me from her, and running to the other end of the room, caught up an axe.

It was in vain to attempt to defend myself. I was near the door, and opening it, how, I scarcely know, I rushed out of the house. I saw before me the shed into which she had led my horse, and made toward it with all the strength I had. I heard her burst out; I heard her wild cries behind me—fortunately the door of the shed was partly open—I pulled it too, and fastened it with a bolt. Safety was not to be found there; I heard her wild blows with the axe, and it could not be hoped the old and crazy door would long resist her. I looked round in desperation; there stood my horse just as I had left him the preceding evening; she had not thought it necessary to remove the saddle, and, joyful sight, beyond him another door; to catch his bridle—lead him to the door—mount and gallop off, was but the work of a moment. Well it was no longer—for as I darted from one door, the crash of the other announced its demolition.

It was now broad daylight, and the path plain before me, but when at a safe distance I drew bridle and paused for consideration. As I gazed back upon the scene of action, I could not help admiring, as I have often done since, the uncommon beauty of the situation. The house was built upon the top of a verdant knoll, seemingly scooped out from the forest by a large and rapid brook, (or branch, as it would be called at the south,) that now, swollen by the rain, poured its impetuous torrent round two-thirds of its base. A few spreading beeches alone remained upon the knoll, but the edges were fringed with sweet birch and weeping willows. Outside the brook it was surrounded with forest-trees of great height and magnitude; the oak, the pine, the ash, and the elm, united their branches—giving shade to the earth and beauty to the landscape. The old house or cottage, was almost covered with ivy; the shed from which I had escaped, stood under a magnificent beech, and was nearly concealed by its bending branches. All looked like solitude; and I might have fancied the whole a dream, but for the old fashioned suit in which I was dressed. I was sensible that I made a most ridiculous figure, but there was no remedy. To return in face of axes and firebrands to demand my clothes of a maniac, for so she was at the moment, was out of the question; it was yet early, and I hoped by hard riding to reach my lodging without much observation. Says Peter, says he, "I'm thinking we'll trot." "I'm thinking we won't," says the ass, in the language of action. So it was with Dobbin and myself. "Now for a gallop," said I; Dobbin gave a jerk and a grunt; I kicked till I got him to execute a shuffling shamble, that I suppose he intended for a gallop, for about a minute, then a sober trot was all he could attempt. Poor beast! he was tired and hungry; so I made up my mind, still hoping for the best, and ambled on. The storm had totally subsided, but the wind whistling keenly through the trees, reminded me of the want of a hat. To supply the deficiency, I tied a large red bandanna round my head, and altogether must have made as handsome a figure as any I have seen of late in the "Fantastical parades." To the anxious and uneasy, time and distance are always doubled, and as I eyed the brightening horizon, I thought

I must have missed my way or be riding round a circle, else I should have been at the hotel long before. But as certain well-known objects told me I was progressing, though slowly, my thoughts reverted to the scene of the preceding night. If we were allowed to order for ourselves the incidents and events of the day, what miserable—what wild work should we make of our own lives, and the lives of others! Well for us is it, that a mightier hand than our's controuls and guides the movement of the universe! But a few days before, an uninterrupted intercourse with Mrs. Brown, was an event I earnestly desired; but to be driven into her house; to be obliged to pass the night under her roof, if I could have ordered it, would have been the very thing I should have chosen; yet here I was, a fugitive, in strange attire—nothing, or next to nothing gained, except making myself an object of ridicule, or I might say, of terror.

At the moment this reflection was crossing my mind, I was passing a cottage. Before the door an old woman was picking some chips, but at sight of me she lost hold of her apron, letting her chips fall while she hobbled to the door, raising her cracked, discordant voice, to a yell that did me some service, for it startled my horse and absolutely made him gallop for a hundred yards. I was now within half a mile of the inn, and not wishing to try farther experiments of the effect my appearance would produce, I turned into a shady lane, and dismounted, determined to find my way home over some fields and pastures, by a path I had often heard of, rather than set all the dogs barking, and old women squalling in the main street. I made my way without adventure of any kind to the back door of the tavern, and congratulated myself on reaching home without attracting notice; but, alas! my self-felicitation was premature. I had entered the hall and was approaching the stairs that led to my room, when my landlady emerged from the breakfast room. No sooner had she caught sight of me, than she raised her voice higher, I believe, than woman ever screamed before; I ran to her to convince her who I was, and calm her clamour—unlucky mistake for me—for, rendered almost frantic by my approach, in the very desperation of her terror, she caught hold of my coat, and falling to the floor, dragged me after her! Fully alive to the ridicule of my situation, I strove to free myself from her gripe, but in vain; and I heard the bar-room and the kitchen pouring forth their inmates to know the cause of the uproar! The landlord made his appearance, armed with an old musket that he kept in the bar—often boasting that it had seen hot work in the revolution. The servants came in a cluster, holding by each other.

"In the name of God, what is it?" cried my landlord; "shall I fire, Becky? shall I fire?" and then, suiting the action to the word, he raised the huge piece to his shoulder.

"Stop!" shouted I; "don't you know me? come and free me from your wife, and I will thank you."

"Zounds, that I should say so, if it arn't the Doctor! Wife—Becky—you fool—let um alone!" down went the gun; and he, not so fearful of hurting her, or, perhaps, knowing from expe-

rience, how much coercion she could bear, soon wrenched my coat from her hands and gave her into the care of her handmaidens.

I briefly explained that, being caught in the storm, I had found refuge at Mrs. Brown's, where my own clothes being perfectly drenched, I had

been compelled to borrow those I had on, and mustering all my dignity, I stalked up stairs, amid the ill-suppressed tittering of the spectators.

(To be Continued.)

## THE FEMALE COSTUME

IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VII.



THE female costume of this period has been in many points familiarized to the sight of our readers, by the modern French and English fashions within the last few years. The large full sleeves confined at intervals from the elbow to the wrist, or worn "en blouse," as the Parisians called it, and denominated bishop's sleeves in London: the small waists, the gowns cut square at the neck, with stomachers, belts, and buckles, or rich girdles with long pendants in front, and hats and feathers similar to many still to be seen nightly at the opera, have all been borrowed from the ladies' dress of the reigns of Henry VII. Its obsolete characteristics were slashes in the sleeves; the caps and caul's of gold net or embroidery, from beneath which the hair escaping hung down the shoulders half way to the ground; the divided sleeves connected by points, and a head-dress like a capuchon turned back, of which several varieties are to be seen in paintings and illuminations of this period, particularly in the portrait of Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII., by Holbein, and of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, his mother, who died in 1509. Elizabeth, the day preceding her coronation, appeared in a state dress, having a mantle of white cloth of gold damask furred, with ermines fastened on her breast, with a large lace curiously wrought with gold and silk, with rich knoppes of gold at the end tasselled. Cotton. MS. Julius, B. xii.

Skelton, the poet laureat of Henry VII., has left us a humorous description of Eleanor Ruming, a noted hostess of his time, and her dress may be considered a pretty good model of the attire of females in humble life.

"In her furr'd flocket,  
And grey russet rocket,  
Her duke of Lincoln green;  
It had been her's I weene  
More than forty yeare,  
And so it doth appeare.  
And the grene bare threads  
Look like sea-weeds,  
Withered like hay,  
The wool worn away:  
And yet I dare say,  
She thinks herself gay,  
Upon a holyday,  
When she doth array,  
And girdeth in her gates,  
Stitched and pranked with plates,  
Her kirtle bristow red,  
With cloths upon her head,  
They weigh a ton of lead.  
She hobbles as she goes,  
With her blanket hose,  
Her shoone (shoes) smeared with tallow."

Figs. a, c, and d, from Harleian MS. 4425; b, from Royal MS. 19, C. 8, dated 1496.

## THE ONCE HAPPY FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN.'

ABOUT twenty miles from the metropolis stood Hartley Lodge, the property and residence of Mr. Engleton, a gentleman truly worthy of the general esteem in which he had long been held. Some of his more dashing neighbours may have thought that, considering his circumstances, he lived somewhat too retired; but those who witnessed the happiness of his domestic circle could feel no surprise that he sought not for pleasure elsewhere.

Few persons have trod the path of life beneath such cloudless skies as had Mr. and Mrs. Engleton. Their marriage was one of pure, and, perhaps, we may say, of intense affection. Something that had they experienced beforehand of the difficulties and uncertainties which ever lie in the course of true love; but they had long since arrived at the period anticipated by Virgil's heroes in their hardships—

*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

Occurrences and anxieties which, at the time, had brought tears, and sighs, and sleepless nights, were now subjects of pleasing reminiscence, exciting only placid smiles or gentle raillery. Blest with almost uninterrupted health, and a more than ample competency, they had arrived at the afternoon of life; and, to crown their happiness, a son and daughter, the only fruits of their union, had grown up all that the fondest parents could desire.

Maria Engleton was now eighteen years of age. Parents and lovers only dream of faultless human nature. All acknowledged that she was surpassingly beautiful; and those who knew her best, spake in raptures of the sweetness of her disposition and the benevolence of her heart. But others, who loved her much, termed her extreme acuteness of feeling, a weakness. The death of a favourite spaniel, when she was very young, had wrought so powerfully upon her as to threaten serious consequences to her health. Often had she been found sitting and weeping over poor Carlo's grave; and though, when borne away from the spot, she listened quietly to expostulation, and even acknowledged that her grief was "very foolish," the poor little creature's pillow bore evidence that she had not been comforted. So the name of Carlo was never mentioned in her presence, and the place of his interment was pale-d-off and planted. In these precautions, some said that her parents acted unwisely, and that she should have been brought up to *face and endure*, instead of being, as it were, *shielded and led aside* from such minor trials, and that, thereby, she would have acquired strength of nerve to undergo the severe inflictions of more advanced life. There may have been some truth in their observations, but to find fault and instruct parents how they ought to manage their children, appears an easy task, and is therefore often gratuitously and thoughtlessly assumed by the incompetent.

Some transient uneasiness, some slight clouds of apprehension, occasionally passed across the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Engleton, when they

thought of their daughter's too sensitive feelings; though, to say the truth, they were not accustomed to think or argue deeply on any subject. They brought up their children with kindness, and, perhaps, too great indulgence, in habits of religion and morality; they visited and were visited by their neighbours, and had no cares of a pecuniary nature; and thus, unmarked by any important event, years glided calmly away, till imperceptibly their daughter had arrived at womanhood, with her character still unchanged.

Under the parental roof, and in occasional visits to London, she had acquired those accomplishments deemed necessary in her station of life; but still, guileless and warm-hearted, as in the days of her childhood, she visited the cottages of the poor, and often literally wept with those that wept. To receive assistance from Hartley Lodge was nothing new among the afflicted of the hamlet, but never before had it engendered such sincere thankfulness. A beautiful young female, of superior rank, bringing relief, and entering, not for mere form or pity's sake, into their tales of sorrow, but with evidently intense interest; and whose cheering visits became more frequent as the gloom of sickness or poverty darkened around them—such a being appeared in their eyes the verisimilitude of one of those celestial messengers whom we call angels. The blessings of the widow, and the orphan, and the helpless, were upon her head; and towards her their inmost hearts glowed with a fulness and warmth of admiration and gratitude not to be purchased by mere almsgiving. When the dim eye beheld her, it gleamed, and, at her coming, the parched and pale lips, smiled; and, when her name was uttered, withered hands, lying listless on the bed of sickness, would arise and clasp themselves together as if in prayer.

Such was the state of things at Hartley when Edmund Engleton came home from Oxford. He was two years older than Maria, and they loved each other dearly, with the pure and confiding love of an *only* brother and an *only* sister. But their characters were very different, for the prevailing feature of his was a lightness—almost a rude boisterousness of spirits—which often led him into acts of thoughtless folly. Warm, open-hearted, and generous, nothing could have induced him to *contemplate* doing what might possibly inflict pain upon another; but a hearty laugh, and the prospect of a "glorious frolic," were to him irresistible excitements; and, like many in riper years, he was accustomed to act first and think afterwards. Even his dear Maria was sometimes the victim of his practical jokes; and then, when she would hang round his neck, and with tearful eye kindly reproach him, and say, "Dear Edmund! how *could* you serve me so?"—he would be sorry, very sorry, would comfort and caress her, and would declare (what was, indeed, the truth) that he "meant no harm;" and she would kiss him, and not merely forgive, but excuse him, and declare that *she* only was to blame for "being so very foolish as to mind such trifles." And this generous self-accusal on her part, probably rendered the task of his own justification to himself more easy, though, indeed, it may be questioned if he ever really *thought* on the subject.

On his return from Oxford he was a fine young

man, enjoying high health and exuberant spirits; and his parents saw in him their joy, their hope, and their pride. His talents were not considered by others to be above mediocrity; but the eyes of parents discern what the world sees not, and to them his college tales and jokes were proofs of shining abilities and brilliant wit. The father, good man! when leaving Oxford at the same age, had put away his books with the emphatic observation that they were "done with." They were ranged upon the highest shelves in the library, as though he feared lest proximity might tempt him to a renewal of his studies; and there they had remained till they had become to him even as a dead letter or a barren soil, while the joys and converse of his family were as ever-gushing fountains of pure water, refreshing to his heart.

Little dreamt he of philosophy; but, if the end of that science be happiness and peace of mind, Mr. Engleton was, at this period, as near their attainment as may fall to the lot of human nature in this lower sphere.

Not quite so much can be said of his good lady. She thought on the days of her youth as she beheld her daughter, now moving before her in unconscious beauty, and, in her eyes, appearing

More than painting can express,  
Or youthful poets fancy when they love.

"How," she asked herself, "would it be, should the heart within that lovely but delicate frame become the shrine of misplaced or ill-requited affection?" Appalling was the sole mental reply that she could wring from her own experience and conviction. "The fair temple will be shattered into ruin, and must perish amid the fearful strife."

But this was a suppositious case, and might never occur; for though Maria was now at an age when the affections are easily entangled, she was, comparatively, out of the reach of temptation, being ever under the eye of her parents; and then her own rectitude of principle and purity of heart formed a protecting barrier not easily to be overcome.

Thus argued the mother, and usually succeeded in dispelling melancholy forebodings; yet, ever and anon, when her daughter's feelings were greatly excited by what others deemed trifles, she would shudder to think of what she must experience if brought into conflict with the worst influences of the master passion. But these were her *secret* fears. She spake not thereof, even to her husband, at the time, nor communicated them to any other person till long after the events about to be related. Her whole demeanour and aspect were, at this time, placid and composed, even as they appeared afterwards, when all her fears were dispelled, in brighter and happier days.

Merry was the little family circle at Hartley Lodge, and, with "the merry month of May," all nature seemed rejoicing around them. The house was pleasantly situated upon a gently rising slope, sufficiently elevated to command in front a somewhat extensive prospect, the general character of which was what is commonly termed "woody." And this character appertained to the neighbourhood, not because there

were either woods or forests there, but because it was highly cultivated, after the fashion usually adopted by rich bankers, and merchants, and retired tradesmen, each contriving to make his own grounds or park as picturesque and as private as possible—a little spot, shut out from the world, and sacred to his household gods, where he might say, in the words of Martial,

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lavo, cæno, quiesco.

Here I enjoy all that wealth can afford me, and am at rest.

Thus the continuity of plantations and "belts" in every direction by the road's side, rendered the drives in the neighbourhood exceedingly pleasant during the summer and autumn, but, in winter, the long, and leafless, and *houseless* lines had a lonely and uncheering appearance, and it frequently happened that there were rumours of highway robberies having been committed. These would occupy the attention of the gossip for a few days, and grow into very improbable tales, and were, moreover, sometimes discovered to have no other fountain than the alarm of a timid boy or an ignorant drunkard.

It was now, however, the month of May, and our little family were sitting at the social breakfast meal. Edmund appeared in even higher spirits than usual, and there was a sly, laughing meaning in his eye, as, ever and anon, he threw a glance toward the winding road (which swept through the park to the house), as though expecting to see some one issue from among the lofty trees which bounded their little territory, and composed the foreground of their more extended view. Maria observed, and smiled affectionately upon him, but made no inquiry. It was enough for her that he was happy, for the happiness of those around her was her chief delight, and she had feared latterly that their mode of life was too tranquil for one accustomed to the gay scenes of which he frequently spake.

"Are you expecting any one this morning, Edmund, that you look so frequently toward the lodge?" asked Mr. Engleton.

"There! there he is!" cried the volatile youth, starting up. "There he is. Exact to time, as usual—always punctual. We are earlier to-day. I didn't like to ask you to wait, because you would have asked me why, and I wished to give all an agreeable surprise."

As he spoke, a postchaise was seen to emerge from under the trees, and advanced rapidly towards the house,

"But who is it, my dear boy?" exclaimed his mother. "You never hinted to me that any one was coming, and really——"

"Oh! don't put yourselves out of the way for him," cried Edmund. "He's nobody. It's only Arthur Baynton! There!—that's an agreeable surprise for you, isn't it! Eh!—what say you Maria. You are old friends, you know."

The father and mother were, at the moment, looking out at the window, and as Edmund addressed and advanced towards his sister, an instantaneous paleness, and then a warm flush overspread her countenance, and she looked as if she would have begged him not to notice her.

"Ha! ha! ha!"—laughed the giddy youth, "do you think he will cut you because he is grown a man?"

Maria replied only by some indistinct words about her dress, and hurried out of the room.

Arthur Baynton was an orphan, and had, when a boy, more than once spent part of his "holidays" at Hartley Lodge. So Maria and he were really "old acquaintances," and, when they thought of each other during absence, many delightful juvenile recollections were awakened within them. And latterly she had thought somewhat more of him than usual, perhaps in consequence of his gaining "honours" at Oxford, the "news" of which reached her, by a letter from her brother, when she was sitting in a favourite bower which had been the joint handiwork of all three. Happy, thought she, were the days when they were so employed, so free from thought and care! Yet she thought of Arthur still but as a boy, and hesitated not to express to her parents, her anxiety lest he might injure his health by overstudy.

On the present occasion, however, her brother's strange observation roused all the feminine pride which appertained to her character, and she feared, and almost trembled to think that she might have spoken of his friend in terms too warm to be becoming in her sex. The consequence was, that on her return to the breakfast parlour, her welcome and whole demeanour to her "old acquaintance" were so cold, and distant, and constrained, so wholly, unlike her former meek frankness of manner, as to excite the attention of all present.

Arthur felt that he shook a listless hand: and when he looked on that sweet face, the remembrance of which had often cheered him onward in his course, he beheld not there the heart-thrilling smile that he was formerly wont to see, and without which his imagination had never painted it. Therefore did his heart appear to sink and feel cold within him. So, although there was the addition of a welcome and esteemed guest to their number, the breakfast-table at Hartley Lodge was no longer surrounded by a merry party.

"Poor Arthur, as we used to call him!"—said Maria, when she was again alone; "he is sadly altered. He seems quite to have lost his spirits. I do hope his health is not materially affected by those odious books. And yet I saw his colour come and go, and he looked quite pale. Surely that is a bad sign! He used to be so very cheerful, and so good, too. Yes, and so very kind to all, and to me so particularly, that I should be very—very sorry if any thing should happen—Oh! I could not bear it! It must not be! And yet I have heard my father and others say that these 'honours' are often too dearly bought, and are as the funeral cypress wreath around young heads. And whence else can such change have come over him? We used to be such friends! And now, to-day, he is so distant, so ceremonious, so nervous—yes, nervous. That is it! He is evidently *very* ill. Poor fellow, how I pity him! What *shall* I do! Oh! I will pray for him. Indeed I will, and with all my heart!"

Murmuring those words, she threw herself upon her knees, and uttered a fervent ejaculation, but she could not continue her prayer, for the gush of feeling was too powerful, and she hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

It was long before Arthur Baynton could escape from his too hospitable friend, who, with boisterous familiarity, hurried him from place to place to see his horses, and his dogs, and his guns and other articles of such important property, as young men commonly love to exhibit to their friends, and to praise and ask opinions about.

It would appear, from general observation, that men may be warm, lasting, and intimate friends, without possessing any close similarity of character. And this remark, if true among mankind generally, may be more particularly applied to the friendships of boys and young persons, as also to dwellers in the country, soldiers and sailors, and others who have had but a small number of persons among which their selection must be made. Incidents of trivial import frequently establish the foundation for an intimacy that shall endure through and influence the whole course of a life. The mere circumstance of boys being together under the same roof forms a tie which strengthens rapidly by a participation in the same amusements, and the same tasks, and other juvenile troubles. Now, Arthur and Edmund had been school-fellows, and were afterwards fellow-collegians, and, as stated before, had sometimes passed their 'vacations' together,—events that might be more than sufficient to account for the continuation of a friendship formed in early days, notwithstanding that the gradual development of character in each exhibited points of striking dissimilarity. But, beyond these causes, was one which will be well understood by all who have experienced an incipient passion, and which operated powerfully upon Arthur, and made him excuse, and forgive, and endure much that might otherwise have wrought a breach between him and his thoughtless friend. And the cause was simply this: *that friend was Maria's brother.*

On the present occasion, the task of 'lionizing' was far more dull than it is usually wont to be between young men of their age. Edmund exhibited and spoke of his friend's recent acquisitions with childish rapture; but ungracious and misapplied appeared the few faint assenting praises and remarks which he could extort from Arthur Baynton.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Engleton were left by themselves.

"Our young guest certainly is not in his usual spirits," observed the good lady.

"He is fatigued, no doubt," said her husband. "Men don't take a double first class by sleeping. Now, however, he may rest and be thankful. I am delighted with his success. He is sure of a fellowship; and, as he intends entering into orders, a comfortable living will fall to his share in due course, and so we may consider him as provided for. His own fortune, though scarcely sufficient alone to have supported him in the rank of a gentleman, will now make a handsome addition to his means. The only thing to be feared is his falling in love; for he is a fine, handsome young fellow, of agreeable manners, and every way likely to be sought after in society."

"He must take care of himself," observed Mrs. Engleton, quietly proceeding with her needle work.

"Yes!" said Mr. Engleton, "he is just the sort of man to find favour in the eyes of mothers."



"And, after what you have said, my dear, why not add, of fathers likewise?" asked Mrs. Engleton, looking up with a sly, half-reproachful expression in her countenance.

"Well, so be it," continued the good man, laughing—"of fathers also. Only as daughters are more constantly under the eye of their mothers, I thought that, without offence, I might suppose the latter more constantly upon the alert. Indeed, such is the fact. If there be a question concerning a child's welfare, the eye of a mother never sleeps."

"Whatever the father's may," added Mrs. Engleton, significantly.

"What do you mean, my dear Maria?" inquired her husband; "your tone and look convince me that you have something on your mind; but, really, I am quite at a loss to guess what it can be."

"Sit down, my dearest husband," replied the good lady, pointing to a chair by her side. "Yes—it is even as you say—a mother's eyes are ever awake, and she sees what others observe not. I may be weak and fanciful. Instruct me by your better judgment, if I am so: but where the happiness of a dear and only daughter is at stake, it is surely better to be needlessly cautious than to run unnecessary risks."

She then proceeded to state what she had noticed of Maria's altered manner and conduct immediately upon the arrival of their young friend; and gradually excited in the breast of her husband a degree of uneasiness equal to her own.

The conversation that thence ensued was long and confidential. Both allowed the young man's merits, and averred that they would rather see their child united to him than to any other; but, that she should bestow her young heart upon one who must allow years to elapse ere he could fulfil his engagements, presented a fearful prospect for the future. They had themselves tasted "the bitterness of hope deferred," and resolved that the spiritquenching cup should not be proffered to their child.

It is immaterial what their contrivances to ward it off may have been, for even while they were consulting, Maria and Arthur were together, and ere they parted, she shed many tears. Yet were they not now tears of sorrow, for her head lay upon his shoulder, and—they were lovers.

When the die was cast, the worthy parents said many wise things, dictated by experience; and the young people said and thought many pleasant, dream-like fancies, dictated by love and blissful ignorance of the future. All parties, however, seemed to be agreed in opinion upon one point, and that was the impossibility of returning to the neutral state in which matters stood before the declaration. So Arthur remained a visitor at the lodge, and Mr. Engleton observed that, as what was done could not be undone, they must use all their interest for his advancement.

From this period, the happiness and prosperity of the whole party appear to have been continually on the increase, till it reached the point at which we shall too soon arrive.

The desired fellowship was, in due course, awarded to the young lover, almost as a matter of right; and scarcely had he taken possession of his rooms, ere he was unexpectedly applied to

by a nobleman of the highest rank, to undertake the tuition of his eldest son. The terms proposed were not only very far beyond Arthur's expectations, but a distinct promise of a living was added. Then, on commencing his task, he was agreeably surprised to find his titled pupil already an excellent scholar, and endowed with talent, industry, and a thirst for knowledge.

These were pleasant tidings to transmit to his Maria; yet they were but trivial in comparison with what followed. The distinction between tutor and pupil was soon lost in mutual esteem and friendship. They became as brothers; and after a while, when his lordship wished to read during the vacations, they made several visits together at Hartley Lodge. Thus it happened that the pupil, whom we shall call Lord Marchmont, contracted an intimacy with Edmund Engleton.

A natural high flow of spirits was, perhaps, the only point in which they closely resembled each other; but that quality goes very far towards the formation of youthful friendships. They rode out, and pursued the sports of the field together; and his lordship has since said, that though at first he was somewhat startled at the coarseness of certain practical jokes perpetrated by his companion, there was such a fund of good humour and merriment about him, that it was impossible to be angry. Moreover, Mr. Baynton's time, when they were not reading, was occupied as that of lovers commonly is. So there was no choice of companions, and the young nobleman, from first merely enduring, soon began to feel amused with the eccentricities of his jovial associate; and, at length, allowed himself to be a party in certain ridiculous pranks not worth recording. For this error he blamed himself, in after life, with undue severity, since it is scarcely probable that different conduct on his part would have had any influence on the character of Edmund Engleton.

Perhaps the happiest periods of domestic life are those which glide smoothly along, without being marked by any important event. So, at least, seemed it with the family at Hartley Lodge. A smile was on every countenance, and joyful hope pointed exultingly to the future. And thus, for the space of two years, no change took place, save the growth of friendship and esteem, and the yet closer union and entanglement of hearts between the lovers.

The halcyon and semi-delirious period styled "courtship," with all its ineffable delights, has none, perhaps, so radiantly joyous, as when it is drawing to a close. Then Hope and Fancy seem preparing gracefully to retire, as though their herald-like duties were at an end, and it became them to make room for the fulfilment of all their flattering promises.

Such were the feelings of Maria and Arthur, when Lord Marchmont, a few weeks after he had honourably completed his studies, arrived unexpectedly at Hartley Lodge, with his father's presentation to Mr. Baynton of a rectory in Devonshire. Nothing remained but for the new incumbent to go thither and take formal possession. The marriage was to be solemnized immediately on his return, and all needful preparations for the ceremony were to be made during his absence.

It was the latter end of January. Long continued rains had been succeeded by a sharp frost,



and the happy family sat round a cheerful fire, having dined earlier than usual, as Arthur was to leave them that evening.

He had sent his luggage forward, and proposed walking about a mile to take the coach; but Maria wished him to ride, or, at all events, not to walk alone, having some indistinct presentiment of danger. Her brother Edmund, who appeared in unusually high spirits, ridiculed such an idea as perfectly nonsensical; and to her surprise and mortification, neither he nor Lord Marchmont offered to accompany their friend. So, as was her wont, she strove to conquer or conceal her uneasiness, though at the moment of taking leave of her lover, her heart was much oppressed, and with difficulty could she refrain from tears till he had left the room. Then they flowed plentifully; and when her brother and Lord Marchmont returned from saying adieu to the new rector, they found her still weeping. His lordship appeared surprised and shocked; but Edmund ran to his sister, and throwing his arms around her neck, said laughingly,

"Really, Maria! I did not think you would have been so foolish, or I would have gone with him at once. But, never mind, we can cut across through the plantations, and catch him yet, as he went round by the road—what say you?"

"I should be very grateful," said Maria, looking up, and smiling through her tears.

"Let us go," exclaimed Lord Marchmont; "I am really quite ashamed of myself. How could I be so thoughtless as to listen——"

"Come along," cried Edmund, "we should overtake him if he'd been gone twice as long!"—and then leaping over a chair, which happened to stand between him and the door, he bounded off, with all the wild gaiety of a school-boy, about to join his companions in a favourite game.

From this gay parting scene, the spirit and tone of our tale must be utterly changed, for the happiness of that family was at an end!

On the following day an inquest was held on the body of Edmund Engleton, at which Lord Marchmont deposed that, immediately after quitting the house, the deceased ran from him across the grounds, and that, not being so well acquainted with the bye-paths, he soon lost sight of him, and was, for a while, bewildered in the plantations; but when there, he clearly heard a rough voice cry, "Your money or your life!"—and, immediately after, a noise, as of some one falling, accompanied by an exclamation indicative of pain. He rushed instantly to the spot, which was on the road side, and there found the deceased, groaning, but apparently unconscious of what was said to him. His lordship proceeded to state, that his agitation of mind was so great, that he knew not how long he might have been calling for assistance ere it arrived; but it appeared to him as if much time had elapsed. The deceased was then placed on a hurdle, and borne to a neighbouring cottage, where he expired at four o'clock in the morning, without being able to utter any words to throw light upon the cause of his death. The evidence of the surgeon went to prove that the deceased had received a violent blow on the temple, but that the mortal wound was at the back of the head, and appeared to have been caused by a fall against some hard

substance. This opinion was corroborated by the place and position in which the unfortunate young man was found by his friend, as his head then rested upon a stone step at the foot of a stile, much lower than the public footpath, on which it was supposed too he must have been attacked.

A farmer and his son, who were at the time crossing a field on the opposite side of the road from Mr. Engleton's plantations, deposed that they both heard the threat, "Your money or your life!" and hastened immediately to the high road, but, unfortunately, entered it at a gate in an opposite direction from that which the ruffian had taken to escape; nevertheless, hearing his running footsteps on the hard road, they pursued as long as there appeared any chance of overtaking him, and then hearing Lord Marchmont's cries for assistance, they felt it their duty to return.

As no further light could be thrown upon the case, the verdict found, was "wilful murder, against some person or persons unknown."

The country was, of course, scoured in every direction, and rewards were offered for the apprehension of the assassins; but no trace of them could be discovered.

The effect produced upon Lord Marchmont by this catastrophe was fearfully denoted in his altered appearance, his pale cheeks, his downcast and averted eye, and his ever-quivering lip. He resolved to attend the remains of his young friend to their last long home; but, in the interim, he seldom stirred from his own room, and when with any of the distressed family, his feelings always seemed too deep for expression, and not one word of comfort ever passed his lips. When all was over, he took leave of them with wringing hands, and shortly after embarked for the continent, from whence he returned not for many years.

Any attempt at describing the melancholy and deep anguish of the once happy family, were a work of supererogation. For months their spirits appeared crushed with the weight of their affliction; but time, which passeth not without "healing on its wings," over the head of the mourner, gradually unfolded to them visions of future happiness, chastened indeed, but yet glistening through their tears. On the bosom and into the ear of her beloved, would Maria pour forth her sorrows, and together they sought consolation, which was not denied them; for the unbounded confidence of mutual affection, is, in itself, consoling—but, more than all, their religion was that of the heart, and not merely a name. Well was it for them that so it was, for heavy was the burden that they were doomed to bear.

The seasons had again gone their round. Winter had once more abandoned "the long-continued strife," and the revivifying breath of spring cheered the whole face of nature, as our lovers went forth to take their last walk in that character. All was arranged for their marriage on the following day. For some hours, lost in converse sweet, they wandered, scarcely knowing whither. Their world was in themselves, and all else was lost sight of, till, returning home, they found themselves in the road where Edmund had met his untimely end. By a tacit, yet perfectly understood feeling, they had always previously avoided walking in that direction. Now they were approaching the fatal spot. Maria was first

conscious of the circumstance, and summoned all her resolution and self-possession, that she might not appear weak in the eyes of her beloved. She spake of her brother, and, even as a sigh at his fate escaped her, said, "I ought to be thankful that it was not even worse. Suppose you likewise had fallen on that fatal night!"

"I ought indeed to be thankful, dearest Maria!" exclaimed her betrothed, pressing her hand fervently. "I never told you why before;—it is the *only* thing I have concealed from you, and my reason was that I feared the recollection of the circumstance might cause you uneasiness during my journeys to and from Devonshire. But now—now, that we are never more to part in this world—always, always to be together!"

And their eyes met, and, meeting, said, in dumb swimming eloquence, more than words may express. Maria first broke the silence, by reminding her lover that he was about to tell her something.

"Yes," replied he, "it is one more subject for thankfulness. On that fatal night I likewise was attacked. You know I was much in advance of Lord Marchmont and his companion, and I was walking very fast, because the night was cold, and I had also some apprehension that I might be too late for the coach. So I cannot tell the spot exactly; but it must have been somewhere hereabouts, that a villain leaped over a stile, rushed up the bank, seized me by the collar, and, holding a pistol to my head, threatened my life, and demanded my money. In a cooler moment I should probably have given him my purse; but his ferocious conduct excited me, and all was the work of a few seconds. I struck at him violently, and fortunately with sufficient strength to release myself from his grasp. It seemed to me that he fell backwards; but I hastened from the spot, and shortly afterwards was pursued by two of his accomplices, from whom I escaped narrowly, by quitting the high road. Do not tremble so, Maria!—I shall not expose myself to such danger again, my love! My duties are in the paths of peace, and for a trifling purse surely I would not risk my life. Nay, my dear Maria!—it is but a tale of the past. We have only to be thankful. Stop! Yes—this is the very spot! That is the stile he came over—I am sure of it."

Maria had trembled exceedingly throughout this brief narration, which seemed to have lasted for hours, so earnestly had she listened to each word, catching now at hope, and then feeling an intense coldness at her heart; but when he ceased to speak, a convulsive shriek burst forth, and she sank senseless on the pathway. They had stopped opposite to the spot where her brother had been found by Lord Marchmont.

Can the reader, bearing Edmund Engleton's character in recollection, be at a loss to guess why he offered not to accompany Arthur Baynton in the first instance—why he afterwards ran away from his noble friend in the plantations—or by whose hand he fell?

It was even so. A practical joke, once imagined, tempted him irresistibly. He was resolved to "frighten the parson," as he termed it, and thus brought death upon himself, and entail-

ed long years of misery upon his family and friends.

Maria, in her loneliness, drooped, as a fair stricken flower, which can never again lift up its head to share the blessed sunbeams that invigorate all around. In deeds of mercy and benevolence she trod meekly and tremblingly her way through life. For the happiness of him whom she loved, she prayed fervently, but never saw him more. Of the aged and afflicted parents, bowed down by their sorrows, why should we speak? They and their daughter are now where "the weary at rest."

The last survivor of the once happy family circle, was the rector of a small parish in Devonshire. The poor blessed him, but at the tables of the rich he was not found. No clergyman could be more attentive to his clerical duties; but in one solemn and important rite he never could be induced to officiate. The Holy Sacrament, he said, was not for such as him to administer; and when he partook thereof as a communicant, it was observed that he always used his left hand. He was a gray-headed man, when the passing bell announced to the villagers that their beloved rector's spirit was just freed from its "mortal coil;" but his monument in the chancel tells of one who died in the prime of life.

Reader! this is not all a "Tale of Fiction." We have changed the names of persons and of places for reasons of our own; but the foundation of what thou hast read is in TRUTH."

## REVENGE.

Some philosophers would give a sex to revenge, and appropriate it almost exclusively to the female mind. But, like most other vices, it is of both genders; yet, because wounded vanity, or slighted love, are the two most powerful excitements to revenge, it has been thought, perhaps, to rage with more violence in the female heart. But as the causes of this passion are not confined to the women so neither are the effects. History can produce many Syllas, for one Fulvia, or Christina. The fact, perhaps, is that the human heart, in both sexes, will more readily pardon injuries than insults, particularly if they appear to arise, not from any wish in the offender to degrade us, but to aggrandize himself. Margaret Lambrun assumed a man's habit, and came to England, from the other side of the Tweed, determined to assassinate Queen Elizabeth. She was urged to this from the double malice of revenge, excited by the loss of her mistress, Queen Mary, and that of her own husband who died from grief, at the death of his queen. In attempting to get close to Elizabeth, she dropped one of her pistols; and on being seized, and brought before the queen, she boldly avowed her motives, and added, that she found herself necessitated, by experience, to prove the truth of that maxim, that neither force nor reason can hinder a woman from revenge, when she is impelled by love. The queen set an example, that few kings would have followed, for she magnanimously forgave the criminal; and thus took the noblest mode of convincing her that there were some injuries which even a woman could forgive.

## THE ANGRY LOVER'S PARTING.

A SONNET, BY DRAITON—1620.

Since there's no help—come let us kiss and part!  
 Nay, I have done! you get no more of me!  
 And I am glad! yea, glad with all my heart,  
 That thus so clearly I myself can free!  
 Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,  
 And when we meet at any time again,  
 Be it not seen in either of our brows,  
 That we one jot of former love retain,  
 Now at the last gasp of Love's fleeting breath,  
 When his pulse failing passion stirless lies,  
 When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
 And innocence is closing up his eyes—  
 Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over—  
 From death to light thou mightest him recover!

## STANZAS.

Happy, happy childhood!  
 Would I were a child,  
 Again to taste thy calm delights,  
 Thy pleasures undefil'd.  
 Oh! for those happy days,  
 When life was one long game;  
 And pining care a thing unknown,  
 And sorrow but a name.

Happy, happy childhood!  
 Where are now thy joys?  
 The laughing eye, the heart so light,  
 And thy much valued toys?  
 The laughing eye is dim,  
 The heart is torn with grief;  
 From other toys, more dearly bought,  
 We seek a vain relief.

Happy, happy childhood!  
 Innocence is thine;  
 And round life's early morn the flow'rs  
 Of soft affection twine.  
 How sweet a mother's love;  
 How dear a father's care;  
 Oh! what with childhood's hallow'd joys,  
 Can youth or age compare?

Happy, happy childhood!  
 Art thou flown for aye?  
 Alas! the memory but remains  
 Of days, long past away:  
 Still is that memory dear,  
 A green amidst life's wild;  
 And in my brightest, happiest dreams,  
 I am again a child!

## THE FAIRIES' GATHERING.

Oh where, Oh where do the fairies meet?  
 They meet in the forest-hall,  
 With a pavement of verdure beneath their feet,  
 And pillars of oak-stems tall

Where bough clasp bough, and the foliage weaves  
 A shadowy dome from its emerald leaves,  
 And the copse-screen forms each wall;  
 Where the glistening planets are peeping through  
 For lamps, like drops of Morn's diamond dew.

And when, Oh when do the fairies meet?  
 They meet when the moon is strong,  
 On the wood's green sward, and the lake's broad sheet,  
 When the trees cast their shadows long;  
 They meet at the noon of the summer's night,  
 When the glow-worms, the stars of the ground are  
 bright,  
 And the bird chirps its vesper-song;  
 When o'er the morass, with their torches lit,  
 The merry wild meteors in revel flit.

And why do the fairies meet?—They meet  
 To dance round their mazy ring,  
 And list to the nightingale's wood-notes sweet,  
 When those minstrels of midnight sing  
 To the moon; and to drink from their blossom-bowls,  
 The nectary dew-drops that feed the souls  
 Of the fairest-flowers that spring;  
 And they meet to torment with malicious mirth,  
 And to laugh at the doings of foolish Earth.

## SONG.

She wrote no word—she sent no scroll,  
 Though moons had past since last they met;  
 He could not think it in his soul,  
 That one like her could e'er forget.  
 Ah, foolish one! for long he shed  
 The bitter tear, and mourned her dead!

He little dreamed that absence parts  
 Those fragile links, by which love binds  
 The vain desire of fickle hearts,  
 The wandering aims of empty minds—  
 And he was in a foreign land,  
 And other suitors sought her hand.

Released at length from duty's throne,  
 Again he trod his native clime,  
 And found the maid once called his own,  
 Another's bride—and from that time,  
 Woman hath only been a term  
 For fickleness, and faith infirm.

Revenge is a debt, in the paying of which, the  
 greatest knave is honest and sincere, and, so far  
 as he is able, punctual. But there is a difference  
 between a debt of revenge and every other debt.  
 By paying our other debts, we are equal with all  
 mankind; but in refusing to pay a debt of revenge,  
 we are superior. Yet, it must be confessed, that  
 it is much less difficult to forgive our enemies,  
 than our friends, and if we ask how it came to  
 pass that Coriolanus found it so hard a task to  
 pardon Rome, the answer is, that he was himself  
 a Roman.

FAC SIMILE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S WRITING.

Sir

I have very ungraciously left uncorrected  
except your present of the Landscapes illustrations of  
Waverley I pretend to no knowledge of art or my  
opinion might be of no use. But I think they  
are very beautiful and sincerely hope they will answer  
the purpose of the artists and publishers

I remain Sir

your obliged humble servant

Walter Scott

Mr Charles Hall  
Bookbinder

## THE WOOING AT GRAFTON.

It was one of those fresh and balmy summer evenings which sometimes succeed a day of scarcely endurable sultriness. The breathless stillness and heat of noon had given place to a refreshing breeze which rippled the waves of the Ouse, and stirred the countless leaves of the forest, through which the river meandered. The sun was setting in unclouded magnificence; and although his rays had greatly declined in intensity and strength, they had lost nothing of their splendour and their brightness. The birds, whose floods of melody appeared to have been dried up during the day, now poured forth a tide of song so full and resistless, that it seemed as if they intended during the short interval previous to the hour of roosting, to make amends for the silence of so many hours.

A lady of a stately figure, and features of exquisite beauty, was walking on the banks of the river. She was followed by a female attendant, and led by the hand a youth who seemed to be about nine or ten years of age. She was tall and finely formed; her eyes were large, black, and bright; her ringlets, which were as black and almost as bright, fell down to her shoulders; her complexion was exquisitely fair, approaching even to paleness. She seemed to have scarcely attained her twentieth year; but the tears which streamed down her cheeks, the melancholy expression of her eye, especially when it glanced on the strippling by her side, and the widow's weeds in which she was apparessed, too plainly told that, young as she was, sorrow had outstripped time, and premature clouds had darkened the morning of her days.

"Adelaide," she said, addressing her attendant, "see'st thou yonder alder-tree, how it gleams and brightens in the rays of the sun? but that sun is setting; into those crimson clouds beneath him, that look like a sanguinary sea, he will shortly sink, and then the tree which now gleams and brightens will be surrounded with desolation and darkness."

"But, to-morrow, Madam—," said the attendant.

"Talk not of the morrow to me," interrupted the lady—"to me, on whose darkened fortunes no morrow shall ever dawn. Alas! like yonder tree I flourished; brightness was on my head and around my path; but the sun that shone upon me has set,—has set in a sea of blood."

"Sweet lady!" said Adelaide, "but I will talk to thee of the morrow, for a morrow of joy and gladness shall dawn upon thee yet: King Edward is gallant and generous; and although Sir John Gray fell fighting the battles of the Red Rose, he will not visit on the widow and orphans the transgressions of the husband and the father."

"Alas! Adelaide, only this day have I received a letter from my noble mother, who informs me that all her importunities have been in vain. The King has been besieged by her in his palace at Westminster more unremittingly than ever he was by Clifford or Northumberland, or the most zealous Lancastrian, when shut up in some iron fortress which constituted his only territory. The ruthless Richard Plantagenet, he whom they now call the Duke of Gloucester, stands between him and every generous disposition of his heart. The

Lancastrians are devoted to the slaughter; and the crime of my dead lord, in gallantly supporting to his latest gasp the cause of his lawful sovereign, can only be expiated by the beggary of his widow and his orphans."

"Would that the gallant King," said Adelaide, "could but once behold that fair face wet with tears, and know that a single word from his lips would suffice to dry them! methinks that the forfeited estates of your husband would then be soon restored to you."

"And in truth, gentle Adelaide," said the Lady Gray, "a wild hope that perchance in the course of the chase, which he is to-day following in this neighbourhood, I might come in contact with him, and have an opportunity of falling at his feet and pleading my cause in person, has lured me from Grafton Manor, and kept me wandering by the river-side till the hour of sunset."

"The dews of evening are descending, Madam, and the chase is over. Let us return, lest we be intruded upon by some of the wild gallants in King Edward's train, who are not very scrupulous in their mode of courtship when they encounter a fair lady alone and unprotected. Trust rather to the continued importunity of your noble mother. The Duchess has a persuasive speech, and the King a susceptible heart. Let us return to the manor, and hope that all will yet be well."

The lady turned round to retrace her steps, in compliance with the advice of her attendant, when she found herself suddenly seized in the grasp of a man who had followed her unperceived, and who now, with very little ceremony, proceeded to overwhelm her with his embraces.

The author of this outrage was by no means one whose personal attractions could render the violence which he committed less unpalatable. He was a short and meagre figure, humpbacked, with legs of an unequal size, and teeth, or rather fangs, which protruded from his mouth, and gave an hideous expression to his face, which otherwise might have possibly been called handsome. His forehead was high and fair, his eyes black and sparkling, and his broad arched brows gave an expression of intelligence and dignity to the upper part of his countenance which strangely contrasted with the grotesqueness and deformity of his figure. He was very richly habited in a robe of blue velvet, lined with silk, and glittering with gold—a sword hung by his side, and a cap, adorned with a plume of feathers, and a sparkling diamond in the front, was placed in rather a fantastic and foppish manner upon his head.

The lady shrieked fearfully when she found herself in the arms of this hideous being. "Silence, Madam, silence," he said, "or," and he touched his dagger, while a cloud as black as midnight gathered on his brow, which, however, instantly gave place to a smile of even bewitching sweetness. "Pardon, pardon," he added, "that one used to war and strife should begin with menaces, even when addressing so fair a creature as thou art!"

"Unhand me, monster!" said the Lady Gray.

"Sweet lady," he said, "you must unhand me first."

"Desist!" said a voice behind them, "or, by Heaven! your heart shall rue the boldness of your hand."

With these words, a young man habited in Lincoln green, with a bow and quiver slung over his shoulders, and bearing a drawn sword in his hand, rushed upon the lady's assailant. He paused, however, as his eye encountered that of this misshapen being—whether it was that he recognized a face familiar to him, or that he felt an emotion of surprise at the hideousness of the creature which he beheld, was not apparent. The latter eyed him with a sullen and malignant smile, and then uttering a loud and discordant laugh, disappeared amidst the recesses of the forest.

The lady had sunk on the ground exhausted and stupefied with terror. Her deliverer hastened to raise her up; while the boy, whose bosom heaved with sobs, caught her hand, and covered it with his kisses; and Adelaide sprinkled her pallid and death-like features with water from the river. When she once more opened her eyes, they rested upon a being very dissimilar from him in whose arms she had last found herself. The perfect grace and symmetry of his form was only equalled by the sweetness and noble expression of his features, which, save that the curl of his lip, and the proud glance of his eye, indicated something of a haughty and imperious temperament, approached as nearly as possible to the *beau idéal* of manly beauty. The simplicity and modesty of his dress were as strikingly opposed to the gorgeous apparel, as were his graces of form and feature to the ghastliness and deformity of his late opponent.

"Thanks, gentle Sir!" said the lady Gray—"thanks for thy timely aid!"

"No thanks are due to me, sweet lady; but to thy fair self I owe unbounded thanks for an opportunity of gazing on so much loveliness. Yet must I be a petitioner for a farther favour—permission to escort you home."

The lady accepted with gratitude the service which was proffered as a boon; and giving her hand to the graceful cavalier, she proceeded under his escort homewards, attended by the stripling and Adelaide. During this short journey, she had an opportunity of discovering that the elegant and accomplished form of her deliverer was but the mirror of his refined and cultivated mind. The wit, vivacity, knowledge of men and manners, originality of thought, and courteous and chivalrous demeanour which he evinced, were such that, if they did not positively win the heart of the Lady Gray before this their first interview terminated, they certainly laid the foundation of a passion which, as the reader will subsequently learn, exercised a powerful influence over the destinies of both.

"And now, gentle Sir," said the lady, as they arrived at her residence, "welcome to Grafton Manor. Will you please to enter?"

"Not now, sweet Madam!" answered the cavalier: "I am in the King's train, and my services will be missed. Yet may I crave leave to call to-morrow, and inquire after the health of —" He paused; but the lady soon concluded his sentence.

"Of the Lady Gray of Groby," she said extending her hand to him.

"Ha!" he said, and started, while a dark frown lowered for a moment over his fine features, "the

widow of the Lancastrian knight who fell at St. Alban's."

"Even that ill-starred woman," said the Lady Gray, while the tears streamed down her features.—"Farewell! farewell! I see that it is a name which is now unpleasant to all ears."

"Nay, nay, sweet Madam," said the youth, gently detaining her; "it is a name which friends and foes ought alike to honour as identified with manly and heroic devotion to a falling cause, and——" his voice faltered as he added, in a softer tone, "with the perfection of female grace and loveliness. You have been a suppliant to the King, Madam, for the restoration of your dead Lord's forfeited estates?"

"I have been," she replied, "and a most unhappy and unsuccessful one."

"The King, Madam, is surrounded by men who entertain small love for the unhappy adherents of the House of Lancaster. I have the honour to serve his Highness. If Edward March, his poor Esquire, can advance the cause of the Lady Gray, small as may be his abilities to do her good, they shall be all devoted to her service."

"Thanks!—once more a thousand thanks, generous Sir!" said the lady. "The cause of Elizabeth Gray indeed needs all the efforts of her friends to insure for it a prosperous issue. If Master Edward March can do ought to serve it, the blessing of the widow and the fatherless will rest upon his head."

"And the blessing of the widow," thought Master Edward March, after he had taken leave of the lady, and was retracing his steps to the river side, "will be the blessing of the prettiest woman in England. That of the fatherless I could e'en dispense with; yet, methinks, it is well that they are fatherless, Heaven rest their father's soul!"

This short interview caused a strange disturbance in the heart of Elizabeth Gray. The interests of her orphan children, and anxiety to obtain for them the restitution of their father's forfeited property, had for a long time occupied her mind exclusively. Now a new feeling, she would not venture to call it a passion, seemed at least to mingle with, if not to absorb, all other considerations. Yet even this came disguised in the garb of her children's interests, who, she now felt more than ever, stood much in need of a protector to supply the place of their deceased parent. The mother of the Lady Gray was Jacqueline of Luxembourg, the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, who had, after the death of her husband, so far sacrificed her ambition to love, that she espoused in second marriage Sir Richard Woodville, a private gentleman, to whom she bore several children; and amongst the rest Elizabeth, who was remarkable for the grace and beauty of her person, as well as for other amiable accomplishments. This young lady had married Sir John Gray of Groby, by whom she had two sons; and her husband being slain in the second battle of St. Alban's, fighting on the side of Lancaster, and his estate being for that reason confiscated, his widow had retired to live with her mother at her seat of Grafton, in Northamptonshire. The Duchess herself resided principally in London, as well for the purpose of leaving her daughter as much as possible in complete possession of Grafton Court, as to afford the Duchess, by her vicinity to the palace,

opportunities for pressing upon the King the propriety of restoring to the widow of Sir John Gray the forfeited estates of her husband. These solicitations, however, had as yet been unavailing, and she was in daily expectation of hearing that the estates, which formed the subject of them, had been bestowed upon some adherent of the House of York.

Such was the posture of her affairs when the Lady Gray became acquainted with Edward March, in the manner which we have narrated. The young esquire called on her the next day, and their second interview confirmed in the bosoms of both the passion which had been excited by the first. March, in addition to his personal attractions, expressed so much anxiety for the interests of the lady and her children, and such a determination, as soon as the King returned to London, and was at leisure to attend to business, to press the fair widow's suit upon his attention, that the surrender which the lady made of her heart seemed to her to be no less a matter of policy than affection. The youth was not slow in perceiving the impression which he had made on the susceptible bosom of Elizabeth; and one day when the parties had scarcely been acquainted a month, he took, like Othello, "a pliant hour," poured into the lady's listening, and not offended ear, a confession of his passion, and made an offer of his hand and heart.

"Alas! good Master March," said she, "thou talkest idly. What hopes can a poor Esquire and the portionless widow of Sir John Gray have of future happiness, by uniting their forlorn fortunes together?"

"I have a sword, Madam, which has already done good service, and which, I doubt not, will, on the next field in which it is brandished, win for me the badge of knighthood."

"Or the grave of an esquire!" said the lady mournfully.

"But, Madam, trust to my persuasions, and the King's goodness of heart for the restoration of your children's inheritance. Will you make your promise of sealing my happiness conditional upon that restoration?"

The youth's eye flashed fire as he put this question to the lady. Her colour came and went—her bosom rose and fell quickly; her heart beat within it tumultuously, and her whole frame trembled like the aspen tree, as she paused a few moments before she answered this question; and then sinking into his arms, exclaimed, "I will, I will! dearest Edward, I am wholly thine!"

"Now Heaven's richest blessing fall upon that fair head!" he said, imprinting a fervent kiss on her forehead. "The King departs for London on the morrow, and I must follow in his train. Trust me, sweet Elizabeth, that thy suit shall not want the advocacy of any eloquence which I may possess: and I hope that when I next meet thee, it will be to clasp thee to my bosom as my bride."

The Lady Gray felt more desolate than ever at Grafton Manor after the departure of Edward March from its neighbourhood. She had intrusted him with a letter to the Duchess of Bedford, in which she had simply informed her that the bearer was a gentleman who hoped, from his situation near the person of the King, to be able to advance the successful progress of their suit to

his Highness. To this letter she had received an answer, saying that it had been forwarded to her mother by Mr. March, but that he had not himself called upon the Duchess, nor had she received from him any intelligence as to the success of his efforts on the Lady Gray's behalf. Days and weeks rolled on, and the fair widow still remained in total uncertainty as to the state of her affairs, except that each letter which she received from her mother informed her that she found increasing difficulty in procuring interviews with the King, and that the monarch, at such interviews, appeared colder and more adverse than ever to the object for which they were sought.

"Alas! alas!" said the Lady Gray, "will Fate never cease to persecute me? Even this last fond hope—reliance on the affection and on the efforts in my behalf of this young man—has failed me. But it was a wild and an idle hope; and Elizabeth Gray, who has seen so much of the world, ought to have known how delusive are its brightest prospects, and how false its most solemn promises. Edward March has proved inconstant and untrue, and Elizabeth Gray must remain desolate and oppressed."

These painful thoughts agitated her mind as from a terrace in the gardens of Grafton Manor she gazed on nearly the same scenery which we have described at the commencement of this narrative—the winding Ouse, whose every ripple gleamed like gold in the beams of the declining sun; the massive oaks, which cast their dark shadows round them, but received on their summits and their leaves a share of the glory of the setting luminary; the stately manor-house in the foreground sending up wreaths of silver smoke into the deep blue sky; and the distant spire of the village-church of Grafton, catching the latest ray of the fast-declining orb, and terminating as with a finger of glory the horizon. This was a scene whose simple quiet beauty had often served to calm and soothe her wounded feelings, and to give a tinge of its own brightness to her anticipations of the future: now, however, it only served to bring back painful recollections to her mind—the interview with March; the affections and hopes which sprang from it; and the cruel manner in which all those affections and hopes had been blighted and destroyed.

"Yes," she added: "it is a wild and an idle hope, and he has proved inconstant and untrue."

At that moment a rustling among the leaves of the bower in which she sat aroused her from her reverie; and starting up, she beheld—not, as for an instant she had fondly expected, Edward March, but a cavalier of maturer age and less welcome to her eye, yet nevertheless a right noble and valiant cavalier, her father's brother, Sir William Woodville.

"Gallant uncle!" she said, "right welcome to Grafton Manor!—what news from my noble mother?"

"Cold news, heavy news, sweet Elizabeth," said the Knight, and he passed his hand across his eyes.

"Alas! alas!" she said, sinking back into the seat from which she had sprung a moment before full of hopefulness.—"Tell it me then—tell it me, however cold and heavy. Methinks my

heart has learned to bear so much, that it can yet bear something—a little, little more—before it breaks."

"Sweet lady," said Sir William, "I am come to inform you that all our hopes of procuring the restitution of your husband's property are over: the meddling interference of a young esquire of the name of March has proved fatal to our cause, he having been discovered to be the same individual who had the boldness to draw his sword on the Duke of Gloucester in Grafton forest, when the King and his retinue were last in this neighbourhood following the pleasures of the chase."

"Ha!" said the lady, wringing her hands and shrieking piteously; "and has that gallant young gentleman, to whom my thoughts have done so much injustice, involved himself in danger on my account; and was that foul misshapen being, from whose odious caresses he rescued me, the Duke of Gloucester? I will hasten to London—I will throw myself at the feet of the gallant King—I will tell him that it was in the holiest cause—in the cause of injured innocence and helplessness, that Edward March dared to draw his sword. I will save him—I will save him."

"Sweet cousin," said the Knight, gently detaining her,—for she had started from her seat as if to perform the journey to London on the instant,—“it is too late—Edward March is no more."

"Ha!" said the lady, while the blackness of despair gathered on her features; "thou art mad to say it, and I am mad to listen to it."

"Nay, nay, sweet cousin!" said the Knight; "tis sad truth that I utter. Of the details of this young gentleman's fate, I can give you no intelligence. All that I know is, that the same messenger from the court who informed the Duchess that your suit was rejected, added, that the King had found it necessary to terminate the existence of Edward March."

"The cold-blooded, ruthless tyrant!" said Elizabeth. "Why! every hair on Edward March's head, was worth a thousand Gloucesters—that bloated spider—that viperous deformity—that hideous libel on the human form! Uncle, thou wear'st a sword."

"Ay, cousin! and it has done good service in its time. It has dyed the white rose redder than its blushing rival."

"Now, then, draw it to perform a nobler service than ever. Unsheath it in the cause of murdered innocence—unsheath it in the cause of the helpless and oppressed. Rid the world of a monster in mind and form. Search with it for the heart, if he has one, of this Duke of Gloucester."

"Why, gentle cousin," said the Knight, almost smiling, notwithstanding the heaviness of the news of which he had been the bearer, at the violence of his niece's emotion—"what means this? Surely the loss of your suit to his Highness was not an event so improbable and unexpected, that it should find you thus unprepared to meet the consequences?"

"But the noble gentleman who has perished in the attempt to serve me!" said the lady, weeping.

"Peace be with his ashes!" said the Knight,

crossing himself: "but, fair Elizabeth, it is vain and idle to lament the past. Let us rather provide for the future. The King may yet be prevailed upon to do thee justice. Hasten to the palace; throw thyself at his feet; show him thy orphan children—show him thy sable weeds—above all, show him thy own fair face, and, my life for it, the broad acres of Groby are thine own."

"Wouldst have me kneel at the feet of a homicide?—wouldst have me kiss the hand red with the blood of Edward March? Perish the thought!" said the lady.

"Then perish the children of Sir John Gray!" said the Knight; "perish and starve his widow! Let beggary and desolation cling to that ancient and honourable house!"

"Nay, nay," said Elizabeth, interrupting him; "thou hast touched me to the quick. I did indeed forget. I will throw myself at the feet of this crowned barbarian—I will dry my tears—I will mask my cheek in smiles—I will procure for my children the restitution of their inheritance, and then I will hasten—"

"To Groby castle?" said the Knight.

"To the grave! to the grave!" said the lady.

Sir William Woodville no sooner saw that his niece acquiesced in his proposition, than he endeavoured to hasten the execution of it, trusting that time would alleviate her sorrow; and not very well understanding all its violence,—for the real cause of her sympathy for the fate of Edward March had not occurred to the imagination of the Knight. "The Court, the Court," he said mentally, "is the atmosphere to dry a widow's tears: the tilt and the tournament, the revel and the masque—these are the true comforters of the afflicted. Many a gallant has pierced a lady's heart through the ring, and lured a nobler falcon than ever soared into the air, when he called only to his mounting goshawk." Such were the Knight's reflections as he rode towards London. The lady's, as our readers will easily divine, were of a different and more painful character. Fear and sickly hope; mingled horror and awe for the personage whom she was about to supplicate, and cureless grief for the loss of the being who had taken such a chivalrous interest in her fate were the varying emotions by which her bosom was agitated.

The journey to the metropolis was concluded without the occurrence of any incident worthy of record. Elizabeth Gray was speedily clasped in the arms of her mother, who mingled her tears with her own; and then both ladies accompanied by Sir William Woodville, and the two orphan Grays, proceeded to the palace at Westminster to make a personal appeal to the bounty of the King.

The monarch was seated in his private chamber, surrounded by the few but distinguished courtiers who had the privilege of access to him there, when it was announced to him that the Lady Gray of Groby craved admittance to the royal presence.

"Tut! tut!" said the King; "this puling widow and her friends think that the King of England has nothing to attend to but the interests of the family of a rebel who died fighting sword in hand against his sovereign. Thrice have I peremptorily refused the supplication of the



old Duchess of Somerset; and now the young lady is to play off the battery of her sighs and tears upon me, in the hopes of a more prosperous result."

"And in truth, my Liege," said the Marquis of Montague, "the young lady has not been badly advised in trying that experiment, if report speaks truly of her charms."

"Sayest thou so, cousin Montague?" said the King; "then, in God's name, let her enter." And then carefully adjusting his robes, and assuming an air between the dignity of a monarch and the vanity of an Adonis, conscious of his personal attractions, he leaned back in his throne.

The door of the presence-chamber unfolded, and the suppliant party, attired in deep mourning, approached the foot of the throne. The Lady Gray was led forward by Sir William Woodville, while the Duchess and her disinherited grandchildren came behind. A murmur of approbation and surprise passed from lip to lip, among the courtiers, as they gazed on the surpassingly beautiful features of the fair petitioner, whom sorrow had not robbed of one of her charms, but had rather improved and heightened them all. She entered with head depressed and downcast eyes, not daring to look at the person whom she supplicated, and for whom, as the murderer of her lover, and the sovereign of the realm, she entertained a sentiment in which abhorrence and reverence were strangely mingled.

"A boon! a boon! most dread Sovereign," she said, sinking at the monarch's feet.

"Rise, gentle Lady," said the King, "and name, if thou canst, the boon which thy sovereign will refuse thee."

"Ha!" said Elizabeth, starting, as though the voice of the dead had sounded in her ears. "Those tones—that voice! surely I am not mad." She lifted her eyes towards the King, and an expression of wonder and delight burst from her lips, as she recognised beneath the royal diadem the features of Edward March. That expression, however, was repressed, as a deep feeling of fear and awe came over her; and sinking again to the ground, she exclaimed—"Pardon! gracious Sire!—Pardon! pardon!"

"Pardon! sweet Elizabeth," said the King, descending from the throne, and raising her in his arms; "and wherefore—? But thou hast a petition, fair lady, to which thou would'st crave our answer?"

"Even so, dread Sir," said the lady, "it is to pray of your royal grace and favour to grant to my orphan children the restitution of the forfeited estates of their father, Sir John Gray of Groby. Great King! good King! listen to my prayer. Think that the transgressions of the father have been expiated by his death; and that, whatever they were, his infant sons had no participation in them. And oh! gracious Sire, let not the boldness of their mother, at a time when she knew not the illustrious person with whom she conversed, stand in the way of your Highness's grace and favour towards the children."

"The petition, fair Elizabeth," said the King, "is granted, and Heaven prosper the gallant house of Gray of Groby! But now it is my turn to play the suppliant. Thou rememberest a promise made to Edward March—a conditional

promise, it is true, but the condition is now performed. The poor youth—rest his soul!—is no more. When King Edward entered his ancient palace of Westminster, he found it necessary to terminate the existence of Edward March."

"Thus lowly," said the lady, "do I once more crave thy royal pardon. Thou who hast proved the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, accept their blessings and their prayers. The land which your Highness has restored to them shall be held for the safeguard of your royal person, and the terror of your enemies; but jest not thus cruelly with your handmaid, and pardon the presumption and boldness of which she was unwittingly guilty."

"But under your favour, Lady Gray," said the Monarch, laughing, "I have not yet proved myself the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless; and until I do so, I will not accept either their benedictions or their prayers. As the representative of the deceased Edward March, I will take care and see that the promise which was so solemnly made by him be performed. My Lords and Gentlemen," he added, turning to the wondering courtiers, "behold your Queen!"

"God save Queen Elizabeth!" exclaimed all present. "Long live the noble Queen of England!"

"And now, my Lord of Canterbury," said the King, "your part in this day's solemnities remains to be performed."

Thus saying, he led the Lady Gray to the chapel of the palace, followed by her mother and children, Sir William Woodville, the Prelate, and the rest of the courtiers. There the nuptial knot was indissolubly tied between the beggar and the king—the monarch and her who had so lately been his humble petitioner.

## CLOUGH NA CUDDY.

Above all the islands in the lakes of Killarney give me Innisfallen—"sweet Innisfallen," as the melodious Moore calls it. It is, in truth, a fairy isle, although I have no fairy story to tell you about it; and if I had, these are such unbelieving times, and people of late have grown so sceptical, that they only smile at my stories, and doubt them.

However, none will doubt that a monastery once stood upon Innisfallen island, for its ruins may still be seen; neither, that within its walls dwelt certain pious and learned persons called Monks. A very pleasant set of fellows they were, I make not the smallest doubt; and I am sure of this, that they had a very pleasant spot to enjoy themselves in after dinner—the proper time, believe me, and I am no bad judge of such matters, for the enjoyment of a fine prospect.

Out of all the monks you could not pick a better fellow nor a merrier soul than father Cuddy; he sung a good song, he told a good story, and had a jolly, comfortable-looking paunch of his own, that was a credit to any refectory table. He was distinguished above all the rest by the name of "the fat father." Now there are many that will take huff at a name; but father Cuddy

had no nonsense of that kind about him; he laughed at it—and well able he was to laugh, for his mouth nearly reached from one ear to the other: his might, in truth, be called an open countenance. As his paunch was no disgrace to his food, neither was his nose to his drink. "Tis a doubt to me if there were not more carbuncles upon it than ever were seen at the bottom of the lake, which is said to be full of them. His eyes had a right merry twinkle in them, like moonshine dancing on the water; and his cheeks had the roundness and crimson glow of ripe arbutus berries.

"He eat, and drank, and prayed, and slept.—What then?  
He eat, and drank, and prayed, and slept again!"

Such was the tenor of his simple life: but when he prayed, a certain drowsiness would come upon him, which, it must be confessed, never occurred when a well-filled "black-Jack" stood before him. Hence his prayers were short and his draughts were long. The world loved him, and he saw no good reason why he should not in return love its venison and its usquebaugh. But, as times went, he must have been a pious man, or else what befel him never would have happened.

Spiritual affairs—for it was respecting the importation of a tun of wine into the island monastery—demanded the presence of one of the brotherhood of Innisfallen at the abbey of Irelagh, now called Mucruss. The superintendence of this important matter was committed to father Cuddy, who felt too deeply interested in the future welfare of any community of which he was a member, to neglect or delay such mission. With the morning's light he was seen guiding his shallop across the crimson waters of the lake towards the peninsula of Mucruss; and having moored his little bark in safety beneath the shelter of a wave-worn rock, he advanced with becoming dignity towards the abbey.

The stillness of the bright and balmy hour was broken by the heavy footsteps of the zealous father. At the sound the startled deer, shaking the dew from their sides, sprang up from their lair, and as they bounded off—"Hah!" exclaimed Cuddy, "what a noble haunch goes there!—how delicious it would look smoking upon a goodly platter!"

As he proceeded, the mountain bee hummed his tune of gladness around the holy man, save when buried in the foxglove bell, or revelling upon a fragrant bunch of thyme: and even then the little voice murmured out happiness in low and broken tones of voluptuous delight. Father Cuddy derived no small comfort from the sound, for it presaged a good metheglin season, and metheglin he regarded, if well manufactured, to be no bad liquor, particularly when there was no stint of usquebaugh in the brewing.

Arrived within the abbey garth, he was received with due respect by the brethren of Irelagh, and arrangements for the embarkation of the wine were completed to his entire satisfaction. "Welcome, father Cuddy," said the prior: "grace be on you."

"Grace before meat, then," said Cuddy, "for a long walk always makes me hungry, and I am certain I have not walked less than half a mile

this morning, to say nothing of crossing the water."

A pasty of choice flavour felt the truth of this assertion, as regarded father Cuddy's appetite. After such consoling repast, it would have been a reflection on monastic hospitality to depart without partaking of the grace-cup; moreover, father Cuddy had a particular respect for the antiquity of that custom. He liked the taste of the grace-cup well:—he tried another,—it was no less excellent: and when he had swallowed the third he found his heart expand, and put forth its fibres, willing to embrace all mankind. Surely, then, there is Christian love and charity in wine!

I said he sung a good song. Now though psalms are good songs, and in accordance with his vocation, I did not mean to imply that he was a mere psalm singer. It was well known to the brethren, that wherever father Cuddy was, mirth and melody were with him;—mirth in his eye, and melody on his tongue: and these, from experience, are equally well known to be thirsty commodities; but he took good care never to let them run dry. To please the brotherhood, whose excellent wine pleased him, he sung, and as "*in vino veritas*," his song will well become this veritable history.

## THE FRIAR'S SONG.

### I.

My vows I can never fulfil,  
Until

I have breakfasted, one way or other;  
And I freely protest,  
That I never can rest,  
Till I borrow or beg

An egg.

Unless I can come at the ould hen, its mother.

But Maggy, my dear,  
While you're here,

I don't fear

To want eggs that have just been laid newly;  
For och! you're a pearl

Of a girl,

And you're called so *in Latin* most truly.

### II.

There is most to my mind something that is still  
upper

Than supper,

Tho' it must be admitted I feel no way thinner

After dinner;

But soon as I hear the cock crow

In the morning,

That eggs you are bringing full surely I know,

By that warning,

While your buttermilk helps me to float

Down my throat

Those sweet cakes made of oat,

I don't envy an earl,

Sweet girl,

Och, 'tis you are a beautiful pearl.

Such was his song. Father Cuddy smacked his lips at the recollection of Margery's delicious fried eggs, which always imparted a peculiar re-

lish to his liquor. The very idea provoked Cuddy to raise the cup to his mouth, and with one hearty pull thereat he finished its contents.

This is, and ever was, a censorious world, often construing what is only a fair allowance into an excess: but I scorn to reckon up any man's drink, like an unrelenting host, therefore I cannot tell how many brimming draughts of wine be-decked with the venerable *Bead*, father Cuddy emptied into his "soul-case," so he figuratively termed the body.

His respect for the goodly company of the monks of Irelagh detained him until their adjournment to vespers, when he set forward on his return to Innisfallen. Whether his mind was occupied in philosophic contemplation or wrapped in pious musings, I cannot declare, but the honest father wandered on in a different direction from that in which his shallop lay. Far be it from me to insinuate that the good liquor which he had so commended caused him to forget his road, or that his track was irregular and unsteady. Oh no!—he carried his drink bravely, as became a decent man and a good Christian; yet, somehow, he thought he could distinguish two moons. "Bless my eyes," said father Cuddy, "everything is changing now-a-days!—the very stars are not in the same places they used to be: I think *Camécachta* (the Plough) is driving on at a rate I never saw it before to-night; but I suppose the driver is drunk, for there are blackguards every where."

Cuddy had scarcely uttered these words, when he saw, or fancied he saw, the form of a young woman, who, holding up a bottle, beckoned him towards her. The night was extremely beautiful, and the white dress of the girl floated gracefully in the moonlight as with gay step she tripped on before the worthy father, archly looking back upon him over her shoulder.

"Ah, Margery, merry Margery!" cried Cuddy, "you tempting little rogue! I see you, I see you and the bottle, let me but catch you, candida Margarita!" and on he followed, panting and smiling, after this alluring apparition.

At length his feet grew weary, and his breath failed, which obliged him to give up the chase: yet such was his piety that, unwilling to rest in any attitude but that of prayer, down dropped father Cuddy on his knees. Sleep, as usual, stole upon his devotions, and the morning was far advanced, when he awoke from dreams, in which tables groaned beneath their load of viands, and wine poured itself free and sparkling as the mountain spring.

Rubbing his eyes, he looked about him, and the more he looked the more he wondered at the alteration which appeared in the face of the country, "Bless my soul and body!" said the good father, "I saw the stars changing last night, but here is a change!" Doubting his senses, he looked again. The hills bore the same majestic outline as on the preceding day, and the lake spread itself beneath his view in the same tranquil beauty, and studded with the same number of islands; but every smaller feature in the landscape was strangely altered. What had been naked rocks were now clothed with holly and arbutus. Whole woods had disappeared, and waste places had become cultivated fields: and to complete the work of enchantment, the very

season itself seemed changed. In the rosy dawn of a summer's morning he had left the monastery of Innisfallen, and he now felt in every sight and sound the dreariness of winter. The hard ground was covered with withered leaves; icicles depended from leafless branches; he heard the sweet low note of the robin, who familiarly approached him; and he felt his fingers numbed from the nipping frost. Father Cuddy found it rather difficult to account for such sudden transformations, and to convince himself it was not the illusion of a dream, he was about to arise, when lo! he discovered that both his knees were buried at least six inches in the solid stone; for notwithstanding all these changes, he had never altered his devout position.

Cuddy was now wide awake, and felt, when he got up, his joints sadly cramped, which it was only natural they should be, considering the hard texture of the stone, and the depth his knees had sunk into it. But the great difficulty was to explain how, in one night, summer had become winter, whole woods had been cut down, and well-grown trees had sprouted up. The miracle, nothing else could he conclude it to be, urged him to hasten his return to Innisfallen, where he might learn some explanation of these marvelous events.

Seeing a boat moored within reach of the shore, he delayed not, in the midst of such wonders, to seek his own bark, but, seizing the oars, pulled stoutly towards the island; and here new wonders awaited him.

Father Cuddy waddled, as fast as cramped limbs could carry his rotund corporation, to the gate of the monastery, where he loudly demanded admittance.

"Holloa! whence come you, master monk, and what's your business?" demanded a stranger who occupied the porter's place.

"Business!—my business!" repeated the confounded Cuddy,— "why, do you not know me? Has the wine arrived safely?"

"Hence, fellow!" said the porter's representative, in a surly tone; "nor think to impose on me with your monkish tales."

"Fellow!" exclaimed the father: "mercy upon us, that I should be so spoken to at the gate of my own house!—Scoundrel!" cried Cuddy, raising his voice, "do you not see my garb—my holy garb?"

"Ay, fellow," replied he of the keys—"the garb of laziness and filthy debauchery, which has been expelled from out these walls. Know you not, idle knave, that the abbey lands and possessions were granted in August last to Master Robert Collam, by our Lady Elizabeth, sovereign queen of England, and paragon of all beauty—whom God preserve!"

"Queen of England!" said Cuddy; "there never was a sovereign queen of England—this is but a piece with the rest. I saw how it was going with the stars last night—the world's turned upside down. But surely this is Innisfallen island, and I am the father Cuddy, who yesterday morning went over to the abbey of Irelagh, respecting the tun of wine. Do you not know me now?"

"Know you!—how should I know you?" said the keeper of the abbey. "Yet, true it is, that I have heard my grandmother, whose mother

remembered the man, often speak of the fat father Cuddy of Innisfallen, who made a profane and godless ballad in praise of fresh eggs, of which he and his vile crew knew more than they did of the word good; and who, being drunk, it is said, tumbled into the lake one night, and was drowned; but that must have been a hundred, ay, more than a hundred years since."

"'Twas I who composed that song in praise of Margery's fresh eggs, which is no profane ballad—no other father Cuddy than myself ever belonged to Innisfallen," earnestly exclaimed the holy man. "A hundred years!—what was your great-grandmother's name?"

"She was a Mahony of Dunlow—Margaret ni Mahony; and my grandmother—"

"What! merry Margery of Dunlow your great-grandmother!" shouted Cuddy. "St. Brandon help me!—the wicked wench, with that tempting bottle!—why, 't was only last night—a hundred years!—your great-grandmother, said you?—Bless us! there has been a strange torpor over me; I must have slept all this time!"

That father Cuddy had done so, I think is sufficiently proved by the changes which occurred during his nap. A reformation, and a serious one it was for him, had taken place. Pretty Margery's fresh eggs were no longer to be had in Innisfallen; and with a heart as heavy as his footsteps, the worthy man directed his course towards Dingle, where he embarked in a vessel on the point of sailing for Malaga. The rich wine of that place had of old impressed him with a high respect for its monastic establishments, in one of which he quietly wore out the remainder of his days.

The stone impressed with the mark of father Cuddy's knees may be seen to this day. Should any incredulous persons doubt my story, I request them to go to Killarney, where Clough na Cuddy—so is the stone called—remains in Lord Kenmare's park, an indisputable evidence of the fact. Spillane, the bugle-man, will be able to point it out to them, as he did so to me; and here is my sketch by which they may identify it.

## SUMMER SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

*"And I too in Arcadia!"*

A celebrated picture, by Poussin, represents a band of youths and maidens suddenly coming upon a tomb which bears the inscription, "Et in Arcadia ego."

THEY have wandered in their glee  
With the butterfly and bee;  
They have climbed o'er heathery swells,  
They have wound through forest dells,  
Mountain moss hath felt their tread,  
Woodland streams their way have led  
Flowers in deepest Orcad nooks,  
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,  
Unto them have yielded up  
Fragrant Bell and starry Cup;

Chaplets are on every brow,  
What hath staid the wanderers now?  
Lo! a grey and rustic tomb  
Bowered amidst the rich wood gloom,  
Whence those words their stricken bosoms melt—  
"I too, shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt!"

There is many a summer sound  
That pale sepulchre around;  
Thro' the shade young birds are glancing,  
Insect wings in sun-streaks dancing,  
Glimpses of blue festal skies  
Pouring in when soft winds rise;  
Violets o'er the turf below  
Shedding out their warmest glow;  
Yet a spirit not its own,  
O'er the greenwood now is thrown!  
Something of an under note  
Through its music seems to float,  
Something of a stillness grey  
Creeps across the laughing day,  
Something from those old words felt—  
"I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt."

Was some gentle kindred maid  
In that grave with dirges laid?  
Some fair creature, with the tone  
Of whose voice a joy is gone,  
Leaving melody and mirth  
Poorer on this altered Earth?  
Is it thus! that so they stand,  
Dropping flowers from every hand;  
Flowers, and Lyres, and gathered store  
Of red wild-fruit, prized no more?  
No, from that bright band of morn  
Not one link hath yet been torn;  
'Tis the Shadow of the Tomb,  
Falling thus o'er Summer's bloom,  
O'er the flush of Love and Life,  
Passing with a sudden strife:  
'Tis the low, prophetic breath  
Rising from the house of death,  
Which thus whispers, those glad hearts to melt—  
"I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt."

## A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

How beautiful! how more than beautiful!  
How *kind*, is woman in the hour of pain;  
Even from despair their loving hearts can cull  
A breath of hope—though hope perchance be vain.  
Gently they pillow up the throbbing head,  
And fall their footsteps lightly on the ground;  
Midnight beholds them at the sick one's bed,  
And noon still sees them to the sufferer bound!

They weary not—though weary be the task,  
They faint not by the way—though frail they be,  
They pause not in well-doing—all they ask,  
Is freedom for us from infirmity:  
They heed not that their eyes wax dim with care  
That watching pales the roses on their cheek,  
Strong in their deep affection they can bear,  
And love the vigils that have made them weak.

## DANIEL DEFOE.



**DANIEL DEFOE**, whose family name was **FOX**, was the son of a butcher, and was born in London, in 1661. He was brought up for the dissenting ministry, but did not complete his clerical education. In 1685 he joined in Monmouth's rebellion, yet was fortunate enough to escape the fatal consequences. Previously to that event he had preluded as an author by publishing a satirical pamphlet, called *Speculum Crapegownorum*, and a Treatise against the Turks. Having secured his head, he entered into business, as a hosier, and also as a tile manufacturer, but he was not successful. His pen still continued to be active. To enumerate here even a hundredth part of his literary labours, would be impracticable, as a mere catalogue of them occupies sixteen pages. Among the most prominent of his verse efforts may be placed his *Trueborn Englishman*, a satire, published in 1701. In rugged metre, but often with forcible thoughts and language, it reprehends the ingratitude which was manifested towards his political idol, William III. In 1702, when the high church tory party was displaying its persecuting spirit, Defoe brought out his admirable ironical pamphlet, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. The House of Commons voted it a seditious libel, and a court of justice, or rather of injustice, sentenced him to be fined, imprisoned, and pilloried. To the last of these inflictions Pope has alluded in a line which disgraces only its author. Defoe, feeling that it is crime and not the scaffold that makes shame, poured forth his feelings in a high-spirited Hymn to the Pillory. While he was in confinement, he commenced *The Review*, a periodical which probably gave rise to the *Tatler*. At the end of two years he was released by Harley, and was employed on several confidential missions, particularly in contributing to effect the union with Scotland. Of the Union he afterwards published an excellent history. Towards the end of the reign of Anne, he was again imprisoned for a work similar to *The Shortest Way*, and was again extricated by Harley. On the accession of George I. Defoe was in a manner proscribed by that very whig party of which he had been one of the most strenuous and able supporters. Disgusted with politics, he turned his genius to other subjects. The first

result of his labour was the *Family Instructor*. In 1719 he produced the inimitable *Robinson Crusoe*, which speedily became popular, and must ever remain so. It was succeeded by a crowd of other performances, among which stand prominent *The Adventures of a Cavalier*, *A Journal of the Plague in 1665*, *The Political History of the Devil*, and a *System of Magic*. It is a melancholy circumstance that, in spite of his talents and industry, the latter days of Defoe were darkened, not only by the misconduct of a son, but by the evils attendant on penury. He died, insolvent, in the parish of Cripplegate, in April, 1731. He has been correctly described as "a man of the strongest natural powers, a lively imagination, and solid judgment, joined with an unshaken probity in his moral conduct, and an invincible integrity in his political sphere."

## DR. TOBIAS SMOLLET.



**DR. TOBIAS SMOLLET**, a writer of varied talents, was born in 1721, at Dalquhurn, in Dumbartonshire; was educated at Dumbarton Grammar School; and studied medicine at Glasgow, where he was apprenticed to a surgeon. He served as surgeon's mate in the expedition against Carthage, and, after a short residence in Jamaica, he returned to England, settled in the metropolis, and adopted the profession of an author. The tragedy of *The Regicide*, the spirited poem called *The Tears of Scotland*, and *Advice and Reproof*, two satires, were his first productions. In 1748 he gave to the press the novel of *Roderick Random*, which raised him into popularity. It was followed, at various intervals, by *Peregrine Pickle*, *Count Fathom*, a translation of *Don Quixote*, a *History of England*, *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, *The Adventures of an Atom*, *Travels*, and *Humphry Clinker*. The growling tone of his travels drew upon him, under the appellation of *Smelfungus*, the playful satire of *Sterne*. In 1756, he established *The Critical Review*; for a libel in which, upon Admiral Knowles, he suffered fine and imprisonment. He was one of the champions of Lord Bute, in support of whom he published *The Briton*, a weekly paper, which was speedily silenced by the *North Briton* of Wilkes. He died, near Leghorn, in 1771.

## THE OFFICERS.

## A STORY OF THE LAST WAR.

BY MISS LESLIE.

SOPHIA CLEMENTS had just arrived in Philadelphia, on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Darnel, the widow of a merchant who had left his family in very affluent circumstances. The children were a son now settled in business at Canton, two very pretty daughters, who had recently quitted school, and a boy just entering his twelfth year.

Miss Clements, who (being the child of a second marriage) was twenty years younger than Mrs. Darnel, had resided since the death of her parents with an unmarried brother in New York, where her beauty and her mental accomplishments had gained her many admirers, none of whom, however, had been able to make any impression on her heart.

Sophia Clements was but a few years older than her gay and giddy nieces, who kindly offered to pass her off as their cousin, declaring that she was quite too young to be called aunt. But secure in the consciousness of real youth, she preferred being addressed by the title that properly belonged to her.

The visit of Sophia Clements was in the last year of the second contest between England and America; and she found the heads of her two nieces filled chiefly with the war, and particularly with the officers. They had an infinity to tell her of "the stirring times" that had prevailed in Philadelphia, and were still prevailing. And she found it difficult to convince them that there was quite as much drumming and fifing in New York, and rather more danger; as that city, from its vicinity to the ocean, was much easier of access to the enemy.

The boy Robert was, of course, not behind his sisters in enthusiasm for the "pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war," and they were indebted to him for much soldier-news that they would not otherwise have had the felicity of knowing—his time, between school hours, being always spent in collecting it.

On the morning after Miss Clements' arrival, she and her nieces were sitting at their muslin work,—an occupation at that time very customary with the ladies, as no foreign articles of cotton embroidery were then to be purchased. There was much military talk, and frequent running to the window by the two girls, to look out at a passing recruiting party, with their drum and fife, and colours, and to admire the gallant bearing of the sergeant that walked in front with his drawn sword: for recruiting sergeants always have

"A swashing and a martial outside."

"Certainly," said Harriet Darnel, "it is right and proper to wish for peace; but still, to say the truth, war-time is a very amusing time. Everything will seem so flat when it is over."

"I fear, indeed," replied Miss Clements, smiling, "that you will find some difficulty in returning to the 'dull pursuits of civil life.'"

"Aunt Sophy," said Caroline, "I wish you had been here in the summer, when we were all

digging at the fortifications that were thrown up in the neighbourhood of the city, to defend it in case of an attack by land. Each citizen gave a day's work, and worked with his own hands. They went in bodies, according to their trades and professions, marching out at early dawn, with their digging implements. They were always preceded by a band of music, playing Hail Columbia or Washington's March, and they returned at dusk in the same manner. We regularly took care to see them whenever they passed by."

"The first morning," said Harriet, "they came along so very early that none of us were up till the sound of the music wakened us; and being in our night-clothes we could only peep at them through the half-closed shutters; but afterwards we took care to be always up and dressed in time, so that we could throw open the windows, and lean out, and gaze after them till they were out of sight. You cannot think how affecting it was. Our eyes were often filled with tears as we looked at them—even though they were not soldiers, but merely our own people, and had no uniform."

"All instances of patriotism, or of self-devotion for the general good, are undoubtedly affecting," observed Sophia.

"Every trade went in its turn," pursued Harriet, "and every man of every trade, masters and journeymen,—none stayed behind. One day we saw the butchers go, another day the bakers; also the carpenters and bricklayers, then the shoemakers and the tailors, the curriers, and saddlers, and blacksmiths. Frequently two or three trades went out together. There were the type-founders, and the printers, and the bookbinders. The merchants also assisted, and the lawyers, and the clergymen of every denomination. Most of the Irishmen went twice—first, according to their respective trades, and again as Irishmen only. That day they marched out playing 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.' The negroes had their day also; and we heard them laughing and talking long before we saw them. Only imagine the giggling and chattering of several hundred negroes."

"Mr. and Mrs. Linley took us out in their carriage to see the fortifications," resumed Caroline.

"It was the lawyers' day; and there we saw some of the principal gentlemen of the city, in straw hats and round jackets, and some in their waistcoats only, with their shirt sleeves rolled up, digging with pickaxes and spades, and wheeling barrows full of sods. It was delightful to look at them."

"There's a drum and fife again!" exclaimed Harriet. "See, see, Aunt Sophy, do look out; here's another recruiting party,—and they have picked up four men, who have actually joined them in the street. How glad I am."

"Do come and look, aunt," said Caroline; "it is not the same party that passed a little while ago. I know it by the sergeant, who has darker hair and eyes than the other. This is Lieutenant Bunting's recruiting party. He has handbills on all the corners, headed 'List, list,—oh, list!'"

"Aunt Sophy," said Harriet, as they resumed their seats, "you cannot imagine what a lively summer we have had."

"I can easily imagine," replied Sophia, "that you almost lived out of the window."

"How could we do otherwise," answered Harriet, "when there was so much to look at, particularly during the alarm. Alarms are certainly very exciting."

"Undoubtedly," observed Sophia; "but what was the alarm?"

"Oh! there has been one long alarm all summer; and it is still going on, or our volunteers would not stay so long at Camp Dupont. But there, it seems, they may have to remain till winter drives the British away from the Capes."

"I conclude," said Miss Clements, "the alarm *par excellence* was when the enemy sailed up the Chesapeake to attack Baltimore, and there was an apprehension of their crossing over to Philadelphia."

"The very time," answered Harriet. "We had a troop of horse reconnoitring on the Chesapeake. Their camp was at Mount Bull, near Elkton. They were all gentlemen, and they acted in turn as videttes. One of them arrived here every evening with despatches for General Bloomfield concerning the movements of the enemy—and they still come. You know last evening, soon after your arrival, one of the times I ran to the window was to see the vidette galloping along the street, looking so superbly in his light-horseman's uniform; with his pistols in his holsters, and his horse's feet striking fire from the stones."

"Once," said Caroline, "we heard a galloping in the middle of the night, and therefore we all got up and looked out. In a few minutes the streets were full of men who had risen and dressed themselves, and gone out to get the news. I was so sorry that, being women, we could not do the same. But we sent Bob—you don't know how useful we find Bob. He is versed in all sorts of soldiers and officers, and every kind of uniform, and the right way of wearing it. He taught us to distinguish a captain from a lieutenant, and an infantry from an artillery officer,—silver for infantry, and gold for artillery,—and then there is the staff uniform besides, and the dragoons, and the rifle officers, and the engineers. Of course, I mean the regular army. As to volunteers and militia, we knew them long ago."

"But you are forgetting the vidette that galloped through the streets at midnight," said Sophia.

"True, aunt; but when one has so much to tell, it is difficult to avoid digressions. Well, then—this vidette brought news of the attack on Baltimore; and by daylight there was as much confusion and bustle in the town, as if we had expected the enemy before breakfast.

"We saw all the volunteer companies march off," said Harriet, taking up the narrative. "They started immediately to intercept the British on their way to Philadelphia,—for we were sure they would make an attempt to come. We had seen from our windows, these volunteers drilling for weeks before, in the State House Yard. It is delightful to have a house in such a situation. My favourite company was the Washington Guards, but Caroline preferred the State Fencibles. I liked the smart close round jackets of the Guards, and their black belts, and their tall black feathers tipped with red. There was something novel and out of the common way in their uniform."

"No matter," said Caroline, "the dress of the State Fencibles was far more manly and becoming. They wore coats, and white belts, and little white pompons tipped with red; pompons stand the wind and weather much better than tall feathers. And then the State Fencibles were all such genteel, respectable men."

"So were the Washington Guards," retorted Harriet, "and younger besides."

"No, no," replied Caroline, "it was their short, boyish-looking jackets that gave them that appearance."

"Well, well," resumed Harriet, "I must say that all the volunteer companies looked their very best the day they marched off in full expectation of a battle. I liked them every one. Even the blankets which were folded under their knapsacks, were becoming to them. We saw some of the most fashionable gentlemen of the city shoulder their muskets, and go off as guards to the baggage-wagons, laughing as if they considered it an excellent joke."

"To think," said Caroline, "of the hardships they have to suffer in camp. After the worst of the alarm had subsided, many of the volunteers obtained leave of absence for a day or two, and came up to the city to visit their families, and attend a little to business. We always knew them in a moment by their sun-burnt faces. They told all about it, and certainly their sufferings have been dreadful for gentlemen. Standing guard at night, and in all weather,—sleeping in tents, without any bedsteads, and with no seats but their trunks,—cooking their own dinners, and washing their own dishes,—and, above all, having to eat their own awful cooking!"

"But you forget the country volunteers," said Harriet, "that came pouring in from all parts of Pennsylvania. We saw them every one as they passed through the city on their way down to Camp Dupont. And really we liked them also. Most of the country companies wore rifle-dresses of coloured cotton, trimmed with fringe; for instance, some had blue with red fringe, others green with yellow fringe; some brown with blue fringe. One company was dressed entirely in yellow, spotted with black. They looked like great two-legged leopards. We were very desirous of discovering who an old gray-haired man was that rode at the head. He was a fine-looking old fellow, and his dress and his horse were of the same entire gray. I shall never forget that man."

"I shall never forget any thing connected with the alarm," resumed Caroline. "There was a notice published in all the papers, and stuck up at every corner, telling what was to be done, in case the enemy were actually approaching the city. Three guns were to be fired from the Navy Yard as a signal for the inhabitants to prepare for immediate danger. You can't think how anxiously we listened for those three guns."

"I can readily believe it," said Miss Clements.

"We knew some families," continued Caroline, "that, in anticipation of the worst, went and engaged lodgings in out of the way places, thirty or forty miles from town, that they might have retreats secured; and they packed up their plate, and other valuable articles, for removal at a short notice. We begged of mamma to let us stay through every thing, as we might never have



another opportunity of being in a town that was taken by the enemy; and as no gentleman belonging to us was in any way engaged in the war, we thought the British would not molest us. To say the truth, mamma took the whole alarm very coolly, and always said she had no apprehensions for Philadelphia."

"Maria Milden was at Washington," observed Harriet, "when the British burnt the President's house and the Capitol, and she told us all about it, for she was so fortunate as to see the whole. Nobody seems to think they will burn the State House, if they should come to Philadelphia. But I do—don't you, aunt Sophia. What a grand sight it would be, and how fast the State House bell would ring for its own fire."

"We can only hope they will always be prevented from reaching the city at all," replied Miss Clements.

"But don't I hear a trumpet," exclaimed Caroline; and the girls were again at the window.

"Oh! that is the troop of the United States' dragoons that Bob admires so much," cried Harriet. "They have recruited a hundred men here in the city. I suppose they are on their way to the lines. Look, look, aunt Sophy,—now you must acknowledge this to be a fine sight."

"It is," said Sophia.

"Only see," continued Harriet, "how the long tresses of white horse-hair on their helmets are waving in the wind; and see how gallantly they hold their sabres; and look at the captain as he rides at their head,—only see his moustaches. I hope that captain will not be killed."

"But I shall be sorry if he is not wounded," said Caroline. "Wounded officers are always so much admired. You know, Harriet, we saw one last winter with his arm in a sling, and a black patch on his forehead. How sweetly he looked."

"Nay," said Harriet, "I cannot assent to that; for he was one of the ugliest men I ever saw, both face and figure, and all the wounding in the world would not have made him handsome."

"Well, interesting then," persisted Caroline; "you must own that he looked interesting, and that's every thing."

"May I ask," said Miss Clements, "if you are acquainted with any officers?"

"Oh, yes," replied Harriet, "we meet with them sometimes at houses where we visit. How very unlucky it is that brother Francis happens to be living in Canton, just at this time of all others. If he were with us, we could go more into company, and his friends would visit at our house—and of course he would know a great many officers. But mamma is so very particular, and so very apprehensive about us, she cannot herself be persuaded to go to any public places. I wish Bob were grown up."

"We were very desirous," said Caroline, "of being among the young ladies that joined in presenting a standard, last October, to a regiment of infantry that was raised chiefly in the city, but mamma would not permit us. However, we saw the ceremony from a window. The young ladies who gave the standard were all dressed alike in white muslin frocks and long white kid gloves, with their hair plain and without ornament—they looked sweetly. The regiment had marched into town for the purpose,—for they were encamped

near Derby. The young ladies with the flag stood on the steps of a house in Chestnut street, and the officers were ranged in front. She that held the standard delivered a short address on the occasion, and the ensign who received it knelt on one knee, and replied very handsomely to her speech. Then the drums rolled, and the band struck up, and the colours waved, and the officers all saluted the ladies."

"In what way?" asked Sophia.

"Oh, with their swords. A military salute is superb—Bob showed us all the motions. Look now, aunt Sophia, I'll do it with this fly-brush. That's exactly the way."

"I have always considered a military salute extremely graceful," said Miss Clements.

"But we have still more to tell about this regiment," continued Caroline. "You must know we spent a most delightful day in their camp—actually in their camp."

"And how did you happen to arrive at that pitch of felicity?" asked Sophia.

"Oh!" replied Caroline, "we are, most fortunately for us, acquainted with the family of an officer belonging to this district, and they invited us to join them on a visit to the camp. Our friends had made arrangements for having a sort of pic-nic dinner there, and baskets of cold provisions were accordingly conveyed in the carriages. The weather was charming, for it was the Indian summer, and every thing conspired to be delightful. First we saw a review: how elegantly the officers looked galloping along the line,—and then the manœuvres of the soldiers were superb,—they seemed to move by magic. When the review was over, the officers were all invited to share our dinner. As they always went to Derby (which was close by) for their meals, they had no conveniences for dining in camp; and the contrivances that were resorted to for the accommodation of our party caused us much amusement. The flies of two or three tents were put together so as to make a sort of pavilion for us. Some boards were brought, and laid upon barrels, so as to form a table, and for table-cloths we had sheets supplied by the colonel. We sat on benches of rough boards, similar to those that formed the table. Plates, and knives and forks, were borrowed for us of the soldiers. We happened to have no salt with us,—some, therefore, was procured from the men's pork-barrels, and we made paper salt-cellars to put it in. But the effect of our table was superb, all the gentlemen being in full uniform—such a range of epaulettes and sashes! Their swords and chapeaux, which they had thrown under a tree, formed such a picturesque heap! The music was playing for us all the time, and we were waited upon by orderlies—think of having your plate taken by a soldier in uniform. Wine-glasses being scarce among us, when a gentleman invited a lady to take wine with him, she drank first, and gave him her glass, and he drank out of it—and so many pretty things were said on the occasion. After dinner the colonel took us to his tent, which was distinguished from the others by being larger, and having a flag flying in front, and what they call a picket fence round it. Then we were conducted all through the camp, each lady leaning on the arm of an officer: we almost thought ourselves in Paradise. For



weeks afterwards we could scarcely bear to speak to a citizen—Mr. Wilson and Mr. Thomson seemed quite sickening.”

“What nonsense you are talking,” said Mrs. Darnel, who, unperceived by her daughters, had entered the room but a few moments before, and seated herself on the sofa with her sewing. “When you are old enough to think of marrying, (the two girls smiled and exchanged glances) you may consider yourselves very fortunate if any such respectable young men as the two you have mentioned so disdainfully, should deem you worthy of their choice.

“I have no fancy for respectable young men,” said Harriet, in a low voice.

“I hope you will live to change your opinion,” pursued Mrs. Darnel. “I cannot be all the time checking and reproving; but my consolation is that when the war is over, you will both come to your senses,—and while it lasts, the officers have, fortunately, something else to think of than courtship and marriage; and are seldom long enough in one place to undertake any thing more than a mere flirtation.”

“For my part,” said Miss Clements, “nothing could induce me to marry an officer. Even in time of peace to have no settled home; and to be transferred continually from place to place, not knowing at what moment the order for removal may arrive;—and certainly in time of war my anxiety for my husband’s safety would be so great as entirely to destroy my happiness.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Darnel, “I wish for a thousand reasons that this war was over. Setting aside all more important considerations, the inconvenience it causes in our domestic concerns is too incessant to be trifling. We are not yet prepared to live comfortably without the aid of foreign importations. The price of every thing has risen enormously.”

“That is very true, mamma,” observed Harriet; “only think of having to give two dollars a yard for slight Florence silk; such silk as before the war we would not have worn at all—but now we are glad to get any thing,—and two dollars a pair for cotton stockings; cambric muslin a dollar and a half a yard—a dollar for a paper of pins—twenty-five cents for a cotton ball!”

“And groceries!” resumed Mrs. Darnel, “sugar a dollar a pound—lemons half a dollar a piece!”

“I must say,” said Caroline, “I am very tired of cream of tartar lemonade. I find it wherever I go.”

“Well, all this is bad enough,” said Harriet; “but somehow it does not make us the least unhappy, and certainly we are any thing but dull.”

“And then it is so pleasant,” remarked Caroline, “every now and then to hear the bells ringing, and to find that it is for a victory; and it is so glorious to be taking ship after ship from the British. Bob says he envied the New Yorkers the day the frigate United States brought in the Macedonian.”

“I own,” said Miss Clements, “that the excitement of that day can never be forgotten by those that felt it. It had been ascertained the evening before that these ships were off Sandy Hook, but in the morning there was a heavy fog which, it was feared, would prevent their coming up to the city. Nevertheless, thousands of

people were assembled at daylight on the Battery. At last a sunbeam shone out, the fog cleared off with almost unprecedented rapidity, and there lay the two frigates at anchor, side by side—the Macedonian with the American colours flying above the British ensign. So loud were the acclamations of the spectators, that they were heard half over the city, and they ceased not till both vessels commenced firing a salute.”

The conversation was finally interrupted by the arrival of some female visitors, who joined Mrs. Darnel in lamenting the inconveniences of the times. One fearing that if the present state of things continued, she would soon be obliged to dress her children in domestic gingham, and the other producing from her reticle a pattern for a white linen glove, which she had just borrowed with a view of making some for herself; kid gloves being now so scarce that they were rarely to be had at any price.

A few evenings afterwards, our young ladies were invited to join a party to a ball, where Mr. Wilson and Mr. Thomson were treated with considerable indifference by the two Miss Darnels, but being very persevering young men, they consoled themselves with the hope that *le bon tems viendra*. About the middle of the evening, the girls espied at a distance, among the crowd of gentlemen near the door, the glitter of a pair of silver epaulettes.

“There’s a field-officer, aunt Sophia,” said Harriet: “he wears two epaulettes, and is therefore either a major or a colonel. So I am determined to dance with him.”

“If you can,” added Caroline.

“How will you accomplish this enterprise?” asked Sophia.

“Oh!” replied Harriet, “I saw him talking to Mr. Wilson, who, I suppose, has got acquainted with him somehow. So I’ll first dance with poor Wilson, just to put him into a good humour, and I’ll make him introduce this field-officer to me.”

All this was accomplished. She *did* dance with Mr. Wilson—he *was* put into a good humour; and when, half-laughing, half-blushing, she requested that he would contrive for her an introduction to the field-officer, he smiled, and, somewhat to her surprise, said at once, “Your wish shall be gratified,” adding, “he fought bravely at Tippecanoe, and was rewarded with a commission in the regular service.”

Mr. Wilson then left her, and in a few minutes returned with the gentleman in question, whom he introduced as Major Steffenbiegen. The major was of German extraction, (as his name denoted) and came originally from one of the back counties of Pennsylvania.

When Harriet Darnel had a near view of him, she found that the field-officer, though a tall, stout man, was not distinguished by any elegance of figure, and that his features, though by no means ugly, were heavy and inexpressive, and his movements very much like those of a wooden image set in motion by springs. However, he was in full uniform, and had two epaulettes, and wore the U. S. button.

On being introduced by young Wilson to Harriet and her companions, the major bowed almost to the floor, as he gravely requested the honour of Miss Darnel’s hand for the next set,—which

he told her he was happy to say was a country-dance. On her assenting, he expressed his gratitude in slow and measured terms, and in a manner that showed he had been studying his speech during his progress across the ball-room.

"Madam," said he, "will you have the goodness to accept my most obliged thanks for the two honours you are doing me; first, in desiring the acquaintance of so unworthy an object, and secondly, madam, in agreeing to dance with me. I have never been so much favoured by so fine a young lady."

Harriet looked reproachfully at Mr. Wilson for having betrayed to Major Steifenbiegen her wish for the introduction; but Wilson afterwards took an opportunity of making her understand that she had nothing to fear; the field-officer being entirely guiltless of the sin of vanity—as far, at least, as regarded the ladies.

In a few minutes, a fair-haired, slovenly, but rather handsome young man, in a citizen's old brown surtout, with an epaulette on his left shoulder, came up to Major Steifenbiegen, and slapping him on the back, said, "Well, here I am, just from Washington. I've got a commission,—you see I've mounted my epaulette,—and the tailor is making my uniform. Who's that pretty girl you're going to dance with?" he added, in a loud whisper.

"Miss Darnel," replied the major, drawing him aside, and speaking in a tone quite different from that in which he thought proper to address the ladies.

"Is that her sister beside her—the one that's drest exactly the same?"

"I presume so."

"You know it is—she's the prettiest of the two. So introduce me, and I declarr I'll take her out."

"I don't see how you can dance in that long surtout," observed the major.

"Just as well as you can in those long jack-boots."

"But I'm in full uniform," said the major, "and your dress is neither one thing nor t'other."

"No matter for that," replied the youth, "I'm old Virginia, and am above caring about my dress. Haven't I my epaulette on my shoulder to let every body know I'm an officer,—and that's enough. Show me the girl that would'nt be willing at any minute to 'pack up her tatters and follow the drum.'"

Major Steifenbiegen then introduced to the ladies Lieutenant Tinsley, who requested Miss Caroline Darnel's hand for the next dance. Caroline consoling herself with the idea that *her* officer, though in an old brown surtout and dingy Jefferson shoes, was younger and handsomer than Harriet's major, allowed him, as he expressed it, to carry her to the dance,—which he did by tucking her hand under his arm, and walking very fast; informing her, at the same time, that he was old Virginia.

Major Steifenbiegen respectfully took the tips of Harriet's fingers, saying, "Madam, I am highly obligated to you for allowing me the privilege of leading you by the hand to the dance: I consider it a third honour."

"Then you are three by honours," said Tinsley.

Miss Clements, who was too much fatigued

by six sets of cotillions to undertake the "never-ending, still-beginning, country-dance," remained in her seat, talking to her last partner, and regarding at a distance the proceedings of her two nieces and their military beaux.

It is well known that during the late war commissions were frequently obtained by men whose only qualification for the profession of arms was the usual degree of personal courage, and who, in education, manners, and appearance, were infinitely inferior to the present high cast of American officers.

The Miss Darnels and their partners took their places near the top of the country-dance. While it was forming, each of the gentlemen endeavoured to entertain his lady according to his own way—the major by slowly hammering out a series of dull and awkward compliments, and the lieutenant by a profusion of idle talk that Caroline laughed at without knowing why; seasoned as it was with local words and phrases, and with boastings about that section of the Union which had the honour of being his birth-place.

"Madam," said the major, "I think it is the duty of an officer—the bounden duty—to make himself agreeable, that is, to be perpetually polite, and so forth. I mean we are to be always agreeable to the ladies, because the ladies are always agreeable to us. Perhaps, madam, I don't speak loud enough. Madam, don't you think it the duty of an officer to be polite and agreeable to the ladies?"

"Certainly," answered Harriet, "of an officer, and of all gentlemen."

"Very true, madam," persisted the major, "your sentiments are quite correct. All gentlemen should be polite to the fair sex, but officers particularly. Not that I would presume to hint they ought to be so out of gratitude, or that ladies are apt to like officers—I have not that vanity, madam—we are not a vain people—that is, we officers. But perhaps, madam, my conversation does not amuse you."

"Oh! yes it does," replied Harriet, archly.

"Well, madam, if it doesn't, just mention it to me, and I'll willingly stop—the honour of dancing with so fine a young lady is sufficient happiness."

"Well, Miss," said young Tinsley to Caroline, "you have but a strange sort of dancing here to the north. I can't make out much with your cotillions. Before one has time to learn the figure by heart they're over; and as to your sashay and balanjay, I don't know which is which: I'm not good at any of your French capers—I'm old Virginia. Give me one of our own up-country reels—'Fire in the mountains,' or 'Possum up the gum tree,'—I could show you the figure in a minute, with ourselves and two chaps."

The dance had now commenced; and Major Steifenbiegen showed some signs of trepidation, saying to Miss Darnel, "Madam, will you allow me, if I may be so bold, to tax your goodness farther, by depending entirely on your kind instructions as to the manœuvres of the dance. I cannot say, madam, that I ever was a dancing character—some people are not. It's a study that I have but lately taken up. But with so fine a young lady for a teacher, I hope to acquit myself properly. I have been informed that Rome was not built in a day. Please, madam, to tell me what I am to do first."

"Observe the gentleman above you," replied Harriet, "and you will see in a moment."

The major did observe, but could not "catch the idea." The music was Fisher's Hornpipe, at that time very popular as a country dance, and Major Steifenbiegen was at length made to understand that he was first to go down by himself, outside of the line of gentlemen, and without his partner, who was to go down on the inside. He set off on his lonely expedition with rather a *triste* countenance. To give himself a wide field, he struck out so far into the vacant part of the room, that a stranger, entering at the moment, would have supposed that, for some misdemeanor, he had been expelled from the dance, and was performing a solitary *pas seul* by way of penance. His face brightened, however, when a gentleman, observing that he "took no note of time," kindly recalled him to his place in the vicinity of Miss Darnel. But his perplexities were now increased. In crossing hands he went every way but the right one, and the confusion he caused, and his formal apologies, were as annoying to his partner,—who tried in vain to rectify his mistakes—as they were diverting to the other ladies. He ducked his head, and raised his shoulders, every time he made a dive at their hands, lifting his feet high, like the Irishman that "rose upon sugan, and sunk upon gad."

Harriet could almost have cried with vexation; but the worst was still to come, and she prepared for the crowning misery of going down the middle with Major Steifenbiegen. He no longer touched merely the ends of her fingers, but he grasped both her hands hard, as if to secure her protection, and holding them high above her head, he blundered down the dance, running against one person, stumbling over another, and looking like a frightened fool, while his uniform made him doubly conspicuous. The smiles of the company were irrepressible, and those at a distance laughed outright.

When they came to the bottom, Harriet, who was completely out of patience, declared herself fatigued, and insisted on sitting down; and the major saying that it was his duty to comply with every request of so fine a young lady, led her to Miss Clements, who, though pained at her niece's evident mortification, had been an amused spectator of the dance. The major then took his station beside Harriet, fanning her awkwardly, and desiring permission to entertain her till the next set. She hinted that it would probably be more agreeable to him to join some of his friends on the other side of the room; but he told her that he could not be so ungrateful for the numerous honours she had done him, as to prefer any society to her's.

In the mean time, Caroline Darnel had fared but little better with Lieutenant Tinsley; and she was glad to recollect, for the honour of the army, that he was only an officer of yesterday, and also to hope (as was the truth,) that he was by no means a fair sample of the sons of Virginia. He danced badly and ridiculously, though certainly not from embarrassment, romped and scampered, and was entirely regardless of *les bienséances*.

When they had got to the bottom of the set, and had paused to take breath, the lieutenant began to describe to Caroline an opossum hunt

then told her how inferior was the rabbit of Pennsylvania to the "old yar"\* of Virginia; and descanted on the excellence of their corn-bread, bacon, and barbecued chickens. He acknowledged, however, that "where he was raised, the whole neighbourhood counted on having the ague every spring and fall."

"Then why do they stay there?" inquired Caroline. "I wonder that any people, who are able to leave it, should persist in living in such a place."

"Oh! you don't know us at all," replied Tinsley. "We are so used to the ague that when it quits us we feel as if we were parting with an old friend. As for me, I fit against it for awhile, and then gave up; finding that all the remedies, except mint-juleps, were worse than the disease. I used to sit on the stars and shake, wrapped in my big overcoat, with my hat on, and the capes drawn over my head—I'm old Virginia."

Like her sister, Caroline now expressed a desire to quit the dance and to sit down, to which her partner assented; and, after conveying her to her party, and telling her "There, now, you can say you have danced with an officer," he wheeled off, adding that "he would go and get a cigar, and take a stroll round the squarr with it."

The major looked astonished at Tinsley's immediate abandonment of a lady so young and so pretty, and by way of contrast, was more obsequious than ever to Harriet, reiterating the request which he had made her as they quitted the dance, to honour him with her hand for the next set; telling her that now, having had some practice, he hoped, with her instructions, to acquit himself better than in the last. Harriet parried his importunities as adroitly as she could; determined to avoid any farther exhibition with him, and yet unwilling to sit still, according to the usual ball-room penalty for refusing the invitation of a proffered partner.

Both the girls had been thoroughly ashamed of their epaulettes beaux, and had often, during the dance, looked with wistful eyes towards Messrs. Wilson and Thomson, who were very genteel young men, and very good dancers, and whose partners—two beautiful girls—seemed very happy with them.

The major, seeing that other gentlemen were doing so, now departed in quest of lemonade for the ladies, and taking advantage of his absence, Harriet exclaimed, "Oh, aunt Sophy, aunt Sophy! tell me what to do—I cannot dance again with that intolerable man, neither do I wish to be compelled to sit still in consequence of refusing him. I have paid dearly for his two epaulettes."

"My fool had but one," said Caroline, "and a citizen's coat beside, therefore my bargain was far worse than yours. I have some hope, however, that he has no notion of asking me again, and if he has, that he will not get back from his tour round the squarr before the next set begins. I wish his cigar was the size of one of those candles, that he might be the longer getting through with it. Oh! that some one would ask me immediately."

"I am sure I wish the same," said Harriet.

— \* Harc.

At that moment they were gladdened by the approach of Mr. Harford, a very ugly little man, whose dancing and deportment were just sufficiently *comme il faut*, and no more. And when he requested Caroline's hand for the next set, both the girls, in their eagerness, started forward, and replied, "With pleasure."

Mr. Harford, not appearing to perceive that her sister had also accepted the invitation, bowed his thanks to Caroline, who introduced him to Miss Clements. Harriet, recollecting herself, blushed and drew back; while Sophia, to cover her niece's confusion, entered into conversation with the gentleman.

Presently, Major Steifenbiegen came up with three or four glasses of lemonade on a waiter, and a plate piled high with cakes; all of which he pressed on the ladies with the most urgent perseverance, evidently desirous that they should drain the last drop of lemonade, and finish the last morsel of the cakes.

As soon as they had partaken of these refreshments, Mr. Harford led Caroline to a cotillion that was arranging. While talking to him she felt some one twitch her sleeve, and turning round she beheld Lieutenant Tinsley.

"So, Miss," said he, "you have given me the slip. Well, I have not been gone long. My cigar was not good, so I threw it away, and I came back, and have been looking all about; but seeing nobody prettier, I concluded I might as well take you out for this dance also. However, there's not much harm done, as I suppose you'll have no objection to dance with me next time; and I'll try to get up a Virginia reel." Caroline, much vexed, replied, "I believe I shall dance no more after this set."

"What! tired already?" exclaimed Tinsley; "it's easy to see you are not old Virginia."

"I hope so," said Caroline, petulantly.

"Why, that's rather a queer answer," resumed Tinsley, after pondering a moment till he had comprehended the innuendo; "but I suppose ladies must be allowed to say what they please. Good evening, Miss."

And he doggedly walked off, murmuring, "After all, these Philadelphia girls are not worth a copper."

When Caroline turned round again, she was delighted to perceive the glitter of his epaulette amidst a group of young men that were leaving the room; and the music now striking up, she cheerfully led off with good, ugly Mr. Harford, who had risen highly in her estimation, as contrasted with Lieutenant Tinsley.

Meanwhile, Harriet remained in her seat beside her aunt; the major standing before them, prosing and complimenting, and setting forth his humble opinion of himself; in which opinion the two ladies, in their hearts, most cordially joined him. Miss Clements, who had much tact, drew him off from her niece, by engaging him in a dialogue exactly suited to his character and capacity; while, unperceived by the major, Mr. Thomson stepped up, and, after the interchange of a few words, led off Harriet to a cotillion, saying, "Depend upon it, he is not sufficiently *au fait* to the etiquette of a ball-room to take offence at your dancing with me, after having been asked by him."

"But, if he *should* resent it——"

"Then I shall know how to answer him. But rely upon it, there is nothing to fear."

It was not till the Chace was danced, and the major happening to turn his head in following the eyes of Miss Clements, saw Harriet gaily flying round the cotillion with Mr. Thomson, that he missed her for the first time,—having taken it for granted that she would dance with him. He started and exclaimed—"Well, I certainly am the most faulty of men—the most condemnable—the most unpardonable officer in the army—to be guilty of such neglect—such rudeness—and to so fine a young lady. I ought never to presume to show myself in the best classes of society. Madam, may I hope that you will stand my friend—that you will help me to gain my pardon?"

"For what?" asked Miss Clements.

"For inviting that handsome young lady to favour me again with her hand, and then to neglect observing when the dance was about to begin, so that she was obliged to accept the offer of another gentleman. He, no doubt, stepped up just in time to save her from sitting still, which, I am told, is remarkably disagreeable to young ladies. Madam, I mean no reflection on you—I am incapable of any reflection—but, (if I may be so bold as to say so,) it was *your* fine, sensible conversation that drew me from my duty."

The set being now over, Major Steifenbiegen advanced to meet Mr. Thomson and Miss Darnel, and he accosted the former with—"Sir, give me your hand. Sir, you are a gentleman, and I am much obligated to you for sparing this young lady the mortification of not dancing with me."

("You may leave out the 'not,'" murmured Harriet to herself.)

"Of not enjoying the dance to which I had invited her, and of saving her from sitting still for want of a partner,—all owing to my officer-like conduct in neglecting to claim her hand. I begin to perceive that I want some more practice in ball behaviour. I thank you again for your humane kindness of the young lady, which, I hope, will turn aside her anger from me."

"Oh, yes!" said Harriet, almost afraid to speak, lest she should laugh.

"Will you favour me with your name, Sir?" pursued the major.

Mr. Thomson gave it, much amused at the turn that things had taken. The major, after admiring the name, said he should always remember it with esteem, and regretted that his having to set out for Plattsburg early on the following morning would, for the present, prevent their farther acquaintance. He then made sundry other acknowledgments to Harriet for all the honours she had done him that evening, including her forgiveness of his "letting her dance without him,"—bowed to Caroline, who had just approached with Mr. Harford; and, going up to Miss Clements, he thanked her for her conversation, and finally took his departure. The girls did not laugh till he was entirely out of the room, though Harriet remarked that he walked edgeways, which she had not observed when he was first brought up to her; her fancy being then excited, and her perception blinded by the glitter of his two epaulettes.

"Well, Miss Darnel," said Mr. Wilson, who

had just joined them, "how do you like your field officer?"

"Need you ask me?" replied Harriet. "In future I shall hate the sight of two silver epaulettes."

"And I of one gold one," added Caroline.

"I will not trust you," said Mr. Thomson, with a smile.

"We shall see," said Mr. Wilson.

"Well, young ladies," observed Miss Clements, "you may at least deduce one moral from the events of the evening. You find that it is possible for officers to be extremely annoying, and to deport themselves in a manner that you would consider intolerable in citizens."

"It is intolerable in *them*, aunt," replied Harriet, "particularly when they are stiff and ungainly in all their movements, and dance shockingly."

"And if they are conceited, and prating, and ungenteel," added Caroline.

"Awkward in their expressions, and dull in their ideas," pursued Harriet.

"Talking ridiculously and behaving worse," continued Caroline.

"Come, come," said Sophia Clements, "candour must compel us to acknowledge that these two gentlemen are anything but fair specimens of their profession, which I am very sure can boast of a large majority of intelligent, polished, and accomplished men."

"Be that as it may," replied Harriet, "I confess that my delight in the show and parade of war, and my admiration of officers has received a severe shock to-night. My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace."

"I fear these pacific feelings are too sudden to be lasting," remarked Miss Clements, "and in a day or two we shall find that your voice is still for war."

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The following morning the young ladies did more sewing than on any day for the last two years, sitting all the time in the back parlour. In the afternoon, Harriet read Cælebs aloud to her mother and aunt, and Caroline went out to do some shopping. When she came home, she told of her having stopped in at Mrs. Raymond's, and of her finding the family just going to tea with an officer as their guest. "They pressed me urgently," said she, "to sit down and take tea with them, and to remain and spend the evening; but I steadily excused myself, notwithstanding the officer."

"Good girl!" said Sophia.

"To be sure," added Caroline, "he was only in a citizen's dress."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Darnel, "that materially alters the case. Had he been in uniform, I am sure your steadiness would have given way."

In less than two days all their anti-military resolutions were overset, and the young ladies were again on the *qui vive*, in consequence of the promulgation of an order for the return of the volunteers from Camp Dupont, as the winter having set in, the enemy had retired from the vicinity of the Delaware and Chesapeake. The breaking up of this encampment was an event of much interest to the inhabitants of Philadelphia, as there were few of them that had not a

near relative or an intimate friend among these citizen-soldiers.

On the morning that they marched home, all business was suspended; the pavements and door-steps were crowded with spectators, and the windows filled with ladies, eager to recognise among the returning volunteers, their brothers, sons, husbands, or lovers—who, on their side, cast many upward glances towards the fair groups that were gazing on them.

The British general—Riall, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Niagara, chanced to be at a house on the roadside when the gallant band went by, on their way to Philadelphia. It is said that he remarked to an American gentleman near him, "You should never go to war with us—the terms are too unequal. Men like these are too valuable to be thrown away in battle with such as compose *our* armies, which are formed from the overflowings of a superabundant population; while here I see not a man that you can spare."

And he was essentially right.

The volunteers entered the city by the central bridge, and came down Market street. All were in high spirits, and glad to return once more to their homes and families. But unfortunate were those who on that day formed the rear-guard, it being their inglorious lot to come in late in the afternoon, after the spectators had withdrawn, conveying, with "toilsome march, the long array" of baggage-wagons, which they had been all day forcing through the heavy roads of an early winter, cold, weary, and dispirited, with no music to cheer them, no acclamations to greet them. No doubt, however, their chagrin was soon dispelled, and their enjoyment proportionately great, when at last they reached their own domestic hearths, and met the joyous faces and happy hearts assembled round them.

A few days after the return of the volunteers, Mrs. Darnel received a letter from an old friend of hers, Mrs. Forrester, a lady of large fortune, residing in Boston, containing the information that her son, Colonel Forrester, would shortly proceed to Philadelphia from the Canada frontier, and that she would accompany him, taking the opportunity of making her a long-promised visit. Mrs. Darnel replied immediately, expressive of the pleasure it would afford her to meet again one of the most intimate companions of her youth, and to have both Mrs. Forrester and the colonel staying at her house.

The same post brought a letter to Sophia from Mr. Clements, her brother, in New York, who, after telling her of his having heard that Colonel Forrester would be shortly in Philadelphia, jestingly proposed her attempting the conquest of his heart, as he was not only a gallant officer, but a man of high character and noble appearance. Sophia showed this letter to no one, but she read it twice over,—the first time with a smile, the second time with a blush. She had heard much of Colonel Forrester, of whom "report spoke goldenly;" and several times in New York she had seen him in public, but had never chanced to meet him, except once at a very large party, when accident had prevented his introduction to her.

Harriet and Caroline were almost wild with

delight at the prospect of an intimate acquaintance with this accomplished warrior; but their joy was somewhat damped by the arrival of a second letter from Mrs. Forrester, in which she designated the exact time when she might be expected at the house of her friend, but said that her son having some business that would detain him several weeks in Philadelphia, would not trespass on the hospitality of Mrs. Darnel, but had made arrangements for staying at a hotel.

"He is perfectly right," said Sophia. "I concluded, of course, that he would do so. Few gentlemen, when in a city, like to stay at private houses if they can be accommodated elsewhere."

"At all events," said Harriet, "his mother will be with us, and he *must* come every day to pay his duty to her."

"That's some comfort," pursued Caroline; "and, no doubt, we shall see a great deal of him one way or another."

Sophia Clements, though scarcely conscious of it herself, felt a secret desire of appearing to advantage in the eyes of Colonel Forrester. Her two nieces felt the same desire, except that they made it no secret. They had worked up their imaginations to the persuasion that Colonel Forrester was the finest man in the army, and therefore the finest in the world, and they anticipated the delight of his being their frequent guest during the stay of his mother: of his morning visits, and his evening visits; of having him at dinner and at tea; of planning excursions with him, to show Mrs. Forrester the lions of the city and its vicinity, when, of course, he would be their escort. They imagined him walking in Chestnut street with them, and sitting in the same box at the theatre. Be it remembered that during the war, officers in the regular service were seldom seen out of uniform, and even when habited as citizens they were always distinguished by "that gallant badge the dear cockade." Perhaps, also, Colonel Forrester and his mother might accompany them to a ball, and they would then have the glory of dancing with an officer so elegant as entirely to efface their mortification at their former military partners. We need not say that Messrs. Wilson and Thomson were again at a discount.

The girls were taken with an immediate want of various new articles of dress, and had their attention been less engaged by the activity of their preparations for "looking their very best," the time that intervened between the receipt of Mrs. Forrester's last letter and that appointed for their arrival, would have seemed of length immeasurable.

At last came the eve of the day on which these all-important strangers were expected. As they quitted the tea-table, one of the young ladies remarked,

"By this time to-morrow we shall have seen Colonel Forrester and his mother."

"As to the mother," observed Mrs. Darnel, "I am very sure that were it not for the son, the expectation of *her* visit would excite but little interest in either of you—though, as you have often heard me say, she is a very agreeable and highly intelligent woman."

"We can easily perceive it from her letters," said Sophia.

Mrs. Darnel, complaining of the headache, retired for the night very early in the evening, desiring that she might not be disturbed. Sophia took some needle-work, and each of the girls tried a book, but were too restless and unsettled to read, and they alternately walked about the room or extended themselves on the sofas. It was a dark, stormy night—the windows rattled, and the pattering of the rain against the glass was plainly heard through the inside shutters.

"I wish to-morrow evening were come," said Harriet, "and that the introduction was over, and we were all seated round the tea-table."

"For my part," said Caroline, "I have a presentiment that every thing will go on well. We will all do *notre possible* to look our very best; mamma will take care that the rooms and the table shall be arranged in admirable style—and if you and I can only manage to talk and behave just as we ought, there is nothing to fear."

"I hope, indeed, that Colonel Forrester will like us," rejoined Harriet, "and be induced to continue his visits when he again comes to Philadelphia."

"Much depends on the first impression," remarked Miss Clements.

"Now let us just imagine over the arrival of Colonel and Mrs. Forrester," said Harriet. "The lamps lighted, and the fires burning brightly in both rooms. In the back parlour the tea-table set out with the French china and the chased plate;—mamma sitting in an arm-chair, with her feet on one of the embroidered footstools, dressed in her queen's-gray lutestring, and one of her Brussels lace caps—I suppose the one trimmed with white riband. Aunt Sophia in her myrtle-green levantine, seated at the marble table in the front parlour, holding in her hand an elegant book—for instance, her beautiful copy of the Pleasures of Hope. Caroline and I will wear our new scarlet Canton crapes with the satin trimming, and our coral ornaments."

"No, no," rejoined Caroline; "we resemble each other so much, that if we are dressed alike, Colonel Forrester will find too great a sameness in us. Do you wear your scarlet crape, and I will put on my white muslin with the six narrow flounces headed with insertion.\* I have reserved it clean on purpose; and I think aunt Sophia had best wear her last new coat dress, with the lace trimming. It is so becoming to her with a pink silk handkerchief tied under the collar."

"Well," said Harriet, "I will be seated at the table also, not reading, but working a pair of cambric cuffs, my mother-of-pearl work-box before me."

"And I," resumed Caroline, "will be found at the piano, turning over the leaves of a new music-book. Every one looks their best on a music-stool; it shows the figure to advantage, and the dress falls in such graceful folds."

"My hair shall be à la Grecque," said Harriet.

"And mine in the Vandyke style," said Caroline.

\* In those days white muslin dresses were worn both in winter and summer.

"But," asked Sophia, "are the strangers on entering the room to find us all sitting up in form, and arranged for effect, like actresses waiting for the bell to ring and the curtain to rise. How can you pretend that you were not the least aware of their approach till they were actually in the room, when you know very well that you will be impatiently listening to the sound of every carriage till you hear theirs stop at the door. Never, certainly, will a visiter come *less* unexpectedly than Colonel Forrester."

"But you know, aunt," replied Caroline, "how much depends on a first impression."

"Well," resumed Harriet, "I have thought of another way. As soon as they enter the front parlour let us all advance through the folding doors to meet them,—mamma leading the van with aunt Sophy, Caroline and I arm in arm behind."

"No," said Caroline, "let us not be close together, so that the same glance can take in both."

"Then," rejoined Harriet, "I will be a few steps in advance of you. You, as the youngest, should be timid, and should hold back a little; while I, as the eldest, should have more self-possession. Variety is advisable."

"But I cannot be timid all the time," said Caroline; "that will require too great an effort."

"We must not laugh and talk too much at first," observed Harriet; "but all we say must be both sprightly and sensible. However, we shall have all day to-morrow to make our final arrangements; and I think I am still in favour of the sitting reception."

"Whether he has a sitting or a standing reception," said Caroline, "let the colonel have as striking a coup d'œil as possible."

Their brother Robert had gone to the theatre by invitation of a family with whose sons he was intimate; and Sophia Clements, who was desirous of finishing a highly interesting book, and who was not in the least addicted to sleepiness, volunteered to sit up for him.

"I think," said she, "as the hour is too late, and the night too stormy to expect any visitors, I will go and exchange my dress for a wrapper; I can then be perfectly at my ease while sitting up for Robert. I will first ring for Peter to move one of the sofas to the side of the fire, and to place the reading lamp upon the table before it."

She did so; and in a short time she came down in a loose double wrapper, and with her curls pinned up.

"Really, aunt Sophy," said Harriet, "that is an excellent idea. Caroline, let us pin up our hair here in the parlour before the mantel-glass; that will be better still—our own toilet table is so far from the fire."

"True," replied Caroline; "and you are always so long at the dressing-glass that it is an age before I can get to it—but here, if there were even four of us, we could all stand in a row and arrange our hair together before this long mirror."

They sent up for their combs and brushes, their boxes of hair-pins, and their flannel dressing-gowns, and placed candles on the mantel-piece, preparing for what they called "clear comfort;" while Sophia reclined on the sofa by the fire, deeply engaged with Miss Owenson's new novel. The girls having poured some cologne-water into a glass, wetted out all their ringlets with

it, preparatory to the grand curling that was to be undertaken for the morrow, and which was not to be opened out during the day.

Harriet had just taken out her comb, and untied her long hair behind, to rehearse its arrangement for the ensuing evening, when a ring was heard at the street-door.

"That's Bob," said Caroline. "He is very early from the theatre; I wonder he should come home without staying for the farce."

Presently their black man, with a grin of high delight, threw open the parlour-door, and ushered in an elegant-looking officer, who, having left his cloak in the hall, appeared before them in full uniform—and they saw at a glance that it could be no one but Colonel Forrester.

Words cannot describe the consternation and surprise of the young ladies. Sophia dropped her book, and started on her feet; Harriet throwing down her comb so that it broke in pieces on the hearth, retreated to a chair that stood behind the sofa, with such precipitation as nearly to upset the table and the reading lamp; and Caroline, scattering her hair-pins over the carpet, knew not where she was till she found herself on a footstool in one of the recesses. Alas! for the coup d'œil and the first impression! Instead of heads à la Grecque, or in the Vandyke fashion, their whole chevelure was disordered, and their side-locks straightened into long strings, and clinging, wet and ungraceful, to their cheeks. Instead of scarlet crape frocks trimmed with satin, or white muslin with six flounces, their figures were enveloped in flannel dressing-gowns. All question of the sitting reception or the standing reception was now at an end; for Harriet was hiding unsuccessfully behind the sofa, and Caroline crouching on a footstool in the corner, trying to conceal a large rent which in her hurry she had given to her flannel gown. Resolutions never again to make their toilet in the parlour, regret that they had not thought of flying into the adjoining room and shutting the folding-doors after them, and wonder at the colonel's premature appearance, all passed through their minds with the rapidity of lightning.

Sophia, after a moment of hesitation, rallied from her confusion; and her natural good sense and ease of manner came to her aid, as she courted the stranger and pointed to a seat. Colonel Forrester, who saw at once that he had come at an unlucky season, after introducing himself, and saying he presumed he was addressing Miss Clements, proceeded immediately to explain the reason of his being a day in advance of the appointed time. He stated that his mother, on account of the dangerous illness of an intimate and valued friend, had been obliged to postpone her visit to Philadelphia; and that in consequence of an order from the war-office, which required his immediate presence at Washington, he had been obliged to leave Boston a day sooner than he had intended, and to travel with all the rapidity that the public conveyances would admit. He had arrived about eight o'clock at the Mansion House Hotel, where a dinner was given that evening to a distinguished naval commander. Colonel Forrester had immediately been waited upon by a deputation from the dinner-table, with a pressing invitation to join the company; and this (though he did not then allude to it) was the reason of his

being in full uniform. Compelled to pursue his journey very early in the morning, he had taken the opportunity, as soon as he could get away from the table, of paying his compliments to the ladies, and bringing with him a letter to Miss Clements from her brother, whom he had seen in passing through New York, and one from his mother for Mrs. Darnel.

Grievously chagrined and mortified as the girls were, they listened admiringly to the clear and handsome manner in which the colonel made his explanation, and they more than ever regretted that all their castles in the air were demolished, and that after this unlucky visit he would probably have no desire to see them again, when he came to Philadelphia on his return from Washington.

Sophia, who saw at once that she had to deal with a man of tact and consideration, felt that an apology for the disorder in which he had found them was to him totally unnecessary, being persuaded that he already comprehended all she could have said in the way of excuse; and, with true civility, she forebore to make any allusion which might remind him that his unexpected visit had caused them any discomfiture or annoyance. Kindred spirits soon understand each other.

The girls were amazed to see their aunt so cool and so much at her ease, when her beautiful hair was pinned up, and her beautiful form disfigured by a large wrapper. But the colonel had penetration enough to perceive that under all these disadvantages she was an elegant woman.

Harriet and Caroline, though longing to join in the conversation, made signs to Sophia not to introduce them to the colonel, as they could not endure the idea of his attention being distinctly attracted towards them; and they perceived that in the fear of adding to their embarrassment, he seemed to avoid noticing their presence.

Colonel Forrester now began to admire a picture that hung over the piano, and Sophia took a candle and conducted him to it, that, while his back was towards them, the girls might have an opportunity of rising and slipping out of the room. Of this lucky chance they instantly and with much adroitness availed themselves, ran up stairs, and in a shorter time than they had ever before changed their dresses, they came back with frocks on—not, however, the scarlet crape, and the six-flounced muslin—and with their hair nicely but simply arranged, by parting it on their foreheads in front, and turning it in a band round their combs behind. Sophia introduced them to the colonel, and they were now able to speak; but were still too much discomposed by their recent fright to be very fluent or much at their ease.

In the mean time their brother Robert had come home from the theatre; and the boy's eye sparkled, when, on presenting her nephew, the colonel shook hands with him.

Colonel Forrester began to find it difficult to depart, and he was easily induced to stay and partake of the little collation which was on the table waiting the return of Robert; and the ease and grace with which Sophia did the honours of their *petit souper* completely charmed him.

In conversation, Colonel Forrester was certainly "both sprightly and sensible." He had read much, seen much, and was peculiarly happy

in his mode of expressing himself. Time flew as if

"Birds of Paradise had lent  
Their plumage to his wings."

and when the colonel took out his watch and discovered the lateness of the hour, the ladies looked their surprise, and his was denoted by a very handsome compliment to them. He then concluded his visit by requesting permission to resume his acquaintance with them on his return from Washington.

As soon as he had finally departed, and Robert had locked the door after him, the girls broke out into a rhapsody of admiration, mingled with regret, at the state in which he had surprised them, and the entire failure of their first impression, which they feared had not been retrieved by their second appearance in an improved style.

"Well," said Bob, "yours may have been a failure, but I am sure that was not the case with aunt Sophia. It is plain enough that the colonel's impression of her turned out very well indeed, notwithstanding that she kept on her wrapper, and had her hair pinned up all the time. Aunt Sophy is a person that a man may fall in love with in any dress; that is, a man who has as much sense as herself."

"As I am going to be a midshipman," continued Robert, "there is one thing I particularly like in Colonel Forrester, which is, that he is not in the least jealous of the navy. How handsomely he spoke of the sea-officers!"

"A man of sense and feeling," observed Sophia, "is rarely susceptible of so mean a vice as jealousy."

"How animated he looked," pursued the boy, "when he spoke of Midshipman Hamilton arriving at Washington with the news of the capture of the Macedonia, and going in his travelling dress to Mrs. Madison's ball, in search of his father, the secretary of the navy, to show his despatches to him, and the flag of the British frigate to the President, carrying it with him for the purpose. No wonder the dancing ceased, and the ladies cried."

"Did you observe him," said Harriet, "when he talked of Captain Crowninshield going to Halifax to bring home the body of poor Lawrence, in a vessel of his own, manned entirely by twelve sea-captains, who volunteered for the purpose?"

"And did not you like him," said Caroline, "when he was speaking of Perry removing in his boat from the Lawrence to the Niagara, in the thickest of the battle, and carrying his flag on his arm? And when he praised the gallant seamanship of Captain Morris, when he took advantage of a tremendous tempest to sail out of the Chesapeake, where he had been so long blockaded by the enemy, passing fearlessly through the midst of the British squadron, not one of them daring, on account of the storm, to follow him to sea and fight him?"

"The eloquence of the colonel seems to have inspired you all," said Sophia.

"Aunt Sophy," remarked Caroline, "at supper to-night, did you feel as firm in your resolution of never marrying an officer, as you were at the tea-table?"

"Colonel Forrester is not the only agreeable



man I have met with," replied Miss Clements, evading the question. "It has been my good fortune to know many gentlemen that were handsome and intelligent."

"Well," said Robert, "one thing is plain enough to me, that Colonel Forrester is exactly suited to aunt Sophy, and he knows it himself."

"And now, Bob," said Sophia, blushing, "light your candle, and go to bed."

"Bob is right," observed Harriet, after he had gone; "I saw in a moment that such a man as Colonel Forrester would never fancy me."

"Nor me," said Caroline.

Sophia kissed her nieces with more kindness than usual as they bade her good-night. And they retired to bed impatient for the arrival of morning, that they might give their mother all the particulars of Colonel Forrester's visit.

In a fortnight he returned from Washington, and this time he made his first visit in the morning, and saw all the ladies to the best advantage. His admiration of Sophia admitted not of a doubt. Being employed for the remainder of the winter on some military duty in Philadelphia, he went for a few days to Boston and brought his mother, (whose friend had recovered from her illness,) to fulfil her expected visit. The girls found Mrs. Forrester a charming woman, and very indulgent to the follies of young people; and the colonel introduced to them various officers that were passing through the city, so that they really *did* walk in Chestnut street with gentlemen in uniform, and sat in boxes with them at the theatre.

Before the winter was over, Sophia Clements had promised to become Mrs. Forrester, as soon as the war was at an end. This fortunate event took place sooner than was expected, the treaty having been made, though it did not arrive, previous to the victory of New Orleans. The colonel immediately claimed the hand of the lady, and the wedding and its preparations, by engaging the attention of Harriet and Caroline, enabled them to conform to the return of peace with more philosophy than was expected. The streets no longer resounded with drums and fifes. Most of the volunteer corps disbanded themselves—the army was reduced, and the officers left off wearing their uniform, except when at their posts. The military ardour of the young ladies rapidly subsided—citizens were again at par—and Harriet and Caroline began to look with complacency on their old admirers. Messrs. Wilson and Thomson were once more in favour—and, seeing the coast clear, they, in process of time, ventured to propose, and were thankfully accepted.

#### SCRAPS FROM A NOTE BOOK KEPT IN PARIS.

**MUSICAL "EFFECTS."**—Musard's great rival as Quadrille King is M. Jullien, who holds his court in the *Jardin Turc*. The French—the French of the present day particularly—are mad after effects, and M. Jullien purveys for them most bountifully. Some of his hits are very happy; and some, truth to say, *outré* enough. We had an instance of the one and the other this evening at his concert on the *Boulevard Italien*. The rotunda was occupied by a band of not less than a hundred performers; and, among other things, they played a set of quadrilles called *Les Echos*

*Militaires*; in one of which the strain, after having been given by the band in the rotunda, was repeated by another small band stationed in a lofty corner of the *Café* at the end of the garden. Then another strain from the orchestra; then another response from the echoists; and so on throughout the piece. The effect of this is exceedingly beautiful, and might be imitated successfully at our Vauxhall. Another of the novelties in M. Jullien's bill of fare was the Huguenots quadrilles. As usual, the finis-coronatus system was adopted, and in the last quadrille the maestro exhausted all his talent for effect. The first novelty in the way of accompaniment was the tolling of a huge church bell, which gave a gigantic dong at the end of every fourth bar or so. Then came the "additional accompaniment" of a sledge-hammer, falling with a ten-Vulcan power upon some dull sounding substance that gave out a noise like that of a falling house. This raised the vivacity of the bell, which tolled away more loudly and more frequently than before. Other sledge-hammers followed, till about half-a-dozen seemed to be at work together, the music in the orchestra all the while going at *extra fortissimo*, under the direction of the moustached maestro. This was not all. Suddenly there was a flash and a whiz—and half-a-dozen blue-lights sprung up around the musicians. Another whiz and another flash—and the blue-lights were succeeded by red. Wheels, and serpents, and fountains of fire joined; and *I believe* sky-rockets; but I cannot speak positively about these last; as, to say the truth, I was so completely mystified by the roar and dazzle of drums and stars, and fiddles and Roman-candles, and bells and fifes and sledge-hammers, and blue fire, and red fire and yellow fire, that it was just as much as I could do to retain the consciousness of my own existence. So much for the musical effects of M. Jullien.

**LE DIABLE BOITEUX.**—The greatest *hit* of the season this year at Paris is decidedly the new ballet at the Opera, called *Le Diable Boiteux*. Though some of the characters are taken from *Le Sage*, the plot is entirely different from anything to be found in the novel. It retains enough of the stamp of the original, however, to be welcomed as an old acquaintance. *Asmodeus* and *Don Cienfas* are there, and that is enough for us. The *Elfers* and *Leroux* are the principal dancers, and the Spanish dance in the second act by the fair Fanny has turned the heads of all Paris. One of the scenes of this ballet is the most superb and striking possible—beats the masquerade in *Gustavus* hollow. At the rising of the curtain you find yourself behind the *coulisses* of a large theatre. The carpenters are seen running across the stage and fixing the lights behind the wings. The ballet-master is giving the characters their last lesson, the figurantes are rehearsing their first tableau. Suddenly the bell rings for clearing the stage, away they all skip, and up rises the curtain, exhibiting to the "astonished spectator" the interior of a large and brilliantly-lighted theatre, with its complement of *loges, balcons, parterre, amphitheatre, &c.* all filled with *real persons*! Presently on skips a *danseuse*, who goes through a *pas seul*, with her face of course towards the scenic spectators, and receives from them, at every successful curvet, a round of applause. The effect of all this, so flat in description, is delightful in reality.

SUNDAY IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.—It was Sunday evening, and we made our way into the Tuilleries garden. The 45th band—the crack band of the French army—was playing under the Palace windows. But such playing! I confess I never had an idea what military music was till now. It was not, as I have too often heard it, a conflict between drum and trumpet, and flute and hautboy, as to which should be heard most—it was not a mere mixture of instruments, but in reality “a succession of sentiments.” And yet the fellows that played were common, vulgar looking fellows enough—neither more nor less than ordinary *bandsmen*, to all appearance. How they managed to produce such an effect I cannot at all make out. It is a *Sterne* truth, but certainly “they *do* manage these things better in France.” I could have listened to them forever; but it is not so easy playing as listening; and the 45th band at length ceased. The night had begun to close in, “Heaven’s lamps” were lit—and earth’s too; and from top to bottom of the *Champs Elysees* sparkled a thousand lights. The fountains in the Palace gardens plashed and glittered in the air; the soft evening breeze came loaded with the perfume of a thousand flowers; every alley of that vast “pleasance” was crowded with gay guests—infancy in all its joy, youth in all its brightness, and age almost as gay and bright as youth and infancy themselves.

We are in the *Champs Elysees*: and what a whirl of gaiety it is! On one side of us is the *Cirque Franconi*, with its live merry-go-round of horses and riders. Close by its side is a merry-go-round of quite another description; wooden horses and dragons here invite the adventurous youth to enter its enticing circle. A flight of aerial ships there whisks through the air, every ship freighted with lovers, and fanned by Cupids. Music from the interior of a brilliantly-lighted pavillion next attracts our notice, and we learn that at the *Salon de Murs* there is a *Bal tous les Dimanches*. Al fresco gaming-tables succeed to the saloon, where one may tempt Dame Fortune (or Miss Fortune if you will) with any sum, from a *Napoleon* down to a *demi-franc*. Another step or two brings us to the stage of a leg-less *voltigeur*, who, to the infinite delight of the gaping Parisians, performs a series of evolutions on his wooden stumps that might strike envy into the bosoms of a couple of pegtops. A *cafe* offers its enticements at a little distance, where a lady having despatched her bowl of *riz-au-lait* is earnestly discussing a game of dominoes with her *cher ami*. On a carpet in front of the *cafe* a family of posturists are twisting themselves into all possible—and impossible shapes, to the tune of “*Al-lons, enfans de la patrie*,” played on the cornet-à-piston by the father of the flock. You have no sooner got out of the sound of the posture-master’s trumpet than you find yourself surrounded by entirely new objects. A weighing-machine here invites you to ascertain your *avoirdupoise* for the small charge of one sous. That amusing instrument the *Polygone* there attracts your attention, and offers recreation at an equally low rate. At one moment groups of “*Shepherds from the South of France*” run over you with their wooden legs; at another you are within an ace of being whirled away in a vortex of skipping-rope. Rockets from the neighbouring tea-gar-

dens every now and then startle you with their upward whizz, and fill the air with sparkles; while the blue and red lights of the various omnibuses go whisking by every moment, like a masquerade of *ignes futui*.

The company is not among the least amusing part of the spectacle. Here the young *commus marchand*, with his little pet of a *grisette* by his side, looks as great—and twice as happy—in his *biouze* and *chapeau de paille* as a monarch in his robes of state. There the veteran of the *grande armee* paces with proud steps towards the *Arc de Triomphe* at the end of the avenue, or lifts his eyes in ardent admiration towards the column of the *Place Vendome*. Next to him comes the young *elève* of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, big with the recollections of the *memorable semaine*; and close to the scholar, a young private of the National Guard, in kid gloves and green spectacles. A party of English succeed, quizzing and laughing at everybody they meet, and quizzed and laughed at by everybody in return. Groups of happy children, dressed in all manner of fantastic costumes, come bowling their hoops or chasing one another among the trees; attended by nurses, drest really like nurses, and not, as in England, like their mammas. Elegantly attired groups of women, accompanied by their husbands, brothers, or cousins, add their charms and graces to the scene. And here and there, amidst the merry throng, may be espied the reverend figure of a parish *cure* or of a Sister of Charity, slowly returning home after the duties of the day, or devoutly hastening to the sick chamber of some dying penitent. Such is life! and such—such is Sunday evening in the *Champs Elysees*!

Written for the Lady’s Book.

## BEAUTY AT THE WINDOW.

I see thee there, my dark-eyed girl!  
As down thy neck thy ringlets curl;  
Where wreathing dimples sweetly play,  
About a face that’s always gay;  
Where Feeling acts a silent part,  
With blushes—tell-tales of the heart—  
And glances greet some stranger’s form,  
That would a soulless stoic warm.

I see thee there, like morning’s ray,  
Sent through the clouds at early day,  
To shine awhile, then fade again,  
Too lovely longer to remain.  
Thy cheeks o’erspread with rosyate hues,  
Thine eyes suffus’d with melting dews,  
There come and go, as if thy heart  
Could not from that charm’d spot depart.

I see thee there, alone in smiles,  
With rosy lips, and artless wiles,  
Whence oft a look in vain is thrown,  
Like sunbeams o’er the frigid zone.  
As if to win some answering token,  
To thoughts that may not yet be spoken,  
Within thy bosom treasur’d up,  
Like dew-drops in the lily’s cup.

I see thee there! yet know not why,  
Thou turn’st on me thy full dark eye,  
Thy snow-white neck, and flower-wreathed hair,  
Add charms to what was always fair;  
Yet all thy charms in me can wake,  
Nought but a wish for thy sweet sake,  
That whoso’er thy heart enchain,  
Thy love may be returned again. S.

## STORY OF MICHAEL KELLY.

BY AN OFFICER'S WIDOW.

"Poor Kelly!" ejaculated Captain Melville, as he returned one morning from parade, and threw himself despondingly on the couch in the drawing-room.

"What of Kelly?" I inquired; for I had entered immediately after my husband, and had overheard his exclamation.

"He is disgraced," he replied, in a voice that betrayed extreme emotion: "he is disgraced, and the noblest fellow in the regiment must be tied up and flogged like a slave."

"You are aware," continued my husband, in answer to my further inquiries, "that the man who was yesterday convicted of an assault on his superior officer, was to have suffered to-day. At an early hour this morning it was discovered that he had escaped; and equally evident, from the circumstance of part of a crow-bar, with which the grating of the condemned cell had been wrenched away, having been left behind by the prisoner in his flight, that the sentinel must either have connived at his escape, or, contrary to strict orders, have admitted to him some person who had furnished him with the means of liberation."

"Immediately on the discovery, the whole of the men who had mounted guard during the night over the condemned cell were sent to confinement. Kelly was among the number; and, as he passed me, on his way to the guard-room, feeling a conviction of his innocence, I spoke to him in encouraging terms. The poor fellow shook his head despondingly, and thanked me in a manner which convinces me of his having some knowledge of the transaction. What it may be, I shall probably soon learn, as an investigation is now about to take place, at which I have orders to be present. If Kelly proves seriously in fault, I shall be both surprised and pained; but for his own dejection I could freely have answered for his entire innocence."

Having partaken of a slight refreshment, my husband left me to attend the examination, in which he felt a peculiar interest, as the whole of the men who had mounted guard over the prisoner were of his own company, the —th regiment having been at that time on duty.

It was a subject of pride to Captain Melville, that the conduct of the officers and men of the corps to which he belonged, had long been such as fully to maintain the high reputation it had acquired in the service. It may be readily conceived, therefore, that a case like the present was productive of the most poignant regret; in the present instance it was doubly painful, as the offending party was one of the most deserving men in the regiment. Always foremost in the hour of peril, the name of Michael Kelly was connected with instances of personal bravery that would have done honour to the most exalted character; while in his intercourse with his comrades his conduct had ever been irreproachable. Did an officer require any service of extraordinary difficulty, or a comrade an office of confidence and friendship, Michael Kelly was the man applied to; his influence, which was

considerable for his situation, and his purse, slender as it was, were ever accessible to a companion in difficulty: and never was known an instance of a commission having been neglected, or a trust abused by him. Generous and high-minded, yet gentle and unassuming, the man was looked up to by his comrades as a model of discipline, and by his officers esteemed less an inferior than a friend.

There was, moreover, a circumstance of peculiar interest connected with the name of Kelly—an instance of self-devotion, that deserves a more lasting memorial than it can derive from these imperfect pages—that may be equalled, but cannot be surpassed in the annals of friendship. At the period of his entering the regiment, a spirit of disaffection had appeared among the men, originating in the undue severity of a subordinate officer. In this offence the proud spirit of Kelly, not yet accustomed to the restraints of military discipline, and his friendship for one of the aggrieved party, had involved him.

Decisive measures were deemed necessary to check the progress of insubordination, and five of the offenders were, on their conviction before a court-martial, sentenced to suffer death. The sentence was, however, mitigated, two only of the number being eventually doomed to suffer, and the condemned party having to cast lots for the decision. Kelly drew a prize, and with his two equally fortunate companions was immediately set at liberty. His friend, however, was less successful; and in seeing him remanded to his cell, our hero felt that he could gladly resign the freedom he had gained, to alleviate the confinement, and share the fate of his comrade.

"I will save him!" he ejaculated, as he repaired to his quarters: "I will save him for his wife and his poor babes. If he deserves his sentence I am equally guilty, and am, besides, unincumbered; my death will not throw a widow and helpless orphans on the world."

As Macdonald, (such was the name of Kelly's unfortunate friend) was to suffer on the following morning; there was no time to be lost; he solicited, and obtained permission to visit him in his cell at an early hour on the following morning. He found the unhappy man in the arms of his distracted wife; while his two infant children were playing on the floor of the prison, in happy ignorance of the sufferings of their wretched parents.

"Macdonald," said Kelly, when his friend observed him, and warmly grasped his hand, "you are a husband and a father—you have a wife, who looks to you as the main-stay of life—you have children, whose only dependence is on the arm of their father; I, on the contrary, am unconnected, and have no one to regret me. Let me undergo the sentence, from which the favour of the lots has alone exempted me. Nay, Mac," continued he, as his friend shrunk with horror from the proposal, "can you think of your poor wife and helpless boys turned adrift upon the world? It must not be! I am of your own height and figure, and can easily pass for you, by concealing my face."

The wife of the condemned man joined in the entreaty with all a mother's eloquence; even the smiles of his innocent babes seemed forcible

bly to appeal to him not to desert them, and the heart of the father was subdued. At that moment a guard of six grenadiers entered, and demanded the prisoner. Kelly threw off his jacket, and surrendering himself to the unsuspecting escort, was led forth with his fellow-sufferer, while Macdonald remained behind in almost torpid insensibility.

The whole of the troops in garrison were under arms, and, as the prisoners appeared, the long roll of the muffled drum sounded in unison with the melancholy scene. The appearance of the sufferers was in the highest degree firm and becoming; the taller of them alone was observed to droop his head on his bosom, in such a manner as effectually to conceal his features.

"Make ready!" and the muskets of the men appointed to the work of death clicked audibly in the ears of those assembled: "Present!" and the hearts of many, who had dared unflinchingly the perils of the field, sickened as they gazed. At that moment a stir was perceived among the ranks, and Macdonald, rushing forward, called on the soldiers to stay their arms, declaring himself to be the person doomed to suffer.

He had awoke from his stupor to a full conviction of the danger of his too generous friend, and breaking from his wife's arms, had hastened to snatch him from the fate that so imminently threatened him:

The commanding officer advanced, and demanded an explanation, which Macdonald gave with a grateful eloquence that melted every heart: at the same time tearing off the bandage from the eyes of his friend, he discovered the noble features of Michael Kelly clouded with disappointment. In a tone of passionate sincerity Kelly reproached him with unseasonable interference, and turning from the encomiums of the officer, his eye encountered the approving glance of Colonel T—.

"My brave fellow!" ejaculated the venerable commandant, as he grasped the soldier's hand. It was too much for the "proud yet meek" spirit of poor Kelly; his colour came and went alternately, and a flood of tears alone saved him from a most unsoldier-like fainting fit. The two condemned men were remanded to their cells, till the pleasure of the governor should be known; the urgent application addressed by the colonel to head-quarters was not likely to meet a refusal. In a few days Kelly was summoned to that officer's presence, and from his hands received the life of his friend Macdonald, and his companion in distress.

"A complete Damon-and-Pythias scene, which I would not have lost for fifty guineas," said the colonel, as he returned to his quarters, after having restored to the delighted Kelly the two men, whom his generous act of self-devotion had rescued from an untimely death.

Such was the man whose conduct was now undergoing an investigation. The reader will, I conceive, be disposed to think that Melville's confidence of his proving innocent of any serious offence was not ill-founded.

On the return of my husband, I was not long in ascertaining the result of the examination.

The men who had mounted guard over the condemned cell having been relieved every hour,

a considerable number were, of course, implicated. Kelly having been among the latest on guard, was not produced for examination until after several others had been brought up; but at his own request he would not probably have been examined at all, so general was the conviction of his innocence, from his previous exemplary character.

One of the suspected party, a man of weak mind and nervous temperament, terrified at the apparent danger of his situation, had been so far overcome, as to reply in a confused and prevaricating manner to the questions put to him on his examination. His confusion having been attributed to a consciousness of guilt, had produced a strictness and sternness of investigation that had rendered the poor fellow completely unintelligible, and he was remanded to close confinement, previously to his taking his trial on a charge of aiding and abetting the criminal's escape—a breach of duty, to a suspicion of which his weakness and incapacity naturally exposed him. The other men were, of course, set at liberty.

Kelly refused the proffered enlargement, and learning the situation of poor Drummond, the name of the soldier who had been remanded on suspicion, desired to be immediately conducted before the court, which had not yet separated, representing himself to have certain disclosures to make.

"Well, Kelly, what have you to say?" inquired the officer who presided, not a little surprised at his appearance.

"I have reason to fear, sir," replied the soldier, "that the escape of the man over whom I mounted guard last night, is owing to a breach of duty on my part."

"Ha!" cried the officer, in a tone that expressed surprise and regret, feelings in which the whole court evidently participated. "Kelly," resumed the officer, "I am ready to receive your deposition; yet feel it my duty to remind you, that whatever you may now say, will, hereafter appear as evidence against you: be careful, then, not to criminate yourself."

"I thank you, sir, but must not conceal the truth," replied the soldier; "come what will, Michael Kelly is not the man to shrink from the consequences of a breach of duty."

"You remember, gentlemen," continued he, addressing the court in a manner at once firm and respectful; "you remember, gentlemen, how bitter cold it was last night. At four in the morning I went on guard; and while stationed at my post, the but-end of my firelock frozen to my fingers, and my numbed feet slipping at every step on the ground, where the sleet fell and congealed instantly, I could not help thinking of the many poor wretches who, with scarcely a rag to cover them, and not a morsel to satisfy their hunger, were turned adrift on the world, to perish in a night like this. I could not help thinking, gentlemen, of my own fortunate condition, with plenty of wholesome food, a warm great coat that, at least, kept the snow from my skin, and a blazing fire in the guard-room, after my hour should expire. I thought, gentlemen, how grateful I ought to be for these blessings, and how compassionate to my less fortunate fellow creatures.

"At this moment a poor woman approached

me: she had an infant in her arms, whose faint cries told how ill it could bear the piercing cold that chilled its little shivering frame. It was the wife and babe of the man under my charge. She told me, gentlemen, a moving story; a story that would have gone to the heart of either of your honours. She had been in hospital at the time of her husband's imprisonment, and had only been discharged the night before; the little innocent she carried in her arms, her first and only child, had never been seen by its unhappy father. 'It was born *almost* an orphan!' shrieked the poor mother, as she held the babe to my view; 'do not then refuse my husband the consolation of embracing his infant for the first and last time!' Gentlemen, I could not withstand her entreaties—I gave her admittance to her husband, limiting her stay with him to half an hour. When she came out she seemed a different being, and thanked me with a fervency that fully repaid me for the risk I had run. I little thought, however, that she had concealed under her cloak the—"

"Kelly," interrupted the officer, "let me once more warn you to criminate yourself no further: what you have already said reduces me to the painful necessity of ordering you to close confinement. While, in common with the members of this court, I respect the feelings that prompted you, and regret that they should have betrayed so deserving a soldier to a breach of duty, I cannot forget that I myself have an imperative duty to perform. I must remand you to close confinement, and beg you to withhold from those with whom you may have communication all reference to the present distressing affair; reserve your disclosures, if you are determined on making them, for the court-martial to which you will forthwith be brought. I would suggest, however, the expediency of your preparing a defence, as, if convicted, your punishment will, I grieve to say, be of no slight nature."

"And I will bear it, sir," replied the poor fellow, grasping the hand which the presiding officer kindly extended to him. "I will bear it; and though I am not proof against a woman's tears, I will shew that sixteen years' service have taught me not to shrink from the just punishment my judges may inflict on me. I am aware, sir, what military discipline demands, and am ready to pay the penalty of my offence, trusting that my officers, while they condemn the soldier, will pity the man!"

The poor fellow's voice faltered; each member of the court, on rising to retire, warmly pressed his hand, and Kelly was conducted to his confinement, more than ever an object of interest to those who had witnessed the weakness as well as the nobleness of his character.

The wife of the man who had escaped was produced as evidence at the court-martial, which shortly after took place. Her testimony corroborated the circumstances given in Kelly's confession; with the additional fact, that he had, on leaving her husband's cell, given her the only shilling he possessed, desiring her to procure nutriment for the child.

Other evidence was produced, to prove the fact of the woman's having boasted of furnishing her husband with the means of liberation, thus

establishing the aggravating circumstance of Kelly's misconduct having been the cause of the criminal's escape.

However, in consideration of his previous good character, and voluntary confession, the lightest punishment that could be given for such an offence was awarded him. Had it been a sentence of death, Kelly would have heard it without shrinking; but as it was, it almost robbed him of his fortitude—to undergo that degradation which to a proud spirit is worse than death—to be tied up to the triangle, in the sight of those comrades who had long looked upon him as the standard of military propriety, such a prospect presented to his sensitive mind terrors scarcely endurable.

As he bent, however, to the judgment of the court, and retired with his guards, his firmness and calmness of manner returned, and none but the most scrutinizing eye could discern aught of the struggle within.

During the time that elapsed between the sentence and its execution, unwearied efforts were employed to save the delinquent from punishment, but to no purpose; the sentence had been as light as, consistently with military regulations, it could be, and no further mitigation could be granted.

Every face wore an air of gloom, from that of the field-officer of the day to the little drummer, who gazed at a distance, when Kelly appeared on the parade-ground to receive his punishment. They beheld before them a man of known merit, about to suffer for a breach of duty, which did as much honour to his humanity as it was free from all moral blame—about to suffer too a degrading corporeal infliction, from which his proud and manly spirit shrunk with horror.

Kelly bore his punishment with that unflinching firmness which might have been expected from his character. As, however, he walked with a firm step to his quarters, his eye shrunk from an encounter with his comrades, and his countenance betrayed a mind subdued and broken by shame and humiliation.

"The man is ruined," said the corporal, who had followed him to the door of his room, where the surgeon was in attendance to dress his lacerated back; "the man is ruined. I could not get a word from him, in answer to my questions of how he felt."

"Was he in such pain then?" asked a young soldier from the crowd that had gathered round the corporal, to inquire after their comrade.

"Pain!" ejaculated the veteran, with a glance of contempt; "think ye Michael Kelly regards pain?—Think ye he has faced death so many years, and received three gun-shot wounds in the breast, to say nothing of bayonet-thrusts, and not learned better than to shrink at pain! Did ye expect he would wince at a scratched back? No, no, lads! 'tisn't the pain, but the *shame*, that has done for poor Mike! I saw him when he stood forth to die for his friend Macdonald; I have since been with him in many a tough engagement, he taking his place in the front rank, and myself covering him. I have seen him sink from loss of blood; but never, comrades, never saw his cheeks so white as they were to-day, before even the cat had grazed him. Take my word for it, Michael Kelly is a lost man!"

The corporal's opinion was prophetic; the surgeon who attended the sufferer could extract

from him nothing but vague monosyllables, in answer to his professional inquiries. Major Morton, whose body-servant he had been, visited him in the afternoon. At the sound of his former master's well-known voice, the poor fellow partly raised himself from his bed, but immediately resumed his recumbent posture.

"When I saw you last, sir," said he, while his whole frame shook with emotion, "when I saw you last, I could look in your face with honest confidence; *now* I am degraded, disgraced, and have forfeited in one evil hour the good name I had acquired by a long and faithful service. Why have I lived till now!—why did I not perish at the moment when, in our last campaign, I laid at your feet the colour I had snatched from the French officer who had entrenched himself behind four of his countrymen? I should *then* have died with honour, and you, sir, would have sometimes thought poor Kelly deserving of your remembrance; but *now*, even his own kind and generous master must think of him with shame and regret."

The major attempted to console him, reminding him that the offence which had entailed punishment on him was so far from reflecting dishonour on his name, that it had sensibly raised him in the esteem of his officers, and that he might resume his duty more than ever an object of regard to his comrades.

"It cannot be, sir! it cannot be!" he ejaculated; "I have a load at my heart which nothing can remove—a rush of terrible thoughts, that convince me I am disgraced for ever. Nay, sir," continued he, "should I rise from this bed, which I feel can never be, do you think I could ever again wear the colours I have tarnished!—do you think that, branded as I am, I could ever appear on the ground where——"

The remembrance of his degradation agitated him most powerfully; he at length added, "Leave me, my honoured master—I am beneath your notice, your pity." He then threw himself on his mattress, where he remained in almost torpid insensibility, a deep and frequent sob being the only sign of animation.

The afflicted major retired in acute distress from the presence of the man whom he had learned to honour and love as a friend, and now regretted as a brother. During the night, the men who occupied the same room occasionally heard the sufferer heave a deep and heavy sigh, but in no instance did he reply to their friendly inquiries after his health.

In the morning he was discovered to be a corpse; medical aid was instantly summoned, but the vital spark was extinct—the proud and generous spirit had sunk beneath the weight of its degradation, and the high feelings of the gallant soldier, who had lived and fought for his country, had been turned to gall, by the blot on his hitherto untarnished name. *He had died of a broken heart!*

The deep emotion with which my husband heard the distressing news, was but the general feeling throughout the regiment; every member of it seemed to have lost a brother or a friend.

The funeral was attended by the whole of the officers of his corps, and conducted with military honours far exceeding those usually paid to men of his humble rank. His kind patron, Major

Morton, was so seriously affected by the fate of his humble friend, as to seclude himself for several days from society; even after a considerable period had elapsed, his depression at the mention of Kelly's name, evinced how deeply he commiserated the untimely fate of so faithful a servant and gallant a soldier.

Poor Kelly! through life, humble as was thy sphere, thou wast loved and respected, and in death lamented. As long as the high feelings that ennoble the man, blended with all that is soft and amiable in his nature, shall command respect and love, thy name will be fresh in the remembrance of those who knew and honoured thee!

From Knapp's Female Biography.

### MARTHA WASHINGTON.

MARTHA WASHINGTON, wife of General George Washington, was born in Virginia, in the same year with her husband, 1732, according to Weems; and probably he knew as well as any of Washington's biographers. She was the widow Custis when she married Col. Washington, in 1758. She is mentioned by Ramsay, Marshall, Bancroft, and Weems, as wealthy and beautiful, one to whom Washington had been long attached; but neither of them give her maiden name; and all but Weems forgot to mention the time of her birth. But we believe that her maiden name was Dandridge. She was known, to those who visited Mount Vernon, as a woman of domestic habits and kind feelings, before her husband had gained more than the distinction of a good soldier and gentlemanly planter, with whom one might deal with safety, and be sure of getting fair articles at a fair price. After Washington was appointed to command the American armies, and had repaired to Cambridge to take the duties upon himself, Mrs. Washington made a visit to the eastern states, and spent a short time with her husband in the camp at Cambridge. The quarters were excellent, for the Vassals and other wealthy Tories had deserted their elegant mansions at Cambridge, which were occupied by the American officers. After this visit Mrs. Washington was seldom with her husband, until the close of the war. She met him at Annapolis, in Maryland, when he resigned his commission, at the close of the year 1783. It is not remembered that she came to New York with the president, when the federal government was organized, in 1789; but was at Philadelphia during the first session after its removal to that city. A military man like Washington could not suffer even the courtesies of social intercourse to move on without a strict regard to economical regulations. These were displayed with good manners and taste. Mrs. Washington, in her drawing-room, was of course obliged to exact courtesies which she thought belonged to the officer, rather than those which were congenial to herself. The levees in Washington's administration were certainly more courtly than have been known since. Full dress was required of all who had a right to be there, but since that time, any dress has been accepted as proper, which a gentleman chose to wear. At table, Mrs. Wash-

ington seldom conversed upon politics: but attended strictly to the duties of the hostess. Foreign ambassadors often attempted to draw her into a conversation upon public affairs, but she always avoided the subject with great propriety and good sense.

It was not in the saloons of Philadelphia, when heartless thousands were around her, that Mrs. Washington shone the most conspicuous. It was at her plain mansion-house, at Mount Vernon, that she was most truly great. There she appeared, with her keys at her side, and gave directions for every thing, so that, without any bustle or confusion, the most splendid dinner appeared as if there had been no effort in the whole affair. She met her guests with the most hospitable feelings, and they always departed from the place with regret. Her first husband, John Custis, died young, and her son died still younger, leaving two children, a son and a daughter. A great part of her time was absorbed in assisting in the education of these children. They were the favourites of Mount Vernon. The place was one of general resort for all travellers; and every one, from every nation, who visited this country, thought that his American tour could not be finished unless he had been at Mount Vernon, and had seen the Washington family, and partaken of the cakes of the domestic hearth. Of course, no eastern caravansary was ever more crowded than the mansion-house at Mount Vernon, in the summer months. Washington died in less than three years after his retirement from office. He was as great, if not a greater, object of curiosity in retirement, than in public life: for it was almost miraculous to a foreigner, to see the head of a great nation calmly resigning power and office, and retiring to a rural residence to employ himself in agricultural pursuits. Seeing was to them the only method of believing; and they would see. Mrs. Washington did not long survive her husband; in eighteen months she followed him to his grave. She was an excellent parent, a good wife, an important member of society, and passed a long life without an enemy. It is to be regretted that an ample memoir of this excellent woman has not been written; but we must content ourselves at present with a scanty notice. The few letters, that have been published, that came from her, show that she wrote with good taste and in a pleasant style. Her ashes repose in the same vault with those of her august husband, a family tomb, built within the pale of the pleasure grounds around the house, at Mount Vernon.

## OLD BACHELORS.

### THE SLOVENLY BACHELOR.

Directly opposed in physical and domestic peculiarities to the finical part of the brotherhood, are the family of the slovens—a numerous body, known in society as “good fellows,” “free and easy” men, and keepers of houses or rooms, as the case may be, *yelep’d* Bachelors’ Halls: the appropriate name of which is Bachelors’ Styes. Cleanliness ranks amongst the virtues, as want of personal and domestic cleanliness is an irre-

fragable proof of a coarse and low-bred mind; or, if not properly styled a virtue, it is the indication of a virtue. There is nothing which vulgarises a man so much as accustoming himself to filth. We have known many men who entered life spruce fellows enough, and evincing a tolerable share of propriety and delicacy of thinking and acting: they have become bachelors and slovens, and lost caste completely. The abominations in which they revel have gradually buried every pure portion of their moral nature, and they are little else than a living charnel-house. We would as soon admit a new-caught aboriginal of New South Wales to our table, as a slovenly old bachelor. We have a moral detestation of such characters, and were never betrayed but once into domestic association with them. We never meet one of these gentry in the streets, marching along with half-brushed coat, half-cleaned shoes, half-washed linen, half-shaved face, half-washed skin, but he puts us in a passion. A chimney-sweep is not a dirty fellow, because, to have his person covered with soot is a mark and necessary consequence of his calling; the same of any other individual, whose trade exposes him to the necessity of being covered with extraneous matter.

Such people are in character; one cannot imagine a clean chimney-sweeper, or a clean dustman; they may, as a matter of taste, wash themselves now and then, but, generally speaking, they ought to be what they are—sweeps and dustmen; it would, in fact, be a solecism to call these respectable individuals dirty. But the case is different with the slovenly bachelor. As regards him, we speak of cleanliness in a moral sense, and of disarray, whether in person or home, as an infraction of the laws of domestic virtue. Well may the household gods have deserted him: they dwell with humility, with poverty—nay, with chimney-sweeps and dustmen; but they will not dwell with slovenly bachelors.

One of these gentlemen invites us to dinner—and what do we find? We reach his house at the appointed time, and his drawing-room is fireless, although it is the middle of December; his footman, or rather footboy—a grimy looking animal, fit only for a collier, *maugre* our presence, brings in a battered and wofully misshapen coal-scuttle, and commences operations for lighting a fire. We reach down a portfolio, to while away the “winter of our discontent,” and by this means soil our linen, and subject our face and hands to the necessity of an immediate ablution. Meanwhile our host is absent, but the dirty jackanapes, now puffing with his breath the tiny fire-spark, comforts us with the assurance that “master won’t be long.” We gaze round upon an assortment of furniture once good, and even elegant, but now broken and soiled, and unfit even for the parlour of a beer-house; while the Turkey carpet is stained with porter-splashes, and burnt here and there into holes. Every thing, in short, is indicative of reckless indifference, the whole place looking not like a home, but a den for drunken and impure orgies. Several other men drop in, and ‘Jack,’ as he is familiarly called, begins to lay the cloth with unwashed hands—a usual practice, we must believe, as the said cloth has upon it some scores of his marks; and a motley collection of knives and forks, of all ages, sizes, and patterns, is placed on the table. Dur-

ing this ceremony, one of our friend's friends, amused himself by wafting the fire with a plate; and now our host himself, with a farther reinforcement of visitors, picked up apparently by accident, judging from their costume, come in. Jack bustled about, and from various closets hunts out bread, butter, and cheese, from amidst cigars, coffee, and tobacco. This satisfactorily accounts for the odoriferous state in which we found his apartment; it was redolent of any thing but sweets; and, at the imminent risk of catching cold, we opened one or two windows a little, as we most especially abominate a room rife with bad smells.—Our friend sits by, and watches with the most imperturbable gravity the untoward displays on his table; glasses are found deficient in number; and after some time fish is brought up, and we seat ourselves, higgledy-piggledy, round the table. It is, as might have been anticipated, uneatable, and hardly warm through. Nothing daunted, he helps his friends, and passes round half a mustard-pot, by way of soy-holder—knives performing the office of salt-spoons, and the palm of the hand a measure for Cayenne. Our host too seems to have miscalculated the amount of edibles requisite for his guests, as on a very consumptive-looking sirloin of beef coming on table, he informed us this constituted the staple of our dinner, at the same time adding that he was afraid we should be short; a general assent was given to this remark, and, to make out, he proposed sending to a neighbouring tavern for a round of mutton-chops. This we warmly seconded, as our married tastes were utterly at variance with his *cuisine*. After waiting a reasonable time, the chops appear, with an air of cleanliness and freshness quite appetizing. Wine and beer were drank, and immediately after our jumbled, dirty, and disreputable dinner, the freedoms of bachelor's-hall commenced—namely, brandy-and-water, cigars, pipes, and politics, the loud laugh, the boisterous merriment, and the coarse jest. Our stay was as brief as decency would permit, and we made our escape, vowing eternal absence from the home of a "slovenly bachelor."

This entire want of decency, as regards all domestic comforts, extends to a man's person. He may perhaps wear a good coat, but it is impossible for a human being to live surrounded by such an atmosphere of filth, without becoming infected. Hence we hold a bachelor of slovenly habits to be unfit for family association. The man sets a bad example, and family morals are not a little built up of domestic observances. Your sons think him a capital fellow who jests and drinks and amuses himself upon a footing of equality with them, and are ten to one vastly delighted with his "free and easy" mode of living. For our own part, we would as soon permit a young man over whom we had control to visit a gambling-house, as the houses of this class of the order; it has a ruinous effect upon domestic economy; it is a half-savage kind of existence, which just suits the temperament of opening manhood—and for your daughters, establish a *cordon sanitaire* betwixt them and this division of the brotherhood; even if you are tormented with a large assortment of "hanging" daughters, do not permit the forlorn hope of procuring a son-in-law to have influence; there is not the slightest chance

of this, and the companionship must be injurious. —Men who have lost the tempered and delicate ardour of youth, and who have lived for years in a state of selfish indulgence, without the pure ministry of woman, become gross creatures. They lose sight of the higher and more spiritualized attributes of the sex, their intimate association with it is of a nature repulsive to morality, and in the end they forget all but the animal part of the most holy of created beings. We never see a "slovenly old bachelor" looking at a young and innocent girl, whose heart is the abode of the most chaste and blessed imaginings, but we think we see a resuscitated "satyr;" and we should rejoice were it in our power to send him to his original haunts, unfit, as he is for civilized society.

It is hardly possible to conceive to what an extent slovenly and unclean habits can prevail, if allowed free scope. In no respect is the humanizing influence of the sex more forcibly seen, than in the brutalization which is exhibited by some of the brotherhood. Their taste has been either born with them, or has been acquired from their own association, or from mingling with others. Now and then it happens, though this is one of the rarest occurrences in society, that a woman condescends to marry one of these animals. He is caught in some moment of forgetfulness, and becomes a husband. How a woman can venture upon such an Augcan stable, is a subject of wonder; but it is a still greater wonder how speedily she cleanses it. With this cleansing, however, the man is lost: the merry twinkle of his eye and the hearty laugh vanish. He cannot vegetate vigorously out of his natural soil, and he mopes about, with a look of wonder, upon mirror-like chairs, clean table-cloths, polished fire-irons, and carpets, carefully covered with drugget or slips of Indian netting. It seems that a grease spot, the mark of a cinder, or a broken chair, would be a great relief to him; and he fidgets in the presence of his *cara sposa*, as if he remembered too acutely the loss of his liberty. His manhood is gone, and he sinks down into a henpecked thing so submissive, and so humble, that even his *gouvernante* despises him,—or he runs into the other extreme, and sulkily retains his personal identity, and sits growling and snarling, like a chained mastiff whilst his kennel is being cleansed. Whichever way it may be, it is abundantly obvious that the man is out of his element, and that he is utterly unfit for a wife and for domestic enjoyment. He is quite irclaimable for any useful purpose; and though an intolerable nuisance, we must bear with it as we can, and trust that the race will become extinct, partly by society taking up arms against it, and partly by the neophytes, of the "order" being shamed out of their penchant for filth and folly.

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Villains are usually the worst casuists, and rush into greater crimes to avoid less. Henry the Eighth committed murder to avoid the imputation of adultery; and in our times, those who commit the latter crime attempt to wash off the stain of seducing the wife, by signifying their readiness to shoot the husband.



*The following account of an English Election from the Pickwick paper, is very humorous.*

"Is every thing ready?" said the honourable Samuel Slumkey to Mr. Perker.

"Everything, my dear Sir," was the little man's reply.

"Nothing has been omitted, I hope?" said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

"Nothing has been left undone, my dear Sir—nothing whatever. There are twenty washed men at the street door for you to shake hands with; and six children in arms that you're to pat on the head, and inquire the age of; be particular about the children, my dear Sir,—it has always a great effect, that sort of thing."

"I'll take care," said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

"And, perhaps, my dear Sir—" said the cautious little man, "perhaps if you *could*—I don't mean to say it's indispensable—but if you *could* manage to kiss one of 'em, it would produce a great impression on the crowd."

"Wouldn't it have as good an effect if the proposer or seconder did that?" said the honourable Samuel Slumkey.

"Why, I am afraid it wouldn't," replied the agent; "if it were done by yourself, my dear Sir, I think it would make you very popular."

"Very well," said the honourable Samuel Slumkey, with a resigned air, "then it must be done. That's all."

"Arrange the procession," cried the twenty committee-men.

Amidst the cheers of the assembled throng, the band, and the constables, and the committee-men, and the voters, and the horsemen, and the carriages, took their places—each of the two-horse vehicles being closely packed with as many gentlemen as could manage to stand upright in it; and that assigned to Mr. Perker, containing Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and about half a dozen of the committee beside.

There was a moment of awful suspense as the procession waited for the honourable Samuel Slumkey to step into his carriage. Suddenly the crowd set up a great cheering.

"He has come out," said little Mr. Perker, greatly excited; the more so as their position did not enable them to see what was going forward.

Another cheer, much louder.

"He has shaken hands with the men," cried the little agent.

Another cheer, far more vehement.

"He has patted the babes on the head," said Mr. Perker, trembling with anxiety.

A roar of applause that rent the air.

"He has kissed one of 'em!" exclaimed the delighted little man.—A second roar.

"He has kissed another," gasped the excited manager.—A third roar.

"He's kissing 'em all!" screamed the enthusiastic little gentleman. And, hailed by the deafening shouts of the multitude, the procession moved on.

How or by what means it became mixed up with the other procession, and how it was ever extricated from the confusion consequent thereupon, is more than we can undertake to describe, inasmuch as Mr. Pickwick's hat was knocked

over his eyes, nose and mouth, by one poke of a Buff flag staff, very early in the proceedings.—He describes himself as being surrounded on every side, when he could catch a glimpse of the scene, by angry and ferocious countenances, by a vast cloud of dust, and by a dense cloud of combatants. He represents himself as being forced from the carriage by some unseen power, and being personally engaged in a pugilistic encounter; but with whom, or how, or why, he is wholly unable to state. He then felt himself forced up some wooden steps by the persons from behind: and on removing his hat, found himself surrounded by his friends, in the very front of the left hand side of the hustings. The right was reserved for the Buff party, and the centre for the mayor and his officers: one of whom—the fat crier of Eatanswill—was ringing an enormous bell, by way of commanding silence, while Mr. Horatio Fizkin, and the Honourable Samuel Slumkey, with their hands upon their hearts, were bowing with the utmost affability to the troubled sea of heads that inundated the open space in front; and from whence arose a storm of groans and shouts and yells and hootings that would have done honour to an earthquake.

"There's Winkle," said Mr. Tupman, pulling his friend by the sleeve.

"Where?" said Mr. Pickwick, putting on his spectacles, which he had fortunately kept in his pocket hitherto.

"There," said Mr. Tupman, "on the top of that house." And there sure enough, in the leaden gutter of a tiled roof, were Mr. Winkle and Mrs. Pott, comfortably seated in a couple of chairs, waving their handkerchiefs in token of recognition—a compliment which Mr. Pickwick returned by kissing his hand to the lady.

The proceedings had not yet commenced; and as an inactive crowd is generally disposed to be jocose, this very innocent action was sufficient to awaken their faceiousness.

"Oh you wicked old rascal," cried one voice, "looking arter the girls, are you?"

"Oh you venerable sinner," cried another.

"Putting on his spectacles to look at a married 'ooman!" said a third.

"I see him a vinkin' at her, with his vicked old eye," shouted a fourth.

"Silence," roared the mayor's attendants.

"Whiffin, proclaim silence," said the mayor, with an air of pomp befitting his lofty station. In obedience to this command the crier performed another concerto on the bell, wherupon a gentleman in the crowd called out "muffins;" which occasioned another laugh.

"Gentlemen," said the mayor, at as loud a pitch as he could possibly force his voice to, "Gentlemen, Brother electors of the Borough of Eatanswill, we are met here to-day, for the purpose of choosing a representative in the room of our late—"

Here the Mayor was interrupted by a voice in the crowd.

"Suc-cess to the Mayor!" cried the voice, "and may he never desert the nail and sarspan business, as he got his money by."

This allusion to the professional pursuits of the orator was received with a storm of delight, which, with a bell-accompaniment, rendered the remainder of his speech inaudible.

# O! TAKE THE WREATH:

## A Ballad.

*Arranged for the Piano Forte, by*

I. C. VIERECK.

*Composed by*

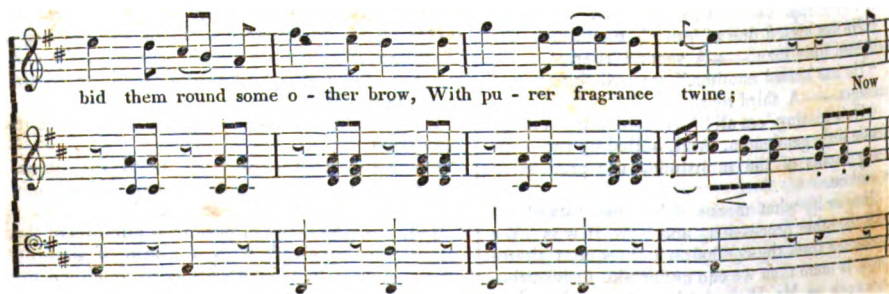
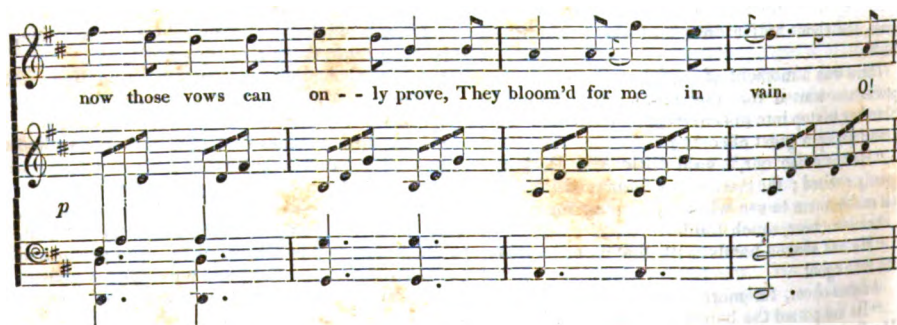
A F. WINNEMORE.

*Published by permission of the Publisher, Mr. George Willig.*

*Andante Cantabile.*



*Con Expressione.*





Take back the gem you gave me, love,  
I'll wear the toy no more;  
To me it now can only prove,  
My days of peace are o'er.

On some fond breast, O! let it blaze,  
With truer lustre shine,  
Nor shed again those faithless rays.  
Which once it shed on mine.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

Will our subscribers have the kindness to look at their last receipts and see to what time they have paid, and being guided by their receipts, make us a remittance—no matter if it be a little over the amount due, it can pass to their credit. A Five Dollar Bill is the prettiest and neatest remittance that can be made. It will cover arrearages for nearly two years; or for the last year, and an advance of something on the next.

Seriously—the great neglect on the part of subscribers in remitting, is a sore inconvenience to a publisher. We offer every facility to subscribers, by "Clubbing," or we will pay over money out of any remittance that may be made to us, to any publisher in the city. It is usual, we know, for subscribers to read over these little "duns," and smile, thinking there is no reality in the want expressed. They do not consider that our business involves a variety of expenses, and the *thousands* we have to pay for Engravings, Printing, Paper, &c, are taken from the aggregate of the small amounts of Three Dollars that we receive, or ought to receive, from our subscribers. It will scarcely be believed that the colouring of one of our Engravings amounts to One Hundred and Fifty Dollars—the mere colouring—and yet that is a small item in our outlays. We hope our friends will give this matter their attention.

The Bulwer Novels are now complete, and two beautiful volumes they make. They will be furnished complete, with the Lady's Book, one year, for Five Dollars. This edition of Novels is embellished with a splendid Engraving of the Author, E. L. Bulwer.

Bulwer and Marryatt will also be sent, complete, for five dollars—in all cases payment to be made in advance. An opportunity is thus offered to persons

living remote from large cities, to furnish their libraries with these sterling works at a very small expense.

The Publisher of the Bulwer and Marryatt Novels deems it necessary to state that he is the only person that can furnish the Marryatt and Bulwer Novels in Numbers, to be sent per mail. All orders *must* come through him.

Subscribers ordering a change of direction, or wishing a missing number, must pay the postage on their communications, or they will not be taken from the post-office.

We must ask the indulgence of our readers if dullness should be predominant in the Editor's Table. The death of a brother, much beloved, is our excuse.

This magazine has a much larger circulation than any other monthly in the country, and has always been under the personal superintendence of its present publisher. The rapid increase of its subscription list renders it necessary that he should have the assistance of others in the Editorial Department, as the business matters connected with its publication are as much as he can possibly attend to. With this view he has made an arrangement with a Lady of high literary reputation, who has for many years edited a sterling and popular Magazine. The change will be formally announced in the next number.

It will be perceived that our November number is on a much superior paper to that formerly used, and in the next year we propose to give a still better article, with other improvements that will be announced in our number for December. That these will occur

sion a surprise, we know, and we are fully aware that it will be an agreeable one.

No person but a publisher can be aware of the difficulty of procuring paper of the right quality. You contract with a paper maker for a certain quantity per month. The requisite amount is received just as you are going to press. Upon examination, it is found not to be as good as a former lot—but use it you must, as none of the same size can be had in town; the paper maker makes you a deduction of some twenty-cents per ream for hundreds of dollars damage done to your pockets, and thousands to your feelings. No book can be better printed than our's, and that compliment, we think, is due to Mr. Seyfert, who has had the management of that branch of the concern during the past year—but it is a hard matter to controul the paper maker.

Our fashions for this month are so extremely plain and neat, that any description from us would be superogatory. The colour of the material, of course, is left to the taste of every Lady, and the make is plainly shown in the Engraving, which, by the way, is one of the neatest we have ever presented to our subscribers.

### Costume of Paris—By a Parisian Correspondent.

The latest Parisian Fashions having just been received, we give them in addition to those of Philadelphia. Some little alteration has taken place in the size of bonnets and hats; the brims have increased in size, and the crowns diminished in height. Several of the new drawn bonnets are of organdy; some have a *voilette* of English point lace, others are lined with rose-coloured gauze, and have the edge of the brim trimmed with a short veil of rose-coloured *tulle*. We see several half-dress drawn bonnets composed of black crape, with the whalebone covered with blue, green, or rose-coloured satin; they are trimmed with roses and gauze ribands of the colour of the satin. These *capotes* are novel, and as yet have been adopted only by elegant women; they are becoming only to fair beauties.

We may cite as the most novel half dress hats, those of coloured crape covered with white crape; the shade of colour thus produced has a novel effect. Some of these hats are trimmed with white flowers only, others with white flowers intermixed with those of the colour of the lining, and several with white ostrich feathers tipped with the colour of the lining.

Velvet seems to have superseded riband for trimmings of *coiffures* of all kinds; not only hats and caps, but even head-dresses of hair are adorned with it. Summer shawls of *tulle* *Lara*, and those called *Maranas*, are both in request, but not so much as the *manchelets-faillies*; scarfs of black or white lace are more *recherché* than either.

Printed materials, both silk, chaly, and clear muslin, are very fashionable for robes, but not so much so as white. These latter are of Indian muslin, of a thin jacket kind, or else of organdy quadrilled or embroidered. The *deni-redingote* form continues in favour for half dress, but robes are upon the whole more prevalent. *Corsages* in half dress are generally half or three quarter height; those in evening dress are always low; some are square and plain, others draped. Short sleeves are now decidedly in the ascendant, they are indeed adopted even in morning dress; and this leads us to observe that there is no exact rule for sleeves: for long ones, particularly those of the spiral *bouillon* kind, are frequently adopted in the evening costume. The short sleeves worn in evening dress are of three kinds; sleeves quite tight to the arm, without any ornament on the shoulder; but terminated by ruffles of a full double fall; others, tight to the arm, but having an appearance of fullness, because they are surmounted by jockeys of three rows, which correspond with the lace or blond that forms the ruffle; and a third sort of the double *bouffant* kind. These last are not so full as they were formerly worn, but the *bouffants* fall one over the other somewhat in the form of a point.

The skirts of muslin dresses are generally trim-

med; flounces, trimmings *à la Ninon*, and tucks are all in favour. The width of the skirt continues excessive. We see a good many robes *à fourreaux*, forming a short train, and there is reason to believe that this mode will become general among the *haute ton*; it will only suit carriage belles, and is therefore not likely to become common. We may cite, among the prettiest evening *coiffures*, blond lace caps of an extremely light and pretty form, trimmed with perfumed pinks. A mixture of flowers and velvet is very much in request for head-dresses of hair. Speaking of velvet, reminds us of a very pretty accessory to evening dress that has just appeared in that material. We mean the *aumonieres* or little *Sacas*; they are composed of velvet, and embroidered in gold or silk. Some are in the form of a trefoil, ornamented at each point with a *gland d'or*. They are drawn round the top, and suspended by a gold chain to the waist. They are composed of either black, green, or red velvet. Fashionable colours are pale rose colour, cherry, *écru*, *ponceau*, and different shades of blue, lavender, and dust colour.

### A MOTHER AND CHILD SLEEPING.

Night, gaze, but send no sound,  
Fond heart thy fondness keep,  
Nurse, silence, wrap them round,  
Breathe low, they sleep, they sleep:  
No wind, no murmuring showers;  
No music soft and deep,  
No thought, nor dream of flowers,  
All's still; they sleep, they sleep—  
O life! O night! O time!  
Thus ever round them creep,  
From pain, from hate, from crime,  
E'er guard them, gentle sleep!

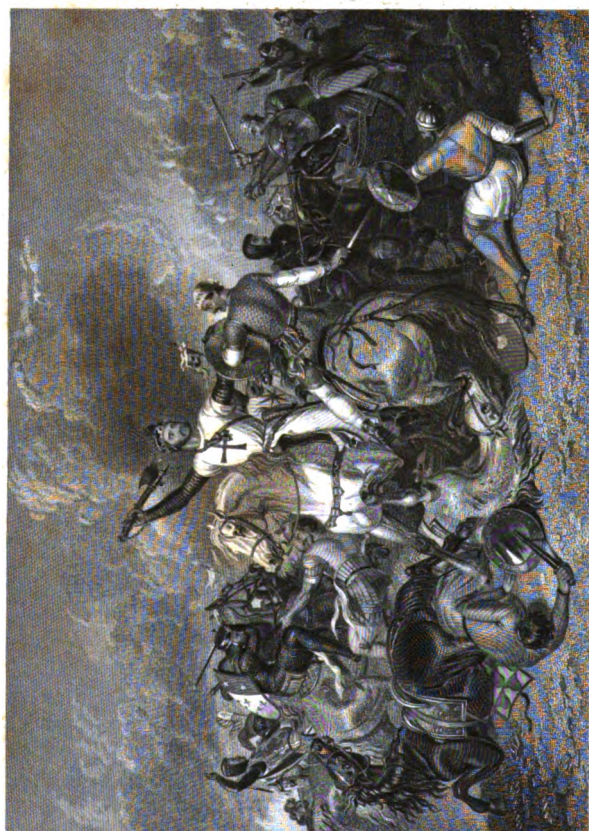
### THE ROSE.

BY THE REV. HOBART CAUNTER, M.D.

How beautiful the Rose, as it unfolds its vernal dyes,  
And breathes a holy fragrance round, like incense  
from the skies;  
Casts to the breeze the sparkling dews that glitter on  
its stem,  
And wreathes around its blushing brows a crystal  
diadem.  
But while the bee with honey'd lip salutes the vernal  
flower  
That's daily brightened by the sun, and cherished by  
the shower,  
The blast of desolation comes and sweeps it to the  
dust,  
When all its beauties perish, as all mortal beauties  
must.  
Behold that gentle maiden, in the fair fresh morn of  
youth,  
Upon her cheek the holy glow of innocence and truth;  
The sudden shock of sorrow strikes—the blush no  
longer glows,  
But verifies the fate of her fragile type, the Rose.  
Destruction comes alike to all, the meanest and the  
best,  
'Tis oft the harbinger of woe as suffering is of rest:  
Here beauty is the sure but smiling herald of decay,  
As oftentimes the darkest night succeeds the brightest  
day.







Engraved by Geo. B. Ellis

# RICHARD AND SALADIN.

Painted by A. Cooper, R.A.

Printed and Published by G. B. Ellis, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

# THE LADY'S BOOK.

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of the Fatimid dynasty of Egypt was Almeric, who utterly incapacitated for government, entrusted everything to the care of his vizier. This officer having died, a multitude of military and other adventurers sought to obtain the office which had thus become vacant. Among these, the King of Jerusalem and the Sultan of Aleppo were conspicuous. Almeric's ambition led him to

account of his age, was reckless of manner in private, and addicted to the pursuit of pleasure. Dargham, in order to establish himself fully in the power which he had usurped, had sent a deputation to the King of Jerusalem, who embraced his cause with the same eagerness, and about the same disinterestedness which had in-





# THE LADY'S BOOK.

DECEMBER, 1886.

Written for the Lady's Book.

RICHARD AND SALADIN.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH,

*By N. C. Brooks, A. M.*

THE second Crusade, which had for its object the recovery of Edessa, having failed to accomplish that end, it was yielded by the King of Jerusalem to the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, of Constantinople, in a treaty which compelled him to maintain it against the infidels: but the military genius of Nourhaddin, surnamed the Great, Soldan of Aleppo, triumphed over the cowardice of the Greeks, and it was surrendered up with all its dependencies.

Emboldened by this success, Nourhaddin determined to improve the advantage which he had obtained, by advancing into the territories of the King of Jerusalem, Baldwin III. But the talents and energy of this prince were fully equal to those of the Sultan. He preserved his kingdom uninjured against the attacks of his mighty rival; and by the capture of Ascalon from the Turks, more than compensated himself for the loss he had received in the surrender of Edessa. After eight years continual warfare, Nourhaddin, finding the expedition to be an expedition of men and money without any corresponding advantages, withdrew his forces from the country.

On the demise of Baldwin III., which happened shortly after, his brother, Almeric, ascended the throne—a weak and conceited prince, with a restless ambition to extend the dominions which he had received from his brother—while his slender talents were inadequate for the preservation of the sceptre which he already held, against the power of a monarch who possessed the ambition and ability of the Sultan of Aleppo. No sooner, therefore, had Almeric ascended the throne, than Nourhaddin resolved again to try the fortune of war, with the expectation of better success than his attempts had met with against Almeric's brother.

Nor did he wait long for a fit opportunity to put his determination into execution. The last of the Fatimite dynasty of Egypt was Aladid, who utterly incapacitated for government, entrusted everything to the care of his vizier. This officer having died, a multitude of military and other adventurers sought to obtain the office which had thus become vacant. Among these, the King of Jerusalem and the Sultan of Aleppo were conspicuous. Almeric's ambition led him to

desire it, that he might add Egypt to his possessions, while Nourhaddin regarded its accession to his throne as affording the means of further increasing his power by the reduction of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. And while each contemplated an expedition into Egypt, an event happened which hastened the military movements of both princes.

The office of Vizier had been given by the Caliph Aladid to Shawer; and Dargham, a distinguished officer in the Egyptian army, who was disappointed of receiving it, revolted with a body of his troops, and by the distribution of money and other inducements, raised a considerable force with which he expelled Shawer and established himself in his office. Unable to recover his power, the deposed vizier fled with a guard of soldiers to the court of the Sultan of Aleppo, and requested subsidies of troops to punish the usurper, and reinstate him in the power which he had lost. Nothing could have been more gratifying to Nourhaddin than the opportunity which was thus afforded of sending his army into Egypt, without incurring suspicion as to his real intentions; and at a time when the Egyptians being divided among themselves would be an easy conquest to his powerful and well disciplined army. This army was placed under the command of Assad Eddyn, or Assadin and Salah Eddymore Saladin, his nephew, who forms, in part, the subject of the sketch which we have written.

These officers were Curdish princes, who (being of a restless spirit) had engaged in some political conspiracies in their own country, and being unsuccessful, had fled to the Sultan of Aleppo, and made offer of their services in his army. The former of these had much experience in warfare, and was conspicuous for his military talents; and the latter, his nephew, though equally brave, had less experience on account of his age, was reckless of manner in private, and addicted to the pursuit of pleasure. Dargham, in order to establish himself fully in the power which he had usurped, had sent a deputation to the King of Jerusalem, who embraced his cause with the same eagerness, and about the same disinterestedness which had in-

fluenced the wily Nourhaddin in espousing the interests of his rival. Almeric took immediate measures to raise troops for his assistance, and set out upon his march; but before he had reached Cairo, the capital, the army despatched by Nourhaddin, under Assadin and Saladin, had arrived, and having given battle to Dargham, defeated and put him to death, and restored Shawer to the authority from which he had been deposed. In the battle Saladin exhibited prodigies of valour—contributed in no small degree to the obtaining of the victory, and slew Dargham with his own hand.

The real policy of Nourhaddin now became apparent: for although Shawer was restored to his station, it was rather in name than in reality; and the movements of his allies convinced him that he was no less exposed to danger from them than from the usurper Dargham. In this situation he availed himself of the assistance of the forces which Almeric had brought to support the cause of his rival; and Assadin and Saladin were expelled from the country—an event that tended to exasperate those leaders in the highest degree against both the Vizier and the King of Jerusalem. But unfortunately for Dargham, he was again the dupe of insincerity and interested alliance. The departure of the Turks was followed by a violation of faith on the part of the Latin King, who prepared to overrun the country; and Shawer was reduced to the necessity of sending again for immediate succours from Nourhaddin, whom he had offended by his truce with Almeric.

This was an event of gratulation no less to Nourhaddin than to his generals, who desired to take vengeance upon Shawer, and retrieve the disgrace of former defeat by a victory over the forces of Almeric. Accompanied by an army greatly superior in numbers to that of the Latin King, Assadin and Saladin entered the Egyptian dominions and marched to Cairo, which Almeric had besieged. Assailed by the Egyptian forces from the city, and the troops under Assadin and Saladin from without, Almeric was unable long to continue the engagement. He was defeated with great slaughter, and his forces were routed and driven out of the country, and the leaders of the army of Nourhaddin, on their return from the pursuit, entered the city in triumph. They had obtained satisfaction for former defeat from the vanquished Almeric, and they now determined to wreak their vengeance on Shawer, who was fully in their power. He was strangled by order of Assadin, who seized upon the office of Vizier, while he still retained the title of Lieutenant for Nourhaddin.

Possessed of almost absolute power over Egypt, and commanding the forces of the Sultan Nourhaddin, he might at any time have deposed his royal master and succeeded to his power and possessions, but he continued to exercise, until his death, the eminence to which he had attained for the sole purpose of advancing the interests of the Sultan. When that event took place, the office of Vizier and Lieutenant, which he held, were given to Saladin, his nephew. In this Nourhaddin was actuated by policy, as well as gratitude for the services of his deceased officer. He was aware of the danger which he himself incurred in intrusting these high stations to those who might turn their power against him,

and, accordingly, passing by many of his oldest and most influential officers, whom he supposed might be ambitious of still higher distinction, he gave the responsible stations which Assadin held to Saladin, from whose recklessness and love of pleasure he supposed he had nothing to fear. He had not the penetration of Aristides, who discovered beneath the gay, thoughtless, and dissipated exterior of the son of Miltiades, the highest talents for action and dormant ambition, with all the latent energies of the unawakened lion.

The levity of character—the follies with which the young prince veiled his character for the accomplishment of that end which he had now attained, were thrown aside, and he appeared in his true character—bold, brave, adventurous, and daring. No sooner had he succeeded to the office of Vizier, than Aladid, the imbecile Caliph of Egypt, perished in the bath, and Motshadi, of Bagdat, became nominal Caliph of Egypt, while in reality all the power was in the hands of Saladin, or rather, while as God's vicar Motshadi bore the censor of the priesthood, Saladin wielded the sword and governed in all the temporalities. This stretch of power was displeasing to Nourhaddin, and while he silently prepared to enter Egypt and chastise his presumptuous Lieutenant, Saladin was revolving in his mind the entire subversion of his empire.

But before Nourhaddin could carry into effect his resolutions of entering Egypt, he was carried off by a fever, and left no one behind him to oppose the rapid strides of his adventurous officer. Almeric, of Jerusalem, with a foolish ambition to extend his dominions, attacked the wife of Nourhaddin, under the vain hope of wresting from his children the possessions of their deceased father. But while he conducted the siege of Paneas, in which she had taken refuge, and wasted the time that might have been spent otherwise to advantage, Saladin overran all the Syrian territories that were under the sway of Nourhaddin, and subjugated them to himself, often without any resistance being offered. Unable to reduce Paneas, Almeric commenced his march homeward, and, harassed in his retreat by Saladin, suffered with his army innumerable hardships, and died of chagrin and disappointment ere he had reached Jerusalem.

Baldwin IV., his son, succeeded him—but as he was a minor and leper, he had neither capacity of body or mind for the arduous task of governing a state which was distracted with internal dissensions, and subject to continual attacks from abroad. He therefore entrusted the government to Guy of Lusignan, during the minority of the son of Sibylla, his sister, widow of the Marquis of Montferrat. This son she had borne to the Marquis before his death, and he was about seven years of age when she married Guy of Lusignan. In case of the death of this child before he ascended the throne, Baldwin wished the succession to be determined by the Pope, and the kings of France and England. Upon the death of Baldwin IV. and his successor, Baldwin V., which happened soon after, the Grand Master of the Knights Templars, the Count of Carnac, and the Patriarch of Jerusalem, determined to place Sibylla on the throne, contrary to the wishes of the king's father and the re-

monstrance of a great number of the barons, and the Grand Master of the Knights of the Hospitaliers.

Without regarding this, they shut the gates of Jerusalem, and proceeded to the Coronation of Sibylla. When the Patriarch of Jerusalem had performed the ceremony of crowning the Queen, he pointed to another crown which was lying on the altar, and gave her to understand that it also was at her disposal. She immediately raised it from the altar and placed it upon the head of her husband, Guy of Lusignan, and the two received the customary honour paid to sovereigns. This was the germ of a lasting evil, and was one of the great causes of the overthrow of the kingdom. The Knights of the Hospital and the Barons considered themselves slighted in the conferring of the crown, and refused to do homage to the sovereigns; the knights of the Temple and the consenting barons were unable to compel obedience, if it had even been politic to do so—dissension, anarchy, and confusion, spread over the realm and every thing seemed tending to destruction.

While these things shook the kingdom to its centre, Saladin had conquered all Syria, and united into one vast government innumerable states and territories, with a rapidity in which conquest kept pace with his increasing ambition. From the knowledge which he had of his own native province; from his command in Egypt and under Nourhaddin, his amazing powers had received new accessions of strength; he had studied and fully understood the dispositions of the immense masses of population over which he ruled, and while his ability as a sovereign fitted him to sway an absolute sceptre over all, and infuse into them one spirit, his talents as a commander enabled him to concentrate and put in motion their immense military power, for the attainment of any object which his ambition aspired to. The defenceless and distracted state of Palestine could not escape his observance, and the prize which it held out to military glory kindled his warlike enthusiasm; while its capture would gratify that revenge which had not ceased to be an object of desire with him since his first discomfiture by Almeric.

For the purpose of reducing the country he raised an army of fifty thousand horse, and near two thousand foot, and advanced into it. This aroused the Latins to a sense of their danger, and united in a degree the contending factions against the common danger. But it was now too late; Saladin had laid siege to Tiberias. The fortress of Tiberias was most valiantly defended by the forces under the Countess of Tripoli, who appeared to possess extraordinary talents for the high and dangerous situation which she occupied; while the Count of Tripoli, who had chanced to be at Jerusalem when the place was invested, took command of some forces under Guy of Lusignan and advanced to the rescue of the place.

His cowardice and treachery are a remarkable contrast to the high and chivalrous spirit of his wife, who maintained the siege. While he came ostensibly to succour the place in which his wife was shut up by the Turkish army, his real purpose was to deliver the place into the hands of the enemy, by whom he had been bribed. The Christian army encamped at night, by his advice,

in a place in the desert, where there were no wells, as the wells which he pretended were hard by, were far beyond the camp of Saladin. In the morning when they found their mistake, they suffered much for want of water and advanced to Saladin to give battle before the heat of the day; but the wily monarch and the Count of Tripoli had an understanding with each other, and the troops of Saladin fell back until the sultry hour of noon, when the Christian soldiers were parched with thirst and the burning rays of the sun, and were incapable of any vigorous exertions.

At the burning hour of noon the kettle drums were beaten and the Turkish infantry charged the Christian foot, while the bushes and underwood around the camp were set on fire for the purpose of increasing the suffocating heat of the sun. The Turks were able to bear the heat better, and being more numerous, could relieve each other, while it required the entire force of the Christian army to be kept in motion to prevent being surrounded. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, they fought with a courage and spirit that fully equalled their ancient bravery; and left more of the slain Turks on the field than of themselves. The battle raged till night ended the contest, and the two armies rested on the ground to renew the fight with the morrow.

When morning returned, they joined battle again, but the fatigued and exhausted Christians were borne down by the myriads of the infidels; and the Count of Tripoli seeing that the fortune of the day would be in favour of the Saracens, left the Christian camp, and fled, *passing through the camp of Saladin without molestation*. The Saracenic commander now brought up the flower of his cavalry and ordered them to charge the guards who defended a hill on which the King, Guy of Lusignan, and the Count of Carnac, were stationed. The onset was terrible and as fiercely returned, but the Paynims were more numerous, and investing the eminence, poured their weapons against the front flank and rear of the Christians. After a desperate struggle in which the dead bodies of men and horses were piled up in a circle around the King, and those immediately attached to his person fell into the hands of the enemy, and were carried to the tent of Saladin, several thousands of the soldiers were taken prisoners, together with many of the Knights Templars and Hospitaliers, while the remaining part of the army retreated.

The Knights had always been cruel and unrelenting to the Turkish prisoners when they fell into their power, and the conqueror determined to retaliate. They had the offer of embracing the faith of the Prophet or of being beheaded. They chose the latter to a man; and Saladin remained on the field to see the sentence executed. After this, he entered his tent where the royal prisoner and his companions were expecting instant death, and called for a bowl of sherbet. This he quaffed with eagerness, as he was thirsty and feverish from fatigue; and being touched with pity at the fate of the captive monarch, and knowing, that after the signal defeat of the day, he risked nothing by clemency, he handed the cup after he had drunk, to his illustrious prisoner. This was a pledge of the security of the monarch; for the Turks regard the rites of hospitality as

sacred and would not injure their greatest enemy after they have eaten or drunk with him. When the King had tasted, he handed it to the Count of Karnac, who sat beside him, and, who had been distinguished for his malevolence to the Moslems and his ill-faith; but before the Count had put the vessel to his lips, the sabre of Saladin flashed from its sheath, as he exclaimed, "No hospitality to the breaker of all truces!" and the head of the Count rolled on the sand, while the blood and the sherbet were mingled together. Lusignan was treated in a manner correspondent to his station, and was permitted to return to Jerusalem by paying a ransom.

After this disastrous battle, Tiberias surrendered to the Turkish army, and city after city, Ptolemais, Neapolis, Cesarea, and others, till nearly all Palestine was in the power of the Sultan. Rightly judging that the aim of Saladin was the possession of his capital, Guy collected all his forces and garrisoned Jerusalem with a powerful army. The Christians fought with bravery, and often sallied out and encountered their besiegers; but they were continually being weakened, while troops advanced over the desert to supply the loss in the invader's army.

Advantageous terms of surrender were frequently made by Saladin, which the Christians refused; but when his battering rams had effected a break in the wall, and he was about to enter the city, an offer of surrender was made to him, but exhausted by the loss he had sustained in the siege, he spurned it, and declared that he would sack and level with the ground that city which was considered Holy, both by the Moslems and the Christians. This horrid threat aroused the desperation of the besieged; they hurled back the menace and gave him to understand, that unless he consented to their terms of surrender, they would put to death the prisoners which they had of his to the amount of five thousand—slay their own wives and children to save them from insult, and then sally forth from the city and join battle with the besiegers while a man remained. In addition to this they would destroy all their valuable property, and grind to powder that rock which the followers of their Prophet regarded with such veneration. This threat moderated the mad anger of Saladin, and he accepted of the surrender of the city, sparing the lives of the inhabitants and garrison in consideration of a large ransom of money. Thus the Holy City, which it had cost such treasures of money and blood to acquire, reverted to the Mohammedan sway on the twenty-ninth of September, 1187—less than a century after its first reduction.

Saladin scrupulously observed the conditions of the surrender, and placing treasurers at the gates to receive the ransom from the people as they departed from the city, was circumspect that no injury or insult was offered to them at their egress. They went out with sorrowful countenances, and many with tears in their eyes, looked back to that holy spot from which their crimes and dissensions had expelled them, with the same guilty regret which Adam felt in quitting Paradise.

After all the money in the city had been expended in ransom, there remained in the city a vast multitude, who, unable to find the means of

rédemption, were to continue as slaves to the conquerors. The brother of Saladin here interposed and begged the liberty of one thousand of the unfortunate captives; the Patriarch of Jerusalem did the same—and the request of each was granted. Then Saladin, who knew how to be generous as well as brave, at the request of many of the Latin ladies, observed that he would do his alms, now that his brother and the Patriarch had done theirs', and sent heralds through the city who proclaimed that all the poor of the city unable to find a ransom might go out at the gate of Lazarus. Of this permission they gladly availed themselves, and the Holy City was given up to the tread of Moslem feet.

The only part of Palestine which remained to the Christians was ably defended by Conrad Marquis of Montferrat. The news of the downfall of Jerusalem was brought to Europe by Italian merchants, and shocked universal Christendom.—Pope Urbane III. died of grief, and William of Sicily put on sackcloth and ashes for several days. And, in fine, all poignantly felt for the misfortunes of a country so dear to the Christian's heart, because of its associations, and on account of the friends who were involved in its calamity: and reproached themselves for permitting the affairs of their own kingdoms to occupy their attention so completely as to have precluded their rendering assistance to the tottering government of Palestine.

Gregory VIII. who succeeded to the vacant pontificate, was energetic in promoting a crusade, and with the assistance of the Archbishop of Tyre, who detailed the horrors of the fall of Tiberias, and of the capture of Jerusalem, induced many to assume the symbol of the cross and prepare to retrieve the losses of the Latin kingdom. Frederick Barbarossa, of Germany, and William, King of Sicily, were the first to adopt the enterprise. The first of these set out with a large army, and after some splendid successes, which seemed to be omens of entire conquest, and impressed Saladin with such an idea of the superiority of the Germans, as to cause him to dismantle Laodiceæ, Ghibel, Tortosa and Sidon on their approach, he was carried off by death, being seized, after bathing in the Orontes, with an ague fit, similar to that which attacked Alexander after washing in the Cydnus. The forces of Frederick, after his death, joined themselves to the remnants of Guy of Lusignan's army which had been collected and was laying siege to Ptolemais or Acre, as it is more commonly called.

Besides the means which religion employed to excite the enthusiasm of the people to engage at this time in the crusade for the recovery of the christian kingdom of Jerusalem, poetry employed all the powers of song to stir the ambition of the people, and while the troubadours far and wide rehearsed the *plainte* of the fall of the Holy City, the Trouveres employed, no less energetically, the *sirvente* and *fabliau* in vituperating those who had permitted their own private interests or private quarrels to withhold them from succouring the cross against the crescent of the infidel.

Henry II. of England and Philip Augustus of France had been solicited for aid before the downfall of Jerusalem, but neither had responded to the call; and to the former had come the pa-

triarch of Jerusalem and the Grand Master of the Hospitallers with letters from queen Sibylla, and addressed themselves to his pride, by laying at his feet, as grandson and representative of Fulk of Anjou, the royal banner of the kingdom of Palestine, and the keys of the city and of the holy sepulchre. But it was in vain. Engaged in feuds and strifes with the king of France, he evaded rendering assistance until the surrender of Jerusalem aroused him from his want of interest.

Henry and Philip at length consented to end their disputes, and meeting with a great number of their vassals in a plain near Gisors, were reconciled to each other, took the cross and commenced preparations for succouring the inhabitants of the Holy Land. But before these preparations were completed, fresh disturbances broke out between them, and shortly after the breach was healed, Henry died and left the kingdom to his eldest living son, Richard, one of the characters in our sketch.

Richard Plantagenet was any thing else than that which his name would indicate. Naturally of a wild, passionate and daring temper of mind, his disposition was nothing improved by being early given over to the government of himself, and being invested with the control of the Duchy of Aquitaine, where his licentiousness and prodigality were equally dangerous to the virtues and the wealth of its inhabitants. Not even the walls of a castle could shield females from insult, or property from his rapacity; but his oppressions at length became too grievous to be borne, and his barons rebelled against him and took part with his elder brother Henry who obtained the Duchy.

The death of his brother awakened the ambition of Richard and he sought to attach the King of France by demanding in marriage his sister Adelais, who had been betrothed to him some years before, and was kept in close custody by his father; and further, to secure to himself the crown, which he feared might be settled on his younger brother John, of whom his father was passionately fond, he requested, that as he was now the eldest son, and heir apparent, Henry's vassals should be required to do homage to him, and swear fealty as to him the heir apparent.

By this stratagem Richard perceived that his father inclined to his younger brother, and unsheathing his sword and kneeling at the feet of Philip of France, he paid homage to him, and committed into his hands the protection of his rights. Richard, having thus rebelled against his father and taken part with the king of France, prepared to meet his father in arms and compel him to abandon even his birthplace and the castles of Amboise and Tours. When Henry perceived that he was likely to be overpowered, he came to an accommodation with Richard and Philip of France, and died shortly after of a broken heart, on finding that his favourite son John had also joined the coalition against him.

Richard's follies and crimes were not those of cold studied wickedness, but the outbursts of an impetuous spirit rushing to fulfil its impulse. No sooner had he learned the death of his father, than his own filial ingratitude smote him to the heart, and the big tears of repentance rolled down his iron cheeks, as he stood over the corpse as it lay in state in the convent of Fonter-

raud. As an atonement for the treatment of his father he resolved to propitiate heaven by embarking in the Crusade, and by treating with all reverence his remaining parent. He therefore proceeded to release his mother Eleanor from the prison in which she had been confined by his father for many years, and invested her with the regency of the kingdom, in which she was assisted by those who had been attached and faithful to his father. After his coronation, which followed shortly after, he commenced raising exactions from the people to defray the expenses of the Crusade in which he had determined to join, and accordingly imposed a tax, called Saladin's tithe, being one tenth of the rents and chattels of each inhabitant. In addition to this, to augment the fund, he exposed to sale the honours and offices in the gift of the crown; sold the earldom of Northumberland, and the castles of Berwick upon Tweed and Roxburg to the king of Scots, and then by the enactments and exactions in Normandy, increased the amount still further.

Having at length raised a sum which he deemed adequate for the undertaking, he placed his kingdom under Chancellor Longchamp, bishop of Ely, and Justiciary Pudey of Durham, in a council of regency, and with high anticipations of the immortal honour that would redound to him as conqueror of the conqueror of Palestine, hastened to join Philip Augustus, King of France, who chided him for his delay by frequent letters. Had Palestine been a patrimonial domain which had been wrested from him, he could not have embraced its cause with more interest or laboured more indefatigably to raise money and forces for its recovery, so that on the first of July, 1191, less than a year after his accession to the throne, he met the French king in the plains of Vezelai with an army, which included almost all the military strength of his kingdom. Philip's army was nearly as large, and the two passed in review before their Royal Highnesses, a hundred thousand men, with bosoms burning with the high enthusiasm of chivalry and religion.

After taking Antioch the Christians laid siege to Ptolemais or Acre, as it is more usually called, and being much increased in numbers, and assisted by able engineers, Lusignan fortified his camp in a manner so effectual that Saladin was unable to pierce his lines, though he persisted in continued attacks that must have met with success, had they not been directed against the most determined valour. The inhabitants of the town were supplied with provisions by the Moslem fleet, while the ships of the Christians brought provisions for their camp. Though famine was thus prevented by the constant supplies that poured in, a more destructive agent thinned the ranks of the besiegers and besieged. The pestilence raged throughout the city and camp, until it became one vast cemetery. Some idea of the mortality may be had from the chronicles which record the death of one hundred and twenty thousand of the Christians alone in one year, amongst whom were no less than six archbishops, twelve bishops, forty earls, and five hundred barons; but the continual arrivals from Christendom replaced the numbers that were cut off, while from Egypt and the Syrian provinces recruits came to repair the losses of the Saracens.

army. Notwithstanding the vigorous defence which he besieged made, such was the persevering activity of the assailants that they made advances in the reduction of the city, and longed for the arrival of Richard and Philip to augment their forces to a degree that would make a general assault decisive and successful.

Richard and Philip confirmed their alliance at Vezelai, and marching together as far as Lyons, separated, Philip taking the way over the Alps to Genoa, Richard the way to Marseilles, where his fleet was to meet him. The command of the fleet, before he left Vezelai, was given to two bishops and three knights with the title of constables, and a code of laws promulgated for the government of the same. These may be curious, as showing the spirit of the commander, and as being the first instance of a certain *penal infliction* which has obtained in modern times. A murderer was to be bound to the dead body of his victim, and buried alive, or cast into the sea.—Contumelious language was punished by the fine of an ounce of silver. A man drawing blood with a knife forfeited his hand, and convicted thieves, were to have their *heads shaved, be tarred and feathered*, and in that condition be exposed on the shore.

When Richard came to Marseilles his fleet had not yet arrived, and too impatient to await its advent, he hired a number of vessels and proceeded first to Naples and thence to Salernum, celebrated at the time for its medical college.—At this place he made some stay, during which time he made so favourable an impression upon the professors that their celebrated medical poem was dedicated to him as a mark of their respect. He was joined here by his fleet, and immediately after set sail for Messina, in Sicily, the place of rendezvous, whither Philip had already come.

Philip's arrival in that city was two days after that of his army, and as he came in a single ship he attracted but little notice of the inhabitants. His pride was therefore wounded when Richard entered a few days after amid the clangour of martial music, with his whole fleet decorated with banners, and streamers, and all the blazonry of military pomp, while the whole population of the city went out to view the pageant. Philip nevertheless concealed his chagrin under the semblance of friendship, and went down to meet him, together with Tancred, who had usurped the sovereignty of Sicily and had reason to dread Richard's vengeance, because he had seized upon the kingdom and kept in prison the queen dowager Joan, his sister.

Tancred had released her as soon as he heard of her brother's arrival, but this was not sufficient. Richard demanded his sister's dowry and the legacy of the late king William of Sicily to his father; which together amounted to forty thousand ounces of gold. The evasion of this demand on the part of Tancred, and an engagement between the Messinese and English, who were always quarrelling, in which a favourite of the king was killed, exasperated Richard and the action became general, Richard joined his troops, forced the gates, and gave up the city to pillage and violence. Philip remonstrated, when he saw the English banners on the battlements of the capital, and Richard agreed to surrender the place to the knights till his de-

mands were satisfied. Tancred readily acquiesced, and the king of England generously sent one half of the forty thousand ounces of gold, as a present to Philip.

The season of the year would not admit of their sailing to Acre, and they remained in Messina in apparent amity, while Philip, who had secretly taken part with Tancred, cherished against his ally the most malignant feelings. These feelings were in a good measure owing to a delay on the part of Richard to espouse Adalais, Philip's sister, who had been betrothed to him many years before, and had been in the custody of Henry II, his father. During the winter, queen Eleanor, Richard's mother, arrived, bringing in her train the beautiful Berengaria, daughter of Sancho, king of Navarre, and Richard, smitten with her accomplishments, made tender of his hand to her, which was accepted.

This gave rise to a violent contest between Philip and Richard, which would have ended in open warfare had it not been for the intercessions of the more powerful barons. Richard alleged as a reason for his rejection of Adalais, that criminal intercourse had existed between her and his father, and Philip, burning with shame and with anger, released him from his engagement to Adalais on his agreeing to pay ten thousand marks, confirmed him in his feoffs to the French crown, and speedily departed for Acre.

During two years, the siege of this place had continued, and the arrival of Philip with his forces excited the hope that they would be enabled to carry it by assault; but after some vigorous exertions on the part of the besiegers, Philip determined to await the coming of Richard, with whom he had agreed to share the glory of the attack, and continued in the mean time to batter the walls.

Richard, was the while, prosecuting other military operations. After he had set sail with his fleet from Messina, a tempest arose which dispersed it, and on arriving at the island of Crete, twenty-five sail were wanting. Proceeding to Rhodes, he learned that some of his ships had been wrecked on the coast of Cyprus, and that Isaac Commenus, who governed the island under the title of Emperor, had plundered the wrecks and their crews. Sailing thither, he found among other vessels the one in which his sister and Berengaria, his intended Queen, were. Afraid to land, after the treatment the other crews had received, they awaited the coming of Richard. Demanding satisfaction no less than three times for the injury which had been done, the lion-hearted Richard landed with a considerable force, and destroying the galleys which the tyrant had stationed up against him, pursued the troops that were drawn up on the shore—took the capital—overrun the country—and captured Isaac and his beautiful daughter.

He remained some time in Cyprus, and after celebrating his nuptials with Berengaria, whom he had not married in Sicily, because it was the season of Lent when he was there, placed the island under the government of English commissioners, and carried with him an immense sum of money which he had exacted from the inhabitants, the Emperor, bound in *silver* chains, and his daughter, for whom he had conceived a

violent passion, and who was said even to surpass Berengaria in the charms of her person.

Before leaving Cyprus, he received a visit from Guy of Lusignan, who came to entreat his speedy appearance at Acre, and also to secure his interest in maintaining his crown against the pretensions of Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat. The crown which Guy had received was through his wife, Sibylla; and now that she was dead, Conrad, who had married her sister, Isabelle, maintained that the crown had of right descended to him. The Genoese and Templars, with Philip Augustus, appeared to favour his cause; and Lusignan desired, by a first interview, to bring Richard over to his cause. This was easily done, for his generous heart felt for all the troubles he had undergone in his Kingdom. He therefore acknowledged him as the true king—gave him two thousand marks to relieve the necessities of his situation, and promised to bring speedy assistance to the Christians at Acre.

After leaving Cyprus, the fleet of Richard came up with a ship of enormous bulk which was filled with provisions, military stores, and fifteen hundred soldiers, destined for Saladin's camp. The galleys formed around and commenced the attack; but the wild-fire cast from the Turkish ship covered the sea over with flame and set fire to several of the ships, while the arrows poured from the Turks like a shower of hail. The Christian galleys were finally brought together, and at a signal, were propelled forward with such violence that they broke through the hull of the strange vessel and admitted the water in immense masses through the perforations. While all became consternation in the Turkish ship, the English boarded, and discovering with horror that her load consisted of wildfire and other combustibles, and venomous serpents in earthen casks, to be thrown upon the Christians in the siege of Acre, they slaughtered the crew, reserving of the entire fifteen hundred, about twenty for ransom or exchange.

Richard, on his arrival at Acre with one hundred and twenty ships, was welcomed with great enthusiasm, and his lion-heart beat with proud joy as the innumerable multitudes of Christians, spread over the plains from Acre to the mountains of Caronya, glittering in all the golden blazonry of war, shouted his name in one simultaneous peal. Soon after his arrival he was taken down with the fever, and Philip Augustus, who was anxious to reap the entire glory of the undertaking led on the assault, but not being assisted by the English, he was unsuccessful in his attempts to storm.

Richard, after his recovery, also led an attack in which he was not seconded by the French king; but, although he performed prodigies of valour, was unable to succeed in reducing the place. Saladin, fearing that the dissensions between the two kings might be healed, and a joint attack made, which could not fail to carry the place, agreed to surrender it to the French and English kings. The terms of surrender were, that all the Christian prisoners in Acre should be freed, besides one thousand men and two hundred knights in captivity under Saladin—that the "True Cross" should be restored, and that two thousand pieces of gold should be paid to the Christians. The inhabit-

ants of Acre were to remain in the power of the Christians until the stipulations were fulfilled, and were at their mercy if all the terms were not complied with within forty days. Thus that place, at length, yielded, after occupying the continued operations of millions of men for about three years.

Richard, who had contributed so largely to the reduction of the place, was unwilling to have the glory equally shared by those who had rendered inferior service. Leopold, Archduke of Austria, after the place had surrendered to the monarchs of France and England, had the thoughtless ambition to place his banner on one of the towers beside those of the kings. The high spirit of Cœur de Lion chafed at this presumption—he pulled the banner down, tore it in pieces, and stamped it in the dust beneath his feet. This act tended much to injure the cause of the Crusade, as the leaders were indignant, generally, at Richard's overbearing demeanour, and were glad of a pretext to take part against him in the councils of the expedition. The insult was afterwards avenged by Leopold in an ungenerous manner.

Immediately after the reduction of Acre, when with proper union among the princes the recovery of the kingdom would have been certain, Philip of France signified his intention of returning to his own country. The English king saw in this the disappointment of all his hopes of the recovery of Palestine, and urged the king to remain—but in vain. Philip returned to France, leaving ten thousand of his troops under the command of the Duke of Burgundy. This defection inspired Saladin, who had become broken by repeated losses, and he accordingly determined not to fulfil the stipulations of the surrender of Acre. After frequent messages between the commanders, Richard determined that the inhabitants of Acre, who were hostages, should, with their lives, answer for the ill-faith of their sovereign.

It had been reported that Saladin had murdered his captives, and the minds of the Christians became steeled against mercy. On the evening of the same day, about three thousand of the prisoners were led to a hill, from which the camp of Saladin was visible, and as no signification was made by the Sultan of an intention to fulfil his engagements, the unfortunate hostages sunk beneath the swords of the soldiery. In the city, three thousand more were slain by the soldiers of the Duke of Burgundy, and their bodies abandoned to insult and maimery.

From Acre, Richard advanced towards Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, but was continually harassed by Saladin with attacks in flank, who had assembled all his forces to crush the Christians. Early one morning Saladin commenced an attack upon the Hospitallers, who composed the rear division of the army. The pressure upon the Christian ranks was great, but Richard was anxious to defer the charge until a decisive moment had arrived. At length when the missiles of the Turks were somewhat exhausted, the attack was ordered. The leaders charged in all directions; the Moslems panic-struck, were broken—dispersed, and fled to the mountains, leaving twenty-two emirs, and seven thousand soldiers dead upon the field. It was the most

disastrous defeat that the Soldan had sustained in the course of forty campaigns.

This victory seemed a presage to the recovery of the "Holy Sepulchre," which was the object of the Crusade, and was kept in the lively remembrance of the soldiery by a herald who passed through the camp every evening, thrice repeating "The Holy Sepulchre." But the dissensions in the army increased; the Genoese and Templars became clamorous in favour of Conrad's succeeding to the kingdom, and broke out into open warfare against his opponents, while Conrad declared his intention of going over to Saladin if his claims to the crown were not admitted. To heal the dissensions of the army, and to concentrate the interests of the Crusaders so as to enable himself to carry on the war, Richard agreed to acknowledge Conrad as King of Jerusalem, and gave to Guy, in return, the principality of the island of Cyprus. A few days after this, Conrad was assassinated in the streets of Tyre, by banditti, employed, as it was reported, by Richard. The fact appears to be otherwise, when we reflect that Conrad had given offence to them by putting some of their companions to death, and that they avowed the murder as their own premeditated act.

From Jaffa, which he had taken and garrisoned, Richard advanced to Bethany and Bethlehem, but the council which was held declared that their forces, thinned and distracted by disunion, were unable to take Jerusalem—fortified as it was, and garrisoned by a powerful army. Besides, all the wells around the city were either poisoned or destroyed, so that the army would have been in danger of perishing with thirst or acute pain. Richard, therefore, determined to fall back upon Acre, while a small party, contrary to his wishes, returned to Jaffa. Before leaving Bethlehem, he ascended a hill, from the top of which he could behold the Holy City. He stood some time in silence, with his eyes immovably fixed upon the sacred spot; his mighty spirit was moved within him, and he covered his eyes with his shield to hide the tears that bedewed his manly countenance, as he turned away from the vision of the goodly city—the recovery of which had, at least in a measure, been prevented by his own pride and haughtiness of disposition.

Hearing afterwards that Saladin had besieged the garrison of Jaffa, he set sail with a small party to relieve the place, while he ordered the main body to proceed by land. On his arrival, the gates were in the power of the enemy, and the Christians expecting no mercy, were fighting with that determined valour which desperation alone can inspire. He was advised to await the arrival of his main body, but hearing the state in which the affairs of the city stood, through a priest who swam to the shore, he exclaimed passionately, "Accursed be every one who will not follow to the rescue;" and plunging into the water with his Danish axe in his hand, was followed by all the forces from his galleys. A most signal victory followed, and Richard, thinking the opportunity a favourable one to demand an armistice, obtained one for three years, three months, three weeks, and three days.

By the treaty it was agreed that the Christians should hold possession of Tyre and Jaffa,

and in consideration of their demolishing the walls of Ascalon, should be permitted free access as pilgrims to their Holy City. Many of the Christians immediately performed the pilgrimage, but the stern Richard would not receive that as a boon which he could not win with his sword. The Bishop of Salisbury, who visited the city, received from the Sultan every mark of attention, and was permitted to establish monasteries in Jerusalem, in Bethany, and other places. On settling his claims and equipping his fleet, Richard set sail, and stretching his hands towards the shore, with a loud voice, exclaimed: "Most holy land! I commend thee to the protection of Almighty God; may he grant me life to return and rescue you from the Infidel."

Before the year was ended, Saladin, the conqueror of nations, yielded up to the great conqueror, death, and left his extensive possessions to his sons. Feeling the utter vanity of human grandeur, that splendid bauble for which he had sacrificed his ease, his health and his life, he wished to impress his subjects with a sense of the littleness of ephemeral glory. He commanded his black standard, which had so often led the van to victory, to be taken down, and his winding sheet to be attached to it and criers to bear it through the city, crying, this is all that remains to Saladin, the great conqueror of the East.

From Acre, Richard directed his course to the island of Corfu. From Corfu he sailed to the continent, and knowing that the king of France had confederated with his brother John, to deprive him of his possessions, and that the duke of Austria, and emperor of Germany, and many of the princes related to Conrad of Montferat were disaffected to him, he disguised himself as a palmer and tried to reach his own dominions without being known. But he was discovered at Vienna, and captured by Leopold, Duke of Austria, who had determined to seek revenge for the insult offered at Acre.

He was heavily ironed and thrown into the castle of Tyernstein. Being afterwards delivered over to the emperor of Germany for the sum of sixty thousand crowns, he was kept closely confined in the castle of Tyne, surrounded by guards who watched him day and night, until Pope Celestin, moved by the letters of queen Eleanor, and the bishops and prelates assembled at Oxford, ordered his trial or release, and he was led before the diet at Hagenau. Before this tribunal Richard answered all his accusations in a speech that excited the sympathies of the diet, and satisfied it of his innocence, and the Emperor, accordingly, ordered his chains to be struck off. He was then released, on condition of paying a ransom of one hundred thousand marks to the Emperor, of freeing the Captive Isaac of Cyprus, and delivering up the daughter of Isaac, of whom Richard was passionately fond, to her uncle, the Duke of Austria.

Richard embarked on board his own ships, that were lying at Antwerp, and landed at Sandwich, amid the shouts of his subjects, after having been absent more than four years. Immediately after his return, the king set himself about the punishment of his brother John and his accomplices, who had usurped the kingdom; and after accomplishing that object, he was



solemnly crowned a *second time* by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The next thing that demanded Richard's attention was the punishment of Philip Augustus for his treachery; and accordingly he made war on him, which was continued so long as the powers of the two were equal to the contest. Philip at length proposed that the dispute should be settled by a contest of five champions on either side. Richard readily acquiesced in the proposal, but stipulated that he and Philip should make two of the number, which condition the king's cowardice disposed him to reject.

After conquering the mighty Soldan of Syria, and filling all Christendom with the glory of his arms, it was the lot of Richard to fall in an glorious contest, in which success itself could have brought no honour. The Viscount of Limoges, a vassal of Richard, had discovered a treasure on his estate, and sent a part of it to Richard as his due, but the avaricious king demanded the whole, and besieged the Count in his castle of Chalus, on his refusal to give up the entire amount. As the king, with Marchader, commander of the mercenaries, rode around the castle to discover a proper place to make an assault, Gourdon, an archer, wounded the king in the shoulder with a poisoned arrow. The king immediately ordered an assault—the castle was stormed, and the garrison, with the exception of Gourdon, were hanged. Finding the wound to be mortal, Richard received the sacrament with due compunction for his offences, and closed his eventful life on the 6th of April, 1199, in the forty-second year of his age. His body was buried beside his father in the choir of Fonterraud. His heart he bequeathed to the citizens of Rouen. Endowed by nature with a powerful frame of body, he was well fitted for the exhibition of that military prowess which was the chief estimation of his times. The powers of his mind were fully equal to the vigour of his body—strong and energetic to conceive feats for his daring hand to perform. Yet he needed that firm, fixed principle, and virtue, which are necessary to controul the impulses of a mighty mind. His bravery was often stained with cruelty and unjustifiable bloodshed; his inconsiderate profusion was followed by its necessary concomitant—unjust rapacity; and his favours were often bestowed without a proper regard for the merit of the recipient. Such was Richard—a compound of contradictory vices and virtues, that leave it problematical whether his good traits or bad predominate, and whether his reign has been productive of more happiness than misery.

*Baltimore, Md.*

## EVERY-DAY PEOPLE.

My Aunt Edwards is continually railing at Every-day People. She became acquainted with the Cooksons, last Autumn, at Ramsgate; the young folks used to walk together upon the Pier from morning till night, and, when they arrived at the extremity of that noble buttress, old Cookson used to lodge his telescope upon the dwarf granite wall, and let all the young Edwardses, one after another, peep through it at the French coast. My aunt Edwards and

Mrs. Cookson rode over to Broadstairs, three mornings in the same carriage: so that it seemed in a fair way of being a thick and thin business. But when the two families returned to London, affairs assumed a colder complexion. My Aunt Edwards lives in Fitzroy-square, and the Cooksons only in Gower-street. This is very much against them: indeed, it has induced my Aunt to denominate them "every-day people." They did well enough at Ramsgate: one must not be too particular, especially since the invention of steam-boats: but my Aunt Edwards must say, that, without meaning to detract from the merits of the man—what's his name (*Watt is his name*) who invented steam, he has much tag rag and bobtail to answer for at Ramsgate. The fare to Margate is such a trifle: the breakfasts on board are really so very respectable: and the eighteen-penny carriage over land to Ramsgate is so very moderate, that it is no wonder so many every-day people come smoking and dabbling down every Saturday. Knowing the Cooksons to be good sort of people, as well as every-day ones, I begged my Aunt Edwards to grant them a new trial in London; but no, she was inexorable: the residence in Gower-street operated as a bar: Bedford-square she would not have minded; even Russel-place might have been passed over with a suitable apology; but Gower-street *could* only be tenanted by every-day people. I took nothing by my motion.

Whilst on a visit to my Aunt in Albion-place I became acquainted with Charles Cookson, the elder son of the subsequently proscribed family. We rode together on horseback to Kingsgate, upon which occasion I obtained much information from him. I bear it, I hope, in grateful memory. He pointed out to me certain hills across the ocean, and told me that was the French coast. Horseback, he added, was a healthful exercise, much more so, indeed, than riding in a close carriage. When we arrived at Broadstairs, he said that Broadstairs was not nearly so large as Ramsgate, adding that the two Piers would not bear a moment's comparison. He, moreover, considered it as curious, that there should be an Albion Hotel at one place, and an Albion Place at the other. The colour of the sea, too, according to him, was sometimes green and sometimes blue. It seemed to him, the fishing boats ran some risk in a storm: he considered the company at Margate as too mixed; he only bathed every other day; and he thought that Bonaparte must have felt dull at Saint Helena. Upon our arrival at Kingsgate, he pointed up to the inscription over the archway, "Nunc regis jussu Regia Porta vocor," and said, "That's Latin." When I said that Lord Holland must have found it a salubrious spot he answered with great quickness, "Yes, but not so convenient as Kensington for attending the House of Lords." When Mr. Charles Cookson complained of the dearness of every thing at Ramsgate, I answered "True, but their season is a short one: they must make hay while the sun shines." To this he replied, "Certainly." Nothing important occurred beyond what I have mentioned. I hope to inherit my Aunt Edwards Navy fives, but not her hostility to every-day people. They are a race for whom I have an esteem. Sterne loved a jackass, and Talleyrand's wife took Volney for

Robinson Crusoe. "All nature's difference makes all Nature's peace:" and, as I look upon myself as something out of the common way, I hope that I may stand excused for rather liking every-day people.

Hardly was I well settled in my chambers in Furnival's Inn, when I received a card from Mr. and Mrs. Cookson, requesting the honour of my company at dinner on the Friday following. The printer having intimated in a neat Italian hand, at the bottom corner on the right, that the favour of an early answer was desired, I lost no time in acquainting Mr. and Mrs. Cookson that I would do myself the honour of accepting their invitation. This affair of honour being thus settled, I waited in tolerable tranquillity the arrival of the day that was to usher me into Gower-street. It might be that my Aunt Edwards had put it into my head, but certain it is, that, on driving up to the place of invitation, it struck me that Gower-street had an every-day look. The footman who opened the door was arrayed in drab, faced with green; and on my commencing the ascent of the staircase, he offered to take my hat. None but the footman of every-day people offer to take a visitor's hat as he ascends the stairs. They might be right in the abstract. A "greasy old tatter" of felt may be no pretty appendage to a drawing room, but I must be allowed to observe that when a servant thus attempts prematurely to purloin one's hat, one sets the family down for every-day people. As my hat happened to be a new one, I determined to get the credit of it: so, rejecting the importunities of the domestic, I carried it upstairs in my hand. Old Mr. Cookson, on my entrance to the drawing-room, offered to shake hands with me, but I was much too polite to do that: I treated his overture with disdain, until I had advanced up to the fire-place to make a bow to Mrs. Cookson, who sat upon the sofa with a fat middle-aged woman in pink crape. Of the two daughters, Lucy and Amelia, the latter was employed in looking over her own scrap-book, and the former, in folding up slips of paper, and giving them a spiral twist towards the base, without which, I presume, they could not fulfil their office of lighting wax-tapers.

The knocker now began to do its duty. Mr. and Mrs. Sparkes were introduced, arm-in-arm. The attitude was new last year, but it is now becoming an every-day one. Mr. and Mrs. and the two Miss Oliphants came next; the girls shook hands with the Miss Cooksons in great apparent glee, and immediately ran with them into the adjoining drawing-room, to canvass matters unfit for the public ear. Mrs. Oliphant wore a red shawl, and Mr. Oliphant limped a little—I fear he is subject to the gout.

We had likewise Sir John and Lady Dawson, recently from Paris, and a young man in blue from Basingstoke. Mr. Charles Cookson, though at home, was the last person who entered the room. The consequence was, he had to shake hands with every body in the lump: a ceremony which brought the colour into his cheeks. While standing at the window, the master of the mansion told me, that he remembered when Baltimore-house stood in the fields, and that duels used to be fought behind the mansion now appropriated to the British Museum. He also recollected Bedford-house, with the

two sphinxes at either end of its front wall: indeed he ventured to predict, that upon the falling of the present leases, the Bedford property would be considerably improved. I, on the other hand, was not idle: I said that there was quite a new town in the neighborhood of the Regent's Park: that Gower-street would be more gay when it should become a thoroughfare: and that the present was a very backward Spring. I believe too I observed, that, a twelvemonth ago, nobody could have predicted that the three per cents. would have reached ninety-seven—but of this I am not certain. Turning round towards the company, I now encountered little Crosby Cookson, (christened with a surname after his maternal Uncle,) by no means an every-day child: quite the contrary, educated at home, and attended by the very first masters. I love to talk to home-educated children; they are the only wise people we have left. Our dialogue ran as follows:—"Well Crosby, are you a good boy?" "Yes, very." "You must have a prodigious memory."—"Yes, I have." "Who gave it you?"—"Mr. *Fine Eagle*!" "Fine Eagle, indeed, the very Bird of Paradise." "Mamma says as I shall be eight next August, it would be a great shame if I did not know all about every thing."—"Certainly, what else are the 'Rules for Memory' good for? Let me examine you: When did Cicero flourish?"—"In the great plague of 1666." "Who married Queen Anne?"—"The Black Prince." "Who strung Cleopatra's necklace?"—"The venerable Bede."—"Who gained the battle of Blenheim?"—"John Bunyan." "Who was the first Bishop of London?"—"Titus Oates." "Who invented gunpowder?"—"Bishop Blaise." "What's Latin for a carpet?"—"Homo." "There's a good boy, so it is!" The sound of "Dinner is ready" here caused my catechism to halt.

When one is asked to meet piquant company there is much hope and fear excited, with regard to whom one is placed next to, at table. One fidgets, and frisks, and manœuvres, after a pleasant partner: and after all, 'tis ten to one that one gets planted with one's Aunt at one side, and a pale girl just out on the other. No such excited feelings arose in my bosom in Gower-street. I walked into the dining-room as philosophically as if I were entering St. Stephen's, Walbrook, on a wet Sunday afternoon. The dinner was in admirable keeping with the party. There was gravy soup at the bottom of the table, and at top a juvenile salmon with his tail in his mouth, like the snake grasped in the right hand of the grandfather of gods and men. On the removal of these preliminaries, the salmon was succeeded by a tongue supported by boiled fowls, and the soup by an edgebone of beef.—Let no man turn up his nose at an edgebone of beef; it is by no means a bad thing; certain, however, it is, that when I beheld my plate laden with two slices of that article, interspersed with greens and carrots, not to mention a dab of mustard on the margin, the self assumed as every-day an aspect as heart could wish. I fancied myself, for the moment, seated in the cook's-shop at the corner of St. Martin's-court, where a round of beef is carved by a round of women. On my left, sat the fat middle-aged woman in pink crape, whom I had originally found seated

on the sofa. I could not catch her name, but from circumstances I was led to believe that she had been to the French play in Tottenham-street, inasmuch as she observed that Laporte reminded her of Harley. Amelia Cookson, who sat on my right hand, asked me if I had seen the Diorama; and told me, that she preferred it, upon the whole to Mr. Irving. Amelia and I got rather intimate during dinner. There occurred two pauses from lack of conversation. This induced her to tell me in confidence, that her family were generally reckoned dull; her brother Charles, indeed, was less so than the rest; he once sent a letter to the British Press, signed "Truth," which was inserted; but still, upon the whole, he was dull. However, added she, we are reckoned very amiable. I now drank a glass of sherry with the young man in blue from Basingstoke, who informed me, that sherry was become a very fashionable wine. Mr. Oliphant said it was the best wine for gouty men, which confirmed me in my original suspicion of his being afflicted with that complaint. Mr. Cookson asked me if I had seen Zoroaster or the Exhibition: and Mrs. Cookson hoped I did not find the fire troublesome. Sir John Dawson, recently from Paris, said there was not a house in London fit to be seen. I modestly suggested Devonshire house; but Lady Dawson assured me, that it would not be endured in the Rue St. Honoré. Amelia Cookson talked to me of her Scrap Book. It was enriched, she told me, with several manuscript pieces of rare value. Yesterday a friend in Devonshire sent her something beginning with "O Solitude, romantic Maid;" then there was "O'er the vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France," which had never been published. I told her that I could let her have something of my own. Amelia expressed her gratitude, and promised in return to write me out "Gray's Elegy written in a Country Church-yard," and something else very pretty, beginning "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man." I have since kept my word by sending her "Hope, thou nurse of young Desire," and "As near Porto Bello lying." The poor girl received them with tears of gratitude. I believe I have stated every thing of moment that took place during dinner. On the summons to tea I rejoined the ladies with a benignant bow, which was meant to express a hope that they had not been very wretched during my unavoidable absence. Mrs. Oliphant supposed that we had been talking politics. There were two manuscript books lying upon the drawing-room table, viz. Amelia's Scrap Book and Lucy's Collection of Autographs. The latter had lately enriched her collection by Colonel Scrape's tailor's bill; a notice from a vestry clerk to attend a parish meeting; an original letter from a school-boy at Mortlake, hoping that his father would send John to meet him at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, on the Wednesday following, precisely at four; and a frank given by Alderman Wood. Upon casting my eye over the collection, I found that I too had my share of graphic immortality. A letter of mine had been sedulously preserved, in which I had confidently expressed my opinion about Jack Average's acceptances; and had ventured to surmise that Sir Hyacinth O'Rourke only went to Cheltenham to pick up an heiress. The show-

ing about of this epistle has since involved me in a duel, and an action for defamation: but we great folks must pay a tax for our eminence.

Tea being despatched, it was intimated to me that I could sing "Madamina" in Don Giovanni, and Mrs. Cookson assured me that her daughter Lucy should accompany me. I assured Mrs. Cookson that I had no voice; and Mrs. Cookson assured me that I was an excellent singer. These two lies being uttered, Lucy pulled off her gloves to prepare for action; and Lady Dawson, recently from Paris, took that opportunity to inform me that Signor Rossini charged eighty guineas a night for attending concerts. I was startled at the magnitude of the sum, and hinted that if he were relieved of part of his burthen by the co-operation of marrow-bones and cleavers, and a comb and a piece of paper, he might possibly be induced to come for sixty. But no: I was assured by Lady Dawson, recently from Paris, that he would not fiddle to his own father for one farthing less. I now started "Madamina" to Miss Lucy Cookson's accompaniment. As the lady played in all sorts of time, I determined at last to sing to my own, so that by the period of my arrival at the slow movement, commencing "Nella bionda," my divine Saint Cecilia had arrived at "Voi sapete." We all agreed it was capital; and that the great beauty of Mozart's music was the accompaniment. Lucy Cookson now rose from her music-stool to reach "Nel cor non piu mi sento," with variations by Mazzinghi. Upon these occasions every-day mothers make it a rule to play puss in a corner. Mrs. Oliphant seized her opportunity, pounced upon the circular red-morocco, and placed her daughter on the momentarily vacant seat. There was not a moment to be lost. Away she started with Rousseau's Dream, with variations by Cramer; and the Saxon air, with variations by ditto. "Now, my dear," said the mother, "sing 'We're a' noddin';" and now sing 'Charley is my darling;' and when you've got through 'Home, sweet home,' and 'Oh, softly sleep,' I'm sure the company will be delighted to hear 'Betty Bell,'" (meaning, I presume, "Batti, batti, o bel.") The young lady was too dutiful to disobey, and we too civil to object. Lucy Cookson, who had been "pushed from her stool," bade me observe, that all the allegro movements were played in slow time; that the hands of the fair usurper were glued to the keys during every rest: and the Staccato was actually played Legato. I expressed a suitable horror at this; and assisted little Crosby (who ought to have been in his bed three hours before) in raising the lid of the piano, to give effect to "My pretty page," which was thundered forth like Beethoven's Battle Sinfonia. Crosby urged me to stand closer, to eye the movements of the little red men under the wires; but I doubted the stability of the slim mahogany prop that supported the cover of the instrument, and did not wish to have what little nose I possess knocked out of my head.

Upon a review of all that took place at Mr. Cookson's dinner in Gower-street, it seems to me that "more common matters" were never discussed in the Court of Exchequer: right glad am I that it is so, and I hope soon to dine there again. Nothing is so fatiguing as keeping one's

faculties on the constant stretch. When I dine with Sir Peter Pallet, I am previously obliged to dive into Reynold's Discourses, to qualify myself to talk about "the Art," the fact being that I don't know a Raphael from a red-herring. Jack Georgie puts my Latin to the proof; and at the Beef-steak Club I am momentarily obliged to belabour my imagination, in order to create a repartee that shall set the table in a roar, and blow my adversary to atoms. No violence like this takes place at the tables of every-day people. There my memory puts on its night-gown, and my judgment and imagination their red-morocco slippers. Let my Aunt Edwards talk it as she likes, I will not sit down without proposing the following toast—"Health and prosperity to Every-day People!"

Written for the Lady's Book.

### SCRIPTURE ANTHOLOGY.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

*Third Series—No. III.*

#### ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem,  
Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh.—MATTHEW, ii. 1, 2, 11.

From airy mount—from pyramid,  
To gaze on eastern skies,  
When sleep, with rosy hand, the lid  
Had sealed of others' eyes,  
Theirs was the task, and well they knew  
Each orb that gemmed night's orb of blue.

But now a star of brighter sheen  
Illumed the orient o'er,  
Than eye of magic seer had seen  
With all his ancient lore,  
And mock'd with its mysterious light,  
The star-read chroniclers of night.

It streamed not wildly through the air,  
A meteor from afar—  
It shook not from its lurid hair  
The light of plague or war;  
But mildly, brightly beamed above,  
The morning star of Peace and Love.

They gird their loins, and on their feet  
The pilgrims' sandals bind,  
And tempt the desert sand and heat  
The royal babe to find,  
And worship then, with one accord,  
The King appointed of the Lord.

O'er many an arid waste they passed,  
And many a verdant plain;  
But on the starry herald cast  
The brightness of its train,  
O'er swelling stream—o'er stoned fount—  
O'er ancient tower and sacred mount—

Till o'er Judea's hills it stood,  
A silent sentinel;  
And on the grove and flashing flood,  
Its sacred watch-light fell:  
The *magi* gazed, and awe intense  
And wonder wrapt the soul and sense.

No hoary tower was standing by;  
No golden cinctured dome,  
In pillared pride, aspired on high,  
A prince's royal home—  
No lordly pile that wealth and fame  
Had deigned to honour with their name.

The infant King of Kings they found:  
His palace was a stall—  
His mother all the court around,  
The hay his royal pall,  
His sceptre straw—his diadem  
The star that shone o'er Bethlehem.

Clothed in his own humility,  
There lay the "promised light"  
Which kings and priests desired to see,  
"Yet died without the sight."  
The brightness of the FATHER'S Grace,  
And image of his glorious face.

And from their treasury they poured  
Myrrh, frankincense and gold;  
And, as the willing knee adored  
That gift of price untold,  
Made to the King in humble guise  
The reverent bosom's sacrifice.

The humble King, Creation's heir,  
Whose everlasting throne,  
In heaven—in hell—on earth—in air—  
The universe shall own,  
When empires fall—when sceptres rust—  
And kings and diadems are dust.

*Baltimore, Md.*

Falsehood, like a drawing in perspective, will not bear to be examined in every point of view, because it is a good imitation of truth, as a perspective is of the reality, only in *one*. But truth, like that reality of which the perspective is the representation, will bear to be scrutinized in all points of view, and though examined under every situation is one and the same.

Wars are to the body politic what drama are to the individual. There are times when they may prevent a sudden death, but if frequently resorted to, or long persisted in, they heighten the energies only to hasten the dissolution.

## THE FEMALE COSTUME

IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.



About the middle of this reign the great change took place that gave the female costume of the sixteenth century its remarkable character. The body was imprisoned in whalebone to the hips; the *partelet*, which covered the neck to the chin, was removed, and an enormous ruff, rising gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head behind, encircled the wearer like the nimbus or glory of a saint. From the bosom, now partially discovered, descended an interminable stomacher, on each side of which jutted out horizontally the enormous *wardingale*, the prototype of that modern-antique, the hoop, which has been so lately banished the court, to the great joy of all classes of his majesty's subjects saving only the metropolitan dressmakers. The cap or coif was occasionally exchanged for a round bonnet like that of the men, or the hair dressed in countless curls, and adorned with ropes and stars of jewels, and at the close of the reign (for the first time) with feathers.

In the second year of her reign began the wearing of lawn and cambric ruffs, they having before that time, says Stow, been made of holland; and now, when the queen had them of this new material, no one could starch or stiffen them; she therefore sent for some Dutch women, and the wife of her coachman Guillian became her majesty's first starcher.

In 1564 Mistress Dingham Vander Plasse, a Fleming, came to London with her husband, and followed the profession of a starcher of ruffs, in which she greatly excelled. She met with much encouragement amongst the nobility and gentry of this country, and was the first who publicly taught the art of starching, her price being four or five pounds for each scholar, and twenty shillings in addition for teaching them how to seeth or make the starch.

Stubbs falls foul of this "liquid matter which they call starch," wherein he says "the devil hath learned them to wash and dive their ruffs, which being dry will then stand stiff and inflex-

ible about their necks." It was made, he tells us, of wheat flour, bran, or other grains, sometimes of roots and other things, and of all colours and hues, as white, red, blue, purple, and the like. He mentions also "a certain device made of wires, crested for the purpose, and whipped all over either with gold, thread, silver, or silk," for supporting these ruffs, and called "a supper-tasse or under-propper." These "great ruffs or neckerchers, made of hollande, lawne, cambric, and such cloth," so delicate that the greatest thread in them "shall not be so big as the least hair that is," starched, streaked, dried, patted, and underpropped by the *supertasses*, "the stately arches of pride," sometimes overshadowed three or four orders of minor ruffs placed gradatim one beneath the other, and all under "the master-devil ruff," which was itself clogged with gold, silver, or silk lace of stately price, wrought all over with needlework, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sun, the moon, the stars, and many other antiques strange to behold; some are wrought with open work down to the midst of the ruff and further; some with close work; some with purled lace and other gewgaws, so clogged, so pestered that the ruff is the least part of itself. Sometimes they are pinned up to their ears, and sometimes they are suffered to hang over the shoulders like flags or windmill sails fluttering in the air.

Their gowns, continues the satirist, be no less famous than the rest, for some are of silk, some of velvet, some of *grograin*, some of taffata, some of scarlet, and some of fine cloth, of ten, twenty, or forty shillings the yard; but if the whole garment be not of silk or velvet, then the same must be layed with lace two or three fingers broad all over the gown; or if lace is not fine enough for them, he says they must be decorated with broad *gardes* of velvet edged with costly lace. The fashions too of the gown were as various as its colours, and "changing with the moon: for some be of the new fashion, and some of the olds;

some with sleeves hanging down to the skirts trailing on the ground, and cast over their shoulders like cow-tails; some have sleeves much shorter, cut up the arm, drawn out with sundry colours, and pointed with silk ribbands, and very gallantly tied with love-knots, for so they call them." Some had capes reaching down to the middle of their backs faced with velvet or fine taffata, and "fringed about very bravely;" others were plaited and crested down the back "wonderfully, with more knacks" than he can express.

Their petticoats, he says, were of the best cloth and the finest die, and even of silk, grograin, &c., fringed about the skirts with silk of a changeable colour. "But what is more vain," he adds, "of whatever the petticoat be, yet must they have *kirtles*, for so they call them, of silk, velvet, grograin, taffata, satin, or scarlet, bordered with gards, lace, fringe, and I cannot tell what." Here the kirtle is again distinguished from the gown and petticoat, and is evidently the garment worn immediately under the gown, and at this time completely discovered by it, the skirt or train of the gown or robe being only just visible on each side of the figure.

The nether stocks or stockings, we are told, were of silk, jarnsey, worsted, cruel or the finest yarn, thread, or cloth that could possibly be had: and they were "not ashamed to wear hose of all kinds of changeable colours, as green, red, white, russet, tawney, and else what not"—"cunningly knit" too, and "curiously indented in every point with quirks, clocks, open seams, and every thing else accordingly."

As early as the third year of Elizabeth, we read that Mistress Montague, the queen's silk woman, presented to her majesty a pair of black knit silk stockings, made in England, which pleased her so much, that she would never wear any cloth hose afterwards; not only on account of the delicacy of the article itself, but from a laudable desire to encourage this new species of English manufacture by her own example. Soon after this, says Stow, William Rider, then apprentice to Thomas Burdet, at the bridge foot, opposite the church of St. Magnus, seeing a pair of knit worsted stockings at an Italian merchant's, brought from Mantua, borrowed them, and having made a pair like unto them, presented them to the Earl of Pembroke, which was the first pair of worsted stockings knit in this country.

The ladies' shoes were of many fashions. "They have corked shoes, puisnets, pantoffles, and slippers," says Stubbs; "some of black velvet, some of white, some of green, some of yellow, some of Spanish leather, and some of English, stitched with silk and embroidered with gold and silver all over the foot, with other gewgaws innumerable."

The cork shoes here mentioned continued in fashion amongst the ladies the greater part of the seventeenth century.

"Then," exclaims the censor, "must they have their silk scarfs cast about their faces, and fluttering in the wind, with great lapels at every end, either of gold, or silver, or silk, which they say they wear to keep them from sun-burning. When they used to ride abroad, they have masks and visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover

their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes whereout they look; so that if a man knew not their guise, he would think that he met a monster or devil."

Again: "their fingers must be decked with gold, silver, and precious stones; their wrists with bracelets and annulets of gold and costly jewels; their hands covered with sweet-washed (i. e. perfumed) gloves, embroidered with gold and silver; and they must have their looking-glasses carried with them wheresoever they go;" and he is especially indignant against those who "are not ashamed to make holes in their ears, wherewith they hang rings and other jewels of gold and precious stones."

A pocket looking-glass was the common companion of the fashionables of both sexes at this time. The ladies carried it either in their pockets or hanging at their sides, and sometimes it was inserted in the fan of ostrich or other feathers—one of the most elegant appendages to the costume of this period, and lately brought again into fashion, though more as an ornament for a room than as a substitute for the folding fan of ivory, which, however, beautifully carved, is certainly not comparable to it either for use or elegance.

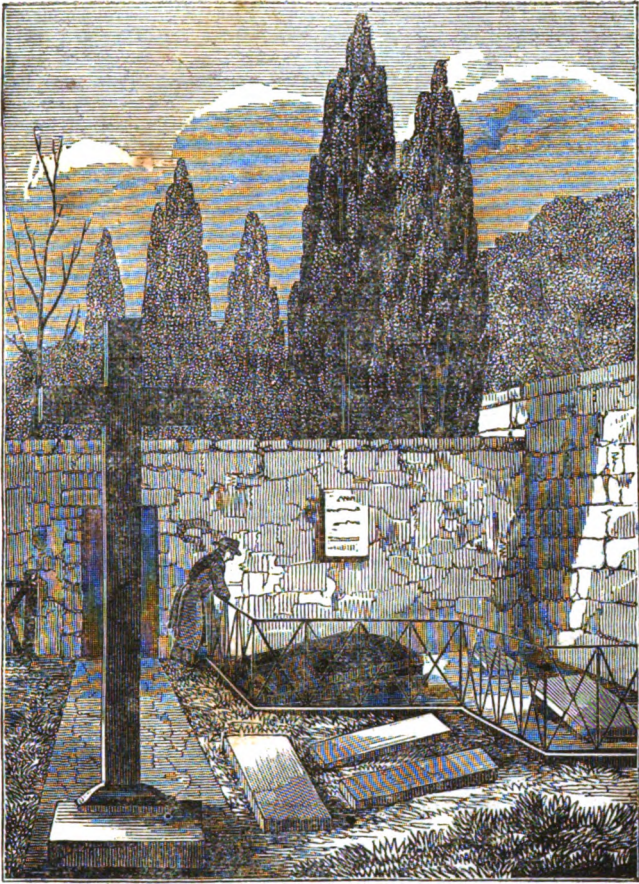
Stubbs gives the following description of the fashion of wearing the hair in this reign. "It must be curled, frizzed, crisped, laid out in wreaths and borders from one ear to the other, and, lest it should fall down, must be 'underdropped with forkes, weirs,' &c., and ornamented with great wreaths of gold or silver curiously wrought, bugles, ouches, rings, glasses, and other such gewgaws, which he being 'unskilful in woman's terms,' cannot easily recount. 'Then upon the toppes of their stately turrets stand their other capital ornaments; a French hood, hatte, cappe, kircher, and such-like, whereof some be of velvet, some of this fashion, and some of that;' cauls made of net-wire that the cloth of gold, silver, or tinsel, with which the hair was sometimes covered, might be seen through; and lattice caps with three horns or corners like the forked caps of popish priests; 'and every merchant's or artificer's wife or mean gentlewoman indulged in these extravagant fashions.'"

Fig. a. English lady of quality, 1577, from Weigel's wood-cuts; b. English lady of quality, 1588, from Caspar Rutz.

It has been shrewdly said, that when men abuse us, we should suspect ourselves, and when they praise us, them. It is a rare instance of virtue to despise censure, which we do not deserve; and still more rare, to despise praise, which we do. But that integrity that lives only on opinion, would starve without it; and that theatrical kind of virtue, which requires publicity for its stage, and an applauding world for an audience, could not be depended on in the secrecy of solitude, or the retirement of a desert.

This is the tax a man must pay to his virtues—they hold up a torch to his vices, and render those frailties notorious in him which would have passed without observation in another.





### THE TOMB OF LA FAYETTE.

IN PÈRE LA CHAISE,

Is beautifully situated in the most picturesque part of that famed Burial Place, and is more visited than any other tomb in it. For several days after the funeral, a guard of honour was placed over it to keep off the multitude, who were anxious to weep over the grave of the most pure man of his day.





For the Lady's Book.

# THE OLD WOMAN.

(Concluded.)

Why are we so susceptible of ridicule, even from those whom, in ordinary cases, we despise? The more talented, the more intellectual the man is, the more galling to his heart, is the idea of being laughed at—being an object of contempt. Much as I thought myself superior to the kitchen establishment of mine host, I felt stung by their snickering, and the loud laugh that followed my departure, was wormwood to me. I seriously thought of packing up and leaving the house, but “consideration like an angel came,” and whispered “where else can you have half the advantages you enjoy here?” In a short time my temper was restored to its usual placidity by the appearance of my landlady, who came to say she had ordered a nice breakfast for me in my own room, as she was morally certain I must have taken cold, beside being starved at Mrs. Brown's; and she laughed so adroitly at her own cowardice, seeming to think there was nothing else to laugh at, that I could not do otherwise than join the merriment.

An excellent breakfast was soon placed before me, to which I did ample justice, considering, meantime, how I was to get my clothes from Mrs. Brown, and return those I had borrowed.

While deep in cogitation, a servant entered and told me that Mrs. Brown herself was below, and requested to see me.

“To see me, my good girl! Hem! and Hannah, how is she this morning?”

“Why just as she all'ays is, for what I see.”

“Oh, very well, pray ask her to walk up, my good girl.”

In a few minutes she made her appearance, with a large bundle, which proved to be my clothes, boots, and hat, neatly brushed and tied together.

Her countenance was pale, excessively pale, but calm and stern, as usual. “I have to ask your pardon, Sir,” said she, with the air and manner of a gentlewoman, “for my unbecoming behaviour this morning, but if you knew all, you would not wonder. When I saw your things, I remembered, and knew I had been acting like a fool; will you say that you pardon me?”

I assured her earnestly, of my full forgiveness, and hinted that I was ready to receive any confidence she choose to place in me, and to give her my best advice. “No! I must tell it, but not to you,” said she, in a low, clear tone, that spoke fixed determination, while her singular eyes took a deeper, more resolute expression. “Who, then, will you tell,” said I, “the good minister?” “No! no! not him, at least not yet; you have offered to assist me; I take you at your word; will you go back from your offer?”

“No!” cried I, “never!”

“Then listen to me, and as you perform your promise, may God prosper and assist you. You have heard of Doctor Lee? He resides now in ———, he must be present when I confess, and you must go for him—letters will not answer; you must go and carry a letter from me, and tell

him by word of mouth, (if he objects to come,) that if he comes not, I regard the oath as cancelled, and will reveal all without further delay. Will you do this? It is of more importance than you think, and will benefit those to whom you wish well, whatever it may bring upon me.”

During her long speech, I had time to make up my mind, and promptly answered that I would go, and that on the following morning.

She looked at me for some minutes without speaking, and a touch of human feeling passed over her countenance and dimmed the fierce brightness of her eyes, as she said in fervent tones, “I thank you; here is the letter, take it, and may God speed you.” She carefully bundled up her father's garment and left the room.

I reflected, after her departure, on what I had undertaken, and could not avoid thinking that I had taken my part too rashly; if she should be crazed—if the gentleman to whom I was going knew nothing of her, why it would not add much to my reputation to act as ambassador to a mad woman; but, on the other hand, I felt convinced that she was not mad, only acting under the consciousness of some dreadful secret, which it would relieve her to reveal; and finally, I resolved to keep to my engagement, merely giving out that I was summoned to ——— upon important business, which might detain me two or three days. So leaving two or three days stock of medicines with my patients, I actually set off at the period appointed, and after the usual time, arrived safely in what appeared to me then, a *mighty city*. I put up at the first inn I saw, and as it was not late, resolved to call upon Doctor Lee immediately. On inquiry, I easily heard of the Doctor's locale; but fearing to lose my way, I offered the bribe of sixpence for a guide; a dirty boy with half a hat, half a jacket, and half a pair of trowsers, offered to show me the way, “any where I wanted to go,” and the waiter testifying to his ability, I started under his pilotage. He had boasted of no more than he could perform, for in a short time I reached a neat brick house, with a white railing enclosing a small garden, and a brass plate, with the name of Doctor Lee, upon the door. I felt half awed at entering so fine a house on such an errand, but to go back, after coming so far, without my errand, oh, no! “in for a penny, in for a pound,” thought I, and assuming as important an air as possible, I boldly knocked. The door was opened by a boy, who, without question, led me into a parlour, and desired me to wait a few minutes and the Doctor would come to me. I had plenty of time to look about me, for the few minutes was half an hour. The floor was partly covered with a carpet, which, however, did not extend to the chairs of dark shining wood, with black leather backs and seats, and gorgeous with well polished brass nails. In one part of the room stood a table, the edge of which, for about four inches, was elaborately finereed with lions and flowers; the centre was a slab of slate; another huge table, with legs carved into the resemblance of claws grasping globes, supported a japan tea-try, on which reposed a set of china that would be regarded now as a curiosity. The capacious fire-place, in which smouldered a few brands, was ornamented with blue and white tiles, representing the story of Judith and

Holofernes, which would be apt to create some wonder, that such a figure as the good lady was then painted could inspire anything like passion in the breast of the chieftain.

On the mantle-piece stood two squat china tea-pots with a few flowers in them, a tea-caddy, and a pair of immense plated candlesticks. Above these hung a frame containing a sampler, "worked by Abigail Merritt, aged ten years." Just as I had read this important piece of intelligence, the door opened and Doctor Lee made his appearance.

His mysterious connection with Mrs. Brown gave him, in my eyes, considerable interest. I looked at him with eager curiosity; he was apparently but a few years my senior; was a small, active, pleasant looking man, with rather a bustling manner. He came toward me, rubbing his hands as if congratulating himself on the increase of his business, and taking a chair, and my hand, cried, "sit down, my dear Sir, sit down. Well, what is it? Pulse a *little* hasty; permit me to see your tongue."

"You mistake, Sir," said I, withdrawing my hand, "I come on other business." The habitual smile, the look of complacency, disappeared.

"Other business, Sir; I'm sure I cannot imagine what it can be; but my time is precious—please to explain."

"Sir," said I, "my commission is soon executed; permit me to deliver to you this letter, and allow me to remain while you peruse it."

Doctor Lee received the letter with evident surprise, and after an inquisitive stare at me, broke the seal. After reading a few words, he rose, and walked to a window, as if for more light, and by that movement deprived me of the privilege on which I had relied, of reading his countenance as he read the letter. After some time he returned to his chair, and I fancied that I discerned in his features, the traces of perturbation and even fear, an idea that restored my courage.

"This Sir, is a singular summons," said he. "I presume you did not know the contents, or you probably would not have taken this trouble. I will write to the poor creature; may I ask how long you purpose to remain in town?"

"My sole object and business was to deliver that letter, and receive your answer. I was aware that it contained a request for you to be present at some disclosure which she has determined to make, and I have it in charge to assure you that she *will* make it whether you comply with her request or not."

"Nonsense! my good Sir, nonsense! what disclosure has an old crazy woman like her to make, that any one would care about? And how can she or any body expect that I should leave my patients, to go on such a fool's errand, begging your pardon, Sir; but you must be a medical man to judge of the propriety of my doing such a thing."

"I am a medical man, Doctor Lee; my name is Allen, I have the honour to fill the situation left vacant by you in the village of Rockmore."

"Ten thousand pardons, my dear Sir; I really beg your pardon; but this woman,—this Mrs. Brown should have mentioned—but then she is a foolish crazy old creature;—no use to be

angry with *her*; you think her insane yourself, doubtless?"

"I cannot say that I do; I think her under the influence of remorse or something of the sort, at times; but, in general, I think her intellectually of a superior order."

"Humph, so you would have me leave my affairs at sixes and sevens, and go to hear her confess some nonsense of her own, would you?"

"I would have you do as your own conscience, and your own knowledge of this woman dictates, only premising that whatever it may be, she is now resolved to make a clear breast; it is for you to judge whether she can implicate or injure you——"

"You are right, Sir; the fact is, I *do* know of a rather awkward transaction of her own, but am no further implicated than being a passive spectator, and keeping it to myself. But I see I must go; there is no knowing what she might say if I were not there, but it is a very serious detriment, I fear losing many patients!" He seemed to muse for a few minutes, then briskly added,—"I have it; we ought to aid one another in this world—no getting along without. You are here, I am going to your parish, I will attend your patients—you mine. Bring your horse and baggage here, Mrs. Lee will make you comfortable—see a little of the town."

Now there was something in this arrangement very disagreeable to me; I wished to accompany the Doctor and see the *denouement* of the mystery. I disliked his assumption of superiority, as I then thought it, of disposing of my person and services without more ceremony, and I had made up my mouth to say "quite impossible," when the door opened and two ladies entered. The Doctor instantly introduced me to Mrs. Lee, a delicate, placid, prim looking lady, as his friend, who, to oblige him, would for a very few days make his house my home, and attend his patients during an absence on business—professional business. Heedless of the exclamations and ejaculations of his wife, he turned with intuitive sagacity to the other lady. "My dear Ann, I am truly glad to see you; you will stay, I know, and keep your sister company during my absence. Doctor Allen, allow me to introduce you to Miss Merrit; hope you will be good friends and take care of each other."

He turned away to answer some of the questions his wife had been indefatigably asking, and left the young lady and myself to follow up our acquaintance, as we thought proper.

But a moment before I had resolved to negative his proposal, and go home, just to show that I was my own master, if for nothing else: now, so weak are our youthful resolves; so unstable our passions, I hailed with delight the prospect of passing a few days, domesticated with this fascinating creature, and Doctor Lee found me perfectly satisfied with all his arrangements.

It was evening; I was playing backgammon with the interesting Ann; Mrs. Lee was knitting and talking, though I really don't know upon what subject, when Doctor Lee entered.

So quickly had the moments flown, that I was perfectly astonished to see him, and feared some sinister accident had frustrated his design. "Re-

turned so soon," cried I; "has any thing happened?"

"So soon!" said he, smiling, "come, that is very fair, I expected to be scolded for staying so long, and lo! I am accused of returning before I am wanted!"

"Oh, dear no," cried Mrs. Lee, who was one of those simple, matter of fact people, that can never take a joke; "I am sure that you have been gone a great while—ten days to-morrow morning, and I was just saying I wondered what could be the reason——"

"Enough, my dear, all right; hungry as a bear though; pray see to a bit of supper, and have a fire in my study, I have *business* to settle with Doctor Allen."

I observed that the word *business* was always made use of, to prevent any remonstrances that Mrs. Lee might be inclined to make; at least it always had a sedative effect in such cases, and she went without a word to execute her husband's desires.

We were seated in the closet dignified by the name of study; a bright fire burnt upon the hearth; a table with a bottle and glasses stood between us; our feet were disposed of as we pleased, and we *did* look "the picture of comfort," as good Mrs. Lee observed, when she popped her head in as she passed to her chamber, to bid her husband "mind and take good care of the fire."

I was full of eager downright curiosity, though I endeavoured to conceal it with a veil of professional anxiety. He was in the enviable situation of possessor of a secret, and proprietor of a story, which he could deal out at his pleasure to an attentive auditor.

We seemed fully aware of his importance, and more disposed to philosophize than to gratify my very natural and laudable curiosity, and I determined to appear as unconcerned as possible—convinced that if I could make him believe that I was indifferent, he would at once plunge into the details I longed to hear.

"Man," said he, "is, as some author truly asserts, a bundle of habits." We look so long at objects in one point of view, that our mental vision, like the eyes of the eastern fanatics, becomes distorted, and we cannot if we would, view them otherwise than in the light to which we are habituated."

"We generally view things as we have been taught," said I.

"Yes! very true, in *general*, but each one has his own peculiar notions, a little different from those of others; nothing, perhaps, worth mentioning, if properly explained and examined, but which he would go to the block to prove were the only true ones. It is true, we each receive our first impressions of right and wrong—of good and evil—from the nurse, the schoolmaster, and the minister, but the minds of some are of harder tempered stuff than those of others, and do not receive the impressions so deeply. The mass of mankind——"

"Is more," said I, "like a china shop, than any thing I know of."

"A what?" cried the Doctor, sitting down his glass.

"A China shop," said I, quietly; "did you never observe the resemblance? You will find a

representative of all classes, nay, of most individuals on its counters and shelves, from the fragile beautifully painted jar, too delicate for any purpose but to be looked at, to the rough, plain pottery, whose sole recommendation is its strength and utility.

"There is the man of learning—the school master—in that pair of huge pitchers, with the celestial and terrestrial globes on their swelling sides, while in yonder row of vases, emblazoned with caricatures, you see wits and satirists. Look at that mug, where, seated in his easy chair, is a hearty, jovial-looking fellow; his left hand holding his pipe, and his right grasping a bottle, while on the opposite side is printed a drinking song; does not he represent the *bon vivant*? See yonder long train of dishes, plates, &c., each bearing upon its bosom the scenery of distant lands, are they not the travellers and men of information? Behold yonder crowd of jars, vases, and goblets, glowing with the most vivid representation of the loveliest flowers—so thin that one fears to touch them lest they should fall to pieces—so beautiful, that one dreads to breathe on them lest they should fade and wither; they are the belles—the beauties—of no possible use but to feast the eye and ornament the drawing room. Yonder——"

"Oh, a truce! I see you are quizzing me; but my observations were not so far from the subject as, perhaps, they appeared, as you will see. You are aware, that in our profession we are compelled to witness—aye, and to be actors in many fearful, and many disgusting scenes; and you are also aware—what is the use to deny it? You are aware that we are nerved to the task, and repaid for our exertions, by the applause and admiration of the spectators and society; by our increased reputation, and the consciousness of having performed our duty.

"Take away two of these incentives, and render the other *doubtful*, after a precarious or a fatal operation, and how, think you, a man might feel? I had been educated in the strongest abhorrence of murder; yet, for three years, I have been worrying myself and my conscience as being accessory to the act. You are surprised. Listen, and tell your opinion candidly.

"I was the friend of Lincoln, and was engaged to attend Mrs. L. at her confinement. Mrs. Brown was to take care of her, and though the event was anticipated with anxiety, no serious fears were entertained of other than a fortunate result.

"It was evening when I was summoned to the house of Mr. L. I felt melancholy; clouds occasionally rolled over the moon, and the wind blew fitfully and in gusts—whistling in the tops of the trees, and among the rank grass and bushes, on each side of the path I had taken through the fields. Mr. L. was from home at the next village, and Mrs. L.'s mother confined with a sprained ankle. I am particular in detailing these incidents, that you may better understand how the deed could be accomplished without suspicion.

"We were alone in the chamber; the mother, that woman, and I; *she*—Mrs. Brown—I mean—seized me by the arm and led me to a corner,

remote from the bed; the infant was lying in a chair; she turned down the clothes that covered it, and flashed the light she held full upon it. I shuddered—a more horrible and disgusting object I had never seen.

“You see it, and you know what must be done,” said she, in a low hissing whisper that thrilled through my brain; I knew—that is I had heard—I was dimly aware that something, I knew not what, must be done in such an event, but the thought was too horrible; I continued spell-bound. ‘Are you awake?’ said the stern voice of my companion. I looked at her; resolution was written on her brow, and death in her eye.

“Why did not the frightful thing die in its birth?” I muttered, half unconsciously. ‘The mother! the poor mother!’

“That is cared for,” said the nurse, stepping softly to the bed, and after a moment returning to my side. ‘She sleeps; I thought of her the moment I saw it, and I gave her laudanum in the wine and water.’

“But what must we do, Mrs. Brown? for God’s sake, what must be done?” She approached her face to mine, and replied in a husky voice, ‘It must not live.’

“Do you think that it will?” said I, horror-stricken, as idea after idea poured upon me.

“It must not,” she earnestly replied; ‘it must not. My God, man! do you hesitate?’

“I was convinced that it was right, but felt utterly unable to do it. I grasped the pillow convulsively, while a cold shiver crept all over me. A distant footstep was heard. It was approaching. The nurse sprang to the door—fastened it—rushed back—and with a look of contempt, seized the pillow from my hand. I heard the sob—the gasp—the faint cry—it was all over. Then came a tap at the door; I started, and the nurse whispered, ‘say that it was dead-born, and mortified, and is not fit to be seen!’ then hiding the bundle under a cloak she had hastily slipped on, quitted the room by a back stair-case. I opened the door; it was Mr L. He had just returned.

“My wife?” he asked, ‘how is she?’

“Well; perfectly! she sleeps, but her babe, I regret to say, was still-born.” His countenance expressed deep sorrow, but, to my astonishment, neither wonder nor doubt. Why should he have either? But when we know that there is a secret—a mystery—we are apt to think that all others must suspect it.

“I waited with sickening anxiety for the return of the nurse. I felt all the apprehension of guilt, though conscious that I had but done my duty; that even if it was discovered no harm would accrue to me. Yet there were moments in which I wished it undone; but then I looked at the sweet mother; I thought of the noble-hearted father, and rejoiced that they were spared the bitter pang of seeing their offspring, for if such were my feelings of loathing and abhorrence, what would have been their’s! Still I waited for the nurse with all the intense anxiety of an over-wrought mind. I attempted to converse in vain; I could understand nothing—see nothing; for wherever I turned that revolting sight was still before me—so like reality, that I half wondered that Mr. L. did not see it too.

“I have often wondered how it is that we see things not before us. I have formed many fanciful theories upon the subject. At one time I likened the retina to a sheet of paper, which appears perfectly blank, but which is nevertheless covered with delineations that only require the application of fire (that is of memory) to bring them forth as vividly as ever. But I see that you are impatient; where was I? Oh, waiting for the nurse.

“Well! at last she returned. I found a minute to speak with her before I left the house; her manner was calm, but I perceived by the occasional working of the muscles, and gleam of the eye, that her feelings were more excited than during all the preceding scene of trial, her very unnatural calmness evinced it.

“She told me that ‘all was well,’ and I returned to my home. It so happened that early the next morning I received intelligence of the dangerous situation of my father, from a fall, that hurried me off to a distant part of the state, and detained me several weeks.

“Soon after my return I sought out the nurse; she testified strong emotions at seeing me, and when I mentioned our last interview, she gasped hysterically and nearly fell from her chair. My own first impressions were deadened by time, and I was astonished that those feelings should still exist so vividly in one, who at the moment was so much less affected and so much more self-possessed than myself.

“When she had regained her composure, after excusing myself in the best way I was able for having left the whole weight of the business on her, I begged to be informed how she had accounted for the secret removal of the child, if so I might call it, to Mr. and Mrs. L.

“The prolix account she gave me would not be interesting; suffice that she informed Mr. L. that the body was in a state of decomposition, and that fearing Mrs. L. would insist on seeing it, contrary to my orders, and that it would cause her so much agitation as to endanger her life, she had carried it to the grave-yard and had it buried. I saw that after all this was related, there still remained something untold, and by way of continuing the conversation, I asked her what she had really done with the body.

“A spasm seemed to convulse her for a moment, then her countenance again assumed the contracted frightful expression, it had worn on that night of suffering; she resumed her calmness with strong effort, and then replied, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:—

“Oh, Doctor! you don’t know what I endured that night! Sir, I am firmly convinced that there was something more than *human* about that creature; I carried it home to my own house, and laid it down in the kitchen, while I went into the garden to dig a grave for it. Well! I made one that I thought deep enough, and taking an old wicker basket, I put the bundle into it, without unrolling it, for I could not bear to look at it; but when I got into the garden, I believe it was the devil prompted me to look at it once more, and I had to take off my shawl you know, and then sir, it *moved!* and I let it fall and it got unwrapped, and rolled over and over, into the hole I had prepared for it! and its eyes were wide open, and fixed on me, with a strange smile;

you smile! but I tell you that I was no mere child; I once thought that nothing could make me what you call superstitious, but as I strove then, my eyes fixed on those of the *thing*, and unable to move, all the tales I had ever read or heard, and they were many, of fiends, that for some devilish purpose entered into bodies, came into my mind, and surely there never was a more fitting habitation for the evil one, than in that hideous body! I had never believed them, I had prided myself on my superiority to the more ignorant part of my neighbours in disbelieving such tales, but then I could not drive them from my mind, and I could not touch it. I do not think I could have touched it for the wealth of worlds. I had thought my dreadful task was over—that the work was done—but here it was again before me—again to do! and me, all alone! *alone* in the night with *it*! I said that I could not move, and I could not, till it half turned, and—it did not cry—no, it did not scream as a baby might; but, Doctor, if ever I heard a laugh, I heard it then; *it*, the *thing*, laughed at me! The light from the lantern fell upon its face,—yes, the horrid lineaments were distorted yet more in hideous mockery! An awful fear came over me, I fell down on my knees, shut my eyes, and in desperation of despair, with my hands pushed the heap of dirt back into the hole, over *it*, and then, in a sort of frantic triumph, I rose and stamped and trampled on it! I had overturned the lantern and the light was out, I dared not stop to pick it up, but rushed through the house like a mad creature, fastening the door I suppose, from habit.

"I ran all the way to Mr. L's, nor did I feel safe, till in the room with all of you; but even then, Doctor, aye, even now that impish face is before me!"

"You, who have seen her, who have felt the power of her manner and eye, will not wonder that I shuddered and felt a cold terror creep over me, as with firm conviction of its truth, painted on her singular face, she detailed the revolting incident; I tried to recover myself, I tried to laugh, but, I could not, for my life I could not! I caught myself casting furtive and uneasy glances through the window into the garden, and felt a great desire to get out of the house. The latter inclination I was on the point of gratifying, when Mrs. Brown rose, and taking my arm, hurried me, before I was aware, into what was once her garden, now a wilderness of weeds, limbs of trees dragged from the forest and briars. Near the middle was a heap of thorn brushes and stones, to which with a ghastly look she pointed, saying in a whisper, "There! there! It lies still enough o'days, but at night! oh! to dream it all over again, to see it, to feel it writhing in my arms; to hear it laugh! to see its horrid face advancing, closer and closer to mine, while I cannot move! to feel its limbs quivering under my hands, to be alone with it, and feel it drawing me into the grave with it! while you seem trampling us both down, your face looking like the face of *it*!"

"I could not bear any more, but rushing through the house, I mounted my horse and rode away as fast as you did a few days since. I did not get rid of my maukish feelings for several days, although I convinced myself, by a course

of very plausible, and I think correct argument, that the deed done was particularly necessary.—When I again saw her, I endeavoured to persuade her to remove from the house, where the immediate vicinity of the victim, kept the circumstance alive in her thoughts.

"What!" cried she, "and have the boys and neighbours found it, and bring the thing, for it is there yet, to throw in my lap! and then the jack the court and the gallows! no, no! speak not of it, here will I abide, unless ye will come at the still midnight hour, that it was put there, and dig it up and *burn it*!"

"You may suppose, that I did not comply with this wild demand, tho' I almost wish I had, to have spared her some of her misery. But shortly after I removed to this city, where, I honestly confess, that I hoped to hear no more of her or it; you will not, I hope, wonder at my little inclination to attend her call, now you know all the circumstances. All however has happened for the best, her, and my confessions have given L. a handsome fortune."

"How?" cried I, tho' I myself have been so long unheard, that I fear you will hardly know who I am. "Oh, I begin to see, this *thing* was *alive*, but, will it pass, think you for a babe!"

"Hem'em, Mrs. Brown's written and attested confession contains none of her exaggerated ideas of diablerie, and hideousness; I explained to her that it would injure both the feelings and interest of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, so we just made it so much deformed as to render it *excusable*, to—put it out of its misery! I, you know, scarcely saw it, and could not pretend to speak with certainty, so there is no difficulty whatever, especially as poor Mrs. Brown, died without uttering her statement."

"Died! Mrs. Brown dead—How? Where?" said I, "are you serious?"

"Never was more so, she died the night of Mrs. L's. accouchment, her death was as singular as her life."

"Mrs. L's. accouchment! dead!" I felt perfectly perplexed, so many things happening during my absence, I felt sure that it must have exceeded the few days I had thought; no, but ten days! ah! how much may and does happen in ten days to colour the destiny of many a victim!

Well, said I, "you have given me the history of former days, now let me see how you managed when you got to Rockmore. You have not told me a word of that."

"Oh! that is soon told. I put up at your lodgings, called to see Mrs. L. found how much the things would benefit them, and felt rather reconciled, rode out to see Mrs. B., she had in spite of your wisdom, a little bit of a bee in her bonnet. I found her on the floor, dressed in a long white robe, with a strange sort of white cap upon her head. She received me with a ghastly smile, "I heard you were come Doctor, I was told this morning that you had arrived to perform an operation on me, to restore my senses! The fools! I knew what you had come for, and the operation must be performed, my conscience must be cleansed, the black drop must be squeezed from my heart! Then, and not till then, can I sleep; now I only close my eyes, to act over again the disgusting scene, to see it lying

in its grave, to feel compelled to murder it, for murder it was, if a human soul inhabited that foul carcass. Doctor, I was once called a woman with a powerful mind, with a masculine judgment and I prided myself upon it. But mind, and energy, and health, have all sunk beneath the want of sleep, the terrors of the night. To awake from a dream of horror, with the cold sweat pouring from my face, like raindrops from the eyes, to feel that I was not alone, tho' no human being was in the house with me, to hear loud breathings, half suppressed shrieks, and unnatural laughs! God help me! I know not at times whether it was Satan or myself that laughed! you shake your head but it is true! Because you have not endured and witnessed it, you are incredulous; Hear me further, I saw the young man, whom I sent to you, at church; I had never seen him before, but that night I dreamed of him, he was there, and when I was nearly pulled into the grave by it, he took hold of me and drew me out. I then knew that he was in some way destined to help me. I dreamed of him again; he came with you, and said, "confess and all will be forgiven." And then I thought he changed to my own father. He came here in reality, and put on my father's clothes, for it was a storm, Satan and it were riding the elements, and trying to make me commit suicide; then I knew that I must confess, and that he must help me. I made up my mind and sent for you, and now I am ready; the gibbet, I know, awaits me, but I am ready. Come—why do you loiter?" She approached the door, but from over excitement, and probably from inanition, fainted before she reached it, much, I confess, to my satisfaction, for I had no wish to parade the village with a walking corpse, which, in the way she was dressed, she might well be taken for.—With some trouble I recovered her from her swoon, but I had to administer a quantity of restorative elixir, before she could rise, even with my assistance. I was glad to discover that her excitement had subsided, and that her mind was more composed and rational, than it had been; I remained with her some time, and succeeded persuading, or rather convincing her, of the necessity of giving a modified account of the infant's deformity, if she wished her confession to be of service to Mr. and Mrs. L. I then left the cottage, to get some person to take care of her, for she was really sick, but I had more difficulty than I thought, to persuade any person to go to the house.

"At length a woman agreed to go, on condition that her son might go with her; I agreed to any thing for the time, and had the pleasure to see her set out, her basket provided with comforts for the poor woman. I then held a consultation with myself, as to the best method of proceeding. Though no lawyer, I was sensible that it would be better for Mr. L. and his father-in-law, to have nothing to do in the business, neither did I think it advisable to employ a lawyer. I felt convinced that the master chord of all her terrors, her sleepless nights, her dreams and her frantic remorse, was personal fear. She dreaded the consequences of her deed, if it should be discovered; she did not regret the deed itself only as one that would draw down upon her head the wrath of the law. This caused her to think of

it by day and consequently to act it over in her dreams, excitement produced frenzy and she christened it remorse. Therefore should I employ a professional gentleman, her fears might cause her to exaggerate the deformity of the infant, until it might be questioned if it was indeed of 'the human race divine.'

"After much deliberation, I took horse and rode to S. about twelve miles, you know, and finding Mr. Martin, the best lawyer, I stated the case, or as much of it as I thought feasible, and requested a confession drawn up, as I dictated. He proposed going to Rockmore, but on my informing him that the whole was eleemosynary, he proposed doing it at home. I returned well pleased with my day's work, and early in the morning I again visited my patient, who was now quite calm, but deeply dejected; she asked if any body was coming to question her. I told her "no! that I had been to see a lawyer who thought it so trifling, that he would not come from S.—about it, but had written a paper for her to subscribe, which, he said, was all that was necessary. On hearing this she seemed a new creation, and eagerly besought to have the witnesses I thought proper, summoned that very day. I promised that she should be gratified, and after reading the deposition to her, I returned to the village and prevailed on half a dozen of the principal men to go with me to her house.

"Accompanied by a crowd of boys we set out, and the confession, after a few words of explanation from myself, was read by the town-clerk, who was one of the company. At every pause he asked her if that was correct, and to my great joy she answered quietly in the affirmative to each demand. Mr. Barret, who is in the commission of the peace, administered the oath, and the business was settled. At that moment we heard the gallop of a horse; it came nearer—a boy found his way into the house, and begged me to come instantly to Mrs. L. who was very, very sick. It is hardly necessary to say that I threw myself on the horse of the messenger, and in a few minutes stood by the bed-side of Mrs. L.

"All was quiet in the sick chamber; the curtains were drawn, the fire burned brightly—and an air of satisfaction was on every face; 'tis true we spoke in whispers, and the important looking nurse walked with stealthy steps, but it was that we might not disturb the repose of Mrs. L. who slept calmly with her hand clasped in that of her mother's.

"The door was opened gently, and to my surprise, Mrs. Brown made her appearance. She looked hurriedly around, then, in spite of the signs of us all, she went to the bed, and opening it partially, gazed upon the fine healthy babe that reposed by its mother's side. A smile flitted over her countenance; she seemed, by the motion of her lips, to pray, or, perhaps, to pronounce a blessing, then softly left the room. The next morning she was found dead, stretched upon the spot where she had buried the child, as we in courtesy call it.

"I have nothing more to tell; I was obliged to remain to attend her funeral, and as I had written to L. and expected him every day, I stayed at Rockmore until he arrived.

"I need not tell you of the joy he expressed; he feels no fears of having his right contested

and, as he is a lawyer, he is a better judge than we are. He is anxious to see you, as he says, and rightly enough, that the old woman would never have confessed but for your interference. But, hark! two o'clock! upon my honour! Fill your glass, friend Allen, and drink a parting health, and then to bed."

"Agreed!" said I, "here's health without medicine to all our friends and medicine without health to all our enemies!"

MOI MEME.

## THE FAREWELL.

BY L. E. L.

You will forget me, as the wild wind passes,  
With but a moment's breathing on its wings  
Of the soft life in the long summer grasses—  
Of the deep music from the forest springs—  
They perish as they welcome the new comer;  
The odours leave the grass—the song, the brook—  
The wind that brought will bear away the summer,  
Unheeding the sweet world its presence shook.

Even so carelessly did'st thou awaken  
The new existence of a conscious heart;  
Even so carelessly am I forsaken;  
Not only with thyself have I to part.  
But thou dost take with thee the hues Elysian,  
Which brightened in thy presence: life has lost,  
In losing thee, the presence of the vision  
Which, like an angel's, lit the path it crost.

It matters not. Fate is beside us ever,  
With gradual but inevitable doom,  
And mocks the struggling spirit's fond endeavour,  
For soon or late the heart is its own omb.  
You will forget me: nay, I am not praying  
For but a moment's single thought from thee.  
Ah! what availeth the memory's delaying  
Fondly, where hope again can never be!

## VAIN BOASTING.

FROM THE SACRED CLASSICS.

Can he be fair, that withers at a blast?  
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast?  
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?  
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?  
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?  
So fair, strong, wise—so rich, so young is man.  
So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)  
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;  
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath  
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;  
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,  
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;  
So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)  
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;

So young is man, that (broke with care and sorrow)  
He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow.  
Why bragg'st thou, then, thou worm of five feet long?  
Thou art neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich,  
nor young.

From the Book of My Lady.

PONCE DE LEON.

"Would you then hear a story of true love?  
Sit down and listen."

THE lover of Spanish story must remember Ponce de Leon; nor is he likely soon to be forgotten by the American reader. His history, the renown of his achievements, as well in old as in new Spain, have wrought for him the magic of a name in both countries, and made him too familiar to all memories at all conversant with the stirring and busy period in which he lived, to permit of that oblivion, in his case, which has obscured so many of his contemporaries. Washington Irving in his "Companions," &c. has given a very pleasant and interesting sketch of his life, the perusal of which will compensate the idle hour which it employs. As a knight of romance, we find him fulfilling, to the card, all the dues and duties of the code and court of chivalry, in its most elevated era; service, for which indeed, we are free to acknowledge, he was peculiarly fitted. He was brave and daring to a proverb, strong in person, fiery in spirit, true to his affections, earnest in his devotions, a lover of valorous deeds, for valour's sake, and fond of the sex as became a disciple of the school of gallantry in the time of black-letter romance. It may not be important to dwell longer upon this head, for, I take it, these things are quite as well known to other people as to myself.

The wars of Grenada had now for some time been over—the Moors expelled forever the delicious country in which their elysium had, perhaps, been quite too much placed, and but for the strife and wild adventure which followed the unveiling of the new world to European eyes, the whole kingdom of Spain had fallen into a most unseemly, and at that period, unnatural and unbecoming quiet. The hum and hurry of war had ceased to keep awake the cities; and the spirit-stirring blast of the trumpet gave way at nightfall to the gentle and more delicate and seductive notes of the guitar—

"At evening, by some melancholy maid,  
To silver waters."

Knighthood, if not positively unfashionable, began to be somewhat cumbersome, at least; and if the coat of mail did here and there continue to be worn by the warrior, more solicitous of former than of present times, it was not unfrequently concealed by the vestment of gorgeous and embroidered silk. In fact, the entire nation, even at the moment of its greatest glory and true regeneration, had begun to adopt that peculiar language of habit, the consequence of a sudden flood of prosperous enterprise, which, in after times,

when a superabundant wealth provided them with the means of a boundless and luxurious indulgence, has made them a very by-word and a mockery among the nations. This condition of the national character was not then perceptible however; certainly not to themselves, and perhaps not to the surrounding powers; and the repose in which the nation lay, had become particularly irksome to those brave adventurers who looked to carve out their fortunes with their weapons. "The world was their oyster," and with them the speech of ancient Pistol must have been of favourite and frequent application. Peace was not only inglorious but unprofitable; and the discovery of America was a godsend quite as necessary to the kingdom of old Spain, in ridding it of the excess and idle population, made by the sudden termination of its protracted warfare, as in extending its dominions and enriching its treasures.

Though fully as renowned as any of the brave spirits of his age and country, for every accomplishment of arms, and every requisite of adventure, Ponce de Leon did not, however, at this time, take part in the new crusade, for the conquest of the Indian regions. There were, indeed, sundry good and sufficient reasons why such a step should be unnecessary, and might have been imprudent. Ponce was now getting rather old—he had been fighting the good fight for his king and his faith, from boyhood up, against the infidels, and quite long enough to render unquestionable his loyalty to both. Beyond all this, however—and although we shame to say it of so brave a knight, yet the truth had better than not be known—Ponce had of late suffered some strange sensation of weakness, in regard to a certain capricious damsel, the daughter and only heir of a neighbouring Castellan—or, as it now runs, Castilian—a knight of the noblest stock, who could, without any interregnum, trace his genealogical tree, in all its branches, beyond the flood. Some may find, also, a sufficiently good reason for the supineness of our hero, in the fact of his being now well to do in the world. He had been any thing but a loser in the wars; had been at the sacking of not a few among the Moorish towns; and the spoils thus acquired had been well employed, and with no sparing hand, to enrich and adorn a couple of fine castles on the marches, which the liberality and favour of the queen had committed to his keeping. These perhaps, were each and all of them strong enough, as reasons why he should not any more adventure his life for gain or glory. But his amour, his new passion, the rod which swallowed up all others, had got completely the better of the knight's understanding; and he did nothing but think, talk, and dream, from morning till night, and night till morning, of the beautiful but capricious Leonora D'Alvarado. It was a "gone case" with Don Ponce; and he now had more barbers and friseurs in his pay than he ever knew in his young days, or should have known in his old. But all in vain,—the loves of our knight were unfortunate—the course of true love did not run smoothly with him. Leonora was quite too young, beautiful and wealthy, not to be most fashionable, and most fashionably capricious and coquetish. She laughed at the old knight—made merry with his awkwardness,

ridiculed his gallantries, which, indeed, did not sit over well upon him; and with much hardness of heart denied him her attention whenever he sought to be very manifest with his. She was a gay and wild creature; and with so much grace and winningness did she play the despot, that while the old knight absolutely shrunk and trembled beneath her tyranny, he loved still more the despot, and became still more deeply the victim of the despotism. It was, as we have already remarked, a gone, and we regret to add, a hopeless case with our hero. Nor was it with him alone, we do her the justice to say, that the wanton baggage so toyed and trifled.—She had a thousand admirers, all of whom she treated and trampled upon in like manner—feeling, and never hesitating to make use of her power, without pause or mercy, till some one cut their own throats, or the throats of one another, while she, who had made all the mischief, cut each of them in turn. No sooner, however, did one array leave the field, than another came into it: such were her attractions—destined, however, to experience like treatment, and be driven away in turn by other victims. She was indifferent to the fate so hourly experienced; and many are the epithets of indignation and despairing love which they bestowed upon her; song, sonnet, sigh, and serenade, alike failed to find in her bosom a single accessible or pregnable point, and knight after knight came and saw, and went away in his chains.

Don Ponce was not one of those who so readily despair. He had sat down too often before the Moorish castles, from one year's end to the other, not to have acquired certain valuable lessons of patience, which stood him in stead in the present strait; and looking upon the conquest of the lady in question, and with much correctness of analogy, as not unlike those to which, in the Moorish wars, he had been so well accustomed, he concluded that though he might be able to do nothing by sudden storm, he certainly could not altogether fail of success in the course of a regular blockade. The indefatigable patience and perseverance of the besieger, he well knew, not unfrequently wore out both these qualities in the besieged; so he sat down before the fair fortress, and regularly commenced his approaches. Never kept besieging army so excellent a watch. Ponce was, and had been at all times, an excellent general; the Moors had taught him the nature of strategy, and he taught his retainers. They knew their duty, and did it. Not a messenger entered the castle of the beleaguered damsel that was not overhauled.—He permitted no succour to be thrown into the walls, and the unfortunate waving of a handkerchief from any of the lattices, did not fail to bring out the whole array of the beleaguering force, ready to put to death any auxiliary, or arrest any supplies that might have been going to the succour of the besieged. At length all his outworks having been completed, his own courage roused to the sticking point, the preparations for a final attack made perfect, and believing that his antagonist would now be willing to listen to reason, our knight sounded a parley, and the fair defender of the fair fortress readily, and without pause or seeming apprehension of any kind, gave him the desired interview. Nothing,



of course, could have been more delightfully pleasant or pacific. The knight, as had been his wont, on all great and trying occasions, appeared in full armour; and the damsel, conscious of her true strength and the legitimate weapons of her sex, wore, Venus-like, her own graces, set off, and exquisitely developed, by the voluptuous freedom of the Moorish habit. As there was now no necessity for any further delay, the preliminaries having been well passed on both sides, our hero began. Half dignity, half despair, he made a desperate exposition of his case. He described his love, its inveteracy and great irritability, in moving language; now in prose, now in verse, and all in the spirit of that artificial period when love wore wings and worshipped sunbeams, and chivalry carried a lyre in one hand and a lance in the other, ready, in the event of a failure on the part of either, to supply its place with a more faithful auxiliary—and it was not unfrequently the case, that the fair but fickle damsel, having bidden defiance to the persuasive melodies of the former, was borne away triumphantly by the discords and terrors of the last. Don Ponce was terribly eloquent on the present occasion. Never amorous knight more so. He narrated all his endeavours at her attainment; his labours more numerous and magnificent than those of Hercules; he detailed at length, and with no little glow in the way of colouring, his various visitations by day; long watchings by night in the perilous weather; described the curious presents, procured at infinite trouble and expense, solely for her gratification; the thousand and one new songs made purposely in her honour, and at his instance, by the most celebrated minstrels, several dozen of whom he kept in pay solely for the purpose. He then proceeded to describe the honours of his state, his great wealth, substance, dignity, and so forth; and, with all due modesty, he referred to the noise and notoriety of his deeds of arms, and the fame, name, and glory which he had thereby acquired. He dwelt with peculiar force and emphasis upon the nature of the establishment which, upon marriage, he designed her; and, with much, and in the eye of the maiden, tedious minuteness, entered upon an enumeration at large of the manifold sources of delight and comfort which such an event would necessarily occasion. Having, by this time, exhausted all his *matériel* of specification, he wisely determined upon coming to the point, and in a fine string of verse, prepared for the occasion, and rounding off his speech admirably, as the distich is made to do the scene in the old English drama, he concluded by making her the offer of his hand, heart, and substance, little expecting that, after all said and done, such a young maiden should still have the hardihood to refuse. But so she did; looking archly in his face for a few seconds, she placed her slender and beautiful fingers upon the few small specks of grisly hair that still condescended to adorn his temples, and laughingly exclaimed—

“Why, bless me, Don Ponce, at your years! how can you talk of such a thing! You are quite bald, and so wrinkled, that it’s wonderful to me how you can possibly think of any thing but your prayers.”

This was answer enough, a’ God’s name; and boiling with indignation, yet baking with undiminished ardour and love, the worthy knight

hurried home to his castle, immersed and buried in the utmost despair and tribulation.

The indifference, not to say ill treatment of Donna Leonora, was not enough however to efface from the mind of our hero the many and deep impressions which it had imbibed in favour of that capricious beauty. The very sportiveness of her rejection, while it necessarily increased, could not fail, by the seductiveness of her peculiar manner, in lightning, its severity; at least it gave an added charm to her loveliness in the grace of its expression. He now thought more of the coquetish creature than ever; and the apprehensions, indeed, the now seeming certainty, of her loss, threw him into a fever, which was, of course, duly and professionally heightened by the great number of his attending physicians.

The Sangrado principle was at work upon him, and, but that the fates had determined he should be preserved for better things, he had ceased to join in the good cheer of his table, and gone, not to eat, but to be eaten! It was on the fourth or fifth day of his malady, history is doubtful which, that in a moment of interval from pain, his lacquey brought intelligence of one below, in the guise of a mariner, who desired sight of his highness, and the royal representative in those parts, the most mighty, and valorous, and wise, Don Ponce de Leon, chief of unnumbered titles, and doer of unnumbered deeds, &c. &c. Though not surprised by the application, for Don Ponce was an officer of the king, the knight felt some strange anxieties to see the stranger, for which he could not precisely account, and did not hesitate, accordingly, to command his appearance. The new comer was a Portuguese mariner, seeking permission from the knight as the king’s *sub* in that section, to make recruits for properly manning his caraval, from the dominions of the knight. He proposed, as was greatly the fashion at that time, to make certain new discoveries on the western continent—the new world which Columbus a little while before, with unexampled generosity, “gave to Castile and Leon,” and which, with still greater generosity, they accepted at his hands. In addition, however, to the lands, and savages, and gold, the articles commonly enumerated among the promises of these adventurers, our Portuguese, reviving an old tradition of his people, pledged himself to the discovery of the far-famed fountain, to the waters of which was ascribed the faculty of conferring perpetual youth upon those who drank of them. It had long been a prime article in the fancies of the Portuguese, that such a fountain existed somewhere in the Indian seas, and the singular success attending the enterprise of Columbus, at its time of conception regarded as so visionary, now inspired a large degree of credence in every story, however monstrous or extravagant. Our mariner spoke with singular confidence as to the localities of this fountain, and so very accurately did he describe the features of the spot in which it was to be found, with such a lavish degree of poetical illustration, not to say poetical justice, that on a sudden, Don Ponce, to the surprise of all about him, who before thought him on his last legs, found himself perfectly restored. He leaped from his couch, embraced the tarry Portuguese with most unqualified affection; and three or four of his attending

physicians happening, most unfortunately for them, at that moment to make their appearance, he gave orders to trundle them from the walls of his castle, in company with all the pills, potions, and purges, by which they were usually accompanied; an order, we need not add, almost as soon executed as given. Congratulating himself, with unalloyed pleasure, upon his new acquisition, our hero, to the surprise of every body, determined upon a voyage of discovery, in proper person, to the newlyfound continent.

"I will find these glorious waters, this fountain of youth; I will surprise, I will win this proud lady; I will get rid of this ill-favoured complexion, these trenches, this miserable apology for hair."

Such were the exclamations of Don Ponce.

"Where's the Don Ponce going?" asked the impatient.

"What's that to you?" said the knight; and having made a visit, to take leave, he left the sight of the sneering beauty, entered his vessel, and the sails, under a favouring breeze, loomed out gloriously and auspiciously in a balmy atmosphere, as they bore the old veteran, but young lover, in search of the heretofore hidden fountain of perpetual youth.

Years had now rolled away, and the world very well knows, or it ought to know, how Don Ponce de Leon, after many mishaps, disasters, and delays, discovered the object of his want and search somewhere in the fertile wildernesses of Florida. It answered all his expectations, and had the desired effect upon his person. He grew, upon drinking from it, straightway comely and strong in person and buoyant in mind; and, though tolerably well supplied with the latter characteristic, already excessively warm and ardent in his temper and affections, his joints grew more supple than ever, and he could feel his blood articulating in his veins perpetually, the then new and popular, but now old and unpopular *arçyle* of "Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love," &c. The stream, however which caused all this change in the moral and animal man, was quite a small one; and its virtues, having soon made themselves manifest, it only served to supply the first comers, and was dry to all succeeding. A single draught was quite enough for all his purposes; and perfectly satisfied with the measure of success which attended his adventure, Don Ponce began again to direct his attention to his native country. He thought of his broad, bright fields, and of his vineyards, and his retainers, and his castles, and then he thought of Donna Leonora, and her fields, and her retainers, and her castles, and all her other charms, personal and contingent; and so thinking, he commenced his return. But this was no easy matter. He had to fight his way through troops of naked Indians, and wild woods, and wicked briars, and swamps that left him half naked; now losing his way, and almost despairing to find it again; now exposed to perils from savage men, and to temptations from savage women; such, indeed, as frequently led his chivalry into singular adventures, and nameless and paralyzing difficulties. But he surmounted them all; as how, in reference to his new acquisitions, could he do less? He had taken, as it were, a bond of fate for life. The gray hairs had fallen from his brow, and been

succeeded by others of a less equivocal complexion, and in less limited quantity. The wrinkles had left his cheek, the dimness his eye; his step was no longer enfeebled and uncertain, he felt himself quite as young as when, in the vigour of his boyhood, he had wrestled with a romping maid of Andalusia, and was not overthrown.

He stood once more, after an interval of many years, upon the deck of his caraval; and, as he proceeded over the mighty waste of waters that lay between him and the land of his nativity, his thoughts grew more than ever active and lively; his spirit more anxiously aroused as to the condition in which he should find all things upon his return. His chief apprehension, however, grew out of his affair of the heart. Should the fair Leonora have become the bride of another—and was all his personal beauty to be left upon his hands? This was a damning difficulty, and all in vain did he seek to wrestle with and avoid the reflection. It grew but the stronger as he approached the shore; and when, at his castle's entrance, he put the question to an old retainer, and hastily demanded to know that which his heart yet trembled to receive, how was he rejoiced to learn that all was safe, all as when he left, and the capricious damsel quite as accessible as ever. He paused at his castle, such was his impatience, but to arrange his habit before intruding upon her.

"If," said he, "my gray hairs, my wrinkled face, my infirm gait, were really her objections before, she can no longer entertain them. I will wed her on the spot—she cannot, she dare not, she will not resist me!"

Surely not, Don Ponce, surely not; we always think well of the man who thinks well of himself. Cæsar never struck into a path so perfectly sublime, as when he said, "*Veni, vidi, vici*;" say so too, Don, and the thing's settled.

Thus manfully determined, our hero appeared in the halls of his neighbour Castellan, the father of the lady, and, with a view of present prospects, so likely to be that of the knight. Their meeting was hearty, though it took the old gentleman some time to understand how Don Ponce could get young while he himself got old. The grateful mystery of his transformation once explained, however, and matters were all well. He did not waste more time upon the father, than a proper courtesy actually called for; but, after the first proprieties, hurried, with all a lover's agony of impatience, to the bower in which he had been taught to believe his mistress awaited him. What a moment of delightful anticipation—what funds of love in store—what raptures and felicitations at hand! He was on the threshold—he was in the presence. There she stood—the same sylph-like form, the same figure of consummated symmetry. But why veiled? He rushed valiantly forward, fell upon one knee before her, and, oh, unlooked for condescension, she sunk into his arms! He did not hesitate for a moment, but tearing away the thick folds of the envious veil, he proceeded to impress upon her lips, the kiss, so long treasured with a perfect fidelity—when he beheld, not the Leonora he had left—not the beauty of her girlhood—not the creature of exquisite delicacy and youthful fragrance, that queened it over a thousand hearts—but a superannuated and withered damsel, of wrinkled face,

starched features, and lips to which kisses of any kind appeared to have been strangers for a marvellously long season. Don Ponce had never remembered that the term of years employed by him in gaining, was spent by her in losing, both youth and beauty. Nor, in this error was our knight alone. To all of us, no changes are so surprising, none, certainly, so ungracious and painful, as those of the young, and delicate, and gentle, under the hand of time and human circumstances. Fifteen years had done much for our hero, but much more for our heroine. He could not believe his eyes.

"Nay, lady, there is some mistake here, surely," said he, releasing himself partly from his burden. "I came to see the beautiful Donna Leonora D'Alvarado."

"And I am the most noble knight—the same Donna Leonora to whom your heart was so perfectly devoted," simpered out the now gracious coquette.

"I must see Don Guzman," said he, "I must learn the facts in this matter;" and flying out of the presence of his goddess with even more rapidity than he had flown into it, he appeared before the sire of the ancient beauty.

"Don Ponce, where are you going?" said the old man.

"Home, Don Guzman," said the young one.

"Why this hurry—does my daughter refuse? If she does, Don Ponce, be assured that in your favour I shall constrain her inclinations," warmly urged Don Guzman.

"Not for the world!" was the reply of our hero, "not for the world; and hark'ye Don Guzman, the truth may as well be said now as ever. I no longer find your daughter as I left her. I am quite too young for her, I perceive. Pray permit me to send for her use and your own, a bottle of water, which I took from a certain fountain in India. I can assure you that it will do you great good—you both stand very much in need of it."

Tradition does not say, whether the water thus furnished had any effect upon the fair Leonora. One old chronicle insinuates that she brought her action for a breach of promise against the young knight, but failed to recover. This point is apocryphal, however. He, we know, returned to America, and, after losing an eye, in fight with the Indians, and experiencing many other vicissitudes, died of chagrin, from many disappointments, as well in concerns of ambition as in those of love; "without," says the legend, from which we borrow our narrative, "losing a single beauty of that youth, so marvellously vouchsafed him, by Providence, in the discovery of that wondrous fountain in the wildernesses of Florida."

There are two modes of establishing our reputation; to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter. His calumny is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer upon us, but it is also the only service that he will perform for nothing.

## JOHN MILTON.



JOHN MILTON, the Homer of Britain, was born, Dec. 9, 1608, in Bread Street, in London, and was educated at St. Paul's School, and Christ's College, Cambridge. After he quitted the university he passed five years of studious retirement at his father's house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire; during which period he produced *Comus*, *Lycidas*, and some of his other poems. In 1638 he went to France, whence he proceeded to Italy. On his return, after an absence of fifteen months, he opened an academy in Aldersgate Street, and began also to take a part in the controversies of the time. He married in 1643, but so scanty was his nuptial felicity, his wife leaving him to return to her parents in the course of a month, that he was stimulated to write his treatise on Divorce, and to take measures for procuring another helpmate. On her becoming penitent, however, he not only received her again, but gave her royalist father and brothers an asylum in his house. He entered twice more into the marriage state. The zeal with which, in his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, he vindicated the execution of Charles I. induced the Council of State to appoint him Latin secretary, and he thus became, in a manner, the literary champion of the popular cause. In behalf of that cause he published his *Iconoclastes*, in answer to the *Icon Basilike*, and his two *Defences of the People of England against the libels of Salmasius and Du Moulin*. In the execution of this "noble task," as he calls it, he lost his sight; his previous weakness of the eyes terminating in gutta serena. At the Restoration he remained concealed for a while, but the interest of his friends, particularly of Marvell and Davenant, soon enabled him to reappear in safety. The rest of his life was spent in retirement, employed partly in the composition of that noble work which he had long meditated, and by which he at once immortalized his name, and shed a lustre over his country. The *Paradise Lost* appeared in 1667. A *Mæcenas* of a bookseller paid him five pounds for the first edition of thirteen hundred copies, and liberally agreed to pay ten more, upon the sale of two subsequent editions of equal magnitude. The *Paradise Regained*, *Samson Agonistes*, and *The History of Britain* were among his latest productions. He died November 8, 1674.

## HENRY MACKENZIE.



HENRY MACKENZIE, an elegant miscellaneous writer, who has been called the Addison of the North, was born, in 1745 or 1746, in Scotland; received a liberal education: and, in 1766, became an attorney in the Scottish Court of Exchequer. He was, subsequently, made comptroller general of taxes for Scotland. Mackenzie's first production was *The Man of Feeling*, which was published in 1771, and soon acquired unbounded popularity. It was succeeded by *The Man of the World*, and *Julia de Roubigné*. In dramatic writing he was less happy. His tragedies of *The Prince of Tunis*, and *The Shipwreck*, and his comedies of *The Force of Fashion*, and the *White Hypocrite*, though containing many beauties, were only brought upon the stage to die. To the *Mirror*, the *Lounger*, and the *Transactions of the Edinburgh Royal Society*, he contributed several valuable papers. He died, at Edinburgh, January 14, 1831. The style of Mackenzie is polished and melodious, and his power of exciting the feelings, by scenes of pathos, is of the very highest order.

## THE WIDOW'S DOG.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

Mrs. NETHERSOLE, a beautiful young widow, was married at twenty to a man—if so he might be called—who boasted publicly that he had purchased beauty at a high price, having condescended to marry the daughter of a person of no importance and of no wealth, who had died some years before their union, and left his daughter Emily with little other inheritance than the particularly unromantic name of Fitch.

Emily could not endure Mr. Charles Nethersole; he was a sort of dumpy stumpy man, with nothing intellectual to compensate for his personal disqualification. He was wonderfully ugly, and, moreover, old—he was ill-tempered, yet vain and overbearing: in short, he was not very much unlike such a being as Butler, the prince of graphic poets, describes his hero to have been. But what was she to do—dependent on a crabbed aunt whose means were inadequate to secure her the comforts of life, and she her only surviving relative.

Nethersole had been rejected over and over again: one lady objected to his person—another to his age—a third to his features—a fourth to his addiction to smoking—a fifth could not endure garlic, in which he luxuriated—a sixth shuddered at the oaths which he fulminated upon everybody who offended him—a seventh did not think his ablutions were either copious or regular; and so they went on all refusing until the “noes” had a decided majority. Still, however, remained to be tried Emily Fitch; he had seen her at the house of an acquaintance, and with all his other faults he certainly did not possess that of insensibility to the charms of beauty; he was struck—not all of a heap—for so he was formed—but smitten to a degree incalculable and indescribable, and never after the first evening's introduction did he quit his object until he had “popped.”

The confusion, astonishment, and one may be, perhaps, between friends, permitted to say, the repugnance Emily Fitch felt when he made the offer, were all in the highest degree; and it was with no little difficulty she restrained herself from giving him one of those pats upon the cheek which become somewhat equivocal in their character. She certainly did subdue her anger and vexation, more especially as her aunt had given her to understand things were coming to a crisis; that she must forthwith give up her small establishment, and as that exquisite poem which we never can too often quote, says—

“Times is hard,” says the dog's-meat man—  
“Lights is riz,” says the dog's-meat man;

“she should not be able much longer to support her in idleness, and above all could not think of keeping her useless pet Charley.” Her aunt here unwittingly touched the chord of all Emily's sympathies. She could have risked everything for herself, but as Sir John Harrington says, her “dogge,” was not to be jeopardized.

Perhaps, now, the reader fancies from hearing this “dogge” called “Charley,” that he was one of the numerous illegitimate progeny to be seen in various drawing-rooms and other gay places, called generally “King Charles's breed”—not so. If he had been of such high extraction, whatever right he might have had to it, no doubt Miss Emily Fitch would have given him some sweet sounding euphonic name—No—truth to be told, Charley was a pug—a pntty-coloured pug, with a black nose, and a stiff curly tail, which looked like a handle to the end of his body opposite his mouth. He was honoured with a collar of peculiar smartness, of which, with its little wagging padlock, he seemed consciously proud, and quite prepared to retort to any impertinent puppy who might make inquiries as to his character or pretensions, as did the Duke's dog of other days,—

“I am his Highness's dog at Kew;  
Pray, good Sir, whose dog are you?”

And Emily Fitch fondled him, and had him stuffed—before death—with the best of meat, and washed, and rubbed; and he had a little basket all lined with flannel in which it used to lie, and which she had bought at a fancy fair held for the benefit of the suffering blacks; and then it snored while asleep, and snarled while

awake, and was the delight of Miss Fitch's young unsophisticated heart, which, to say truth, never had even been temporarily shared by any rival to Charley, except about three days and two nights by an interesting "crechur" of a Lancer, with whom she had danced at an assembly in the county-town, ladies' tickets, five shillings, gentlemen's do., seven do.

Things, it must be confessed, did look desperate for Emily Fitch. And her aunt did all she could to put her situation in its most disagreeable light: made a sort of Fuseli sketch of the horrors that awaited her, and contrasted what must inevitably occur if she refused an offer such as she never ought to have expected to receive, with that which would as certainly result if she accepted it.

Poor Emily Fitch was a high-spirited girl, and proud, and perhaps vain, and when she was allowed two hours to think of it, she began to reflect that if she declined this match which put at her disposal a fine, staring house upon Clapham Commons, a carriage, servants, occasional visits to operas and plays, besides the teas and turns-out of the neighbourhood, she might never have such an offer again. And as for Tom Smith, poor fellow, she had been very fond of him and he of her, but that was when she was seventeen, and that was three years ago; and S. was gone to the West Indies, and she had never heard of him since, although he had promised, when he had snatched the last kiss from her lips, to send her a cock parrot and a pot of guava jelly, and so it was no use thinking of him; and so at last Emily began to think better of the affair, not, however, losing sight of the distant prospect of widowhood, which very strongly took possession of her mind. She was a good-hearted girl—a joyous thing—although so fond of Pug; and when she indulged in her anticipation of the cap and weeds which were to announce her deliverance from thralldom, she said to herself, "Well, if I do marry him and wish him dead, I'll try if I cannot kill him with kindness; for if I really become his wife, that is the only weapon I shall use."

Truth to be told, Emily Fitch was, after all, but a weak person. Had she been able to continue in the sphere for which, in the happier days of her youth and her father's prosperity, she had been intended, all might have been well; she had been highly educated, to a certain point, and then suddenly checked by the embarrassments of her family and consigned to the care and society of her maiden aunt, whose quietude and frugality she secretly despised, and who, knowing the absolute necessity of economizing, looked upon her flippant niece as an incumbrance of which she should be too happy to be rid, as soon as any thing like a favourable opportunity occurred for shaking her off.

That opportunity appeared to offer itself in the present proposal—a proposal which the antiquated virgin, being no great judge of such matters, considered unexceptionable; and upon its merits she so preached, and so expounded, and so described, and so anticipated, that after the before-mentioned consultation with herself in her own room, Emily Fitch decided upon becoming Mrs. Nethersole.

As far as her affections went, on the eve of

their union, they remained undivided. Charley, the dear Pug, was the sole possessor of them; and when the day was fixed for the ceremony, she made a stipulation that Charley should be their companion during the seclusion of the honeymoon.

It may be as well to observe here, that in the negotiations for this marriage, Mr. Nethersole, whose mind was admirably typified by his person and countenance, finding he had to deal with an inexperienced beauty, and an almost superannuated guardian, took every advantage, fair or unfair, of their isolated and peculiar situation. He professed admiration and devotion, which, as has already been observed, if coldly received by the niece, were rapturously imbibed by the aunt, who wound up everything in the way of recommendation to Emily, by an exclamation of—"I wish he would make me such an offer!" Emily fervently joined in that wish; for had such a thing been possible, she would have equally been benefited by the accession of property to the family, and might have been left, like Sterne's Maria, to her own reflections and her little "dogge."

But Nethersole was a plodding, money-making, money-saving man, and what he called having paid a high price for his beauty was, having presented Emily with a very pretty three or four hundred guinea set of pearls, and a thousand pound note to make up the *corbeille*. These apparently munificent gifts dazzled the aunt, and encouraged the niece, and he was suffered to lead his "be-garlanded lamb" to the altar, without having settled one single sixpence upon her in the way of jointure, in the event of his death.

The wedding was quiet and unostentatious—a country church was the scene of the ceremony—and Emily Fitch repaired to spend the honeymoon, where she was to spend all the rest of her moons, to Nethersole's residence upon Clapham Common; a bilious-looking brick house, built about the time of Adam—not the first of men, but of one of those brothers after whom the Adelphi is named—having arched windows in the parlours, and pilasters running up to a narrowish cornice, with a sort of *papier-maché* medallions in the spaces between the ground and first floors—heads of tigers, lions, and the Cæsars intervening, "satyrs snooks about them:" with a huge fan-light over the front door, to which led a precipitous flight of steps from a gravel sweep round a well-shaven grass-plat, ten-yards in diameter, upon which door was screwed a huge knobbed knocker, and a brass plate fourteen inches per six, whereon was engraven "Nethersole," in letters only equalled in distinctness, and exceeded in dimensions by those which were painted over the handle of a bell at the right hand side of the gate, and which described the residence itself as "ELYSIUM LODGE," under which, in smaller capitals, at the corner, was with equal perspicuity inscribed "Commit no nuisance."

Elysium, indeed! This was to be the sphere of action of the bride when time and circumstances should have softened and soothed her down to domestication with her husband. Here she was to exercise all those qualities which the genial influence of Nethersole was to draw forth and

bring into play in the virtuous vicinity of the Common. Here, perhaps, she was destined to become secretary or treasurer, or at least one of the committee established for the purpose of buying up blacks for home consumption. Here she would, associated with some equally well-qualified neighbour, haunt and worry the parishioners by dunning visits in order to levy funds for the purpose of sending out skates, blankets, and warming-pans, to the wretched negroes; or combined with a canning cobbler or an inspired tailor, endeavour to prevent, at a moderate price, the inhuman omnibus-drivers from forcing their horses down hill to the Elephant and Castle at a greater rate than three miles an hour—excepting always upon the days when Nethersole, to save his nags, or Emily, in order to fulfil some particular engagement, undertook to convey them as rapidly as possible to the city in one of those hearse for the living, which have turned out the best *undertaking* which we remember in the metropolis for a vast many years.

And so came the wedding—no cake—no gloves—no favours; all which Mr. Nethersole called snug and comfortable. Sent the ringers three half-crowns amongst a beautiful ring of twelve, not to make a noise—quiet luncheon at my aunt's—and, as he got tired of that, home to Clapham Common; bride in a dream, and Charley in a basket. And so poor Emily Nethersole began life, without anything, as it seems, to rely upon but the caprice of one of the worst-conditioned animals that ever emulated humanity by walking on his hinder legs.

Over the history of honey-moons, custom has thrown the Brussels lace veil of the bride. So for a month we leave the *happy* couple at Elysium Lodge, merely observing that, at the end of that period, Emily Nethersole's affection for her little "dogge" Charley was not one jot abated; on the contrary, she seemed more than ever to delight in pinching his ears, and giving him sponge cakes and sugar-plumbs, and uncurling his dear little stiff tail which I have already characterized, and which, with a most agreeable pertinacity, always recovered its natural form, however much Emily depressed it by her kindness and affection.

At the end of the month it appeared that the honey—if there had been any—was gone, and nothing but the jars remained. What it was—how the incompatibility of the tempers of the high contracting parties had so soon exhibited itself, it is impossible of course for us to determine; but although Emily behaved with what might be called a forced civility to her husband before company, it was evident, even to them, that her husband was no company for *her* when they were without visitors.

Nethersole seemed to think he had been somewhat precipitate in his matrimonial proceedings, and looked back upon the days when Elysium had been guarded by a housekeeper used to his ways; and Emily, although in the possession of a vast deal more than she ever had a right to expect, appeared to want something which the society of Nethersole could not supply. This, perhaps, was the fault of his education. He had no conversation likely to chime in with her ideas—no ideas whence to draw conversation. He did stocks, and bonds, and shares in the city;

and knew to a fraction what three shillings and ninepence halfpenny would produce in eight months, three weeks, and six days, at three and a half per cent.; but there was nothing of interest in *this* to *her*, whatever of interest it might produce to him, and so they yawned and dawdled till they quarrelled, and then they went to bed, and did not make it up again.

Then the Claphamites used to invite them "out;" and they went. Tea and toast, long whist and tallow moulds, shilling points and half crowns on the rubber; and then a charitable coterie in the corner, into which three or four long-legged clerks from the Bank or Custom-house, with cut velvet waistcoats, and Mosaic gold chains, done out with bunches of curls over their ears, and dicky wristbands, would poke themselves; and then Nethersole would keep peering over his shoulder just to watch how far the Christian feeling might act upon the community, and endeavour to regulate Emily's "good will towards all men," by a memento that he was within ear-shot as well as eye-shot. And then the Claphamites came to Elysium; and then, although Mrs. Nethersole was not permitted to invite the clerks, the considerate mammas who had daughters to get rid of took the liberty of bringing the juvenile scribes; and then, if Nethersole was in a very good humour, and had won a few shillings at whist—at which I believe he cheated upon every favourable occasion—they would venture upon a little dance, one of the Miss Scraggs played upon what she called the piano (having, for obvious reasons, an aversion to the word *forte*.) and then Emily would bounce, and skip, and waltz, if she could, and make the windows rattle and shake "at her whereabouts," while all the other "black emancipators" and "vice suppressors" would join in the *melée*, till Nethersole himself, infected by the gaiety, would come into the drawing-room from his cards and clap his hands and cry "Bravo."

Still all this was a feverish, fitful life, and Emily was, perhaps, as wretched a person as ever was fancied to be happy. She hated her husband;—that is the plain, clear truth. She could not endure him: she behaved properly; and though she certainly did look at the Bank clerks and all the other people of the same sort who came and danced, and flirted, she never entertained a thought or a feeling which she might not have told to everybody, save and except her unmitigated affection for the dear Pug. Pug was her solace—and Pug was her companion; she fed Pug—she played with pug—and Pug played with *her*—and so there was a reciprocity of feeling which I suppose so entirely retained her affections for the poor, little, kind-hearted animal. Kindness, however, will show itself, and "Puggie" got so fat that he could scarcely waddle; and when his mistress was driven into the gay society of the "Common." Pug was always left in charge of her maid, who, by a sort of sympathy not either uncommon or altogether unnatural, had, with the full consent of Mr. Nethersole, married his man, his principal reason for acceding to which arrangement being the increased accommodation which would be offered in a small but smart house by two of the head servants only wanting one bed.

Mr. Nethersole was certainly an unfortunate

man in the midst of what he felt, in a pecuniary point of view, to be his prosperity. He was universally hated. There did not appear in his whole character one redeeming point: he was vain of his wife's person at the moment he despised her mind, and was jealous of her attractions at the moment he was bragging of them to his company. If she was quiet, he called her sulky—if she was gay, he swore she was flirting—if she sang or played her best, she was showing off—if under the circumstance of being where she knew her accomplishments would fall far short of those of her associates she declined doing either, she was ill-natured. If she was serious, she was a bore; and if, as natural spirits will sometimes have way, she rather exceeded in liveliness, she had been drinking too much champagne.

Emily was as great a favourite with her neighbours and dependents as her husband was the reverse, and amongst those who appeared most to commiserate with her misfortunes were Mr. and Mrs. Day, the man and maid of the uncongenial pair. They lived happily and peaceably, and the very circumstance of their connubial comfort served to make them regard compassionately the extremely different state of affairs between their master and mistress. And then Mrs. Day was so fond of Charley; she washed him every morning, and delighted to feel the grateful rub of his cold, black nose against her blushing cheek as she was rubbing him dry; and Charley would cry "Wough, wough, wough," whenever anybody attempted to approach Mrs. Day, and, in short, Charley, next to his mistress, delighted in her handmaiden.

Well, but what happened? A year had scarcely elapsed since Nethersole's purchase of his beautiful wife, when an event occurred for which certainly neither she nor her friends were prepared. He died;—died suddenly, and, sad to say, unlamented; and it was not until after his death that the full extent of his cold-heartedness became perfectly evident—that was to be found in his will.

In that will he bequeathed everything of which he was possessed, of every sort and kind, freehold and leasehold, real and personal, to his nephew, then on the continent, leaving his wife one thousand pounds in order to enable her to maintain the establishment as he left it at Clapham, until the arrival of his nephew, to whose consideration she was bequeathed as to any other provision.

The executors to this liberal will were two of his clerks, to whom he bequeathed fifty pounds each: to the oldest a file of the "Morning Herald" newspaper for the year 1802, and to the younger an imperfect copy of "Elegant Extracts," which had been in the counting-house for two-and-twenty years.

Now, reader, comes the time to be shocked. Mrs. Nethersole certainly went through the forms of ordering weeds and a cap, so contrived as not quite to hide her beautiful hair, but she never affected grief at Mr. Nethersole's death. He had made himself odious in every way in which a man can disgust, whether by acts of commission or omission: scolding on one hand, and never commending on the other: and, as she candidly told her maid Mrs. Day—"Day," said

she, "I should add hypocrisy to my other faults if I affected to take care for his death. I do not; and I cannot make up a face of grief which the heart does not prompt. He was ill-natured, irritable, suspicious, yet careless of me, cross without reason, gay without being amusing, and extremely sententious without being wise; and I do not regret him, and I am not going to sit down here in a darkened room to cry, or seem to cry, and talk of the dear departed excellence. I can't sham, Day,"

"I wouldn't try, Ma'am," said Day. "I am sure ever since you have been married you have lived like a cat and dog."

"Dog!" said Mrs. Nethersole; "no dog ever would have behaved so shabbily as Mr. Nethersole has behaved to me. I'm sure, if pug could speak,—dear little Charley,"—and hereabouts she began uncurling his little tail,—"he would be a much more agreeable companion than Mr. Nethersole."

With this disposition, without regrets or cares, all the widow's affection flew to the "dogge." It can hardly be said he was her consolation, because, as all the neighbours saw, she needed little consoling; but with a careless disregard for the future, she continued and "maintained," as her niggardly husband had expressed it, the "establishment at Clapham" in all its accustomed style, bad or good, as it might be.

Now, in that establishment there were prudential persons, who, having "established" themselves very much to their own satisfaction, were particularly anxious that the mistress of the mansion should, if possible, be enabled to continue altogether the course of living to which they had been so long accustomed. These were Mr. and Mrs. Day, whose interests having been united under the great "unholy" alliance between the master and mistress, felt that their interests would be materially strengthened and benefitted by the maintenance of the house as it was. But it was equally clear and evident to those who knew the will by heart—as servants universally contrive to do—that Mrs. Nethersole, with the paltry sum of one thousand pounds, which, with the greatest economy, of which nobody who knew her best ever suspected her, could not last, at the current rate of going, much more than four months.

Mrs. Day, therefore, under the sanction of her husband, undertook to lecture her mistress upon her conduct—a bold, but not unusual step in such persons. She represented to her that she ought to look forward—that the nephew of her husband might not arrive from the Continent until the pittance was expended, and what then was to happen?

"Besides, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "I am told by Mr. Twig, one of master's executors, that Mr. Lemuel Nethersole is devoted to his late uncle, and will be ready to break his heart when he hears of his death. So now, Ma'am, do—pray do—when he comes, do, if you please, seem to be very, very sorry for master's death."

"Day," said the widow, "I have told you a hundred times I cannot dissemble—I married my husband against my will, in spite of every feeling which woman can be supposed to possess. His conduct was beyond measure horrible: I admitted to you—to whom alone I spoke of him—that

I hated and despised him, and I *cannot* affect grief for his death."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "so you have, and with good reason: he *was* a nasty man, such as no woman of sense could like: but he was your husband, and see how he has left you. This nephew is master of everything—you are entirely dependent on his will and pleasure—and as he is so devoted to his uncle, and his uncle has left you at his mercy, I do hope, Ma'am, that when he comes you will put on—as I call it, Ma'am—a certain quantity of sorrow."

"I am no hypocrite," said Mrs. Nethersole,—"I love this dear little 'dogge,' (who was sitting on her knee) better than I ever loved him, and I make no secret of it. I was sold by my aunt, and she has been rightly served: for I shall fall back to the nothingness whence I came. However I will not dwindle—I will live on as the man desired, and fall at once a victim to his parsimony, his cunning, and his ingratitude."

Mrs. Day clearly perceived that nothing was to be done in the way of soothing the mind of her mistress; so she left her, certainly with a feeling of having, in a slight degree, affected her as to the reception she was to give to the nephew when he came; although still doubting whether she could "act a part" so as to make this devoted nephew fancy that she really cared for the loss of his uncle.

The days wore on—the widow drove out in her carriage—she made her calls, received invitations, accepted them, gave invitations in return, and had little select parties; so that before Nethersole had been safely deposited under a great square slab in St. Mary Overy's Churchyard six weeks, Clapham Common never would have known he had lived.

All the neighbours thought Mrs. Nethersole a charming person. The Balam Lobster-Cruelty-Preventive Society elected her Presidentess; the Anti-Flea-Catching Club made her alternately weekly Chairwoman; and the Emancipating-Black-Revivors, who met at the Windmill Inn on Wednesdays and Fridays, put her on their special committee; all because they believed that she was left remarkably well off, and because they were quite sure, from her affectionate conduct to her "dogge," that she must be a friend to the abolition of slavery all over the world.

And out she came in her weeds, with two such Madonna-like braids under her cap—and such a pretty squeeze-in and let-out of figure, and away she went Philanthropising till nine in one place, playing three-card loo till twelve in another, making up little parties here and giving little parties there, till all Clapham Common rang with her praises, and she was called by general consent the "Charming Widow."

This was all very well for the lady; but Day and his wife looked to other things. Day was a prudent plodding fellow, and he felt convinced that some change must be worked in her manner or that the whole affair would tumble into dust.

"Why," said Day to his wife, "that you know is nonsense; you don't suppose I lived with old Hunks"—so he called his late departed master—"without knowing his freaks and fancies. He married to please himself; he has left 'Missus' one thousand pounds, which, if I don't much

miscalculate, ~~must~~ be pretty well worn down. I did look at the cheque-book she left upon the table the day before yesterday, but the beast of a dog kept barking so, I could not get at the rights of it; and whenever Charley barks 'Missus' is sure to come in, to see what's the matter. But we must look out, if that nephew Lemuel, as they call him, comes here and sees how things are going on, I'm blest if we shall have a house over our heads: and although I have lived with the old man seven years, and clipped, and pared, and took per centage and discount wherever I could, I haven't got enough out of the family yet to better ourselves and set up in business. So now do, Kitty, do tell her she must seem broken hearted for the loss of the old man when the young one comes."

And so Kitty did: and Mrs. Nethersole uniformly gave her the same answer, that she was no hypocrite, and could not act.

"But let me beg you again to recollect," said the disinterested soubrette, "that as your future prospects depend upon the impression you make upon Mr. Lemuel—"

"Impressions!" replied the widow, "what sort of impression do you mean!—merely that I am dying of grief for the loss of a man whom I don't in the least regret?"

"I should not be surprised, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "if Mr. Lemuel were to appear in a new character here before many months are over. If once he were captivated by a show of grief for his relation—"

"Why," said Mrs. Nethersole, "Mr. Lemuel is by no means a disagreeable person, and I remember thinking—I suppose I ought not to have thought any such thing—on our wedding-day, that it would be an infinitely more agreeable ceremony to me if he were the bridegroom instead of his uncle."

"And I know," said Mrs. Day, "what his man said to my husband upon that very occasion, which went very much to show what Mr. Lemuel's thoughts were at the same time."

"Never mind that," said Mrs. Nethersole; "that's past: when the gentleman comes, I will see him and behave as well as I can without acting. I am quite sure, if I were to try the depths of lamentation, I should break off in the middle of my mourning into a violent fit of laughter; so let me do as I feel best, and if I am to be left penniless in consequence, I cannot help it."

And so, with a careless toss of her giddy head, the blooming widow betook herself to her boudoir, to play with Charley and feed him with some Naples biscuits which had just arrived from London for his luncheon.

The report of this conversation made by Mrs. Day to her husband was anything but satisfactory: he saw with dread the "break up" which would naturally follow the withdrawal of Mr. Lemuel's protection and support. He heard with dismay the determination of their mistress; but by a wonderful flight of that genius for which, in his particular line, he was celebrated, he in an instant hit upon an expedient to produce all the effect he desired. It was necessary to confide his project to his better half; and he was on the point of doing so, when to their utter surprise who should walk in through the side door of the



house from the stable-yard where he had deposited his horse, but Mr. Lemuel Nethersole himself.

The moment the male Day saw him he vanished—the crisis had arrived—the whole firm was either to be preserved or annihilated in the next ten minutes. Away went the plotter, leaving his wife to hold the new arrival in conversation while he should apprise his mistress of his arrival, and, if possible, produce the results he so ardently desired.

Lemuel, it appears, had adopted the plan of entering the house unknown to its fair mistress, in order to learn from her confidential maid what the real state of her mind and feelings was: because Lemuel, who, as we know, had been present at the wedding, and had visited the new couple more than once, often entertained strong suspicions that the gentle married Emily would not be quite so much affected by his uncle's death as he was.

Lucky for all parties, Mrs. Day was a remarkably sharp, worldly person, and what in the best society would be called "up to every thing." The moment she heard the gentle step, and saw the subdued manner of the mourning hero, she was prepared for his questions.

"Well, Mrs. Day," said Lemuel, "how is my young aunt?"

"In health, tolerable, Sir," sighed Mrs. Day, "but in spirits, miserable. She does nothing but sit and cry her eyes out, about the dear angel, as she calls him, that is now in heaven."

"Does she indeed?" said Lemuel. "What sweet sensibility!—I hardly expected it of her."

"Oh, Sir," continued the voracious Day, "the way in which she nursed him during his last illness—it was something quite wonderful."

"Heaven will reward her care," sighed Lemuel. "She does honour to our name."

"Ah, Sir," continued the eloquent minister, "she would make an excellent wife for any man—I say nothing: but if I were Mr. Lemuel Nethersole, she never should change that name."

"She certainly is very handsome," said Lemuel.

"And such a temper!" said Mrs. Day.

"Kind-hearted, I am sure," sighed Lemuel.

"Tender to a degree," cried Mrs. Day.

"Has she got that nasty little dog still," said Lemuel.

"Yes, Sir," said Day; "and since your poor uncle's death it has been her chief consolation. He was very fond of it."

"Indeed!" said Lemuel. "When I was here last I thought he disliked it, and even disliked the attention Emily paid to it."

"He grew used to it at last," said Mrs. Day. "One does not always take to pugs in a minute; but I think the society of one to whom she should attach herself—for, as you know, Sir, she has no relations of her own—would very soon divert her from that partiality."

"I suppose she will see me," said Lemuel, who really appeared caught by Mrs. Day's distant hints and innuendoes, and perhaps felt, with the disposition to put the widow at her ease, a sort of wish to share his competence with her, the canonical law not interdicting a marriage in the degree to which they stood towards each other.

"To be sure she will, Sir," said Mrs. Day. "If you will walk into the library, I will just step and prepare her for the interview."

"Do so," said Lemuel, "and I will wait your summons patiently. Beg her to calm her agitation. It is natural she should feel much in our interview; but the sight of a woman suffering distress is so painful, that it entirely upsets me. Urge her to recollect what is past is irrevocable; and that, conscious as she must be of having performed every duty towards my poor uncle, she has nothing to reproach herself with, and that in me she is secure of an attached and sympathizing friend."

And so, after blowing his nose sonorously, out stalked Mr. Lemuel Nethersole, up the lower staircase, and into the library, the door of which the attentive Mrs. Day closed after him, lest his ears should be assailed by sounds less lugubrious than he might expect.

Away ran Day to her mistress. "Madam," cried she, "he is come!"

"Hush! hush!" said Mrs. Nethersole; "don't speak so loud; Charley is asleep in the next room—you'll wake him."

"Oh, Ma'am," said Mrs. Day, "how can you care about your dog, when I tell you Mr. Lemuel is below stairs waiting to see you?"

"I don't want to see him, then," said the widow; "you hate my dog, Mrs. Day, and I tell you once for all—"

"Now, Ma'am," interrupted the maid—

"Now, Day," retorted the mistress, "you know that I have no consolation, no amusement, but what Charley affords me. I cannot go into public places, or to balls, or to Vauxhall, or play-houses, in these odious weeds."

"But, Ma'am," said Day, "you must see Mr. Lemuel. I have given you the best of characters, and everything depends upon his visit."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Nethersole, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, "tell him my grief is so terrible that I can see nobody."

"Do consider, Ma'am," said Day, "how much depends upon this coming interview. I have an idea. Ensure his care and protection—receive him with due and proper grief for his uncle—he is half won already; if he should hit upon such a project, and hereafter make a proposal, why not marry him?"

"What an idea!" said the widow. "And I am to secure his good opinion by weeping?"

"I verily believe so," said Day; "he merely wishes to be certain of your tenderness of feeling—your beauty and accomplishments have already had their effect—to fix him as your professed champion and admirer."

"As far as hiding my face in my handkerchief goes," said the widow, "I can act, but my words never can belie my sentiments."

"I will trust to your prudence and good sense not to outrage Mr. Lemuel's feelings," said Day; and by permission of her mistress she proceeded to the library to fetch in the visitor.

The moment she had quitted the apartment, a sudden noise and scuffling alarmed the ears of the widow. She flew to her boudoir; Charley, the pug, the pet, was gone—she had left him just before sleeping in his well-lined basket—it was vacant; the next minute presented to her eye the man Day looking like a ghost.

"What's the matter, Day?—where's my dog?"

"Oh, Ma'am!" said Day: "poor Charley—poor Charley—killed, Ma'am, killed and stolen!"

"My dog killed!" exclaimed the widow.

"I fear so," said Day.

"Then I never shall be happy again!" exclaimed the lady, throwing herself upon a sofa, hiding her face in her hands, and sobbing immoderately.

"Oh, Ma'am," said Day, "you can get another dog."

"Another! no, no, no!" said Mrs. Nethersole, "no other dog will ever love me as Charley did. How did it happen, tell me this moment."

"Why, Ma'am," said Day, "the dear little thing ran down stairs, and came up to me, wagging his tail, just as much as to say, Please, Mr. Day, I want to take a little walk to the garden."

"Dear, intelligent creature," sobbed Mrs. Nethersole.

"So, Ma'am," said Mr. Day, "what does I do but I opens the door, when, lo and behold, the garden gate was open too, out runs Charley; a great mastiff, belonging to Bigg the butcher was coming by, flew at Charley, broke both his legs at one blow, and I caught a thump on the head from the stick of the butcher's boy, which knocked me down: and in the mean time a fellow, whom I have seen lurking amongst the linen hanging on the lines on the Common whips up Charley and carries him clean off under his arm."

"Then," exclaimed Mrs. Nethersole, "I have lost everything I held dear in the world." A new flood of tears came to her relief, and she again wept audibly.

At this moment arrived Mrs. Day and Mr. Lemuel Nethersole. She was wholly unprepared for the scene, and vastly admired the skill with which her mistress after all her declaration of sincerity, was acting her part.

"Madam," said Mrs. Day, "here is Mr. Lemuel."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Nethersole, "I cannot see him or anybody else."

"Pray," said Lemuel, in a softened voice, "permit me to say a few words to you."

"Oh!" said the widow, "I cannot bear to look at you, or hear your voice, after the misfortune which has fallen upon me."

"Assure yourself," said Lemuel, "I fully sympathize in your sorrow."

"He was the only object of my affection," said Lemuel.

"I have sustained an equal loss myself," said Emily.

"Impossible," said the widow, "nobody can feel as I do. Oh, Sir, if you had known all his ways and tricks—his sensibility—his senses."

"I appreciate them all," said Lemuel, fully convinced that the widow's lamentations were all for the loss of her departed spouse.

"Oh," continued the lady, "if you had seen him stand up in the corner and beg, and then dance about the room and catch the bits of Naples biscuits in his mouth. Oh, Sir!"

"I confess," said Lemuel, "I never witnessed any of those little endearing tricks."

"Oh, Charley, Charley!" sobbed the lady.

"I am glad to hear the recollection of him

couched in such affectionate terms," said Lemuel half aside.

"Oh, to see him toddling along the garden-walk with his dear tail wagging," said the lady.

"Yes," said Lemuel, "he persisted to the last in continuing that fashion."

"Just as I had got him a little blue jacket and scarlet trowsers to dance in," said the widow. "Oh, how he loved me!"

"That I am sure of," said Lemuel.

"How he would fly and bite anybody who came near me," said the widow.

"Aye, poor fellow. He was jealous of any attentions paid you," said Lemuel.

"He need not have been jealous," said the widow. "He never was happy but with me. He was my friend and protector; the least noise in my room awakened him. Oh! I have encountered an irreparable loss."

"Perhaps not," said Lemuel, evidently overcome. "There may be a person who will repair it."

"What, Sir!" said the lady, "and give me another? No, no—none—none will be like Charley!" And again she fell into a sort of hysteric convulsion.

"I will not trespass a moment longer now," said Lemuel: "I have seen enough to satisfy myself of the depth and extent of your affection for him who is now lost—enough to ensure my esteem and regard. The sight of such sorrow breaks my heart: I will leave you. Assure yourself, if that can be any consolation, that a sufficient income will be placed at your disposal to maintain your present establishment: that point I will settle before I sleep to-night; and in a day or two will return, in hopes to find you more composed, and better able to hear my views and plans for the future."

"A thousand thanks," sobbed Mrs. Nethersole, who extended her hand to Lemuel, which he kissed. "I ought to apologise for my weakness; but you knew him, and can appreciate my feelings. In a day or two I shall perhaps be better—"

"Not a word more," said Lemuel—"Adieu." Saying which, led by Mrs. Day, who was delighted at what she had seen, without clearly comprehending it, and equally charmed to get the young gentleman away before either her mistress's acting flagged, or the *dénouement*, whatever it might be, arrived, he took his departure; and descending the stairs, not only repeated his intention of securing the widow's happiness, but his unqualified admiration of her sensibility and tenderness.

As soon as Mrs. Day saw Mr. Lemuel cantering over the Common, she ran to her husband, from whom she learned the secret history of her lady's sorrow. When she reached the boudoir she found her still suffused with tears.

"Oh, Day!" said Mrs. Nethersole "what a loss!"

"What a gain, Ma'am!" said Day. "Every bit of your griefs, and every drop of your tears, are carried by Mr. Lemuel to the account of your affection for his uncle; so that, in point of fact, you are indebted for independence, and if you please, eventually an agreeable husband, to your favorite dog."

"This is but natural," said the lady; "I be-

lieve Charley was my good genius; but let me never speak of him again—wounded and lost for ever!”

At which words the male Day walked into the room with a grin on his countenance, and Charley in his arms.

“Neither lost nor wounded,” exclaimed he; “here he is, Ma’am, safe and sound—his nose as cold and as black, and his tail as curly as ever. I wanted to excite a decent sorrow during Mr. Lemuel’s visit, and I flatter myself I have succeeded.”

Down he put Charley, and the tear-swollen eyes of the widow were blest with the sight of the dear little creature, waggling and wriggling, and woofing, and snapping about as well as ever.

“Then I am happy indeed,” said the widow.

“You ought to be so, Ma’am,” said the female Day; “for this stratagem has decided your fate and fortune.”

“Then now I may laugh as much as I please,” said the widow. “One thing only grieves me; I am afraid after this *équivoque*, if I mean to take advantage of your ingenuity, I must give my dog some other name.”

The servants, to whom these results were owing, could not choose, but wonder at their own success and the silliness of their mistress, whose happiness was secured by their adaption of her weakness to existing circumstances. Mrs. Nethersole is now, as I have been told, the wife of the estimable Lemuel, and mother of two fine children—the *cidevant* Charley having descended to the care of the lady’s maid: thus forcibly illustrating the proverb that “EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.”

## THEN REMEMBER ME.

BY H. MUNROE.

If ever o’er thy youthful mind,  
The memory of the past  
Should stray, gilding with thoughts so kind,  
The bliss that ne’er could last;—  
If in those sweet hours of gladness,  
When thy young heart is free,  
One thought should ever give thee sadness,  
Oh! then remember me!

If thou should’st join in Pleasure’s train,  
Where all seem light and gay,  
Oh! never may’st thou know the pain  
Of that delusive ray!  
But if amid that giddy throng  
A blighted heart there be,  
That *feelingly*, did love, and long,  
Oh! then remember me!

If other lips should breathe my name  
Carelessly in thine ear;  
Oh! could’st thou hear another blame,  
That one who was so dear!  
Each *thought*—each *look*—each *word unkind*,  
Which thou had’st cast on me,  
Would rise uncalled for in thy mind,  
And then, remember me!

## EDWARD LONSDALE.

### CHAPTER I.

Life, however undiversified by surprising accidents or adventures, has always some few islands scattered here and there amidst the “waveless sea” for memory to rest her foot upon. Of these perhaps the first day of leaving home is most prominent. With me the change was so sudden from the sombre walls of the old mansion (where, without friend or companion of my own years, I had grown up from childhood) to the joyous world of hope and happiness, that, for a time, I felt like the captive, whose eyes have become so habituated to his dungeon, that they cannot endure the sun. A vast house, to which a visitor never entered,—a large establishment, with nobody to occupy their attentions but my father and myself,—the gloomy regularity of the household,—and the total want of companionship, had repressed in me all the buoyant feelings of youth. My father was not unkind; he was only cold. We talked together, but without the endearing confidence which ought to exist between a father and his son. We read together; and, in short, for all that I knew, when, at the age of twenty, I said adieu to Ethersby, I was indebted to him. The world of books, I soon found, was a very different thing from the world of men—and women. Our parting was in the library.

“You are going into the world, Edward,” said my father. “See that you come out from its trials and temptations unscathed. You will write to me regularly, without waiting for an answer. Should I die, you will be apprised of it by my attorney; should I live, I shall see you here again in four years. And now farewell.”

He held out his hand to me as he said this. It was the first time we had ever been about to part. I felt that my eyes were filling with tears. He drew me closer, and preest me for a moment to his breast, and then pointing to the door, threw himself into his chair. When I looked back as I left the room, I saw that he had covered his face with his hands.

A month after this found me in London, wondering at every thing I saw and heard. The very fogs and smoke were delicious. I began to doubt whether there existed in reality such a place as Ethersby, or whether its grey towers and oak-paneled apartments were not the creation of a hideous dream. The only letters with which I had started from home were addressed to two friends of my father—the one to Sir Wilfred Seymour, whose winter residence was in St. James’s Square, and the other to the Father Caroglio, Rome. After I had spent a day or two in town, I bethought me of presenting my introduction. I was ushered into the library. Sir Wilfred started as he received my letter—looked hurriedly over it.

“So my old friend Lonsdale is yet alive?” he said.

“My father was well when I left him a week ago.”

“Your name is Edward—his only son?”

“Yes.”

"Let me look at you more closely. The eye deep brown, the forehead white and high—the lip, the nose, the smile—Edward, this must be your home while you remain in England. You bring back my youth. How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"This home will be but dull for one so young; but though I rarely see company, I have still some friends who will cheer our solitude. Come, let me show you your apartments."

I followed him to a suite of rooms magnificently furnished. He appointed me my own attendants, put me in full possession, and again shaking hands with me, left me to myself till dinner.

Sir Wilfred was a man of from forty-five to fifty years of age—still pre-eminently handsome, with that indescribable air and manner which are a truer stamp of nobility than the breath of kings. His appearance might have been considered haughty and commanding, had it not been tempered with the most pleasing smile and softest voice I had ever seen or listened to. When silent, his features assumed the expression of deep and even anxious thought. He was one of that class of men with whom it is difficult to begin a conversation, but who had the art of leading the way so easily, that you scarcely perceived that no subject was even mentioned unless he himself introduced it. The first day we dined together, we were alone. His conversation opened to me a new page in the volume of life. He was not perhaps so full of information as my father; but all he told me was conveyed in a manner so easy and flowing, so interspersed with anecdotes of the great then living, whose very names were unknown to me, that I listened with a delight I never experienced before. He never alluded to his intimacy with my father, or gave me the slightest hint what circumstances in their early friendship had induced him to treat me in the manner he had done. I had never heard him mentioned till the letter addressed to him had been put into my hands; and I felt a little delicacy in accepting such extraordinary attentions from a person from whom I was not aware of any *right* I had to receive them. But I found it impossible to summon courage to introduce the subject. His language was so kind, and his apparent interest in my future proceedings so great, that I rested content with the supposition that he felt himself called upon, for reasons of his own, to pursue the course he had adopted; and I recollected, too, that my father, on giving me the letter, had told me to be guided in all things by Sir Wilfred Seymour's advice.

Time passed on. In a fortnight from my settlement in St. James's Square, I was a gay young man about town, belonged to several clubs, and criticised the opera with the air of a connoisseur. Our parties at home were numerous and splendid. Our table was filled with the great names, both of rank and literature. There were wits, and poets, and philosophers, but no ladies. Sir Wilfred was a bachelor, and his friends appeared to be equally unblest. The men with whom I associated seemed even to have no sisters. The world was a waste—the garden was a wild: they were both unbrightened with the smiles of women; but the world was a very happy world without them. I used sometimes to conjecture what sort of additions they

would be to our society. They were never even mentioned at our table; or if alluded to at all, it was in an epigram or a sneer. There was a metaphysician, who often dined with us—Mr. M'Selphish, who was particularly eloquent in their dispraise. He used to contrast "women as they are with what they ought to be;" and prove, in a most logical and convincing manner, that they were every thing that was bad and hateful. I thought that a man who used such prodigious words, and spoke with such authority, must be correct in his opinions. Sir Wilfred smiled when I expressed my sentiments, and told me he was an ass. It is wonderful how the inexperienced are misled by the loudness of a bray.

I wrote an account of my mode of living to Ellersby. I described Sir Wilfred Seymour, and told how affectionately he had received me. My father's silence led me of course to conclude that he approved of all that had occurred, and I entered with double zest into my new course of life. Among my companions there was one of the name of Maxwell, with whom I formed a greater intimacy than with the others. He was more nearly of my own age, being still a year or two under thirty. Our sentiments seemed almost in all things to accord. He was an enthusiast, and so was I; and a sort of false shame kept me from confessing the extraordinary nature of my education. I never ventured to hint to him in what an anchorite ignorance of the other sex I had been brought up; nor to express how anxious I was to be introduced to female society. He was eloquent in his confession of the superiority I possessed, by having my feelings unblunted, as he called it, by early intercourse with the world; but he never hinted that he was acquainted with the very unusual extent of my superiority. He appeared to know that I had led a very secluded life, but nothing more. Many people think they live secluded lives who visit with half a county. With them every place is a desert, and every house a hermitage that is distant ten miles from Almack's.

One morning, on going into Maxwell's apartments, I saw a lady closely veiled seated upon his sofa. I started on seeing her; and I knew, from the burning of my cheeks, that I was discovering my unacquaintance with the world by a blush. Maxwell rose hurriedly to receive me.

"Lonsdale," he said, "I am happy to present you to my sister. Julia, you have heard me mention Mr. Lonsdale."

The lady bowed graciously; and after a short time, lifting up her veil, revealed to me a face sparkling with intelligence, and eyes so piercing in their expression, that I fairly quailed before them. When she saw me look down abashed by the perseverance of her gaze, she laughed merrily as if in triumph for her victory, and engaged me in conversation. All this while I could not help feeling that the looks of Maxwell were fixed attentively on all my motions. I therefore exerted myself to conceal my embarrassment, and I flattered myself I succeeded. After this meeting, I felt myself impelled to visit Maxwell even oftener than before, and rarely had the misfortune to miss the society of his sister. Her gaiety and freedom amused me, and the kindness of her manners enchanted me. With every meeting her influence grew, till in a very short

period from our first introduction, I felt that she had my destiny in her hands. I often endeavoured to talk to Maxwell about his sister, but he either answered so carelessly as to provoke me, or adroitly turned the conversation to something else.

One day Sir Wilfred and I were in the park. An open carriage was approaching, with coronetted panels, and a lady and a gentleman were seated within. I saw in a moment that the lady was Julia Maxwell. As we passed each other, I could not resist the impulse, but kissed my hand to her with the devotion of a true cavalier. To my amazement, she looked at me with a cold and haughty expression, as if she had never seen me.

"Edward!" said Sir Wilfred, "who is that lady?"

I told him she was the sister of my friend Maxwell; and was on the point of confessing to him how madly I was in love, but her extraordinary conduct, as well as a gloom on Sir Wilfred's brow, restrained me.

"Miss Maxwell?—my poor boy, I was wrong to send you into the world of London without a guide. But as the fault was mine, I will remedy it in time to prevent its consequences. Where was it you became acquainted with her?"

"At Maxwell's chambers."

He sank into deep silence, which lasted for a long time; at last he said—"I will settle this for you. Maxwell has no sister."

"What!" I cried—but suddenly checking myself, leant back in the carriage and considered what I should do. Nothing more was said. We dined together as usual—and in the evening, on pretence of the Opera or the Theatre, I sallied forth to the apartments of my friend. He was from home when I arrived, but our intimacy licensed me to enter. When I had waited about an hour, during which I recalled every incident of my acquaintance with the lady, the door was suddenly opened, and Maxwell, with two or three of our usual associates, came into the room amidst a burst of laughter. He started as he saw me standing directly in front of him, calm and fixed. The laughter ceased, and our companions looked on as if expecting something unusual.

"Maxwell," I said, "who is the lady I have met in your rooms?"

"Havn't I told you."

"Is she your sister?"

"Havn't you heard her call me brother?"

"That is no answer to my question—and we do not part till you have answered it to my satisfaction."

"Really, Master Lonsdale, you are somewhat too inquisitive: when you have associated a little longer with men, you will scarcely be so boyish as to pry into family secrets."

"You are welcome," I said—biting my lip till the blood nearly came—"to your taunts upon my youth, but you shall satisfy me nevertheless, on the subject of my inquiry. Is Miss Julia Maxwell your sister?"

"I refuse to answer."

"Then you are a villain—a dastardly designing villain."

"Good. The boy has spirit. Melford, will you settle this little point for me. Let it be as soon as may be."

Mr. Melford accordingly stepped forward, and,

addressing me in the politest way possible begged me to refer him to some friend. I appeared nonplussed at this: as indeed I scarcely knew any one to whom I considered I had any right to look for assistance. Mr. M'Selphish, the metaphysician, however, came to my aid.

"Mr. Lonsdale," he said, "philosophically considered, duelling may be said to be the action of unreflecting, and indeed, of unintelligent creatures; but as by the inductive process of reasoning we arrive at the conclusion, that none of the lower animals decide their differences of opinion by the means of the pistol or sword, it follows that duelling, properly viewed, is one of the privileges of humanity, and therefore is to be cultivated like the other endowments by which Providence has seen fit to discriminate us from the brutes. I therefore willingly accept the part of your assistant on this occasion, and will settle every thing, I hope, to your entire satisfaction. If you will wait at the Clarendon, I will bring you all the particulars."

I retired and left them to their consultations.

That Maxwell, mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, should deceive me—that he should try to inveigle me into the toils of a person whom he had evidently presented to me in an assumed character; and that I should have been dupe enough never to have suspected the deceit, was a bitter subject to reflect upon. I do not know why it is, but I take the truth to be, that people, however much they hate and reprobate the deceiver, have a still lower opinion of the person who is deceived. I could not help feeling that Maxwell, though guilty of conduct which proved that he was base and unprincipled, had triumphed over one whose conduct was only the result of inexperience. And yet if any one had his choice between the two, who would not prefer the accusation of simplicity to that of dishonour?

Mr. M'Selphish joined me very soon.

"You shall meet him to-morrow," he said, "at daybreak. On analyzing the principles which have guided your conduct, I think you are right."

"Then she is not his sister?"

"Oh no. I thought every body knew who Maxwell's Julia was. And as he wanted to get quit of her, an examination into his conduct will prove him to be right."

"How, sir! How can we both be right?"

"Very easily. Philosophy is divided into two branches—the moral, or that by which we regulate our opinion of the actions of other people—the intellectual, or that according to which we judge our own. Now, you will perceive that according to the philosophy of *morals*, we hold his conduct to be infamous; and it is so. But by the rules of the intellectual, he holds himself to be perfectly correct, and he is so."

"What! in trying to make his friend marry his mistress?"

"Oh! certainly; even by the moral philosophy we are told to reclaim the erring; what so likely to have this effect as a comfortable marriage?"

"He may think so," I cried in a prodigious passion; "but"—

"Ah, that's the intellectual," interrupted the philosopher.

"By Heavens! I consider his behaviour the most atrocious I ever heard of."

"Right—that's the moral, or *our* view of the

subject. Does Sir Wilfred know the circumstances?"

"No."

"Good; he might perhaps, think your behaviour wrong."

"How! in resenting an insult such as that?"

"His moral, you will observe, may be perhaps blunted by his intellectual."

"You know, of course, that Sir Wilfred"—

"What?"

"Has a sister."

"He has none, sir; at least I have never heard of such a relation."

"Oh!—still, philosophically considered, the non-hearing of a thing of that sort is almost a conclusive argument in its favour."

"Mr. M'Selphish, you have been excessively kind to me this evening, but I beg you to understand that I do not at all perceive what is your meaning."

"Very likely—you have not studied philosophy. Will you have the truth? Sir Wilfred has just *such* a sister as Maxwell, and we have also heard that his intention as to disposing of her is the same."

"The man that has the audacity to hint at such a thing, lies—if 'twere my brother I would make him eat his words."

"I am not your brother; therefore, logically, your threat can have no reference to me. But it is true; and more, she resides in his house."

I sat still in silence, hesitating whether to hear more or to knock down the slanderer before he had time to utter another syllable. He went on—

"But patience. Time, the innovator, is also the revealer. If before a month from this time you are not convinced of the truth of what I say, I will give you such satisfaction as you shall demand."

"That Sir Wilfred has a *sister*?"

He nodded.

"And that he designs her as a wife for me?"

"Just so. I take my station upon both the horns; but, in the mean time, let us settle this affair with Maxwell."

We separated shortly after. I proceeded straight home to St. James's Square, and lay awake all night, tormented with the remembrance of the air of certainty with which M'Selphish spoke of the designs of Sir Wilfred. "Should this be so," I thought,—“should Sir Wilfred, who has been so kind, so parental, be indeed villain enough to meditate such a thing, then let this short visit to the world be my last. Welcome again the gloomy loneliness of Ellersby; nay, welcome the bullet of my antagonist, so that it frees me from the contemplation of so much wickedness and deceit."

The next morning we met as our seconds had appointed. I was wounded rather severely in the shoulder, and fainted from loss of blood. When I came to myself, I was in my own room at Sir Wilfred's, and heard a consultation going on between M'Selphish and the surgeon, who was arranging his instruments to extract the ball.

"You will perceive, sir," said M'Selphish, "that nature has implanted no feeling in the human mind with the intention of leaving it unemployed. The most powerful of these is that by which we are led to secure our own safety. Now, tell me sincerely whether there is any risk in awaiting the chances of this young gentleman's recovery!"

"Risk sir," said the surgeon—"do you mean to ask if he is in danger?"

"It amounts to that—but by the manner in which you have enunciated the proposition you make *him* the principal party interested in your reply. Now, that is manifestly wrong. If he had asked the question it might naturally enough have been supposed that your response should have been directed primarily to the state of his bodily health;—but as I was the person who made the interrogation, you will see that my situation was the first object of my consideration. His recovery is, of course, a primary matter to him;—but with me it is secondary—the first and nearest matter to me being simply this,—am I called on, according to the philosophical doctrines of self preservation, to elope with his recovery is a matter of absolute certainty—or is it an absolute certainty already?"

The surgeon, who had been occupied with his preparations during this harangue, now approached me to apply his instruments; I drew back, and said, as firmly as I could, "Let Sir Wilfred Seymour be called. Mr. M'Selphish, let me not detain you. Thank you, and farewell."

"Softly; I have made enquiry of my surgical friend here, which is of momentous interest to me—but, indeed, the safest plan will be to accept Maxwell's invitation to accompany him and Melford for a six weeks cruise in his yacht; by that time your fate will be decided one way or other, and we can regulate our proceedings accordingly. We shall get off, I hope very easily; as I can testify that every thing was done in the most fair and honourable manner. If you live, you will remember that a month will satisfy your doubts." As he said this he left the room, and I was heartily glad to be quit of such an incarnation of selfishness and prose.

The operation was performed; the bandages applied, and the wound declared not dangerous before Sir Wilfred appeared. When I opened my eyes, after a deep sleep, which I owed to the opiate I had taken, he was sitting by the side of my bed.

"You have commenced your career well," he said, with a melancholy smile.

"A duel about a lady before you have been six weeks in town gives the best augury of your future fame."

"It was wrong; I know it was wrong," I replied; "but I had been deceived—and insulted—and—"

"And now you are wounded. Of course you are deceived no longer!"

"At any rate," I said, fixing my eye upon him to watch if my words had any effect, "I shall not be so easily deceived in future. It is enough to be once taken in by an adventure, in the disguise of the sister of a friend."

"You are right," he said, without changing a muscle of his countenance; "if this duel shall have taught you experience, the wound will not be too high a price for the lesson."

His manner was so kind—his attentions so unremitting, and his sentiments so pure and dignified, that I felt my indignation rise higher and higher every hour against the wretch who had dared to slander him with his suspicions.

In about a week I was allowed to spend some hours of every day on the sofa in my own apart-

ment; still very weak, and owing almost all the sleep I obtained to opiates. On seeing me so far recovered, Sir Wilfred had told me that he was under the necessity of being absent for some time on business, which he had delayed on account of my accident. But, with books, which I was now able to read, and my own reflection, the time did not hang very heavy on my hands.

One day, when I had sunk into the dreamy kind of slumber which opium sometimes produces, I thought I perceived my door to open, and the figure of a young girl, dressed in a style I had never seen before, glide with a noiseless footstep through the room. I was in such a half-awake, half-conscious state, from the languor of recent illness, and the narcotic drug, that I did not know whether the apparition was real, or the creation of my sleep. Whichever it was, I watched the intruder. A long hood, projecting a great way in front of the face, rendered the features invisible unless when you caught a full front view, and then they were so darkened by the drapery as not to be very distinct. Her figure was light and graceful, and the elegance of her motions could not be hid even by the long white robe, which was tied in at the waist by a twisted silk cord, and left to flow loosely down to the feet. Round her neck was a rosary. She walked towards a bookstand, at the farther end of the room, without noticing me, and after a short and ineffectual search for the volume she wanted, was about to retire in the same vision like way she had entered. But I placed myself between her and the door. She started visibly when she perceived me; but uttered no sound; only pulling the hood more completely over her features than before. She stood before me with her head bowed low and her hands meekly folded across her chest. And now that I had debarred her exit, I did not know how to begin a conversation. At last I said, "You were searching for a book, madam. Will you let me help you to discover it?"

"It is useless, monsieur," she said, in a very sweet and somewhat foreign accent. "I believe the books I wanted are removed. Let me retire, I pray you; my absence will be noticed."

"And whither would you retire? And who would notice your absence?"

"Let me go—let me go.—I shall be chidden for my delay."

"Nay, first satisfy my curiosity," I replied, "and I promise you a free passage. Do you live in this house?"

"I do."

"And who will chide you if you stay a moment longer?"

"I have no right to answer that."

"Then, by Heavens," I said, "I will make the discovery myself."

"It will be better for us all if you do not make the attempt. Sir Wilfred will not forgive it."

"Sir Wilfred!" I said, my conversation with M'Selphish rushing into my mind. "I have a problem to solve, and this hour shall see me satisfied. Where you go I follow." She seemed to see that farther speech was useless, so bending her head more lowly than before, she glided past me, and I followed through several passages, then up some steps, through a long corridor, at the end of which she gently opened a heavy

oaken door. On getting within the door I found myself in a dark passage, which twisted first to one hand and then to another; and at the last turning, a velvet curtain, tucked up at one end, admitted me into an apartment, to which the light was introduced through a very lofty window of stained glass of the darkest colours. The room was so sombre, that for some time I could see the furniture very indistinctly. At last, when my eye got accustomed to the gloom I perceived my guide standing reverently, with her arms still folded over her breast, at the side of another figure, which was kneeling before a table covered with red velvet, at the farther end of the room. Both were silent; and the head of the kneeling figure was bent over the table, and her hands spread out and clasped together, as we see in the pictures of humility and supplication.

She rose, at last, to her feet, and I felt awe struck and embarrassed by the sight of such a commanding figure, and a consciousness of the awkwardness of my situation. Her dress was the same as that of my visitor, only the tallness of the figure gave it a still finer effect.

"Eulalie," she said, without turning round, "the volume—hast thou brought it to me?"

"Alas, madam, it is nowhere. Sir Wilfred has removed the furniture from the apartment; and a stranger"—she hesitated.

"In *this* house!—a stranger? how dare Sir Wilfred Seymour admit a stranger without giving me notice of his intention?"

"Sir Wilfred, madam, is from home. He had been absent a week when we arrived."

"And the stranger, who is he?"

"Madam, I know not who he is. He is here."

"Here!" cried the lady, in an impassioned voice—and, turning round, she moved two or three steps towards the place where I stood. Then suddenly stopping short, and throwing the hood, which concealed her features, back upon her shoulders, with her eyes earnestly fixed upon my face, and her whole figure stiff and rigid, as if she had suddenly been hardened into stone. Her features, even though they were at this moment moulded into the expression of fear and almost of horror, were exquisitely feminine. Her lips partly opened, her head slightly protruded, and her arms held out before her, together with the fixed and glassy expression of her eyes, gave me the impression of a sybil about to give forth her oracles. "Thou hast come to me, then, at last," she said, "to upbraid me with the miseries I have caused thee. Know'st thou not how fearfully they have been revenged? Hear me—hear me, Edward, before thy curse is spoken. I have wept; I have mourned; I have repented. It is all in vain! In vain that I have wasted my years in sorrow; forsaken the world—forgotten my ambition! Speak! say, at least, that thou forgivest me." She clasped her hands together as she said this, and gazed on me so piteously, compassion no less than astonishment, kept me silent.

"Edward Lonsdale!" she resumed, "is thy heart so changed that thou hast no pity upon me. Pity!—ay, even so, for pride is vanquished now. At your feet, upon my knees!"

"Nay, madam; compose yourself," said the young girl, who was still enveloped in her hood. "This gentleman is a stranger. He knows you

not. Oh, sir!" she said, turning to me, "pray leave us—forget this. I will explain it all. I will come to you to-morrow. Come, madam, support yourself on me." She motioned me to retire; and the Lady seemed now unconscious of my presence though her eye was still intently fixed on me. I glided noiselessly behind the curtain, and heard a heavy fall, accompanied by a slight scream, as its drapery closed.

## CHAPTER II.

Next day, my heart was busy with many thoughts. The scene I had witnessed was the more inexplicable the more I reflected upon it. The excitement my appearance had produced—the majestic figure of the recluse—the tones of her voice so thrilling and impressive—and all this, so like the fiction of a romance, occurring in the everyday world of London, struck me as something so extraordinary, that I was determined to discover the mystery, even at the risk of incurring Sir Wilfred's displeasure. I was half inclined to hope that my guide of the former day would redeem the promise she had made me, and would come to me to give an explanation of the adventure; but the promise had been given at so hurried a moment, and so evidently for the purpose of getting quit of an intruder, that there was little likelihood of its fulfilment—and I came to the resolution of boldly presenting myself at the door of the oratory, and making the discovery for myself. As I lay musing upon these plans and occurrences, I heard a sweet clear voice at the door of my apartments say, "Signor, I am here." I was startled at the sound, for I had heard no one enter the room. I started from the sofa, and standing in the same meek attitude as before, with her head bent down, and hands clasped together, I saw my yesterday's acquaintance—her features still concealed by the drapery of her hood. I led her to the sofa.

"Yesterday," she said, "I promised to explain the causes of what you saw—I ask you now to excuse me from performing my promise."

"You ask me more than I can grant," I answered. "I think from my own name being mentioned, and the questions that were addressed to me, I have some *right* to have my curiosity gratified."

"Then your name is Edward Lonsdale?" she said.

"It is."

"And you were born at Ellersby?"

"Yes."

"Then the Lady Alice was right—only at times she lets her imagination acquire the mastery. She has had many sorrows, but she struggles against the remembrances of them nobly."

"May I see her," I said; "may I answer her myself any question she may please to ask me?"

"No—but she bade me say to you, the time may come when she will tell you all—not now."

"All what? Am I in any way concerned in her history?"

"I know not. I but repeat to you the words she told me."

"But then, yourself?—your name is Eulalie?"

"It is."

"And have you no other name than Eulalie?"

"The Lady Alice calls me by no other."

"You are her—her—" I hesitated—"attendant?"

"Her friend," she replied, I thought with a proud toss of the head.

"What an abominable head-dress you wear, Eulalie."

She laughed.

"Never was such a rascally invention to excite curiosity as those long masks—so there is no way, Eulalie, of seeing within them."

"No—they were meant to shut out the naughty world from our sight."

"Nonsense! the world is a very delightful world, I can assure you. I myself have only seen what it is within this month, and I would not wrap myself in the cold dark 'hood' of Ellersby—and keep my eyes shut to it; no, nothing should tempt me."

"Is the world, indeed, so pleasant? The Lady Alice says it is full of briars."

"Of roses, she means. You can have no idea what a delightful place it is—such spirit; such amusement. Ah—Eulalie—what a foolish thing it is to keep your lovely face muffled up all your lifetime in a long hood like this."

"Oh! I am not to be muffled up all my lifetime;—in one year more I shall leave off the habit."

"In a year—a year is a prodigiously long time, Eulalie. Won't you just lift it up for a moment now?"

"No—I have vowed."

"What! vowed to keep your eye closed upon the world!"

"Yes."

"But you don't mean to keep them closed upon me. I am not the world, so you may throw back your hood without any infringement of your vow."

"No—but the Lady Alice says we shall all meet again—my year will then have expired—and we shall compare our impressions of the world together. I can't believe there is nothing in it but briars."

"But *where* are we to meet.—Did the Lady Alice tell you that?"

"No—but she says we are certain to come together—so what matter is it where—here—or in Italy—or at Ellersby?"—

"Faugh! don't mention the horrid place."

"Do you not like to live there, then?"

"Not *alone*, Eulalie; it might, perhaps, be very different if!"—

"Ah! now I must leave you—intrude on us no more—you will only make her miserable!"

"Her miserable?" I said; "and you, Eulalie, will seeing me again make *you* miserable?"

"I will tell you when we meet. Adieu"—and with a light and noiseless step, she tripped up to the apartment.

When Sir Wilfred returned I was perfectly convalescent. I knew not whether he suspected any thing of what had occurred in his absence, but there seemed a weight upon his spirits which he struggled in vain to shake off. Our parties went on as usual. But I was now totally changed. I had no wish to mingle in society—the recollection of Eulalie was sufficient—especially as that was indissolubly connected with



the hopes of meeting her again. Even the Lady Alice was a secondary object in my thoughts. If I remembered anything at all about her extraordinary behaviour, I concluded that it was the result of a highly wrought imagination, and that the malady to which Eulalie had alluded made her attach some chimerical importance to my name, which I had no doubt had been mentioned to her by Sir Wilfred. All this time I never ventured to intrude upon their privacy. No allusion was made by my host to the fact of their being under his roof, and, as I have said before, Sir Wilfred's manners, though kind and conciliating, were yet so dignified and even formal, that he effectually checked any inclination I might have felt to commence a conversation upon the subject. It must be remembered I was then only twenty: totally ignorant of the world, unless to the extent of information which I had acquired within the two last months; that there was a degree of romance particularly captivating to the mind of youth, in the mode of my introduction to Eulalie; and it will not be wondered at that though I had never seen her features, I was persuaded she was beautiful—and in short, that I loved her with all the fervency of a first attachment. That she was eminently graceful and exquisitely formed, not even that shrouding drapery could conceal, and her voice so thrillingly sweet, that I found it impossible to believe but that the lips must be lovely too. But *what* was she? She was evidently not the Lady Alice's servant, as I at first had supposed—in my ignorance of the respect paid to seniority among the members of the same sisterhood. She was young; with the prettiest hand in the world, and a foot that Cinderella might have envied. I relied, though when I reflected upon it I did not well know why, on the Lady Alice's declaration, or prophecy, whichever it might be, that we were doomed to meet again, and I resolved to arm myself with patience, and to remain constant to the creature who had first enchanted me. Sir Wilfred, who now acted in all respects as my guardian, guide, and friend, called me one day into his study, and after a pause of considerable embarrassment, said to me, "I saw your father, Edward, in my last absence from town, and he thinks it is now time for you to pursue your travels."

"I am ready whenever he pleases," I said. "I fear my stay here has been too much prolonged."

"I regret, I assure you, that I must lose your society so soon. You are now at last starting into the world. While here you have not been entirely left to yourself. You will now have no one to advise you."

I sat erect in my chair, feeling at the moment that I needed no one's advice. Perhaps Sir Wilfred dived into my thoughts, for he said, "You are very easily imposed on, Edward: and it is perhaps right that one so young should not be fenced in against the artifices of the world with doubts and suspicions. These are the old man's heritage. But at the same time don't let your heart or feelings run away with you. Don't fall a victim to the first bright eyes and ruddy lips you meet with."

"There is no danger of that," I said; "my heart takes no notice either of lips or eyes."

"Hem—time will show whether you are such a stoic as you fancy. Others, who had quite as much self-confidence as you have, have been deceived. Did your father ever tell you any of the incidents of his youth?"

"Never, sir."

"No! then I do not know that I have any right to let you into what he may consider his secrets. But this I may tell you, to explain why I assume to myself the right of taking so much interest in your fortunes. 'Tis five-and-twenty years ago since your father and I, who had been intimate from our childhood, left the university to make the tour of Europe. Both of us were wild and thoughtless. Your father was the gayest and lightest-hearted creature that ever thought life was but a holiday. Well—we travelled and saw many scenes. Lonsdale was very handsome, and his manners made him the favourite wherever he went. But though he was courted and caressed, his heart never seemed touched by all the smiles and glances that were lavished on him. He had a secret which he foolishly kept from me. He loved my sister. Their love, I believe, was mutual, though Helen was one of those foes to their own happiness who are too proud to show to others, or even to the object of it, an attachment which is consuming their own hearts. It seems she hid her real feelings from Lonsdale so effectually, that he only knew he was liked as the friend and companion of her brother, but never had the vanity, as he would have thought it, to believe that he was loved. She was volatile and haughty, and talked of grandeur and ambition in her own plans, whereas there never was a woman more qualified, if she had only given the real tenderness of her nature fair play, to be the most domestic and affectionate of wives. He also was proud—he thought he was despised, or, at all events, that a nobler rival was preferred. All this time they both kept me ignorant of their feelings. Lonsdale at last was driven nearly mad. It is an old story I am telling you, for how often will it happen again! A want of confidence made two people miserable. There was a false friend, too, who alienated them more and more by reports of attachments in other quarters. Lonsdale married another, though his heart was only Helen's. She, in a year or two, out of pique or vanity, married also. Then, by some means or other which I have no time, or, indeed, no heart to tell you—they found out how miserably they had both been deceived. They met—and after that you know the misanthrope your father has become—and I have long lost my sister. You will travel over the same ground we travelled. Let your father's fate be a warning to you; and if you feel any affection for one person more than another, as you value your own happiness or my friendship, let me know of it at once." He paused, and I was on the point of telling him about Eulalie. But I reflected how absurd he would think my behaviour, and a sense of the silliness of my conduct in being taken with a lady whose face I had never seen, and a dread of forfeiting Sir Wilfred's good opinion kept me silent.

"But enough of these recollections," he resumed; "you will return to me when you are tired of travelling. You recall so vividly, when

I look on you, the days of my greatest happiness, and the two persons who were dearest to me upon earth—who might have been happy, and who *would* have been happy had it not been their own fault—that I claim you as if you were Lonsdale restored to me. You will come to me again."

It was in this way we parted, and I did not see Sir Wilfred again for years.

At last I made my entrance into Rome, and bethought me of the letter to the father Caroglio, which I had received on my departure from Ellersby. On making inquiries as to his residence, I was directed to the house of Lord Clan-Carrol, with whom he resided, whether in the capacity of friend or confessor, my informant could not tell. And thither accordingly I went. On asking for the father, I was shown into a room called the library, which, however, was very scantily furnished with books; and sitting at a table on which was a bottle and glass—the latter, I must do him the justice to say, was particularly small—I beheld the gentleman of whom I was in search. He was a tall jolly-looking man, with that unmistakeable twinkle of the eye, and curl of the rather prominent lips, which tell to the veriest stranger in a moment, that the possessor of them is an Irishman. This was a surprise to me. However, I presented my letter, and waited quietly till he should have perused it. This, however, he seemed in no hurry to do.

"I just want to know, young gentleman, can't you tell me what's in this letter, and save one all the trouble of reading it. May I ask your name by way of a beginning?"

I told him.

When he heard it, he threw the letter on the table, sprang up, and seizing me by both shoulders, gazed earnestly into my face.—"Ould Edward Lonsdale's son of Ellersby—Och! by the powers, this is charmin'—ye'll take a glass of this cordial—I wish it were real potheen, but these Romans, poor devils, never heard of such a thing as *Inceshown*."

"This man," I thought, "a companion of my misanthropic father and the graceful Sir Wilfred! There must surely be some mistake." But Caroglio proceeded.

"Somebody told me your father was terribly changed, and had grown as sour as a vinegar-cruet. Oh! the fun we three had together, to be sure;—he and I, and your uncle Seymour."

"My uncle Seymour, Sir?" I cried in astonishment.

"Ay, to be sure—young Wilfred—a pretty fellow, I can tell you, he was in his day; and pretty pickings there would have been in the way of absolutions, if he had belonged to our Church. *Misericordi*,—amen!" Hereupon the worthy divine sighed, and helped himself to another cordial.

"You talked, sir," I said, "as if you thought Sir Wilfred Seymour were my uncle."

"Did I? Then if he isn't, he ought to have been, for your father should have married his sister; and then, you see, you would have been his nephew, just as I said. But, now that I think about it,—one's mimicry begins to fail with so many pater noster—Miss Seymour married my lord's brother. Ah, it's an ould story. I

recollect being prodigiously sorry for it at the time. You ought to have been my cousin, you rogue you."

"I am sorry to have missed so great an advantage. But how could that have happened?"

"Why, young Clan-Carrol was my uncle's wife's son. And if you had been the son, as you ought to be, of my aunt's son's wife, the devil's in't it all the genealogers in *Munster* could make you out to be any thing but my cousin."

"I think, father, you are confusing the pedigrees. I understood you to say, that Miss Seymour, instead of being married to my father, became the wife of Lord Clan-Carrol."

"Exactly; you have it now. But instead of doing the thing that was right, you see, your father went off in a huff, and married some lady or other in England, who soon died. And Helen also went off in a huff, and married Clan-Carrol, and he soon died. But, before all this dying, there was no end of mischief;—what with fighting jewels, and breaking hearts, and turning hermits, and going into sunneries—Oh! 't would be a pretty story to cry over. Won't you take just a thimble-full?"

"And did Lord Clan-Carrol leave no children?"

"Neither chick nor child, except a daughter, which is as good as nothing, for ye see the rule does not go in the female branch—but for all that she's a real Clan-Carrol every inch of her. 'T would take the pope himself and half-a-dozen cardinals to exorcise the devil out of her eyes. But you shall see her—you'll dine with us to day. I take charge of all this family. Poor Clan-Carrol's a good easy creature, but he knows nothing about the care of his cellars."

"You are very kind."

"I mean to be so, I assure ye. You seem to hesitate as if ye scarcely knew whether I had a right to bid you pull your chair in. Now I'll tell you—I was born—Lord knows when—but it's a good many years ago, and nothing particular that I can think of happened, till I was told one day, when I was about four-and-twenty years of age, that a set of rascals, who had amused themselves by putting little bits of paper into my hands, had taken possession of my estate, and sold all the furniture out of my house; and besides all this, that I owed them money enough to build a pyramid. This was very unpleasant,—but there was no help for it,—so, after breaking every bone in our family attorney's skin, I took ship from ould Ireland, and made the grand tour of Europe, as in those days it was incumbent on every man of fortune to do. Then it was I became intimate with your father and Sir Wilfred—my Cousin Clan-Carrol was very kind to me—and things were going on most brilliantly, till that mischief broke out, as I was telling ye, about murders, and love, and a great deal else beside. Then, when Clan-Carrol married Miss Seymour, I was more useful than ever—then he died, and left me in his will, with the rest of the property, to his brother;—so then, as it was time for us all to turn serious, I became father confessor to the household,—and cellar-keeper—and major-domo—and just by way of pleasing them Romans, poor devils, and getting quit of the correspondence of a set of rascals

that were always writing to me about bills and debts, and other subliminary affairs, I made a sort of change upon my name, and called myself Father Theodosius Caroglio, instead of Teddy O'Carrol. So, you see, if you don't come and dine with us to day, I'll consider it leaze-majesty against the memory of my friendship with your father."

I could no longer resist his pressing invitation, and accordingly presented myself at dinner-time at the house of Lord Clan-Carrol.

Lord Clan-Carrol and the lady who sat beside him were so excessively like each other, that it was impossible to mistake their relationship. Both were very tall and very thin;—and the lady—Lady Lucinda O'Carrol—had that peculiar expression which betrays the victims of deafness, even before you have made experiment of their defect. Father Caroglio introduced me with a long flourish of trumpets; and it was evident from the expression of his lordship, that I had been the theme of conversation before my arrival. To my amazement, Lord Clan Carrol thought it necessary to make me a speech, and tell me that he should never cease to feel grateful to me for being the means of his obtaining the Clan-Carrol title and estates. This I could by no means understand; but, as Lady Lucinda caught some portions of his address, she perceived that I had rendered some wonderful service to the family, and treated me with all the consideration in her power. Unfortunately, her mode of showing this was by bestowing all her conversation upon me. I took her into dinner; and, when we were just sitting down, there glided noiselessly into the room, and took her place on my other side, a young lady with so much beauty, mingled with so much playful archness in the expression of her face, that I was captivated with her appearance at once. She was never introduced on her entrance, but sat quietly down without saying a word. Caroglio's liveliness seemed exhausted, and he was silent. His lordship, who, to my humble apprehension, seemed little better than an idiot, devoured his food without wasting his breath in any other occupation, and the Lady Lucinda kept on in the same perpetual strain, without either attending to any thing I said, or giving me the opportunity of addressing my neighbour on the other side. If she had been Empress of Rome in the days of the most despotic of the Cæsars, she could not have spoken of the city with a greater appearance of being the proprietor of every part of it.

"And you are delighted, of course, with our cathedral of St. Peters—we are quite proud of it here.—You are a Catholic of course!—ah, so I thought," she said, never minding my denial; "it's the oldest religion any where to be found, and we of the old blood ought to encourage it. Was your father a monk, Mr. Longtail!—oh, dear me, how shocked I am!—but your mother surely was a nun!—ah, that's worse than the other. But there is something, I know, in the history of your parents. Father Theodosius was telling me of it before dinner.—What was it? do tell."

I excused myself from indulging in family gossip as well as I could.

"What does he say, Father Ted?" said Lady Lucinda.

"Faith, it's not very easy to make out what he says.—But he wants to know if you've heard lately from Sir Murtagh O'Neill?"

"Do you know Sir Murtagh, Mr. Longtail? charming man, with such a delicious voice."

"I have'nt the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"Ah! what does he say, Father Ted?"

"He says that the last time he saw Sir Murtagh was when he was on his way to Gretna Green with the ould grocer's widdy I used to tell such queer tales about."

This piece of information had the delightful effect of making the old lady silent for a few minutes, which I took advantage of, and addressed myself to my beautiful neighbour.

"Have you heard the adorable Torcelli in the newly licensed opera?" I said.

"Not I. We hear nothing here. But that is'nt the information you want. Aren't you dying to have some one to join you in a hearty laugh at this most absurd company?"

"Hush!"

"Oh, never fear my aunt and uncle:—and, as to Father Ted, he will be delighted to join us, if we promise not to include him among our butts."

"Come, then, let us laugh."

"Ay, but Lady Lucinda has eyes, though she has no ears. We must laugh with lugubrious faces."

"Well, I am looking most edifyingly dismal. Who is your uncle's niece?"

"Meaning me? Oh! that has nothing to do with the ridiculous."

"It has a great deal to do with the interesting. None of them had the good feeling to introduce us."

"Let us do it now, then," said my companion; "shall I begin? You must know that my name here is Niece O'Carrol, and that I have a right to it—that I have not been here long, and am already heartily tired of it."

Day after day found me in the house of Lord Clan-Carrol by the side of his niece—answering at random the questions of his lady sister, and enchanted beyond every thing with the good fortune which had introduced me to so lovely, and so exquisitely captivating a creature, as had taken up her dwelling among such unheard-of oddities. The playfulness of her manners gradually abated—deep feeling occasionally shewed itself on her expressive features—and I sighed passionately for the time that I might be intimate enough to enquire into the cause of her despondency, and, if possible, to alleviate it. In Lord Clan-Carrol's family she was evidently neglected—they never even seemed to notice whether she was present or absent, and as to any one paying her particular attention, it never seemed to enter their imaginations that such a thing was possible. Even Father Caroglio was blind, or affected to be so. We were thrown so constantly together, that it is not surprising that a very few weeks saw us attached, devoted, affianced to each other.

One day, when I was leaving the house, Father Caroglio beckoned me to follow him, and led the way into the library. There was something very mysterious on his face, and I prepared for some intelligence extraordinary.

"Well, then, Edward Lonsdale, my young

friend," he said, "I think the ould days are returning on us, and there will be murder at the least, if not worse."

"Worse than murder!" I said, in alarm, "What do you mean?"

"Why, that ye're in love with that very slippery young angel, my lord's niece. Ye needn't deny it."

"Well, sir, why *should* I deny it?"

"No reason in life that I can see. Only, ye see, she's a wild colt, and may trouble ye at the breaking. She does exactly as she likes here; runs hither and thither—sometimes slips out for hours at a time after you leave us—and lord only knows what it will all come to."

"I have been foolish," I said. "I ought to have spoken to Lord Clan-Carrol before, and told him how we were situated."

"You had better tell the whole matter to me. My lord, poor devil—benedicite! amen! what a habit one gets into among you wild chaps of swearing!—My lord won't be a pin the wiser if you were to tell it him till doomsday—and as to lady Lucinda, you would need to whisper your secret pretty loud before ye made her understand you."

"Well, then, will you inform them both in my name, that the Lady Adeline and I are engaged, and that I only wait the permission of my father to carry her home to England?"

"Certainly; with all the pleasure in life—but aren't there others you had better consult—Sir Wilfred Seymour?"

"Sir Wilfred has been kinder to me than a father. I will write and ask his approval this very day."

"Well, if ye get his consent, I know no other person that has any right to interfere. So you may consider it a settled thing, and good luck to you," and so we parted.

On reaching home, a note was lying on my table. It was in a strange hand, and I felt a presentiment there was something unusual contained in it. I opened it. It ran in these words—

"If Edward Lonsdale would render the heart of a mourner less harassed with fears and apprehensions, as the time of her leaving the world draws near, he will come to the Ursuline convent to-day at three o'clock, and enquire for the English sister."

I resolved of course to go, and passed the intermediate time in conjecturing who my correspondent could be. My thoughts recurred again and again to the Lady Alice; and Eulalie rose distinctly before me. What could their connexion be with Sir Wilfred Seymour? He had himself given me to understand that he had lost his sister! It might, however, be some distant relation; and at times suspicions would come into my mind that the Lady Alice had in her youth been dearer to him than a sister. But the whole business was covered with uncertainty. And Eulalie, who could she be? And Adeline, so gay, so admirably accomplished—so lovely, and a Protestant? I resolved to banish if possible from my recollection the little girl who, I felt convinced, had only made so lasting an impression by the romantic associations she awakened in my mind.

I presented myself at the appointed place, and was shown into a room very plainly furnished,

and so guarded from the sun, as to be almost too dark to see in it distinctly. I threw myself on a chair, and was waiting patiently for the entrance of my unknown correspondent, when close at my side I heard the words, "Signor I am here."

I turned round—and there, in the same dress as before, in the same meek attitude—stood Eulalie?

"Eulalie!" I said, forgetting all my resolutions of forgetting her. "We have met at last. How anxiously I have looked forward to this meeting."

"Have you, indeed! I am so happy when any one condescends to recollect me."

"Condescends! Ah! my dear Eulalie—you have no idea how often I have thought of you, and pictured to myself how beautiful you must be—for you remember I have never seen your face yet."

"I believe I am not quite frightful. I have been into the world since I last saw you—'tis a heartless place."

"It is, indeed—unless—that in it there are some who have the power of loving—one heart, at least, Eulalie, will be constant to——"

"How many?"

I let go the hand I had taken when she said this, and wished at that moment I had not been quite so warm in my protestations.

"You are right, Eulalie," I said; "my heart is, indeed, devoted to a lady, so sweet, so kind, so beautiful—I wish you knew her, Eulalie."

"Is she tall or little?"

"Just about your own height, I should think, but that detestable robe you wear hinders me from seeing whether you resemble her in any thing else."

"Hush—the Lady Alice."

And the same tall majestic lady I had seen in London walked steadily into the room. Though she had evidently worked herself up for some great exertion, she started when our eyes met.

"Edward," she said, "I have steeled my heart to the performance of a strange duty. Ere many months are past, the door that divides me from the world will have closed on me for ever. I have but one pang in leaving it—If Eulalie had but a home!"

"Madam," I said, "if you will intrust her to my care."

"But this is weakness," continued the Lady Alice, without having heard my words. "I suffered so fearfully in my youth from a concealment of my real feelings; and one other whom I need not name to you, was an equal victim, that I resolve that Eulalie's sufferings, if sufferings she is doomed to endure, shall not arise from the same cause. I have spoken of you to her so often; I have praised your character so highly: your friend, Sir Wilfred Seymour, has joined me in these praises so heartily, that you have but to speak to make Eulalie happy—and me contented."

I remained silent—thoughts of my engagement to Lady Adeline kept crowding into my heart.

"You speak not! You reject her! Eulalie, my poor Eulalie!"

"Nay, stop, Madam," for Eulalie was resting her head on the shoulder of Lady Alice, and I

could not bear to see her distress. "I shall soon be able to offer her the protection of a home, where one, whom I feel certain you would love, if you only knew her, will be a sister to her, and I—a brother.—"

"And who is that one—I—"

"Mother, dear mother, ask him no questions," said Eulalie: "I am rejected, but I rejoice, I assure you, I rejoice in the rejection. Let me but speak to him a few minutes in private."

"Speak on," said the Lady Alice, "I will not listen."

Eulalie then tript across the room, and putting her arm into mine, led me to a recess in the apartment, and said to me in a whisper—

"You have done well to break the Lady Alice's heart, by rejecting her daughter's hand. But remember, by this, that you have ruined Sir Wilfred's hopes, and opened fresh wounds in the breast of your father."

"Did they know of the Lady Alice's intention?"

"Yes; and approved of it. I have even been at Ellersby and seen your father."

"Eulalie! Eulalie! will nothing move you to compassion. I have told you I love another."

"But that other does not love you better than I do. I know the Lady Adeline O'Carrol."

"You amaze me Eulalie. She is a Protestant, and, so far, will be pleasing to my father."

"A Protestant! and so am I."

"What! in these habits?"

"Ay; would you debar me from assuming the only dress that enables me to be useful to my mother?"

"The Lady Adeline has my promise."

"And so have I. Do you deny that till you came to Rome there was no one you preferred to poor Eulalie?"

"I do *not* deny it. But why torment me with all these questions?"

"For this reason. My mother, whose grief grows heavier every new mortification she inflicts upon herself, has resolved finally to abandon the world next Easter. After that she will not even see me, unless for a few days at the Christmas of each year. She is anxious to see me happy before that time, and thinks no one is so likely to render me so as the son of Edward Lonsdale. And yet you reject me, though I have wealth and what the world calls beauty."

"You torture me, Eulalie I am true to another."

"What if that other were to absolve you from your vows?"

"Impossible! she is too pure and noble."

"But she *does* absolve you! I tell you so."

"And who are you? You have never even told me your name yet."

"My name will shortly be the Lady Eulalie Lonsdale of Ellersby."

"The devil it will!"

"Hush! I never thought you could be such a simpleton, Edward, as to refuse a pretty—amiable—affectionate—young creature like me. Look here, now I am going to lift up the hood and show you what a galaxy of charms your ridiculous constancy has tempted you to reject."

She threw back her hood as she spoke, and archly smiling at my surprise, I saw before me the Lady Adeline!

"You'll tell my lady mother you'll consent, won't you?" she whispered.

"Yes, surely, certainly—but how, in Heaven's name—how comes this?"

"Very simply. My mother's convent name is Sister Alice; my own name Adeline Eulalie O'Carrol—Sir Wilfred Seymour is my uncle—but hush! just now I've no time for farther questionings. Come and set my mother's heart at rest, and I promise to trouble you with no more disguises."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

The present number of the Lady's Book closes our career as sole editor. The increasing patronage of the work requires more of our attention to the business department. We are confident that our readers will not regret the change, when they learn that MRS. S. J. HALE, late Editor of the American Ladies Magazine, (which work is now amalgamated with the Lady's Book,) will superintend the Literary Department of the Book. Mrs. Hale is too well known to the public to need eulogy from us. For nine years she has conducted the Magazine, which she originated, how! its readers well know. To those subscribers of the Lady's Book, not acquainted with the Magazine, we offer the following from the pen of Mrs. Hale:—

"Ours is the only periodical in the Republic, devoted solely to the *mental, moral, and religious* improvement of WOMEN. We have the assistance of many of our best female writers. We offer a field where female genius may find scope; where the female mind may engage in its appropriate work—that of benefiting the female sex.

We feel that the continuance of our publication is of importance—that it will do good. Its influence is directed to promote social refinement, domestic virtues, and humble piety. And unless intelligent ladies devote themselves to the work of education, and implant deeply the principles of our holy religion in the

heart of the young, neither Christianity nor Freedom can be maintained in our country. The character of our Magazine is, however, well known. We need only add, that we have made arrangements, by which we hope its interest and usefulness will be increased. We only wish for an increase of subscribers: this will animate our exertions, as well as reward them."

The work will be much improved in its typographical department, and will be printed on better paper. The terms, although the expenses are much increased, will be the same.

The following Ladies and Gentlemen are expected to contribute to the work during the year, and from several of them articles in Prose and Poetry have already been received.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, *Editor*, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Miss E. F. Ellett, Miss Leslie, Miss H. F. Gould, Miss C. E. Gooch, Miss L. H. Medina, R. S. Mackenzie, L. L. D., Joseph R. Chandler, Morton Michael, Robert T. Conrad, Alexander Dimitry, A. M., H. F. Hale, E. Burke Fisher, N. C. Brooks, A. M., Wm. E. Burton, Willis Gaylord Clarke, Joseph C. Neal, B. B. Thatcher, R. Penn Smith.

It will therefore be perceived that a new era in the work has been commenced, and it will emphatically be what its title denotes—The Lady's Book.

# THE BLIND FLOWER GIRL: A Ballad.

*The Poetry from the Romance of*

## THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

*Arranged for the Piano Forte, by*

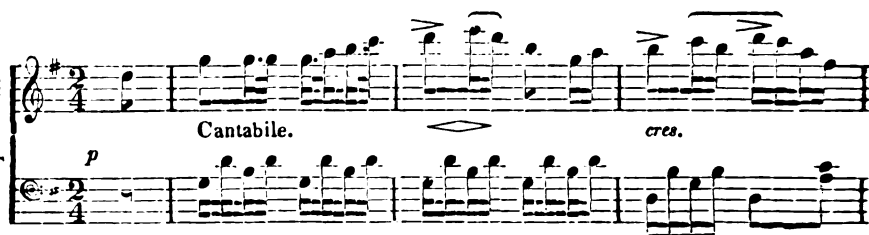
I. C. VIERECK.

*Composed by*

A F. WINNEMORE.

*Published by permission of the Publisher, Mr. George Willig.*

*Andante innovente ma con  
Espressione.*



*Delicato con molta espressione.*





*p* *cres.* *pp* *ritard.*

They are fresh, O, take a peep, For I caught them

*pp* *ritard.*

*cres.*

*a tempo. cres.*

fast a - - sleep In her arms, an hour a - - - go. O!

*a tempo. cres.* *s fz*

*a piacere.* *a piacere.*

Buy my flowers, O buy, I pray, The blind girl comes from a - - far: If the

*Piu animato.* *s fz*

*mf* *p* *pp*

earth be as fair as I hear them say, These flowers her children are.

*mf* *cres.* *f* *p* *rit.* *pp* *a tempo.*

*dolce con espressione.* *s fz* *dim.* *pp*

II.  
Now on their lips her kisses set,  
As her steady watch she keeps,  
Their tender cheeks with tears are wet,  
For she, gentle mother, weeps.

She weeps—for love she weeps—  
Watching o'er them while they sleep,  
And the dews are the tears she weeps,  
From the well of a mother's love.  
O! buy my flowers, &c. &c.

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